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and file. But here in this tiny camp at the bottom of the gigantic bowl of grass, songs and apostrophes, even games of football, are but the tinkling ship's bell again, far away, drowned in the tremendous quiet, almost sad.

Now we, half hundred and the writer, are, if you please, a fibre of that important military muscle known as the lines of communication. What tomes have been written upon this vital portion of an army in the field; what elegant diagrams, resembling the new-fashioned jewelled muff-chains, with little "blobs" joined one to the other by a thin line indicating the various posts and their connections, adorn the text-books for the edification of young gentlemen required to evince by examination an intimate acquaintance with the whole chain, though they will probably never have to command anything more than one of the "blobs." If one could peer into the mighty mind of a general setting forth to conquer, what would we see? Triumphant tactical combinations? Deceptive retirements? "Slim" sidlings to a flank? Not a bit of it. Across that gigantic intellect would be written but three words, a label upon a troubled packet of nerves, "Lines of communication"! Thereby we, the said half hundred and writer, derive no small comfort. When first we were delegated to this task there was but one bitter and rebellious verdict, none the less to the point because it was that pitiable mod-

ern a Yankeeism, the monosyllable "left," to wit—an expression which may be better understood by the classical reader unversed in the latter-day volapuk of slang, when he is told that it is telegraphese for the feelings which surged over Atalanta when she looked up from picking the gaud from the cinder-path to see the outsider making his effort inside the distance amid a roar from the ring! We trust we have made it clear to the classical reader!

This campaign has been peculiar in many ways, in every way if the classics of the pursuit are to be taken as guides for all war. Even its broad initial conception and plan were unique—if I were a civilian I should say faulty, but at any rate unique. Everything in it, from the effect of shrapnel to the working of the hospital system, has been a surprise, and therefore instructive. It has been as though the blood-bought military lessons of the last forty years have been for naught; nothing has occurred as per book, whereas enough things have occurred *not* as per book to make a book themselves. And of these peculiarities hardly anything has been more peculiar than the insecurity of the lines of communication,—I mean, their momentary liability to be interrupted, or even destroyed. Of course a great deal of this must be attributed to the vagrant nature of the enemy. Cutting railway lines at night is loafer's work, and the Boer set free from the discipline of

the commando is a loafer of loafers, though, it is true, a living oxymoron in his activity and resource in the loafing game. Small commandos are but aggregations of loafers with increased powers, so that they can not only cut a line but perhaps demolish a defended post or two, or at least absorb a few of the patrols which link them precariously together. Against *big* commandos the vagrancy charge cannot be fairly urged. In a previous article¹ we have done the Boer full justice as a fighting man, and deplored the entomological quizzing of him by that British speciality, the man in the street, through his magnifying-glass, the daily papers. A commando 1000 strong is as respectable a fighting unit as any regiment in the world. It has its weaknesses, of course, but "hanging about" is not one of them; it must rather be said to "move," and with effect at times. But to the small commandos, say of from 50 to 300 men, "hanging about" is the beginning and the end of logistics, and very much abhorred they are by the isolated guardians of railway and telegraph. "Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike," they as often as not take up their abode on a kopje within perhaps an hour's ride of a garrisoned railway station or fortified bridge, and from there put into play an ingenious and exasperating policy of pin-pricks. They are peculiar to the lines of communication, and their composition is as peculiar as their field of activity. Often they are the relics of the local commando, whose main body has surrendered and returned to its normal avocations of ploughing and speculation. This is the nucleus, and around it hovers a hazy unclassified fringe of society in the shape of oath-breakers or felons from other districts, who are afraid of serious fighting, are more afraid of being recognised if they surrender, and who therefore seek a dubious safety *in medio*. With a few unhappy souls recaptured from their farms and forced at the rifle-muzzle to ride out again to the hated kopjes the *olla-podrida* is probably complete, and one can pretty well imagine how, weary, shiftless, and mutually distrustful, its component Dutchmen sit upon their kopje and gaze miserably over towards the little cluster of tents which shelter the dominant Power they can never make faces at again.

Thus it is at the little post from which this screed is penned. We have our neighbouring kopje, and upon it our small commando. To be exact, we have two neighbouring kopjes, and the small commando is as often as not performing the venerable feat of "one Turk becoming two Turks" by sitting upon them both. Down on the veldt around them and us there dwells a scattered colony of perhaps 150 surrendered Burghers, covering roughly ten square miles of country; here and

¹ "The Passing of a Nation," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' December 1900.

there a little cluster of farms—usually the property of less important farmers—nestling comfortably in the basin of the veldt; here and there a solitary farmhouse with its cool creeper-clad *stoep*, and its shady grove of acacia-trees, the demesne of some “warm” citizen, sufficiently independent to be able to live as all Boers secretly desire to live—alone, unseen, and unseeing. It is through this colony of peaceful repentants that the small commando, existing sourly upon its kopjes, strikes at the hated Briton, and very shrewd and insidious the blows are, when the mutual relations of the *dramatis personæ* are considered. The surrendered farmers are now the *protégés* of the dominant Power up at the railway station; grandiloquent promises of protection are nailed upon every front door, pats upon the back and comfortable statements are their daily pabulum—all is now safe, because the new Power is dominant and intends to “hold any one responsible” who dares to call it into question! But alack for the *protégés*, the dominant Power in this particular spot, as in too many others, is represented by but fifty foot-soldiers chained to the railway line, and as unable to prowl over the ten square miles of repentance as if they were still in the haven where they so devoutly would be—Southampton. So it is that accursed small commando which does the prowling, paying midnight visits to all the homesteads, looting horses, cattle, valuables and necessities, often robbing the great protector it-

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situation, not without its humour, and certainly not devoid of annoyance and shame to the paternal but helpless dominant Power.

During the ensuing week there was a steady flow of Burghers surrendering at our post, the now small commando was becoming smaller and more loafing and disreputable; then a pause. A proclamation had appeared ordaining with many a "whereas" that henceforth no surrendering Dutchman should be permitted to take the oath and depart, but should be detained as a prisoner of war to be dealt with as that tremendous little "Frederick Sleight, Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief," should direct! It is nothing short of marvellous how instantaneously the utterances of our splendid "Bobs" with his processional titles have penetrated to the uttermost dongas of the enemy! Not a Boer came in whilst that proclamation was in force, with its visions of unknown seas and expatriation unbearable. Then a counter-order, decreeing three days of grace before the enforcement of the ukase. Twenty Boers came in that day to our post alone, and a few more on each of the remaining days, bringing our "bag" up to sixty-five. "More than we have ever seen dead," chuckles the detachment, eyeing the little clumps of dingy careworn men who congregate daily in front of our main trench. There is something intensely fascinating about them! This one lay in the river-bed at Co-

lenso, and is able to tell the very men who had rushed to attack it (*infandum renovare dolorem!*) how they looked from the other side. Another formed one of the party who hung on to the shell-stricken razor-back of Vaalkrantz; another had crouched all day thirty yards from British rifles on the bloody summit of Spion Kop; another had seen his townsfolk blasted and charged from off the face of Pieter's Hill. They are all fighting Boers in this district, the commando from which they come has been as ubiquitous as the battalion to which they surrender, and very battered and war-worn are the mausers they hand in. A noticeable feature about them is their extreme modesty and reticence with regard to their fighting experiences. It is the hardest thing in the world to "draw" a Boer into a description of his share in an action, but once "drawn" no map could show more faithfully than his memory the disposition of his own and the enemy's forces on the day in question. Long years of unconscious working out of topographical problems in pursuit of buck and black men have made his mind as wax to retain impressions of the "lie" of valleys and spurs. As he talks in his jerky rumble, fit clothing for the atrocious *taal*, with the toe of his boot or the end of his sjambok he will scratch you out in the dust a rough plan of the operations under discussion such as the most accomplished of Staff College draughtsmen, with dainty sketching-case and chalks of many colours, could not beat for clearness and ac-

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During the ensuing week there was a steady flow of Burghers surrendering at our post, the now small commando was becoming smaller and more loafing and disreputable; then a pause. A proclamation had appeared ordaining with many a "whereas" that henceforth no surrendering Dutchman should be permitted to take the oath and depart, but should be detained as a prisoner of war to be dealt with as that tremendous little "Frederick Sleigh, Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief," should direct! It is nothing short of marvellous how instantaneously the utterances of our splendid "Bobs" with his processional titles have penetrated to the uttermost dongas of the enemy! Not a Boer came in whilst that proclamation was in force, with its visions of unknown seas and expatriation unbearable. Then a counter-order, decreeing three days of grace before the enforcement of the ukase. Twenty Boers came in that day to our post alone, and a few more on each of the remaining days, bringing our "bag" up to sixty-five. "More than we have ever seen dead," chuckles the detachment, eyeing the little clumps of dingy careworn men who congregate daily in front of our main trench. There is something intensely fascinating about them! This one lay in the river-bed at Co-

lenso, and is able to tell the very men who had rushed to attack it (*infandum renovare dolorem!*) how they looked from the other side. Another formed one of the party who hung on to the shell-stricken razor-back of Vaalkrantz; another had crouched all day thirty yards from British rifles on the bloody summit of Spion Kop; another had seen his townsfolk blasted and charged from off the face of Pieter's Hill. They are all fighting Boers in this district, the commando from which they come has been as ubiquitous as the battalion to which they surrender, and very battered and war-worn are the mausers they hand in. A noticeable feature about them is their extreme modesty and reticence with regard to their fighting experiences. It is the hardest thing in the world to "draw" a Boer into a description of his share in an action, but once "drawn" no map could show more faithfully than his memory the disposition of his own and the enemy's forces on the day in question. Long years of unconscious working out of topographical problems in pursuit of buck and black men have made his mind as wax to retain impressions of the "lie" of valleys and spurs. As he talks in his jerky rumble, fit clothing for the atrocious *taal*, with the toe of his boot or the end of his sjambok he will scratch you out in the dust a rough plan of the operations under discussion such as the most accomplished of Staff College draughtsmen, with dainty sketching-case and chalks of many colours, could not beat for clearness and ac-

through dry places seeking rest and finding none; and wherever it be it is very apt to have, in addition to its original equipment of devilish malice, a lively hatred of the man who has driven it out of its abiding-place and dispossessed it from the ownership of a human being. So that there is opened out a wide prospect for unpleasant speculation, not to say dread."

"This is the queerest point of all," I said. "What a situation—a faithful priest exposed at any moment to the attack of an evicted demon, blown about hither and thither on the wandering winds, and raging for an opportunity to injure him! What elements for romance, if there was but the slightest foothold of reality as a basis of interest for imaginative probabilities!"

My friend smiled as if at some strange reminiscence; and the brightness of the smile died away in the shadow of sadness. Something in the fleeting look piqued my curiosity, and I said, "Come now, you don't mean to insinuate that you ever knew of anything of this sort happening?"

"Well," he said, "I came once close to a strange experience; but I do not like to think of it, and have never talked of it."

He was not a man into whose innermost thoughts it would be safe to intrude, and I am disposed to respect reticence; so I said nothing more, but stopped to pat the dog which had just returned for recognition after having gone

through his favourite performance of shutting the front gate.

"The priest of whom I was thinking," my friend continued, "was one of the sanest and strongest of men; and it is difficult to appreciate the peculiarity of his story without a clear understanding of that fact. Nevertheless, I am moved to tell you something of it.

"Several years ago I met Dr Dalton in Rome. I was there, as you know, contesting a case against my bishop before the Propaganda; and he was there from a Western city on the same errand. I need not say to you that fighting a bishop is not always wrong. The Catholic Church in the United States is, by an ecclesiastical fiction, a missionary body, and therefore under control of the Propaganda; and as Rome is a long way off and America is a large country, it happens that each bishop, within his own diocese, is a sort of spiritual satrap. Most of them are sincerely good and pious men, with a sense of paternal responsibility for their priests and people, and so their despotism is a benevolent one: but at intervals there comes an ecclesiastical tyrant, hard, imperious, ambitious; and then a man of independent spirit, whether among priests or laymen, finds loyalty scarcely consistent with self-respect. It is of American bishops of this type, each setting up as a small pope in his own locality, that they tell this story in Rome. Some one came to Pius IX. for a dispensation. He said he could not grant it; but the

stitution to mistake violent seizures due to natural causes and mere plain insanity for the manifestations of a demon; and it was so easy for persons self-deluded or seeking to delude others and gain notoriety to counterfeit the antics of a demoniac, that the Church grew conservative in its recourse to exorcism for casting out devils. It does not deny that there is demoniac possession, nor refuse to resort to the ancient formula for dealing with one possessed by an evil spirit; but, in order to avoid impostures, it limits the authority of priests to act except on permission of their bishops. The priests of course shun any appeal to exorcism for various reasons. They are suspicious of fraud; they are anxious to discountenance superstition, and to avoid the imputation of it; they are shy about seeming to arrogate superior holiness, which ignorant people are apt to attribute to him who measures himself directly against the devil in a spiritual struggle; and they may have other reasons for hesitancy."

The last phrase came with a peculiar pause, not so much like an after-thought as like a suggestion as to which the speaker's mind was not altogether clear.

"What other cause may there be?" I said, for the reason I could not guess interested me rather than the reason I could have worked out for myself.

"You know," he answered, "that in many passages in the Gospels where the casting out of devils is described the rage

of the person possessed is dwelt upon, and the sojourning demon is represented as clamouring furiously against expulsion; and in the Acts, where it is said that certain vagabond Jewish exorcists, the seven sons of Sceva, undertook to cast out devils, the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped upon them and overcame them and prevailed against them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded. The legion of devils in the man who came out of the tombs in the country of the Gadarenes besought the Saviour as a privilege that, when expelled, they might enter into the herd of swine near at hand, and when He gave them leave they entered into the swine; and the herd, about two thousand, ran down a steep place into the sea and were drowned. Moreover, there is the curious illustration given in two of the Gospels about the unclean spirit, when it has gone out of a man, walking through dry places, seeking rest and finding none, gathering seven other spirits more wicked than itself, and seeking once more the former home, swept and garnished for the satanic company. Now a priest is bound to believe in the possibility of genuine demoniac possession; and if he encounters such a case and drives out the demon by the rites of exorcism, has he anything to dread from his peculiar victory? He cannot send the evil spirit into swine; he does not know that it is cut off from further human activity—it may be walking

through dry places seeking rest and finding none; and wherever it be it is very apt to have, in addition to its original equipment of devilish malice, a lively hatred of the man who has driven it out of its abiding-place and dispossessed it from the ownership of a human being. So that there is opened out a wide prospect for unpleasant speculation, not to say dread."

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"My bishop was a plain and rather able tyrant who had ventured too far, and so I won my case. Dr Dalton's bishop was so unusual a development of the type, that it was intended long afterwards to depose him for mental incapacity when death intervened to obviate the necessity, and his perversity provoked the Propaganda to issue a decision such as that conservative body seldom before formulated. It ordered the priest's reinstatement, and declared that any interference by any person whatsoever would mean for that person *ipso facto* excommunication. I speak of this to show how well Dr Dalton must have stood a searching test.

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He was so imposing in manner and appearance that even railroad officials stood in awe of him; and on a trip to the Levant, when we ran out of funds, a bank cashier advanced him money on his mere request, though murmuring as he did so, 'I never saw you before and know nothing of you, and it will have to be at my own risk.' He was

standing on the curbstone in a street in Rome one day, in somewhat sombre mood, while a little match-peddler at his feet was striving to attract his attention. Suddenly he noticed the boy and said abruptly, with the darkness still on his face, 'Well, what is it?' The lad held up his wares, muttered 'Matches,' and began to cry. 'What is the matter?' said the doctor, 'What are you crying for?' 'Because,' whimpered the child, 'I am so little and you are so big!' The doctor handed him a lira, pushed away the matches, and, in answer to the boy's remark that he had no change, said, with his face breaking into sunshine, 'All right! keep it,—because I am so big and you are so little!' He was so kindly in disposition that he recognised and greeted as a friend an old woman who stood at a church door to draw aside the curtain, remembering her from the time, twenty years before, when he had been a student in Rome; and more than one beggar was hailed in the same way as an old acquaintance. He spoke in a masterly way three languages besides English and Latin, was far more a citizen of the world than myself, and proved in a season of anxiety and trouble a loving comrade.

"In the long days of waiting for the decision of the most leisurely of tribunals, we fell into the habit of sharing our most intimate thoughts and speculating together on the most unusual themes. At last we touched on that into the

consideration of which you and I have drifted; and I found that it had for Dr Dalton more of a personal than a philosophic interest. As it is a matter on which individual experiences are rare, and modern testimony that commands confidence is hard to find, it was natural that he should tell me certain incidents in his own life that had impressed him strongly with the presence and the active interference of the powers of evil in human affairs. What to me was a matter of faith or theory was to him a practical issue to be fought out, a danger to be encountered at any moment, on any street corner.

"To put his story in my own words, he had become a very popular priest in his own city, and his reputation for learning and piety was growing beyond it. He was healthy, happy, zealous in his duties, and glad of the powers and opportunities of priesthood. Possibly he was too prosperous, and perhaps a sense of human satisfaction, if not a touch of human vanity, began to influence his daily life. Be that as it may, a call came from a distant point in the diocese, an out-of-the-way country place, for help for a girl seemingly possessed of a demon, and he was authorised to visit her. He undertook the task with a feeling of strong distaste, inclined to think the case one for a sound physician rather than an exorcist; but he was clear as to the possibility of the presence of an evil spirit, and his education in Rome was not without effect, for there you may notice at every moment

grave personages, without interrupting the flow of conversation, crossing their fingers for a protective spell against the evil eye, as they catch the look of some passer-by on the street.

"The case proved to be a very peculiar one. The girl was ignorant and commonplace, save that she believed herself under the control of some other power than her own soul, and showed at times knowledge altogether beyond her ordinary capacity. She named the very hour when Dr Dalton would come, recognised him, though she had never seen him before, was aware of the details of an accident that had delayed him on his journey; and when asked how she knew these and other things, answered invariably, referring to her familiar devil, 'He told me so.' When guilty of some perverse action, her explanation was, 'He told me to,' and she was conscious sometimes of temptation and successful resistance — 'He wanted me to.' In the course of investigation my friend inadvertently made use of Latin, and the girl answered in the same tongue, though she did not know one word of it from another. She was docile enough at the beginning of the ceremonial, but grew stubborn and vicious in her bearing as it proceeded. The priest had prepared himself by prayer and fasting, and chose to make the trial in the church rather than at the home of the afflicted girl. The ceremony is direct and earnest. It begins with the sign of the cross, sprinkling

with holy water, the Litany of the Saints, the Lord's Prayer, and the psalm, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' The evil spirit is commanded to depart by the mysteries of the incarnation, suffering, death, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, the sending of the Holy Spirit, and the coming again to judgment. Then follows the opening passage of St John's Gospel, and afterwards that portion of the sixteenth chapter of Mark that contains the commission of the apostles: 'And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' Also there is read that passage of the tenth chapter of Luke beginning, 'And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name.' In conclusion there is the direct address to the unclean spirit and the prayer of exorcism.

"Dr Dalton thought best to test the girl at the conclusion by requiring her to go to confession; and then came the most trying of his experiences. As she knelt at the little opening in the confessional and began, there was nothing unusual; but

on a sudden her face was changed, there came over it an expression of fury, and the eyes blazed with a strange light. The priest seemed to see over again one of those Scriptural scenes where the demon is described as flinging down and tearing his victim in a final passion, calling out, 'Let us alone! Art Thou come to destroy us? Art Thou come hither to torment us before the time?' He had no doubt that the fiend showed himself clearly for an instant, and poured out the flood of denunciation and blasphemy that followed. It closed with a full tide of personal malice and menace. 'I will make you rue the day you interfered with me! Think of me when you trip! Remember me when you fall! I will set temptation and danger round about you. I will cover you with shame and drag you down to disgrace and damnation!' It was an ugly valediction, and my friend was somewhat startled by it, especially as so many puzzling things had happened in succession, and as he was fasting and had been under strong emotional strain; but he was a man that few things daunted, and nothing daunted long. He recovered his usual cheerfulness; and what helped him more than anything else was the whimsical story that came into his head about Luther flinging his inkstand at the devil. He said to himself with a laugh that if Luther could treat the master fiend with such careless disrespect it would be unbecoming in him to worry over the ravings of a demon.

"Among other cares the incident passed out of his consciousness; but a gradual change began in his life. His course as a priest, before so prosperous, began to be beset with difficulties. His very popularity with all classes of people turned into a danger; for the bishop seemed to grow jealous of his influence—captious and carping as to everything he undertook. Many of his fellow-priests whom he overshadowed grew shy of his companionship when they saw their superior become hostile; for the favour of a foolish bishop, like that of a prince, may be a sort of moral discredit, but it is none the less a potent thing. Those who knew him well admired him all the more for the tolerance with which he bore petty persecution and for the zeal with which he worked under discouragement; but of course multitudes of Catholics and even Protestants who had little knowledge of him took the vague rumours that began to circulate against him as not without foundation. It is assumed when a bishop and a priest are at variance that the priest is in the wrong as a matter of course, and even in a republic no one thinks to ask whether anything happens to be the matter with a person in authority. If serious accusations are suggested, the condoling whisper runs around as to how long patient authority has borne with insubordination or wrong. If only trivial charges are mentioned, there are flying hints in the air that far worse have been kept in the

background lest scandal should come. In the case of Dr Dalton trouble was bound to increase; for as he met mere criticism, rebuke, and hostility in simple silence, and all orders, however capricious, with unhesitating obedience so long as they concerned matters within the episcopal discretion, the impulse to tyranny grew stronger as the expectation of resistance grew less. As a consequence, the bishop, who had not been consecrated for his scholarship, began to transgress the canon law in order to have his will, and then clashed against a determination as strong as his own. The priest, a far abler man, had halted a hair's-breadth within the verge of his rights and waited for the contest; and whenever an unlawful command came he set it aside. It is needless to say that their relations were very much strained. About this time Dr Dalton went to see his superior on parish business in regard to which the bishop had to be consulted. As he stepped into the study he knelt to kiss the episcopal ring; but the bishop snatched away his hand and exclaimed, 'Keep away from me! How dare you come here?' The priest rose and said with a softly contemptuous smile, 'I can assure your lordship that I came here as a matter of business necessity. You did not imagine for a moment, did you, that it was any expectation of the pleasure to be in your company that brought me?' 'Go,' said the bishop furiously. 'You are a disobedient and rebellious priest.

not voice and hand only, but his whole frame, or is said to die, there is nothing to show that he is gone, but we have lost our means of apprehending him.'

"Besides the dead there are, according to the Cardinal, the creations that come long before death. 'Again, angels also are inhabitants of the world invisible, and of them much more is told us than concerning the souls of the faithful departed, because the latter rest from their labours, but the angels are actively employed among us in the Church. They are said to be ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation. No Christian is so humble but he has these to attend on him, if he lives by faith and love. Though they are so great, so glorious, so pure, so wonderful, that the very sight of them, if we were allowed to see them, would strike us to earth, as it did the prophet Daniel, holy and righteous as he was, yet they are our fellow-servants and our fellow-workers, and they carefully watch over and defend us, even the humblest of us, if we be Christ's.'

"After declaring that we live in a world of spirits as well as in a world of sense, holding unconscious communion with it, Newman takes pains to show that he is not dealing with mere figures of speech: 'The world of spirits, then, though unseen, is present; present, not future, not distant. It is not above the sky, it is not beyond the grave, it is now and here; the kingdom of God is among us. "We

look," says Paul, "not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."'"

"That is all very startling," I said, "and yet I do not know why it should be, for I suppose it is what most people profess to believe. But this puzzles me. If the world of spirits be about us, and certain people have the faculty of communicating with it, how comes it that so much of the intercommunication is mean, false, and contemptible? The messages transmitted from the other world in our day have very little of inspiration or value—things so banal and trivial that they seem rather the invention of commonplace mountebanks than the revelations of spirits."

"It does not follow," he said, "that all the spirits about us are good, for the same Scriptural authority that vouches for good spirits is warrant for the existence and interference of bad ones; and the probabilities are that it is from the latter only that the modern spiritualistic manifestations come. The uncertainty of their action and the limitation of their knowledge are indications that they are ministrants of evil and hampered in their power to mislead man. It is not often that the Lord gives Satan authority to vex Job. Consequently a medium may have communications with spirits that are genuine and yet neither wise nor true. Of course it happens often that

a medium pretends to genuine communication when none has been established—for many of them have been detected in imposture; but there is too much evidence in favour of genuine communication at times to deny it altogether. If a medium resorts to trickery it is apt to be in the way of business. Necromancy at best is dreadfully uncertain; and when it fails, the magician, in order to make a living, has to provide a substitute. A friend of mine once tested this matter to his own satisfaction at seances held in his own house, and after having detected the medium in imposture one evening, was convinced that the spirit manifestations of another evening were genuine."

"What a creepy sort of theory that is," I said, "that the demons are ranging up and down the world or lying in wait for us in lonesome places and grinning with impotent malice as we pass. It will not be very nice for me to imagine on my next night tramp that the spirit of some famous murderer is trudging along beside me, calculating the value of my watch and raging for an opportunity to knock me on the head. And when the old maid looks under her bed at night for the traditional man in hiding, how awful to think that there may be a whole legion of aerial pirates concealed about the room so successfully as to escape observation!"

"Well," my friend remarked, "it is no longer a matter of doubt that there are millions of creatures swarming in the air, in the waters, in vegetation,

and even in the bodies of the animals, that we cannot see, and seldom remember; and some of these invisible creatures are worse than the average demon in the way of hostility to human life and happiness. Why should a man who swallows a million microbes without a thought start at a few ghosts or laugh at Queen Mab that used to come

'In shape no bigger than an agate-
stone
On the forefinger of an alderman?'

But no matter for this analogy. There can be no doubt that the existence of demons is recognised in the Old and in the New Testament; that they are described as coming and going among men; and that belief in demoniacal possession was prevalent among primitive Christians. Indeed, the exorcism of evil spirits was a common practice among them. One of the grades in clerical orders was that of exorcist, and there was a formula for exorcism among the offices of the Church, which is still preserved, as the casting out of devils was one of the powers exercised by the Saviour and transmitted to His apostles."

"There," I said, "is another surprise. I thought exorcism had gone into disuse long ago."

"No," he answered; "exorcism of things remains in various ceremonials, notably in the beautiful one for blessing the baptismal font, and exorcism of individuals remains in baptism itself, but exorcism for demoniac possession is less used than formerly. It was so easy for popular super-

suppliant kept urging, and finally the Pope exclaimed, 'I tell you I cannot do it—it is beyond my powers: if you want anything of that sort you will have to go to one of these American bishops for it!'

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"The case proved to be a very peculiar one. The girl was ignorant and commonplace, save that she believed herself under the control of some other power than her own soul, and showed at times knowledge altogether beyond her ordinary capacity. She named the very hour when Dr Dalton would come, recognised him, though she had never seen him before, was aware of the details of an accident that had delayed him on his journey; and when asked how she knew these and other things, answered invariably, referring to her familiar devil, 'He told me so.' When guilty of some perverse action, her explanation was, 'He told me to,' and she was conscious sometimes of temptation and successful resistance — 'He wanted me to.' In the course of investigation my friend inadvertently made use of Latin, and the girl answered in the same tongue, though she did not know one word of it from another. She was docile enough at the beginning of the ceremonial, but grew stubborn and vicious in her bearing as it proceeded. The priest had prepared himself by prayer and fasting, and chose to make the trial in the church rather than at the home of the afflicted girl. The ceremony is direct and earnest. It begins with the sign of the cross, sprinkling

suppliant kept urging, and finally the Pope exclaimed, 'I tell you I cannot do it—it is beyond my powers: if you want anything of that sort you will have to go to one of these American bishops for it!'

"My bishop was a plain and rather able tyrant who had ventured too far, and so I won my case. Dr Dalton's bishop was so unusual a development of the type, that it was intended long afterwards to depose him for mental incapacity when death intervened to obviate the necessity, and his perversity provoked the Propaganda to issue a decision such as that conservative body seldom before formulated. It ordered the priest's reinstatement, and declared that any interference by any person whatsoever would mean for that person *ipso facto* excommunication. I speak of this to show how well Dr Dalton must have stood a searching test.

"He was a model of manly beauty, tall in stature, and looking lofty, so that you were reminded of Crabbe's Quaker, who

'was six feet high and looked six inches higher.'

He was so imposing in manner and appearance that even railroad officials stood in awe of him; and on a trip to the Levant, when we ran out of funds, a bank cashier advanced him money on his mere request, though murmuring as he did so, 'I never saw you before and know nothing of you, and it will have to be at my own risk.' He was

standing on the curbstone in a street in Rome one day, in somewhat sombre mood, while a little match-peddler at his feet was striving to attract his attention. Suddenly he noticed the boy and said abruptly, with the darkness still on his face, 'Well, what is it?' The lad held up his wares, muttered 'Matches,' and began to cry. 'What is the matter?' said the doctor, 'What are you crying for?' 'Because,' whimpered the child, 'I am so little and you are so big!' The doctor handed him a lira, pushed away the matches, and, in answer to the boy's remark that he had no change, said, with his face breaking into sunshine, 'All right! keep it,—because I am so big and you are so little!' He was so kindly in disposition that he recognised and greeted as a friend an old woman who stood at a church door to draw aside the curtain, remembering her from the time, twenty years before, when he had been a student in Rome; and more than one beggar was hailed in the same way as an old acquaintance. He spoke in a masterly way three languages besides English and Latin, was far more a citizen of the world than myself, and proved in a season of anxiety and trouble a loving comrade.

"In the long days of waiting for the decision of the most leisurely of tribunals, we fell into the habit of sharing our most intimate thoughts and speculating together on the most unusual themes. At last we touched on that into the

"Among other cares the incident passed out of his consciousness; but a gradual change began in his life. His course as a priest, before so prosperous, began to be beset with difficulties. His very popularity with all classes of people turned into a danger; for the bishop seemed to grow jealous of his influence—captious and carping as to everything he undertook. Many of his fellow-priests whom he overshadowed grew shy of his companionship when they saw their superior become hostile; for the favour of a foolish bishop, like that of a prince, may be a sort of moral discredit, but it is none the less a potent thing. Those who knew him well admired him all the more for the tolerance with which he bore petty persecution and for the zeal with which he worked under discouragement; but of course multitudes of Catholics and even Protestants who had little knowledge of him took the vague rumours that began to circulate against him as not without foundation. It is assumed when a bishop and a priest are at variance that the priest is in the wrong as a matter of course, and even in a republic no one thinks to ask whether anything happens to be the matter with a person in authority. If serious accusations are suggested, the condoling whisper runs around as to how long patient authority has borne with insubordination or wrong. If only trivial charges are mentioned, there are flying hints in the air that far worse have been kept in the

background lest scandal should come. In the case of Dr Dalton trouble was bound to increase; for as he met mere criticism, rebuke, and hostility in simple silence, and all orders, however capricious, with unhesitating obedience so long as they concerned matters within the episcopal discretion, the impulse to tyranny grew stronger as the expectation of resistance grew less. As a consequence, the bishop, who had not been consecrated for his scholarship, began to transgress the canon law in order to have his will, and then clashed against a determination as strong as his own. The priest, a far abler man, had halted a hair's-breadth within the verge of his rights and waited for the contest; and whenever an unlawful command came he set it aside. It is needless to say that their relations were very much strained. About this time Dr Dalton went to see his superior on parish business in regard to which the bishop had to be consulted. As he stepped into the study he knelt to kiss the episcopal ring; but the bishop snatched away his hand and exclaimed, 'Keep away from me! How dare you come here?' The priest rose and said with a softly contemptuous smile, 'I can assure your lordship that I came here as a matter of business necessity. You did not imagine for a moment, did you, that it was any expectation of the pleasure to be in your company that brought me?' 'Go,' said the bishop furiously. 'You are a disobedient and rebellious priest.

with holy water, the Litany of the Saints, the Lord's Prayer, and the psalm, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' The evil spirit is commanded to depart by the mysteries of the incarnation, suffering, death, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, the sending of the Holy Spirit, and the coming again to judgment. Then follows the opening passage of St John's Gospel, and afterwards that portion of the sixteenth chapter of Mark that contains the commission of the apostles: 'And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' Also there is read that passage of the tenth chapter of Luke beginning, 'And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name.' In conclusion there is the direct address to the unclean spirit and the prayer of exorcism.

"Dr Dalton thought best to test the girl at the conclusion by requiring her to go to confession; and then came the most trying of his experiences. As she knelt at the little opening in the confessional and began, there was nothing unusual; but

on a sudden her face was changed, there came over it an expression of fury, and the eyes blazed with a strange light. The priest seemed to see over again one of those Scriptural scenes where the demon is described as flinging down and tearing his victim in a final passion, calling out, 'Let us alone! Art Thou come to destroy us? Art Thou come hither to torment us before the time?' He had no doubt that the fiend showed himself clearly for an instant, and poured out the flood of denunciation and blasphemy that followed. It closed with a full tide of personal malice and menace. 'I will make you rue the day you interfered with me! Think of me when you trip! Remember me when you fall! I will set temptation and danger round about you. I will cover you with shame and drag you down to disgrace and damnation!' It was an ugly valediction, and my friend was somewhat startled by it, especially as so many puzzling things had happened in succession, and as he was fasting and had been under strong emotional strain; but he was a man that few things daunted, and nothing daunted long. He recovered his usual cheerfulness; and what helped him more than anything else was the whimsical story that came into his head about Luther flinging his inkstand at the devil. He said to himself with a laugh that if Luther could treat the master fiend with such careless disrespect it would be unbecoming in him to worry over the ravings of a demon.

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Leave the room, and never let me see your face again!' The priest went; but in telling me the story afterwards, he said that just as he turned he started with horror; for he caught in the bishop's eyes the same fiendish gleam that shone in the eyes of the possessed girl when she began to rave at him in the confessional. It had been more than two years since he had thought of that incident, and yet at once it seemed as if the same demon were speaking to him again. After the first rush of certainty, he shook himself free from the impression; but it kept returning, notwithstanding his disposition to treat it as morbid and fantastic.

"Not long after, the final issue was joined between bishop and priest on which they went to Rome for a decision; but in the meanwhile something curious happened. There was a sensation in the Western papers, which I distinctly recall, about the death of a mysterious stranger in a hotel in the city where Dr Dalton, then unknown to me, lived. The stranger had gone into the hotel late at night, called for a room and taken possession of it, sending down for a bottle of wine. The next day, as he made no sign, the room was broken open and he was found sitting in a chair dead. He had taken a dose of chloral, drunk the wine, sat for a time reading a novel evidently bought on a railroad train, lit a small fire in the grate, burned several letters, cut pieces out of his clothes that had his name on and burned them, and partly

burned the book. There was no means of identification, and the name on the hotel register was clearly false. The man was young and apparently rather delicate, photographs were taken and his picture was published far and wide in the papers for recognition, but to no purpose. That much the public knew; but there was something the public never found out. On the night when the stranger took lodging in the hotel, Dr Dalton was sitting in his study alone; and this very man called to see him and was shown into the room. He sat down, but acted in an odd, uneasy way, and glanced furtively about him. The priest bade him welcome in his frank, manly fashion, and asked his business. The stranger looked up and stared at him a moment, and then said, 'I came here to kill you.' Dr Dalton at once concluded that his visitor was crazy, but too weak and uncertain to be dangerous, and he answered, 'Oh, nonsense! You are a little out of sorts, nervous and worried about something, and you have caught at the first wild whim that came into your head. How could you want to kill me, a man that you never saw before in your life?' 'I know you well enough,' said the stranger, 'and I must kill you. I came to do it.' 'And I tell you,' said the priest, speaking easily and confidently, but keeping a commanding eye on his curious visitor, 'you are going to do nothing of the sort. You have a fit of the blues, or your nerves

are on the quiver after too much liquor; and what you need is a good sound sleep.' 'I am commissioned to kill you,' repeated the stranger with dull reiteration, 'and it will have to be you or myself!' He rose as he spoke, as if to act; but Dr Dalton rose also, alert, powerful, and controlling by his force of will the wavering creature before him. 'Go to a hotel,' he said, 'take something that will quiet your nerves, have a sound sleep, and the world will look like a new place to you in the morning.' 'If I do not kill you to-night,' the stranger said, 'I shall not see morning!' For an instant there seemed to be a struggle to attempt the crime, but he faltered, gave way, and exclaimed, 'I am going! I will kill myself!' and then turned and darted out; but at the very instant he turned the priest was startled to catch once more in the furtive eyes that met his own for an instant the look of furious, malicious, and baffled hate that he had encountered in the eyes of the possessed girl in the confessional. He felt such a thrill of fear that he was glad that the contest of wills had been decided before the last moment. On thinking the matter over next morning, he went to the chief of police, who was a friend, and made inquiry as to his visitor of the night before: the discovery of the unknown stranger dead in his room in the hotel followed; but as to his visit to the priest nothing was ever said."

As Father Lyndon came to

a pause at this point there was a call to luncheon, and he said as we stepped into the dining-room, "I shall go on with the story by-and-by."

In the meanwhile I felt like making some observation on what he had told already, for my mind is strongly indisposed to a supernatural, or rather spiritual, explanation of anything, and is much given to the natural, or rather the material, aspect of things—readier to grant the unknown as a concept of reason than to conceive our relationship to it. I said—

"All this is odd; but it seems to me that if we look for commonplace causes and not extraordinary ones, it becomes simple enough. Was there demoniac possession in the case of the girl? Is it not easier to suppose that she was afflicted in some merely physical way, involving temporary mental excitement? The notion that she was possessed might suggest itself readily, for the first impulse of humanity in ignorance is to look for a supernatural cause of what comes through natural process not understood. The sanest of us is puzzled to know the working of his own thought; why should we accept the theory of a silly and hysterical girl about her own ravings? It was easy, simple, and no doubt very convenient at times to throw all responsibility for her vagaries on the indefinite 'Him' that 'told her to.' Even Socrates condescended to that delusion."

"How," asked my friend, "would you explain her know-

ledge of things taking place at a distance, and her acquaintance with the man she had never seen?"

"I confess," I said, "that I am ashamed to make use of the hackneyed explanation that whatever she said that seemed strangely apt was a mere coincidence. But before coming to a conclusion as to such things, one ought to know all the facts, and to be sure that she displayed as accurate knowledge as was said, and that her sayings were not coloured unconsciously in passing through the minds of the narrators after the happening. Something may have been due to guesswork, something to happy intuition, and something to a vivid imagination absorbed in the contemplation of a coming event."

"And how about the use of the Latin language by a girl in utter ignorance of it?"

"That is a difficulty," I said, "with which psychologists have have had to deal before, and they figured out a natural explanation. Even an ignorant Catholic girl has some familiarity with the sound of Latin. She hears it sung at every service; she knows certain phrases by heart; she reads the translation of all she hears; and in a dim vague way she connects ideas of awe and devotion with certain great rolling sounds. In a state of excitement or exaltation some of these might come to her unconsciously."

"That is ingenious," said Father Lyndon, with his usual candour; "and the denunciations that seemed to come from the evil spirit you would in-

terpret as the hysterical ravings of the girl herself?"

"Yes."

"That is a reasonable view to take—for any one who did not know the main witness," he answered. "But Dr Dalton was clearly convinced of a superhuman influence; and his personality is an overmastering consideration with me. He had immediate knowledge of every incident; he studied the bearing of the girl and her friends; he was not a man apt to err or easy to hoodwink. And you know how much value even a court of law places on these direct impressions,—so much, indeed, that it will take little or nothing at second-hand. The fact, therefore, remains that those who should have known best did not doubt that there was an evil spirit in this girl."

"Moreover," I said, "I am not ready to concede anything more than a metaphorical demon in the bishop. It is idle to deny that such an ecclesiastic may do some pretty mean things at the promptings of human passion—jealousy, malice, the desire to domineer over anything in the shape of an independent spirit that comes within his sphere. It is not necessary to endow him with a special little fiend, seeking rest in dry places and taking refuge in the clerical soul."

My companion smiled grimly, and I went on: "As for the stranger who committed suicide, he may have been, and probably was, some poor tramp a little out of his mind—in all

likelihood a victim of religious mania, who had heard in a random way of Dr Dalton's quarrel with the bishop and supposed himself divinely commissioned to offer him up in sacrifice to offended authority. He did not act like a hired assassin, and it would be too violent a conjecture to suppose that anybody hired him. The recognition of a particular demon in his eyes might have been a delusion due to the excitement of the moment or the uncertain flickering of the light."

"Here again," said my friend, "I must be pardoned for taking the impression of Dr Dalton. You know the final argument for our knowledge of ourselves and our faith in God is simply an act of consciousness; and his consciousness is a fact that is not to be put aside lightly for a mere suspicion. You are loth to believe in a particular demon, probably because you do not really believe in the agency of any demon; and yet the law of England, which its admirers are fond of describing as the essence of common-sense, attributed serious crime to satanic influence; and it has happened more than once that even a peer of the realm was obliged to plead before the House of Lords on a charge of murder, which the indictment declared he had committed, 'moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil,' and forgetful of the presence of God. Even yet Shakespeare's 'eternal devil' keeps his place in common thought, though his personality be somewhat vague, and we have grown

very shy about conceding any of his special manifestations."

As we rose from the table I said by way of concession, "It is easier, such things having happened, to explain how they might have happened by natural causes, than to explain why there was such a succession of them."

"Well," Father Lyndon remarked, leading the way to the little lawn once more, "let me add another to the series—one in which I was present as an observer and bore some share." And he took up his story again.

"As there were long intervals of waiting in the consideration of our cases by the Propaganda, Dr Dalton and I went about Rome a great deal together, and he, being very fond of fine horses, drove constantly with the best team at the hotel where he lodged, while I was nearly always his companion. I fancy we cut a more conspicuous figure than is usual with two priests in controversy with their bishops, and a frequent incident in our daily drives was a salutation from the king, who was very popular and returned with courtesy every greeting he received on the street. He drove out often, was apt to meet us somewhere in the leading streets, and guessed no doubt that we were foreign priests, and, as it is the custom among ecclesiastics in Rome to be very much engaged in conversation or with the shop-windows when a member of the royal family is passing, he noticed quickly the frank and decided way in which we took off our

hats at his approach, and he seemed to take pleasure in making his own acknowledgment specially cordial. This became so usual that an ecclesiastic of our acquaintance took my friend to task for the pleasure with which he seemed to pay his respects to the king, who was, after all, a usurper in the dominions of the Church. He received this whimsical and satirical explanation: 'You acknowledge, of course, that Humbert is King of Piedmont; and you consider him a stranger in Rome. Well, we belong to the sovereign people in America, and we too are far away from home: what is more fitting than that royalties in exile should greet each other?' I mention this incident to show that in all probability we challenged more attention than we imagined, and that my friend was observed by many people to whom he gave little heed.

"So it happened that he came to me one day and showed me a note. It bore the signature of a lady who styled herself countess, but whose name was strange to both of us. Let me call her simply the Countess, for that was her rank, in telling the incident. The note was an invitation to call and see the writer at her apartments, at the corner of one of the streets leading into the Corso. Dalton said, 'I know no such woman; why should I visit her?'

"He seemed vaguely puzzled, suspicious, and reluctant; but I did not dream of mystery in the matter, and took the invitation as some piece of admiring

courtesy. I said, 'This may be some American woman who has married an Italian nobleman, and probably she has heard of you from friends at home and means to do you a kindness. Go and see her by all means.'

"He was over-persuaded, and went to see the Countess the next day. He returned looking worried, not to say shocked; and though he spoke of his visit with reluctance, he told me enough of what happened to suggest its character, for he thought I had a right to know something about the matter, and he stood in need of consultation with a friend.

"He had gone to the appointed place, an apparently fashionable residence, and had been received more as a friend than a stranger, and shown through a handsome reception-room into what seemed the boudoir of a woman of luxurious tastes, and plenty of means for gratifying them. The Countess came in, a woman of about thirty years, with a calm assured manner, and the air of one who knows the world well, and is either too confident of her position or too careless of her reputation to heed its opinions. Her beauty was something startling, but it left only a confused impression of glowing hazel eyes, a brilliant complexion, a mass of auburn hair, and a form at once tall and generously modelled, clad in some household costume that in its very negligence enhanced every womanly charm. We are apt to complain of ceremony; but there was something in the

style of his reception so easy as to make Dalton uneasy; and the charm of the hostess, closely akin to power, reawakened his original misgivings. There could be no doubt about his welcome; and his suggestion that there might be some mistake as to the invitation was set aside at once. The Countess made no pretence as to hearing about him from some mutual friend, and simply declared that she had walked quietly over conventionalities to make his acquaintance, having seen him frequently and grown interested in him. To a remark that if she needed spiritual advice he was not in the position to assume the responsibility of giving it, as he was a stranger in Rome, destined to leave it the moment the controversy that detained him was settled, she answered that she was in no religious perplexities, and by no means a penitent in search of a priest.

"If she had been disposed to finesse, she might have taken the suggestion and tangled his feet in the very clue that seemed to promise deliverance; but she was disposed to force the situation rather than fence with it. She said she had watched him for some time, had learned of his troubles, had noticed his gaiety and his fits of gloom, had felt strange sympathy with him as a kindred spirit, an elective affinity, and other nonsense of the sort — leading up to the confession that she was convinced they were made for friendship and comradeship, and that she had not hesitated

to take the first step, as, after all, advance on her part would be less open to criticism than on his. I do not know that there was any declaration of love, but there was certainly the broadest sort of hint at flirtation. On two points Dalton was a man of high-strung sentiment, and possibly overstrained opinion: one of them was priesthood and the other womanhood; and every strong conviction and fine feeling was touched with insult in such an interview. It was as if honour, reverence, and romance were stained and tarnished at a breath. A sense of intense shame overcame him. He was disgusted with her and disgusted with himself for having roused such a sentiment and challenged such a situation by his bearing. The snare could not bind him, but he felt its meshes as it were burn him. In a white heat of fury he rose and walked out of the room. As he went rapidly down the stairway he was amazed to see the Countess above waving him a farewell as calmly as though the scene he had passed through were a mere delusion; but she was looking down at him with the eyes of the girl with the demon, when she began to rave at him and denounce him; and he was then aware that he had caught the familiar gleam unconsciously more than once in the interview, and that his curious restlessness and repugnance throughout had come from the instinctive feeling of the presence of a hostile and malignant influence.

"This impression was so vivid in his mind that nothing could efface it; and even ridicule as to his tendency to see those eyes everywhere had no effect. My own opinion at first was that some commonplace adventuress had made a bizarre attempt to capture him or blackmail him, or that some woman of rank, taken with his manly grace, and reckless as to her conduct, had forgotten her discretion in her passion; but in talking the scene over he brought reasons to support his original impression, pointing out that there was nothing to tempt an adventuress, and that no woman really in love could have conceived or carried out such a scheme. He maintained that everything in the incident as it recurred to him seemed fiendish, not feminine. In what followed, that conviction was his safeguard, for it rendered the beauty and grace of the Countess powerless, and made him contemptuously indifferent to what might have been regarded as a genuine sentiment.

"Two days later there came another note, which suggested that at a particular point in our usual drive through the public gardens the Countess would be waiting in her carriage. 'Leave your ancient Mentor and come and have a talk with me.' That was the style in which the jade alluded to me and my supposed influence. We didn't know whether to avoid the encounter or not, but decided that it would be best to take our ordinary route and pay no attention to the waiting

temptress, who had at least the merit of open and courageous action. As we drew near the place of rendezvous we took pains to seem deep in the discussion of a point in metaphysics, but kept a sharp look-out. There she was, sure enough, seated in her carriage in a shady corner; and as I could glance at her without challenging recognition, I made a rapid study of her face. There could be only one opinion of her beauty; but it surprised me to notice that she had something about her hardly less commanding than beauty. There was power in her face, spirit, audacity, and even gaiety; and as she caught my eye she smiled, not with theatrical disdain, but with easy natural scorn, and tilted back her sunshade so that I might gaze my fill. I thought she had altogether the better of the encounter; and the whole incident was especially distasteful to my companion, who hated even the appearance of cowardice.

"On our return to the hotel he said, 'I am sick of the air of Rome. Let us get away somewhere for a change.'

"'All right,' I answered; 'let us go to Frascati for a while. There we shall not be out of reach if this slow business of ours ever takes another step.'

"And so we set out almost on the instant for that pleasant summer resort on the mountain-side twelve miles away. How sweet it was along the garden terraces and among the walks bordered with laurestine and

shadowed with ilex, to listen to the murmur of the many fountains, to watch the magnificence of Rome spread just below, the purple sea of the Campagna stretching far beyond, and in the dim distance the blue glitter of the Mediterranean, and to dream of the promises of our own time with the classic memories of ruined Tusculum thronging the hillslopes behind and above us.

"There was a sudden break in our repose. I saw the Countess with her attendant on one of the garden walks one day; and shortly afterward the landlord of the hotel came to our apartments with the satisfied air of a man who brings good tidings, to say that the lady had learned we were among the guests and had desired him to let us know that she was here also. Dalton's temper, which had been in a slow fury, notwithstanding the seeming calm of the past few days, broke out. He said—

"This woman, so far as we know, is some sort of an adventuress. We have no acquaintance with her, and want none. Furthermore, we will not stay in the same hotel with her."

"But," said the surprised host, "she seems to be a lady of rank, and she has sent for carriage and servants."

"Very well," answered my companion, "if she stays, we go. Bring our bill."

"The landlord began a remonstrance, but he was cut short: 'It is not a matter to be discussed. We have a right to our own course. So have

you. We have made our choice; make yours at once.'

"What influenced the landlord's action I do not know, but he decided against the woman, whether because he thought our patronage more profitable or because he had grounds for suspecting her character. She left on the next train.

"I confess that there was something so bizarre about the whole affair that I began to doubt the use of applying any reasonable tests to its explanation. The conduct of the Countess suited neither caprice nor passion,—neither the woman who makes a profession of vice nor the woman who takes to intrigue for the sake of excitement. As for my companion, the incident had a curious effect on him, strengthening his original impression. You know how sensitive and imaginative, so to speak, a finely-bred horse is, with all its strength and spirit. The swaying of the shadow of a branch on the roadside may startle and even frighten him. There was something of the same nervous delicacy united to the same wonderful courage and force in my friend; and the woman that aimed at captivating him by the sudden revelation of her beauty had simply shocked all the finest sensibilities of his nature,—so much so that he could only regard her as not of earth, earthy, but of the devil, devilish. To him, unlike the hero of Keats's poem, *Lamia* was always serpent and never fair woman—'no azure vein wan-

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if she stays, we must fight it out. If I am to go to my ruin, I mean to leap into it, not creep into it.'

"I said to the lawyer, 'There surely cannot be any reason to dread defeat in a contest with a woman such as you have described, when she is utterly in the wrong.'

"He said, addressing Dalton: 'I am acting in no interest but yours, and I shall follow the policy that you have determined upon, which may be safer in the end than the easier and pleasanter course. Though it is hard to think of harsh measures with the Countess after one has met her, and one's sympathy and admiration tempt one to trust her, still it may be that it is better to have her for an enemy than for a friend. It may be best that she should leave Rome, not only because of this escapade, but because it will give peace of mind to others besides you.'

"When the issue was thus sharply drawn, the Countess shifted her position again. She repudiated any design to provoke an open scandal, and asked only for an interview with Dalton, so that all misunderstanding between them might be removed. She professed to be sure that nothing more than a friendly meeting was necessary to smooth the way to mutual respect and good fellowship, or at least to ensure a kindly parting. But he would not listen to any proposition for an interview, and could not be lured into one, though various attempts, which it would be idle

to detail, were made with that design. No doubt the highest moral prudence would have chosen such a course as the best defence against a woman bent on fascination, commended to the senses and to the intellect by every grace and beauty, and ready to adopt any means of conquest; but he acted less from the policy of avoiding temptation than from an instinct of repulsion. He had been revolted both by the attempt to captivate and at the attempt to frighten him, and he could forgive neither. It was not his disposition to be hard or cruel to a woman; but he had so high an opinion of women that he maintained he was dealing with a fiend in his adventure with the Countess.

"For my own part I had only one interview with her. In her letters, and she wrote several, she had alluded to me more than once with contempt as exerting a narrow and cowardly influence over Dalton; but on one of my melancholy Roman days, when I was musing in the Protestant cemetery, a place so often praised for its beauty and visited for its literary associations, she came quietly up to me and began in a conciliatory way a plea in her own defence, insinuating that I had been unjust in my judgment of her, as she had been, no doubt, in her estimate of me. The conversation, which commenced in sweetness and humility on her part and watchful serenity on mine, did not long keep its gentle strain.

"'I have long wished for an opportunity for an explanation

dered on fair-spaced temples, no soft bloom misted the cheek; no passion to illumine the deep-recessed vision; all was blight.'

"After a brief space came a letter to him breathing resentment. The Countess had changed her tone. 'I have sought your friendship,' so the note ran, 'and you have met me with enmity; but I have been slow to anger, believing that nothing was needed save better acquaintance to make us true and loyal comrades. You have acted like a sick animal that misconstrues kindness and sympathy and snaps at the hand stretched out to help or to caress it. You need a touch of the whip, and you shall have it. I insist upon an ample apology for your latest insult, at least, and upon the concession of friendship for which I asked. Possibly I may not value it after I have won it; but if so I want the privilege of flinging it aside. That you may understand the situation, I may say that I know all about you: why you are here; what your quarrel with your bishop is; and how easy it would be to ruin you. If need be, I shall make a statement of our acquaintance to suit myself and submit it as part of the evidence in your case. It will be the sort of story that always finds easy credence.'

"The letter had no signature, which was the first resort to cunning that she had condescended to make. On reading it I said—

"'Here is a foothold at last. This simplifies the matter into plain blackmail; and it is your

best policy to strike the first blow.'

"He was of the same opinion, and, returning to Rome, at once consulted a lawyer. The story was told without a hint on the part of my friend as to any motive or influence which the legal mind might not appreciate, and the lawyer said that he would have the matter investigated. He was very sure that it was a mere blackmailing enterprise, and favoured strong measures. In the course of two or three days he made his report. He had recognised the title of the Countess as genuine the moment he heard it, and he found there was no one masquerading in her name. She was playing the game herself. She belonged to a great Italian family, was noted for her beauty and her recklessness, was separated from her husband for years, and had estranged her kindred; but she was not capable, so he intimated, of resorting to blackmail: she had many friends who, though they disapproved of her, might side with her against a stranger; and it would be well if possible to avoid a scandal. In fact, he began to counsel moderation, compromise, and even harmony.

"Dalton cut him short: 'You were engaged in my interest, and now you talk as if your inclination lay with my opponent. If you want to lay down my case, say so, and I shall engage another lawyer; if you propose to act for me, drop all notion of compromise. I have only one condition to offer: Let that woman leave Rome;

if she stays, we must fight it out. If I am to go to my ruin, I mean to leap into it, not creep into it.'

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"'You overrate my power in the matter,' I answered. 'I confess to a decided disapproval of your conduct; but there is no element of personal dislike in it. In some respects you would command any man's admiration; and if a sincere, though misguided, passion were your motive, you would deserve pity. The simple fact is that, unusual as the experience must seem, you have produced in my friend a strong feeling of repugnance which no reasoning of mine and no fascination of yours can change.'

"'Oh,' she said with a sneer, my conduct has been in the teeth of social and moral conventionalities; but impulses have a greater part to play in life than mere restraint. In seeking the acquaintance of your friend I acted on impulse, or mere whim, if you will, taken with something in his air, not aiming at anything more than an experiment in friendship, not caring whether what you call innocence or sin came of it. It is part of the absurdity of things that my heart became interested where there was every reason for indifference. And if his heart be untouched there was a chance at least for sincere friendship.'

"'It is strange to me,' I said, 'that you do not see that any friendly companionship with him would be apt to become a source of scandal; and that it

never seems to enter your mind that there should be no question of love between a priest and any woman.'

"'Well,' she said, 'priests are capable of passion, and there have been cases in which they yielded to it.'

"'Yes,' I returned, 'and how contemptible they have been in their own eyes and in the eyes of the world. To say nothing of the sin and the shame and the evil example, how dastardly they must be as men, disloyal to the most solemn obligations and the most sacred trusts. The knight recreant to the spirit of chivalry or the soldier who betrays his cause is worthy of respect beside the priest false to his vows. What woman would care for the love that begins in degradation?'

"'Sometimes happiness is a slight compensation,' she answered, 'and freedom from false environment, and liberation from the leaden cloak of hypocrisy. Nature has made some laws, and the companionship of man and woman is one of them. Where it is a blessing to two existences, who cares for any conventional ban?'

"'There is a higher law than that of nature—self-sacrifice; and a better happiness than that of passion—the activity of the soul for noble ends.'

"'Oh yes,' she returned bitterly, 'that is an extract from one of your sermons. Self-sacrifice is easy for some people, and passion of no account to those who never felt it. It is well enough for you to preach who have lived in narrow limits all your life, too cowardly to

question authority, and not adventurous enough to challenge enjoyment in temptation or danger. But your friend looks like a man of different mould.'

"‘I fancy,’ I said, ‘that we have all had our evil moments, even the most cold-blooded among us; but temptations are not things to boast about, whether they have passed and left us unharmed or tarried long enough to stain. If I were more submissive to authority, I never should have come to Rome, and never have encountered you, or listened to this jibe. As for danger, I have walked the line of fire on one of the fiercest battlefields of modern times, caring for the wounded and dying, with bullets crashing into the trees about me; and, though much afraid, I did not dream of forsaking my duty. It is not likely that I should do so under more trivial temptations or quail before an angry woman’s scorn. My friend, I think, is a man of the same temper.’

"This somewhat boastful and absurd declaration met a fitting response. With a sudden change of mood she made a sweeping courtesy and said: ‘Really you have succeeded in convincing me that, after all, you may be a couple of very dull fellows, not worth a tithe of the trouble I have taken about you. I should probably tire of your friend in a day. He is very handsome, but doubtless very hollow. The trouble with you and him is that you are too high-minded, and you know it. Farewell!’

"This parting salutation was

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delivered in a voice of honeyed sweetness, and with an air of gentle calmness everywhere from the plume in her hat to the hem of her skirt, save in her eyes; and there there glowed a sudden malignity that startled me, though I am little open to quick emotion.

"We saw no more of her, and never knew why she left Rome—whether she really feared prosecution for attempted blackmail, or concluded to give up her capricious fancy for my friend, or had other troubles pressing her departure.

"Dalton did not care to speculate on the matter. For him it was not so much the Countess he encountered as an old enemy, the demon he had exorcised, and he did not doubt that the whole escapade, under a thin veneering of romance, was a coarse and crude plot for his ruin, such as only a devil with no conception of womanly modesty and refinement would contrive. He conceded that women have often deliberately tempted men, but he held that the want of tact, the failure to appreciate human scruples or understand natural delicacy that characterised the Countess’s style of temptation, could belong only to a paltry fiend, not merely without any idea of virtue, but without any idea of hypocrisy—the homage that human vice pays to virtue. It was this thought that made him regard the whole affair with loathing. He would have looked on overmastering love for a woman as a great sin, but to fall under the control of the Countess he regarded as a

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surrender to the devil: not the sin of a man, but of a fool.

"While the affair was in progress I was inclined to smile at this notion, and natural perversity seemed so clearly to the fore that I thought nothing of the supernatural; but on reviewing every incident, and endeavouring to fit each with some reasonable explanation, I was inclined to take my friend's view of the matter. Everything seemed so unreasonable as not to be human, for, though we often act unreasonably, we always have what we consider a reason for action. But here there was no trace of such a delusion. The Countess may have had a passing fancy for my friend: she certainly was not under the sway of a great passion. She was not after blackmail: her threats were made merely with the design of securing the mastery. She was not out of her senses, for she had the management of her own affairs, and bore the reputation of anything rather than a fool. Dalton felt demoniac influence in her presence; I inferred it as a logical necessity of her conduct—an evil impulse, not dominant but active on occasion, malignant but not wise, cunning but impatient, calculating on the bad in human nature and forgetting the good."

After musing for a moment as Father Lyndon came to a conclusion, I said, "It seems to me that there is one natural explanation possible that you have not suggested."

"What is it?"

"In discussing the stranger

who threatened assassination, I said that it was absurd to suppose that any one hired him to commit a murder, but I do not think it absurd to suppose that some one hired the Countess to entice Dr Dalton into an intrigue."

"How might that be?"

"Fellows employed to carry corrupt measures through public bodies classify the representatives with whom they have to deal. There are some that cannot be controlled by any device; some that are to be influenced by social advantages; some that are open to promises of political preferment; some that are to be taken by fine dinners and good wines; and some that are to be entrapped by women. Some of this knowledge of low minds might have been brought to bear against Dalton. The bishop was narrow and vindictive, you say, with an intellect perverse if not disordered; and his cause was plainly desperate. Why might he not approve some scheme on the part of his agent at Rome to involve Dr Dalton in a flagrant scandal, and pay handsomely a brilliant woman of reckless disposition and shady reputation to beguile him into sin and disgrace? The Countess would not be above a bribe of money or jewels; and when she knew the story of her intended victim, and saw what a splendid creature he was, the excitement of the chase may have become a leading motive in her pursuit."

"It is an ugly suggestion," he said musingly, "and one that I do not like to entertain."

Moreover, under the law of parsimony, it seems easier, on the whole, to credit the devil with such a piece of work than one of our ecclesiastical superiors. I know that even the possibility of such a plot would not have shaken for a moment Dalton's own conviction that the source of the successive evils he encountered lay in his first and only exercise of the power of exorcism, and that he might encounter ever after, at any crisis, the demon that he had baffled then."

"Did anything occur afterwards," I asked, "to strengthen that belief?"

"Well," he answered, with a sigh, "I may as well finish the story, though to come to an end far away from me at the other side of the world. Let your scepticism suggest what explanation it will."

"He and I parted at Rome to return home by different routes—east and west. He wanted me to go with him for a trip through Asia; but I was weary of idleness, and could spare neither time nor money for such a trip, and so came back the shortest way."

"I had only two letters from him during his journey in India, a country that had always had for him a strange fascination; for you know it is regarded among us as in a special way the land of active spiritual manifestation. He was interested in its architecture, its learning, and its missions; but even more interested in it as the home of mystery. I remember he was greatly struck with a passage in a letter of

Robert de' Nobili, the celebrated Jesuit who posed as a Brahmin and had such wonderful success in converting the people of Southern India three hundred years ago. Writing to Anthony Vico, he said: 'I have to relate to you things so extraordinary, that if I were writing to any other than a professor of theology, I should think it necessary to preface my account by way of precaution with an explanatory statement. I should warn him not to be astonished at the display of so many sorceries and witchcrafts, since we are in a land wherein the demon still exercises a terrible and universal empire, and in which this visible action of Satan is an everyday fact recognised by the whole Indian people, and forming the motive and basis of a large part of their worship. I would bid him also not to be amazed at the wonders which God works among our Christians, since from such marvels, according to the holy Fathers, spring the healing waters which must fertilise the precious plant of Christianity, newly sown in this savage soil. No doubt there may be particular cases in which simplicity exaggerates natural facts and attributes them to supernatural causes; but a man must be blind or obstinate beyond all measure not to recognise in this country the occurrence of innumerable prodigies of both kinds.'

"Dalton visited Madura, the centre of Nobili's labours: there a large Catholic population still remains, and he noted rapidly a night scene at a great temple in the neighbourhood of a reser-

voir like a lake, where 100,000 lamps were lit around the waters. He happened upon a snake festival also, where a great number of snake-charmers assembled — some with their pets about their necks or in the folds of their tunics; and he said that the reptiles were wriggling through his dreams in a sort of rhythmic dance after the incident of the day. But the greater part of his letter was taken up with a whimsical account of a woman that he had met on a railroad journey. She was a certain Madame Kutasoff, who was studying theosophy in India, and believed herself, or at least seemed to believe herself, chosen for a great mission—the interpretation of the philosophy of the East to the nations of the Western world. He described her as old but vigorous, very ugly, dowdy in her dress, plain, shrewd, and straightforward in her way, and singularly sensible and clear-headed on every subject save one. They became the best of comrades, and spent hours together smoking and chatting,—for madame was given to good tobacco, and had deft fingers for rolling cigarettes. He found her strangely entertaining, for she had seen society in various countries of Europe, knew life and human nature well, and was frank and free in her judgments. Her plain looks, her brusque manner, and her common-sense in ordinary affairs, brought out all the more sharply into contrast her strange philosophic opinions; and after a keen estimate of

some famous statesman, or a revelation of the inner meaning of some political movement, she might lapse into stories of trances, disappearances, and distant journeys of the astral body. He seemed to doubt as to whether she was in earnest or not; but his own experience had made him somewhat tolerant in regard to spiritual possibilities, and he declared her to be a thoroughly good comrade, sane and sound in the main, and full of rich experiences. She grew very fond of him in a motherly way, and drew him into the discussion of her own theories, eager, no doubt, to test them by the criticism of so subtle an intellect; and possibly he got thinking too much on the old theme. He closed his letter with a remark that she had talked a great deal about a wonderful juggler who had been attending the snake festival, and was to be at her country house the next afternoon; and he had promised to go and see the old fellow and put his powers to the test.

"The next letter was from Madame Kutasoff, telling of my friend's death, and enclosing a few lines that he had written before he died. This is the story as she told it: Dalton and she spent a pleasant day together, and the troupe of jugglers rested during the early afternoon in the garden. There was the usual routine—such as the charming of snakes, the cobras coming out of holes among the garden shrubbery, where some of them may have been hidden, to the

sound of the music; the growth of the mango-tree; the trick called 'blindfolding'; and the basket trick, called 'ears and eyes bound'; and then madame proposed that Dalton should test the occult powers of the master magician. He was a withered and weary-looking old man, who had lain on a carpet spread over the grass during most of the performance, resting. He said that he was very ill, and he had a cloth tied over his eyes, as they had become inflamed in a dust-storm on the way. But he was willing to try what he could do. He sat on his rug, timid and trembling as Dalton approached him, but after one short shiver stiffened, as it were, into a sort of trance; and my friend, though naturally somewhat curious, seemed to grow strangely doubtful and restless. The revelations began, and they dealt with the past. As they went on Dalton's face grew set and stern; and suddenly, as if convinced that they could come but from one source, he exclaimed, 'Ha, it is you, is it?' and snatched suddenly at the bandage about the conjurer's eyes. As he did so, a cobra, concealed in the fellow's bosom, thrust out its neck and struck. My friend flung the snake away carelessly, and it glided into the bushes while he was gazing intently into the fierce dark eyes of the juggler looking up into his own. Instantly the latter's look quailed, the fire and passion went out of his face, like a light from a landscape when the lamp in the window of a

lonely house is extinguished, and he fell over in convulsions, from which he never recovered.

"It was hoped for a time that the snake might have been harmless, as the performing cobras usually have their fangs drawn or the poison pressed from the sack beneath them; but it became clear in a few moments that Dalton was doomed. Madame cared for him as if he had been her own son, but to no purpose; and he endured the pain of his wound calmly, and met death not merely with serenity but with gaiety. A native priest who happened to be within reach was called to prepare him for death, knowing enough of Latin to hear his confession; though no doubt the penitent, one of the bright students of the college at Rome, may have smiled at some of the phrases of his dark-skinned colleague, for he sometimes smiled at mine as kitchen Latin. To me Dalton wrote: 'Madame—bless her kindly heart—will tell you what has happened. I was quick to feel the presence of mine enemy: what was said, known to but you and me, revealed it clearly; and I am glad the contest is over. What I dreaded was not this sort of danger, but the possibility of some subtle temptation through pride, impurity, or loss of faith, unto dishonour. Of death I was never at all afraid; and it is welcome. Good-bye.'"

Father Lyndon closed. Neither of us added another word of comment; nor did we care to speak on any other theme that day.

THE FOIBLE OF COMPARATIVE LITERATURE.

"Mon Dieu ! laissons là vos comparaisons fades."—*Le Misanthrope*.

THE cynic who finds amusement in the "critical" labours of the experts of modern journalism—the "spruce apprentices" and "puny beaux" who ply their trade as in Goldsmith's day—is inclined to conclude that the whole matter of literary criticism is in disrepute. He sees that centuries of progress since Aristotle's time have done as little for the academic theory of taste as for the popular art of the reviewer, and he cruelly suggests that the critics are as destined to failure in the search for fixed articles of faith as they have been in the attempt to rid themselves of the quack and amateur. Now it must be admitted in behalf of this arch-critic's victims, that neither do they expect to reach to any finality in the doctrine of taste, especially when such respectable folk as philosophers and theologians are still in a fog, nor do they demand such a pitch of nineteenth-century intelligence that the penny review should be well written, sensible, or, at all events, useful. Yet they show a painful consciousness that they have been outstripped in the race for scientific certainty by everybody, including even the sanitary official and the model dairymaid; and this consciousness, together with an increasing annoyance at the irresponsible utterances which pass for judgment, has con-

pelled them every now and then to make a determined effort to justify the higher purposes of literary opinion. It is instructive to note how each occasion has prompted a different method of appeal. In the earlier stages of the modern period, when the dignity of criticism had to be asserted amid the hubbub of personality and provincialism, it was proper to plan a fresh commentary on the 'Poetics,' or to take counsel with Monsieur le Bossu on the epic, or to retire with Mr Alison to the suburbs of taste. Nearer our own time came the editors and reprinters like Ritson and Gifford, to whom criticism meant little more than strong personal feeling, or like Brydges and Haslewood, who had no further ambition than to force back the literary perspective beyond Wordsworth, Johnson, and Dryden. They supplied the material for later judgment—or perhaps only the incentive to the ampler energies of Dr Grosart or Mr Arber, in whom all critical faculty, even in "Memorial-Introductions," succumbed to bibliographical usefulness. But a change came with the triumph of the new science of our day. When history, politics, theology, ethics were all busy relating themselves to their own particular ~~was~~ and enjoying the new-found delights of "continuity,"

"evolution," and "natural law," criticism had perforce to join in, if only to preserve its imperilled honour. Why not "evolution" of poetic form as well as of marsupials? Why not "comparative studies" of international expression as well as of frogs and skates? The terms gave an enhanced value to the stock-in-trade of criticism (the thing which it sorely needed), and many of the old wares found a market at a new price.

The nineteenth century has always had a liking for catch-words as a popular way of advertising pet doctrines; and when a theory has met with approval within its own particular branch of knowledge, the name becomes at once a tool for analogical reasoning in every other study. It required no unusual keenness of vision to see that it would not be long before "that blessed word" Evolution would be as dear to the critics as it was to the biologists. The unassuming term "scientific" has obtained an undisputed vogue. We have snobs who speak of "scientific religion" and snobs who study "scientific diplomacy." So we had, some years ago, 'La Critique scientifique,' and then we had the 'Évolution des Genres.' (How the sponsor of the first fared so badly at the hands of the sponsor of the second is now a commonplace, and one of our cynic's favourite tales.) Now we have the word "comparative," which promises to be the mode for some time. It is not a new term, and the method which

it describes was known "in the antiquities," but it has acquired a special significance in literary study since its recent success with the scientists. As yet the risks of misconstruction are not so serious as in our other applications of scientific theory: the word is not hackneyed, despite Mr Posnett's learned zeal in 1886, and we are not yet too enthusiastic. The largeness of the method does not readily allow too finely drawn analogies. We have gone astray in our evolution of literature because we know our 'Origin of Species' too well. In our "comparative" study we soon discover, to our own salvation, that we cannot follow the theories of the comparative anatomist with a like complacent ingenuity. Yet there are dangers ahead which threaten this excellent endeavour of the new criticism. It may be doubted whether its method is clearly understood by the majority of the writers who are now attracted by it, and chiefly by those greater French critics who have taken the matter in hand. With some, as with the late M. Texte, there is a tendency to obscure the method and its aim by sentimental generalities on the rise of an ideal literature which shall be a beneficent blend of all the national aspirations in the common culture of the "United States of Europe." In other words, that the goal of the comparative method is the annihilation of its *raison d'être*, or that the conditions which that method may seek to explain are merely a prepar-

"This impression was so vivid in his mind that nothing could efface it; and even ridicule as to his tendency to see those eyes everywhere had no effect. My own opinion at first was that some commonplace adventuress had made a bizarre attempt to capture him or blackmail him, or that some woman of rank, taken with his manly grace, and reckless as to her conduct, had forgotten her discretion in her passion; but in talking the scene over he brought reasons to support his original impression, pointing out that there was nothing to tempt an adventuress, and that no woman really in love could have conceived or carried out such a scheme. He maintained that everything in the incident as it recurred to him seemed fiendish, not feminine. In what followed, that conviction was his safeguard, for it rendered the beauty and grace of the Countess powerless, and made him contemptuously indifferent to what might have been regarded as a genuine sentiment.

"Two days later there came another note, which suggested that at a particular point in our usual drive through the public gardens the Countess would be waiting in her carriage. 'Leave your ancient Mentor and come and have a talk with me.' That was the style in which the jade alluded to me and my supposed influence. We didn't know whether to avoid the encounter or not, but decided that it would be best to take our ordinary route and pay no attention to the waiting

temptress, who had at least the merit of open and courageous action. As we drew near the place of rendezvous we took pains to seem deep in the discussion of a point in metaphysics, but kept a sharp look-out. There she was, sure enough, seated in her carriage in a shady corner; and as I could glance at her without challenging recognition, I made a rapid study of her face. There could be only one opinion of her beauty; but it surprised me to notice that she had something about her hardly less commanding than beauty. There was power in her face, spirit, audacity, and even gaiety; and as she caught my eye she smiled, not with theatrical disdain, but with easy natural scorn, and tilted back her sunshade so that I might gaze my fill. I thought she had altogether the better of the encounter; and the whole incident was especially distasteful to my companion, who hated even the appearance of cowardice.

"On our return to the hotel he said, 'I am sick of the air of Rome. Let us get away somewhere for a change.'

"'All right,' I answered; 'let us go to Frascati for a while. There we shall not be out of reach if this slow business of ours ever takes another step.'

"And so we set out almost on the instant for that pleasant summer resort on the mountainside twelve miles away. How sweet it was along the garden terraces and among the walks bordered with laurestine and

shadowed with ilex, to listen to the murmur of the many fountains, to watch the magnificence of Rome spread just below, the purple sea of the Campagna stretching far beyond, and in the dim distance the blue glitter of the Mediterranean, and to dream of the promises of our own time with the classic memories of ruined Tusculum thronging the hillslopes behind and above us.

"There was a sudden break in our repose. I saw the Countess with her attendant on one of the garden walks one day; and shortly afterward the landlord of the hotel came to our apartments with the satisfied air of a man who brings good tidings, to say that the lady had learned we were among the guests and had desired him to let us know that she was here also. Dalton's temper, which had been in a slow fury, notwithstanding the seeming calm of the past few days, broke out. He said—

"‘This woman, so far as we know, is some sort of an adventuress. We have no acquaintance with her, and want none. Furthermore, we will not stay in the same hotel with her.’

"‘But,’ said the surprised host, ‘she seems to be a lady of rank, and she has sent for carriage and servants.’

"‘Very well,’ answered my companion, ‘if she stays, we go. Bring our bill.’

"The landlord began a remonstrance, but he was cut short: ‘It is not a matter to be discussed. We have a right to our own course. So have

you. We have made our choice; make yours at once.’

"What influenced the landlord's action I do not know, but he decided against the woman, whether because he thought our patronage more profitable or because he had grounds for suspecting her character. She left on the next train.

"I confess that there was something so bizarre about the whole affair that I began to doubt the use of applying any reasonable tests to its explanation. The conduct of the Countess suited neither caprice nor passion,—neither the woman who makes a profession of vice nor the woman who takes to intrigue for the sake of excitement. As for my companion, the incident had a curious effect on him, strengthening his original impression. You know how sensitive and imaginative, so to speak, a finely-bred horse is, with all its strength and spirit. The swaying of the shadow of a branch on the roadside may startle and even frighten him. There was something of the same nervous delicacy united to the same wonderful courage and force in my friend; and the woman that aimed at captivating him by the sudden revelation of her beauty had simply shocked all the finest sensibilities of his nature,—so much so that he could only regard her as not of earth, earthy, but of the devil, devilish. To him, unlike the hero of Keats's poem, *Lamia* was always serpent and never fair woman—‘no azure vein wan-

dered on fair-spaced temples, no soft bloom misted the cheek; no passion to illumine the deep-recessed vision; all was blight.'

"After a brief space came a letter to him breathing resentment. The Countess had changed her tone. 'I have sought your friendship,' so the note ran, 'and you have met me with enmity; but I have been slow to anger, believing that nothing was needed save better acquaintance to make us true and loyal comrades. You have acted like a sick animal that misconstrues kindness and sympathy and snaps at the hand stretched out to help or to caress it. You need a touch of the whip, and you shall have it. I insist upon an ample apology for your latest insult, at least, and upon the concession of friendship for which I asked. Possibly I may not value it after I have won it; but if so I want the privilege of flinging it aside. That you may understand the situation, I may say that I know all about you: why you are here; what your quarrel with your bishop is; and how easy it would be to ruin you. If need be, I shall make a statement of our acquaintance to suit myself and submit it as part of the evidence in your case. It will be the sort of story that always finds easy credence.'

"The letter had no signature, which was the first resort to cunning that she had condescended to make. On reading it I said—

"'Here is a foothold at last. This simplifies the matter into plain blackmail; and it is your

best policy to strike the first blow.'

"He was of the same opinion, and, returning to Rome, at once consulted a lawyer. The story was told without a hint on the part of my friend as to any motive or influence which the legal mind might not appreciate, and the lawyer said that he would have the matter investigated. He was very sure that it was a mere blackmailing enterprise, and favoured strong measures. In the course of two or three days he made his report. He had recognised the title of the Countess as genuine the moment he heard it, and he found there was no one masquerading in her name. She was playing the game herself. She belonged to a great Italian family, was noted for her beauty and her recklessness, was separated from her husband for years, and had estranged her kindred; but she was not capable, so he intimated, of resorting to blackmail: she had many friends who, though they disapproved of her, might side with her against a stranger; and it would be well if possible to avoid a scandal. In fact, he began to counsel moderation, compromise, and even harmony.

"Dalton cut him short: 'You were engaged in my interest, and now you talk as if your inclination lay with my opponent. If you want to lay down my case, say so, and I shall engage another lawyer; if you propose to act for me, drop all notion of compromise. I have only one condition to offer: Let that woman leave Rome;

if she stays, we must fight it out. If I am to go to my ruin, I mean to leap into it, not creep into it.'

"I said to the lawyer, 'There surely cannot be any reason to dread defeat in a contest with a woman such as you have described, when she is utterly in the wrong.'

"He said, addressing Dalton: 'I am acting in no interest but yours, and I shall follow the policy that you have determined upon, which may be safer in the end than the easier and pleasanter course. Though it is hard to think of harsh measures with the Countess after one has met her, and one's sympathy and admiration tempt one to trust her, still it may be that it is better to have her for an enemy than for a friend. It may be best that she should leave Rome, not only because of this escapade, but because it will give peace of mind to others besides you.'

"When the issue was thus sharply drawn, the Countess shifted her position again. She repudiated any design to provoke an open scandal, and asked only for an interview with Dalton, so that all misunderstanding between them might be removed. She professed to be sure that nothing more than a friendly meeting was necessary to smooth the way to mutual respect and good fellowship, or at least to ensure a kindly parting. But he would not listen to any proposition for an interview, and could not be lured into one, though various attempts, which it would be idle

to detail, were made with that design. No doubt the highest moral prudence would have chosen such a course as the best defence against a woman bent on fascination, commended to the senses and to the intellect by every grace and beauty, and ready to adopt any means of conquest; but he acted less from the policy of avoiding temptation than from an instinct of repulsion. He had been revolted both by the attempt to captivate and at the attempt to frighten him, and he could forgive neither. It was not his disposition to be hard or cruel to a woman; but he had so high an opinion of women that he maintained he was dealing with a fiend in his adventure with the Countess.

"For my own part I had only one interview with her. In her letters, and she wrote several, she had alluded to me more than once with contempt as exerting a narrow and cowardly influence over Dalton; but on one of my melancholy Roman days, when I was musing in the Protestant cemetery, a place so often praised for its beauty and visited for its literary associations, she came quietly up to me and began in a conciliatory way a plea in her own defence, insinuating that I had been unjust in my judgment of her, as she had been, no doubt, in her estimate of me. The conversation, which commenced in sweetness and humility on her part and watchful serenity on mine, did not long keep its gentle strain.

"'I have long wished for an opportunity for an explanation

with you,' she said. 'It is natural that you should have conceived the strongest prejudice against me, and that you should urge your friend to avoid me.'

"'You overrate my power in the matter,' I answered. 'I confess to a decided disapproval of your conduct; but there is no element of personal dislike in it. In some respects you would command any man's admiration; and if a sincere, though misguided, passion were your motive, you would deserve pity. The simple fact is that, unusual as the experience must seem, you have produced in my friend a strong feeling of repugnance which no reasoning of mine and no fascination of yours can change.'

"'Oh,' she said with a sneer, 'my conduct has been in the teeth of social and moral conventionalities; but impulses have a greater part to play in life than mere restraint. In seeking the acquaintance of your friend I acted on impulse, or mere whim, if you will, taken with something in his air, not aiming at anything more than an experiment in friendship, not caring whether what you call innocence or sin came of it. It is part of the absurdity of things that my heart became interested where there was every reason for indifference. And if his heart be untouched there was a chance at least for sincere friendship.'

"'It is strange to me,' I said, 'that you do not see that any friendly companionship with him would be apt to become a source of scandal; and that it

never seems to enter your mind that there should be no question of love between a priest and any woman.'

"'Well,' she said, 'priests are capable of passion, and there have been cases in which they yielded to it.'

"'Yes,' I returned, 'and how contemptible they have been in their own eyes and in the eyes of the world. To say nothing of the sin and the shame and the evil example, how dastardly they must be as men, disloyal to the most solemn obligations and the most sacred trusts. The knight recreant to the spirit of chivalry or the soldier who betrays his cause is worthy of respect beside the priest false to his vows. What woman would care for the love that begins in degradation?'

"'Sometimes happiness is a slight compensation,' she answered, 'and freedom from false environment, and liberation from the leaden cloak of hypocrisy. Nature has made some laws, and the companionship of man and woman is one of them. Where it is a blessing to two existences, who cares for any conventional ban?'

"'There is a higher law than that of nature—self-sacrifice; and a better happiness than that of passion—the activity of the soul for noble ends.'

"'Oh yes,' she returned bitterly, 'that is an extract from one of your sermons. Self-sacrifice is easy for some people, and passion of no account to those who never felt it. It is well enough for you to preach who have lived in narrow limits all your life, too cowardly to

question authority, and not adventurous enough to challenge enjoyment in temptation or danger. But your friend looks like a man of different mould.'

"'I fancy,' I said, 'that we have all had our evil moments, even the most cold-blooded among us; but temptations are not things to boast about, whether they have passed and left us unharmed or tarried long enough to stain. If I were more submissive to authority, I never should have come to Rome, and never have encountered you, or listened to this jibe. As for danger, I have walked the line of fire on one of the fiercest battlefields of modern times, caring for the wounded and dying, with bullets crashing into the trees about me; and, though much afraid, I did not dream of forsaking my duty. It is not likely that I should do so under more trivial temptations or quail before an angry woman's scorn. My friend, I think, is a man of the same temper.'

"This somewhat boastful and absurd declaration met a fitting response. With a sudden change of mood she made a sweeping courtesy and said: 'Really you have succeeded in convincing me that, after all, you may be a couple of very dull fellows, not worth a tithe of the trouble I have taken about you. I should probably tire of your friend in a day. He is very handsome, but doubtless very hollow. The trouble with you and him is that you are too high-minded, and you know it. Farewell!'

"This parting salutation was

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delivered in a voice of honeyed sweetness, and with an air of gentle calmness everywhere from the plume in her hat to the hem of her skirt, save in her eyes; and there there glowed a sudden malignity that startled me, though I am little open to quick emotion.

"We saw no more of her, and never knew why she left Rome—whether she really feared prosecution for attempted blackmail, or concluded to give up her capricious fancy for my friend, or had other troubles pressing her departure.

"Dalton did not care to speculate on the matter. For him it was not so much the Countess he encountered as an old enemy, the demon he had exorcised, and he did not doubt that the whole escapade, under a thin veneering of romance, was a coarse and crude plot for his ruin, such as only a devil with no conception of womanly modesty and refinement would contrive. He conceded that women have often deliberately tempted men, but he held that the want of tact, the failure to appreciate human scruples or understand natural delicacy that characterised the Countess's style of temptation, could belong only to a paltry fiend, not merely without any idea of virtue, but without any idea of hypocrisy—the homage that human vice pays to virtue. It was this thought that made him regard the whole affair with loathing. He would have looked on overmastering love for a woman as a great sin, but to fall under the control of the Countess he regarded as a

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surrender to the devil: not the sin of a man, but of a fool.

"While the affair was in progress I was inclined to smile at this notion, and natural perversity seemed so clearly to the fore that I thought nothing of the supernatural; but on reviewing every incident, and endeavouring to fit each with some reasonable explanation, I was inclined to take my friend's view of the matter. Everything seemed so unreasonable as not to be human, for, though we often act unreasonably, we always have what we consider a reason for action. But here there was no trace of such a delusion. The Countess may have had a passing fancy for my friend: she certainly was not under the sway of a great passion. She was not after blackmail: her threats were made merely with the design of securing the mastery. She was not out of her senses, for she had the management of her own affairs, and bore the reputation of anything rather than a fool. Dalton felt demoniac influence in her presence; I inferred it as a logical necessity of her conduct—an evil impulse, not dominant but active on occasion, malignant but not wise, cunning but impatient, calculating on the bad in human nature and forgetting the good."

After musing for a moment as Father Lyndon came to a conclusion, I said, "It seems to me that there is one natural explanation possible that you have not suggested."

"What is it?"

"In discussing the stranger

who threatened assassination, I said that it was absurd to suppose that any one hired him to commit a murder, but I do not think it absurd to suppose that some one hired the Countess to entice Dr Dalton into an intrigue."

"How might that be?"

"Fellows employed to carry corrupt measures through public bodies classify the representatives with whom they have to deal. There are some that cannot be controlled by any device; some that are to be influenced by social advantages; some that are open to promises of political preferment; some that are to be taken by fine dinners and good wines; and some that are to be entrapped by women. Some of this knowledge of low minds might have been brought to bear against Dalton. The bishop was narrow and vindictive, you say, with an intellect perverse if not disordered; and his cause was plainly desperate. Why might he not approve some scheme on the part of his agent at Rome to involve Dr Dalton in a flagrant scandal, and pay handsomely a brilliant woman of reckless disposition and shady reputation to beguile him into sin and disgrace? The Countess would not be above a bribe of money or jewels; and when she knew the story of her intended victim, and saw what a splendid creature he was, the excitement of the chase may have become a leading motive in her pursuit."

"It is an ugly suggestion," he said musingly, "and one that I do not like to entertain."

Moreover, under the law of parsimony, it seems easier, on the whole, to credit the devil with such a piece of work than one of our ecclesiastical superiors. I know that even the possibility of such a plot would not have shaken for a moment Dalton's own conviction that the source of the successive evils he encountered lay in his first and only exercise of the power of exorcism, and that he might encounter ever after, at any crisis, the demon that he had baffled then."

"Did anything occur afterwards," I asked, "to strengthen that belief?"

"Well," he answered, with a sigh, "I may as well finish the story, though to come to an end far away from me at the other side of the world. Let your scepticism suggest what explanation it will.

"He and I parted at Rome to return home by different routes—east and west. He wanted me to go with him for a trip through Asia; but I was weary of idleness, and could spare neither time nor money for such a trip, and so came back the shortest way.

"I had only two letters from him during his journey in India, a country that had always had for him a strange fascination; for you know it is regarded among us as in a special way the land of active spiritual manifestation. He was interested in its architecture, its learning, and its missions; but even more interested in it as the home of mystery. I remember he was greatly struck with a passage in a letter of

Robert de' Nobili, the celebrated Jesuit who posed as a Brahmin and had such wonderful success in converting the people of Southern India three hundred years ago. Writing to Anthony Vico, he said: 'I have to relate to you things so extraordinary, that if I were writing to any other than a professor of theology, I should think it necessary to preface my account by way of precaution with an explanatory statement. I should warn him not to be astonished at the display of so many sorceries and witchcrafts, since we are in a land wherein the demon still exercises a terrible and universal empire, and in which this visible action of Satan is an everyday fact recognised by the whole Indian people, and forming the motive and basis of a large part of their worship. I would bid him also not to be amazed at the wonders which God works among our Christians, since from such marvels, according to the holy Fathers, spring the healing waters which must fertilise the precious plant of Christianity, newly sown in this savage soil. No doubt there may be particular cases in which simplicity exaggerates natural facts and attributes them to supernatural causes; but a man must be blind or obstinate beyond all measure not to recognise in this country the occurrence of innumerable prodigies of both kinds.'

"Dalton visited Madura, the centre of Nobili's labours: there a large Catholic population still remains, and he noted rapidly a night scene at a great temple in the neighbourhood of a reser-

voir like a lake, where 100,000 lamps were lit around the waters. He happened upon a snake festival also, where a great number of snake-charmers assembled—some with their pets about their necks or in the folds of their tunics; and he said that the reptiles were wriggling through his dreams in a sort of rhythmic dance after the incident of the day. But the greater part of his letter was taken up with a whimsical account of a woman that he had met on a railroad journey. She was a certain Madame Kutasoff, who was studying theosophy in India, and believed herself, or at least seemed to believe herself, chosen for a great mission—the interpretation of the philosophy of the East to the nations of the Western world. He described her as old but vigorous, very ugly, dowdy in her dress, plain, shrewd, and straightforward in her way, and singularly sensible and clear-headed on every subject save one. They became the best of comrades, and spent hours together smoking and chatting,—for madame was given to good tobacco, and had deft fingers for rolling cigarettes. He found her strangely entertaining, for she had seen society in various countries of Europe, knew life and human nature well, and was frank and free in her judgments. Her plain looks, her brusque manner, and her common-sense in ordinary affairs, brought out all the more sharply into contrast her strange philosophic opinions; and after a keen estimate of

some famous statesman, or a revelation of the inner meaning of some political movement, she might lapse into stories of trances, disappearances, and distant journeys of the astral body. He seemed to doubt as to whether she was in earnest or not; but his own experience had made him somewhat tolerant in regard to spiritual possibilities, and he declared her to be a thoroughly good comrade, sane and sound in the main, and full of rich experiences. She grew very fond of him in a motherly way, and drew him into the discussion of her own theories, eager, no doubt, to test them by the criticism of so subtle an intellect; and possibly he got thinking too much on the old theme. He closed his letter with a remark that she had talked a great deal about a wonderful juggler who had been attending the snake festival, and was to be at her country house the next afternoon; and he had promised to go and see the old fellow and put his powers to the test.

"The next letter was from Madame Kutasoff, telling of my friend's death, and enclosing a few lines that he had written before he died. This is the story as she told it: Dalton and she spent a pleasant day together, and the troupe of jugglers rested during the early afternoon in the garden. There was the usual routine—such as the charming of snakes, the cobras coming out of holes among the garden shrubbery, where some of them may have been hidden, to the

sound of the music; the growth of the mango-tree; the trick called 'blindfolding'; and the basket trick, called 'ears and eyes bound'; and then madame proposed that Dalton should test the occult powers of the master magician. He was a withered and weary-looking old man, who had lain on a carpet spread over the grass during most of the performance, resting. He said that he was very ill, and he had a cloth tied over his eyes, as they had become inflamed in a dust-storm on the way. But he was willing to try what he could do. He sat on his rug, timid and trembling as Dalton approached him, but after one short shiver stiffened, as it were, into a sort of trance; and my friend, though naturally somewhat curious, seemed to grow strangely doubtful and restless. The revelations began, and they dealt with the past. As they went on Dalton's face grew set and stern; and suddenly, as if convinced that they could come but from one source, he exclaimed, 'Ha, it is you, is it?' and snatched suddenly at the bandage about the conjurer's eyes. As he did so, a cobra, concealed in the fellow's bosom, thrust out its neck and struck. My friend flung the snake away carelessly, and it glided into the bushes while he was gazing intently into the fierce dark eyes of the juggler looking up into his own. Instantly the latter's look quailed, the fire and passion went out of his face, like a light from a landscape when the lamp in the window of a

lonely house is extinguished, and he fell over in convulsions, from which he never recovered.

"It was hoped for a time that the snake might have been harmless, as the performing cobras usually have their fangs drawn or the poison pressed from the sack beneath them; but it became clear in a few moments that Dalton was doomed. Madame cared for him as if he had been her own son, but to no purpose; and he endured the pain of his wound calmly, and met death not merely with serenity but with gaiety. A native priest who happened to be within reach was called to prepare him for death, knowing enough of Latin to hear his confession; though no doubt the penitent, one of the bright students of the college at Rome, may have smiled at some of the phrases of his dark-skinned colleague, for he sometimes smiled at mine as kitchen Latin. To me Dalton wrote: 'Madame — bless her kindly heart — will tell you what has happened. I was quick to feel the presence of mine enemy: what was said, known to but you and me, revealed it clearly; and I am glad the contest is over. What I dreaded was not this sort of danger, but the possibility of some subtle temptation through pride, impurity, or loss of faith, unto dishonour. Of death I was never at all afraid; and it is welcome. Good-bye.'"

Father Lyndon closed. Neither of us added another word of comment; nor did we care to speak on any other theme that day.

THE FOIBLE OF COMPARATIVE LITERATURE.

"Mon Dieu ! laissons là vos comparaisons fades."—*Le Misanthrope*.

THE cynic who finds amusement in the "critical" labours of the experts of modern journalism—the "spruce apprentices" and "puny beaux" who ply their trade as in Goldsmith's day—is inclined to conclude that the whole matter of literary criticism is in disrepute. He sees that centuries of progress since Aristotle's time have done as little for the academic theory of taste as for the popular art of the reviewer, and he cruelly suggests that the critics are as destined to failure in the search for fixed articles of faith as they have been in the attempt to rid themselves of the quack and amateur. Now it must be admitted in behalf of this arch-critic's victims, that neither do they expect to reach to any finality in the doctrine of taste, especially when such respectable folk as philosophers and theologians are still in a fog, nor do they demand such a pitch of nineteenth-century intelligence that the penny review should be well written, sensible, or, at all events, useful. Yet they show a painful consciousness that they have been outstripped in the race for scientific certainty by everybody, including even the sanitary official and the model dairymaid; and this consciousness, together with an increasing annoyance at the irresponsible utterances which pass for judgment, has com-

pelled them every now and then to make a determined effort to justify the higher purposes of literary opinion. It is instructive to note how each occasion has prompted a different method of appeal. In the earlier stages of the modern period, when the dignity of criticism had to be asserted amid the hubbub of personality and provincialism, it was proper to plan a fresh commentary on the 'Poetics,' or to take counsel with Monsieur le Bossu on the epic, or to retire with Mr Alison to the suburbs of taste. Nearer our own time came the editors and reprinters like Ritson and Gifford, to whom criticism meant little more than strong personal feeling, or like Brydges and Haslewood, who had no further ambition than to force back the literary perspective beyond Wordsworth, Johnson, and Dryden. They supplied the material for later judgment—or perhaps only the incentive to the ampler energies of Dr Grosart or Mr Arber, in whom all critical faculty, even in "Memorial-Introductions," succumbed to bibliographical usefulness. But a change came with the triumph of the new science of our day. When history, politics, theology, ethics were all busy relating themselves to their own particular ape, and enjoying the new-found delights of "continuity,"

"evolution," and "natural law," criticism had perforce to join in, if only to preserve its imperilled honour. Why not "evolution" of poetic form as well as of marsupials? Why not "comparative studies" of international expression as well as of frogs and skates? The terms gave an enhanced value to the stock-in-trade of criticism (the thing which it sorely needed), and many of the old wares found a market at a new price.

The nineteenth century has always had a liking for catch-words as a popular way of advertising pet doctrines; and when a theory has met with approval within its own particular branch of knowledge, the name becomes at once a tool for analogical reasoning in every other study. It required no unusual keenness of vision to see that it would not be long before "that blessed word" Evolution would be as dear to the critics as it was to the biologists. The unassuming term "scientific" has obtained an undisputed vogue. We have snobs who speak of "scientific religion" and snobs who study "scientific diplomacy." So we had, some years ago, 'La Critique scientifique,' and then we had the 'Évolution des Genres.' (How the sponsor of the first fared so badly at the hands of the sponsor of the second is now a commonplace, and one of our cynic's favourite tales.) Now we have the word "comparative," which promises to be the mode for some time. It is not a new term, and the method which

it describes was known "in the antiquities," but it has acquired a special significance in literary study since its recent success with the scientists. As yet the risks of misconstruction are not so serious as in our other applications of scientific theory: the word is not hackneyed, despite Mr Posnett's learned zeal in 1886, and we are not yet too enthusiastic. The largeness of the method does not readily allow too finely drawn analogies. We have gone astray in our evolution of literature because we know our 'Origin of Species' too well. In our "comparative" study we soon discover, to our own salvation, that we cannot follow the theories of the comparative anatomist with a like complacent ingenuity. Yet there are dangers ahead which threaten this excellent endeavour of the new criticism. It may be doubted whether its method is clearly understood by the majority of the writers who are now attracted by it, and chiefly by those greater French critics who have taken the matter in hand. With some, as with the late M. Texte, there is a tendency to obscure the method and its aim by sentimental generalities on the rise of an ideal literature which shall be a beneficent blend of all the national aspirations in the common culture of the "United States of Europe." In other words, that the goal of the comparative method is the annihilation of its *raison d'être*, or that the conditions which that method may seek to explain are merely a prepar-

ation for the re-birth of the phoenix of medieval Unity! Others, of a more practical turn, and, it must be confessed, with less insight than the enthusiasts, discover in the new doctrine a re-expression of their own hobbies and an opportunity for further exposition on the old lines. Among these one is not surprised to find the author of the 'Évolution des Genres.'

In July last the International Congress of History, which had sat at The Hague in 1898, met at Paris as the "Congrès international d'Histoire comparée." It was fitting that the Exhibition, in every sense "universal" and especially designed for the display of all that was newest, should have included comparative literature among the subjects to be discussed by its half-hundred congresses. And there was a further propriety in transferring the meeting of this particular congress from the Palais des Congrès, among the *guignols* and Armand Silvestre's models in the distracting "rue de Paris," to the academic calm of the École de France and the Sorbonne. When the idler at the Café d'Harcourt saw Messieurs Gaston Paris and Brunetière and their colleagues sauntering by every morning, he saw no novelty in the situation. They might be going to lecture. Other congresses had fireworks and ballets and the President, and had crushed themselves out of temper in cloak-rooms. This one was to be taken *au sérieux*; and the best results were promised. There was a tempting programme for each

of the eight sections of History, Institutions and Law, Economics, Religion, Science, Literature, Art, and Music. In each the members were to discuss the "comparative history" of their subject: topics were suggested, but the utmost freedom was to be allowed to the speakers. In the prospectus of the literary section the following questions were proposed for the guidance of the labours of the savants: "the settlement and criticism of the sources of literary history; the bibliography of the comparative history of literatures; the study of the great international currents of influence and the communication of literary ideas especially after the Renaissance; the foreign origins of national works, and the diffusion of French literature in foreign countries; the methods of criticism, and especially how far they may be identified with those of history proper and of the natural sciences." Here was a lure which should have drawn the dustiest pundits from their vacation exercises. Even if the attractions of this "annexe du Boule'Miche" should pall, there was the Exhibition itself, and the *trottoir roulant*, and the Shah!

Yet this critical picnic proved a most dismal failure. It is possible that when the *compte rendu* appears we shall have some interesting reading, though of a very mixed character; and the heroic score who sat each other out during those unforgettable dog-days on the hard benches of the Amphithéâtre

Richelieu may think more hopefully of their united effort when they read those papers which were promised for their regale, and are perhaps not yet written. Each morning the seance grew shorter: professors read extracts of lectures on favourite minor topics, on which no two of the cosmopolitans present could have ventured a first-hand opinion. Strangest thing of all, there was not one word about comparative criticism, not a hint at the problem so saucily proposed in the programme, until, at the very last moment, Dr Spingarn of Columbia University roused the conscience of the section by a rapidly prepared note on the conditions of comparative study in America. Thus the only "scientific" result which seemed to be proved was that comparative criticism cannot thrive in a temperature of 93° Fahr. in the shade.

The indifference of the section was the more surprising as M. Brunetière had delivered a general address on the comparative study of literature, and as M. Boissier, the President-in-chief, had exalted the scientific method and had invited the different sections to discuss its usefulness in their respective branches. M. Brunetière's speech was one of those special decorative efforts with which he delights himself and Paris. It really lay outside the intended serious work of his own section, and it seemed to be taken as an "extra" by the crowd of *abbés* and *licenciés* which came but did not overflow. Moreover, M. Brunet-

ière's views on literature, as on politics and religion, are so clearly defined and so persistently restated in all his writings and speeches, that academic Paris is beginning to know what he must say on any given topic. His critics know that he will support his arguments when he can by the opinion of Bossuet; but they probably felt that the "eagle of Meaux" could hardly be a helpful guide to him in his July pastoral on comparative criticism. M. Brunetière's rhetorical deductions did not convince all of us when we heard them. Since then his deliverance has appeared in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' (September 15) in an almost entirely new form ("cette conférence que j'ai réécrite ou écrite"). The opportunity of revision has allowed him to leave out some of the more startling statements which gave a certain *éclat* to the spoken argument, yet the printed text does not remove our suspicion that there is a certain narrowness, even wrongness, in his attitude to the general question.

M. Brunetière's article is a call to arms rather than a plan of campaign. Many of his points, especially when he deals with the causes of the discredit of the comparative method in certain quarters and with certain errors in that method, or when he enters a strong plea for the further recognition of "comparative" teaching in the universities, are of first-class importance, both in themselves and from the fact that they come with authority from his pen. And those passages which

are devoted to the illustration of historical development in literatures and in *genres* have also a merit of their own. But the promise of the undertaking, "the definition of the matter, the programme, and the method of European literature as a unity," is not fulfilled; and for this serious shortcoming the high-priest of French criticism must at present stand condemned.

The truth is, that in this discourse M. Brunetière is still the "evolutionist," and looks at the larger critical problems from the point of view of direct succession or chronological phase. He is, we are tempted to say, less an evolutionist than a genealogist. Let us take his two chief illustrations, the literary hegemonies of Europe and the history of the European novel. By the first he argues that the great literatures of Europe are not developed "simultaneously" but "successively." "We may hold it as an absolute truth," he says, "that for three or four hundred years each of them has in turn manifested its most national and particular characteristics. In order to take a broad view of the history of European literature, and so to fix the limits within which each investigation which might arise would naturally find its place, it is not necessary for us to draw up, laboriously, a plan: it is prepared for us by history. Here again, as in so many other cases, we have only to let things be, and, whatever may be our perplexity, history, or rather mere

chronology, will come to our aid." To show this, M. Brunetière gives a panorama of the "great" periods of the greater literatures, where we must understand the "greatness" of each period to lie in the "expansion" or diffusion of its influence among its contemporaries, and not in the importance of individual works and *genres* which have only a local or national value. His divisions are ready to hand: first, 1450-1600, the Italian, signified by Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, and Machiavelli ("je ne voudrais pas les avoir tous énumérés"); secondly, 1600-1660, the Spanish, which, despite the inherent "particularist" dislike to expansion, gave the 'Diana' to Europe; thirdly, 1660-1720, the French; fourthly, 1720-1830, "le ferment britannique," from which arose, in the fifth place, the German influence of the nineteenth century. In this picture we are to see the situation of the five great literatures *respectively* to each other, and to discover "the line of the evolution of European literature throughout the history of these literatures"; and we are asked to recognise "the identity of this kind of research" (*i.e.*, the evolutionary method) "with those which are the main purpose of 'comparative literature.'" The meaning of these last words is not, we confess, quite transparent: at least, it is difficult to see how the comparative method is so easily discovered in the mere chronology of European phase.

The second illustration is a more particular study in liter-

ary heredity,—the tracing of the relationship of Samuel Richardson to Crestien de Troyes in a fascinating zigzag through such various works as 'Marianne,' 'Cleveland,' 'Gil Blas,' 'Zayde,' 'Artamène,' 'L'Astrée,' 'The Diana,' 'The Amadis,' and the 'Arcadia'! "Abraham genuit Isaac . . .": M. Brunetière himself is tempted to parody the patriarchal family-tree. But he adds, "No one has imitated anybody, and each in studying the taste of his contemporaries has probably been convinced that he only followed his own. But in the course of an evolution reaching over three or four centuries the matter has been transformed; time, race, and personal faculty have put their mark upon it, though it has not thereby lost its individuality." This qualification, however just, is subversive of the whole position which the ingenious half-truth is meant to illustrate, and it shows that the comparative "evolutionist," like the genealogist, has his worries over the female line and bars-sinister. He might be happier had he the antiquary's courage to add his *sine prole* when descent fails.

May it not be asked whether the method which is implied in these specimens of literary research is "comparative" in the strict sense of the term? Or, if it is, wherein lies the newness of it, or the necessity of a special plea in its behalf to the academic critics of these days? Have we not here the familiar "historical" method, which we have all been using

in the various tasks of the literary workshop, sometimes in explaining the influence of one book on another, as Holinshed on Shakespeare, or in a more spiritual way, as Ferguson on Burns, or of one book on a group of writers or on a national literature, as in the case of the 'Spectator,' or of one literature or phase of culture upon another literature or other literatures, as Greek rhetoric or Augustan poetry on Renaissance Europe? It is good so far as it goes, and it has been especially valuable as a corrective to mere "personal" appreciation. We understand Burns better, and can enjoy him not one whit less, now that we know his literary debt to his predecessors. Yet it is not difficult to see that the historical method is not free from the risk of extravagance, and that it is certainly not *final*. The evolutionist imposes a hard unproved rule by which he is led to fantastic results, really less excusable than the critical gambols of the mere "man of taste."

After all, is not the so-called comparative method of M. Brunetière essentially wrong in its "direction," if he will in turn accept a scientific metaphor? Is not his analysis exclusively "perpendicular" in effect, whereas, if there is any general value in the term "comparative," it should be "horizontal"? He occasionally digresses in the "horizontal" way when he compares the international varieties which appeared in the transformation of one form or book

into another; but it is the "horizontal" of the pedigree-maker who introduces bits of collateral descent in illustration of the main line of his research. His method is "comparative" only of centuries or periods. Such temporal comparisons, though useful, must remain of secondary critical interest: they are but illustrations of the great law of change, and more specifically of certain *known* minor laws; they do for literary art what M. Planché's books or the 'Palais de Costume' have done for tailordom, and, like these excellent things, they soon find how difficult it is to stray beyond the traditions of one nation, or even beyond one variety of national fancy. We do not affirm that we are not profitably employed in comparing, say, Puritan and Restoration literature, and, for that matter, farthingales and crinolines; but it is quite another thing to imagine that in such elegant inquiry we are satisfying the wider needs of comparative criticism, or that we are discovering those greater secrets which our praise of the "comparative method" implies to be worth the labour of research. We surely require no new critical code to show us how to trace the influence of Corneille on Dryden or of Le Bossu on Addison, or to justify our manhood against the schoolgirl contrasts of Thackeray and Dickens or Tennyson and Browning.

Further, if we consider the variety of circumstances which

are open to examination by the comparative method, we shall see the inadequacy of the popular "historical" view. There is, first, the comparison of things which are derived or connected, which may be said to prove either (a) a direct individual influence, as when one book inspires another, or when a certain phase is the result of the interference of foreign culture, or (to follow the manner of the folk-lorists) when one folk-matter is transformed into another; or (b) a certain common heirship to some pre-existing matter, as in the indebtedness of national literatures to general medieval doctrine, or in the family likeness of the European forms of humanism. This is M. Brunetière's exclusive "reserve" for the cosmopolitan critic. He even prescribes the mode of procedure. "The first part of a history of European literature ought to be devoted, not exactly to an exposition of the history of the literature of the Middle Ages, but to an inventory of that literature, to stating what general themes of inspiration modern literatures have inherited from the Middle Ages;" and the "second question" will be, "What transformations have these themes undergone?" The danger of this exclusive method is twofold: it tends to assume that there is a closer or more complete relationship between the connected parts than the evidence may allow—there may even be a remarkable similarity between portions of different

literatures which is not due to imitation; and it narrows the range of inquiry to family groups of subjects or to the life-history of a single idea, a mannerism, or an arbitrarily chosen *genre*. So much for this first category; but does it include all the varieties possible to the comparative method? May there not be a comparative interest in things whose only connection is from analogy, or even in forms and motives, between which there may be not only no admitted or known connection, but not even an obvious hint of likeness? There is, for example, surely something in the examination of parallel forms of folk-tale (if only to disprove some of the extravagant generalisations of the folk-lorists); yet in nearly all the cases there is not, and there cannot be, a scrap of evidence of derivation or interaction. Whether the different arts have, or do not have, a common æsthetic basis, is a question which need not prevent our discovering certain analogies or using one art as a touchstone for the others; and we may do so without being convicted of the quackery of the symphony-in-blue journalism. And may we not compare such "excentric" things as a Hindu epic and a French epic? It would, we admit, be hard for most of us to answer M. Brunetière's conundrum about the comparison between the impossible Li - Tai - pé and Horace or Béranger, but we should give it up for other reasons than the lack of any

trace of historical kinship. In such difficult matters we should incline to play the coward with the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, and say that "the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the lady Doña Belerma is what *she* is and has been, and that's enough." Yet M. Brunetière was surely under obligation to declare his general reasons why this Eastern puzzle was not worth his learned attention, and especially whether he founded his opinion on the mere facts of geographical distance or ethnological difference. For he also excludes the problem of the influence of Basque literature upon its neighbours, and there surely geography might be expected to have something to say. He would, we presume, for similar reasons exclude our insular hobby of the relationship of Celt and Saxon, but he would have to disprove, even if Matthew Arnold were more in the air or learned Young Wales were quite wrong-headed, that the matter is not one for "comparative" investigation. The pressing practical needs of criticism may confine us to the easier and more obvious problems of historical development. To this we make no demur; but in a definition or plan of the comparative method, and especially in an *ex cathedra* utterance, such things must not be considered to be the beginning and end of the whole matter. Comparative literature must be something more than a refuge for antiquaries or a practising-

school for detectives of international plagiarism. Accident or ingenuity will discover how much Sidney has taken from Castelvetro and Scaliger, but neither, unaided by a broad psychology, will be able to trace, say, the dramatic history of the *esprit gaulois*, or contrast that spirit with the English counterpart in the miracle-plays. It is an unexplained crotchet of the "scientific" mind to impress upon the biologist how much is to be learned from the comparison of such "excentric" things as the foetus of the platypus and the foetus of the opossum, and at the same time to rest the whole argument of "literary science" on the pretty scalpel-studies of the fingers and toes of the European *corpus*. The time was when we did not know much about such things as Arcadianism, Marinism, Concettism, even Classicism and Romanticism. We may still have much to learn, and perhaps much to unlearn, in these matters; but we might with some advantage begin to think of other problems too. We want to know something of the changes in critical attitude, of the rise of the notion of continuity in literature, of the sense of literary perspective

and historical propriety, of the development of the idea that a work must be judged not by the rigid canon of the Schoolmen but by the extenuating evidence of the *milieu*. In researches such as these we shall more likely discover those waves and movements (if any such there be) which attract but still perplex the "scientific" critics. The twentieth century may not solve these problems, but it will make a more determined and better organised effort than some of us are perhaps inclined to believe.¹

M. Brunetière's appeal to the universities tempts us to inquire what promise we have in this country that there will be a more disciplined interest in the larger study of comparative literature. If Dr Spingarn is as good a prophet as he promises to be a "comparative" critic, we shall have to look to America for guidance in these matters. There, he argues, the critic will not be blinded by natural prejudices and by too close proximity to European traditions. The notion is not convincing, unless it can be shown that history, which is more at the mercy of parties and international policies, is also to be a United States monopoly—or was, until Mr

¹ Less than two years ago M. Texte was tempted to ask, in a notable discourse on Comparative Literature: "Is not the time coming when the history of literature will be written by periods quite as legitimately as by nationalities?"—a corroboration of Matthew Arnold's pronouncement, and an unconscious testimony to the wisdom of Professor Saintsbury's elaborate plan, now nearing completion. Such notions and undertakings are apt to cause discomfort to the connoisseur of monographs, who can allow himself no more searching international problem than the influence of 'Ossian' or of 'Don Juan' on Continental literary taste. And so the matter will remain, if criticism is to be interested exclusively in the mere domesticities of letters.

McKinley took to playing at "philippines" and Chinese puzzles; or that it is impossible for an English critic to give a reasonable view of the "Rhétoriciens" because of M. Léandre or Sipido, or admire a Dutch artist for loathing of Mr Krüger. But the institution of such curricula as are now afforded by the School of Comparative Literature in the Columbia University of New York will do much to effect this general purpose, as well as to cure American scholarship of that philological dulness and that indifference to style which is already commented upon in the West. In France M. Brunetière has to plead for a chair at Paris, and to sigh that a worthy successor may fill the late M. Texte's place in the chair of Comparative Literature at Lyon.

It might have been expected that our universities, which have begun to show a generous concern in modern literatures, would have already taken some part in the development of the study of criticism. They remain, in their corporate capacity at least, either pessimistic or indifferent. Oxford, which has been responsible for more unofficial opinion than perhaps any other intellectual centre, was consumed a few years ago by the desire to do for modern literature what it has done so well for classical culture and historical studies, but it nullified the effect at which it aimed by setting up a philological tyranny. It is perhaps premature to hope that it may soon

discover—even after a record of ill-success—that Gothic and Provençal grammar or phonetic formulæ are not literature, either spiritually or materially, and that, however excellent they may be for the training of Grimms, they are very inadequate for the making of Hallams. It would seem that the university took fright at the undergraduates' ready turn for passing judgments on such modern subjects as Mr Kipling or Miss Corelli, and felt that some disciplinary system must be imposed which should lend no countenance to the disordered impressions which pass for dogma at deans' breakfasts and in college magazines. Philology is perhaps an indispensable training for the serious study of literature, but it is not literature; and a university which is proud of the traditions of its school of *Literæ Humaniores* has no right to compel modern scholarship to forget Jean de Meun in praising M. Godefroy, or to despise imperial Scaliger or "surly John Dennis" because they are too modern. With strange inconsistency Oxford compels its young politicians and historians to take large doses of "The Politics" of Hobbes and Mill, and even of Bluntschli and Gneist, yet it would be hard to prove that knowledge of one or all of these authorities will be of more use in the framing of a foreign policy or an Eight Hours' Bill, or in the writing of a history of the Holy Roman Empire, than the knowledge of the individual

and comparative aspects of the great literatures will be to the youth when he finds his reviewing chair, or meditates upon his "Essays and Studies." Some of our universities have taken a wider view of the matter, but they are handicapped by the insufficiency of the means for teaching and research, and such provision as there may be for the study of criticism, if not for that of comparative literature, is the outcome rather of professorial energy than of statutory compulsion. So for the present what might be done for the student, and with the student, is left to private industry. Universities can kill poets, but they might make critics. At present the clever "young man"

who steps into critical authority at the close of his college career hardly knows, except by good luck or prolonged personal effort, the map of the great realm in which he has chosen to serve. He sits in his own corner and expounds the Ptolemaic system of criticism as it has always appeared to the good folks of Little Pedlington. These traditions will doubtless remain; yet we might very well be callous as to the reformation of the penny oracles were we assured of the genuine recognition of the claims of the history and practice of criticism, and especially of comparative criticism, in the sancta and learned quadrangles dedicated to judgment and good taste.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES ON FRESH WATER.

THE first time I saw Lake Superior it had no sky-line. The month was January; the thermometer was away down below zero; the double windows of the railway car were frosted over, and it was impossible to distinguish where the ice-field faded into grey mist.

The second time it had no sky-line either, although the month was August, and I was standing on the deck of a steamer. The water is cold all the year round: in the middle of the lake the temperature is always about 38° Fahr., summer and winter; and evaporation sets in easily, so that fogs are by no means rare on hot days. But I was decidedly annoyed, for I had come to see things, and there was nothing to look at except a thick wall of white haze and a female lunatic photographing it. That woman actually had a camera set up on a tall tripod on the hurricane-deck, and was focussing it on space. A little later the shores became dimly visible, while a jagged tear of lightning ripped down, red and angry, as if trying to dissipate the heavy blue clouds overhead.

The long, narrow, upper deck of the Canadian Pacific steamship is higher at the bow than at the stern, and looks exactly like the sole of an old shoe turned up at the toe. We neared Port Arthur at half speed, with the moaning grunt of the fog-horn going at fre-

quent intervals. The great siren at the pier-head uttered an answering howl, which echoed away drearily down the black cliffs; and then the sun came out, and sparkled on tiny yachts, and a clumsy-looking sailing-boat, manned by Indians, and towing a birch-bark canoe astern.

The passengers on this trip were a queer-looking lot: they appeared to be composed principally of maiden aunts of uncertain age—tall, gaunt women, dressed in black, with weather-beaten faces and big, useful hands. A few had men travelling with them, who were obviously too young to be their husbands, and too old to be sons. Wherefore we—an American fellow-passenger and myself—concluded that they must be nephews, and that they had expectations.

There was a big, rough-headed man with a beard like a bushranger, and a grey frieze pea-jacket, who was returning from the Yukon and seemed disposed to be friendly. He began telling us about Dawson City, and I mentioned the name of the only man I could think of, at the moment, who was out in El Dorado. The bushranger looked up at me suspiciously, "Yes, sir, I do know that man, and I know twenty men personally who have bound themselves by a solemn oath to shoot him the first time they can draw a bead on him." I made up my mind to disclaim

acquaintance with Government officials in mining districts till I discovered that my new acquaintance was a travelling preacher with an inclination to advertise the fact; also that he was lacking in a sense of humour. For, on his remarking that there was a large number of elderly ladies on board, a young American doctor explained to him, at length, that once a-year the Canadian Pacific steamers carried a cargo of superfluous spinsters from the North-West Territories and British Columbia to Owen Sound, where they were quietly disposed of, by euthanasia, in a lethal chamber kept for that purpose by the Government,—and the preacher looked at us suspiciously and then rebuked us for irreverence. After which we got into the open sea, and he took to studying the gulls through a pair of dilapidated ivory opera-glasses. It is a queer sensation to be speeding through blue water, out of sight of land; to watch the sea-birds hovering overhead, and to remember that the spray is *not* salt, and that you are a thousand miles from the Atlantic sea-board. That evening I hung over the rail gazing at the three great lines of colour that forked out from our stern: one, of beaten gold, to the setting sun; one, of dark purple, the shadow of our black-blown smoke; and one, the white foam-beat of the screw. Soon the man at the look-out donned a heavy fur overcoat, which he told me he wore nearly every night on these cold seas, and I went below to the dazzle and glitter of the saloon. Last year

this very ship made a trip as late as December 7, but she arrived in port with a heavy list to starboard, owing to the weight of ice on her weather side.

There was a concert on below, and some of the aunts developed an unsuspected talent for singing, while others sat stiffly around, with pocket-handkerchiefs like napkins folded in neat pyramids on their laps. The songs were nearly all Scotch, and no one ever seemed to be at a loss for the words.

Next day the sun was shining brightly as we steamed into the St Mary river. Here are the great locks (900 feet by 60 feet) of the Sault St Marie Canal, which drop you gently down 18 feet to the level of Lake Huron below. Through these canals during the season of navigation, about 230 days, there passes an aggregate tonnage of some thirty millions, being about double that of the Suez Canal during the entire year. On your port side the river rages down her rocky bed, making her drop of 18 feet in about three-quarters of a mile, and from the deck of the ship you can see the Indian boatmen dancing down in frail canoes, dodging the rocks with a skilful paddle-stroke, and emerging at last from certain death as calm and unruffled as if this were a daily experience, as it is, for them. On the starboard side are American flags.

There are a few other things too, such as warehouses, grain-elevators, hotels, and an army-post; but the Stars and Stripes catch your attention first. They fly everywhere, and over every

building bigger than a bathing-machine. On the Canadian side the flag of Britain was conspicuous by its absence, and the American passengers made unkind remarks; but I remembered the story of Lord Castle-reagh at the Congress of Vienna, and was comforted. The Canadians are patriotic; they have proved it, but they don't advertise. An hour afterwards one of the American girls looked at me with solemn eyes and said, "This is Lake Huron you're on." Then, seeing the reproach on my face, she apologised hurriedly, "The captain got it off on me, and I *had* to get even with somebody; you go and try it on the missionary." Which I did, and he thanked me gravely, adding that he was already aware of the fact. Then we steamed through the wooded islands and under the green headlands of Georgian Bay to Owen Sound, where we landed to take the short cut to Toronto by rail.

We emerged out of a wilderness of railway ties, boulders, and burnt stumps, into a fertile land of apple-orchards, verdurous hills, and zigzag snake fences. Then we pulled up suddenly at a small station which we were not "billed" to stop at, and the American doctor and I got out to ascertain the reason. A country cart, smashed all to pieces, and a couple of prostrate figures with blood-stained handkerchiefs over their faces, and frightened-looking men holding umbrellas to shield them from the sun, told us what had happened. It was not nice to look at, and some

of the children near began to cry; while a neighbouring inn-keeper remarked grimly, "I told them they'd get caught some day at that crossing."

We arrived at Toronto at midday, and I was greeted by a friendly face and promptly carried off to lunch with no further trouble than that of handing three or four checks to a baggage-man who ensured the safe arrival of all my things at the hotel.

Next day we took ship to Niagara. The ship we took, by the way, was an old blockade-runner during the Civil War, and had been subsequently cut in two, and carried in sections through locks and canals, to run between Queenston and Toronto. The mist hung heavy on Lake Ontario for a few miles after we left the bay, and then the sun shone out and turned the strips of sandy beach to silver. Here and there were schooners carrying lumber, and yachts, and big lake steamboats, and then nothing but open water.

The mouth of Niagara river, the water, the trees, the banks, all are green, with every shade of greenness from laurel to pale malachite. To eyes that are tired of gazing at the glare of the sun on the great inland seas, the rest is like a fresh spring to a thirsty traveller in a dry land.

At Lewiston we landed on the American side and took the electric car up the gorge. There is only one recurring thought which spoils the approach to Niagara: you are consumed with envy of the first white man who ever saw

it. Think of his luck — no touting guides! no hotels! and no patent-medicine advertisements! Still you can forget guide-books and tourists and car conductors, ay, even "Hutch for Dyspepsia," when you see that frantic rush of hurrying water, racing and recoiling, falling and stumbling, leaping high over black, shiny boulders, and flung back from jagged fangs of rock, boiling and bubbling in mad maelstroms in mid-stream, and eddying and churning in cramped whirlpools under the bank, but never pausing in its wild rush through the dark implacable ravine to the still, green expanse below. Then you leave the water's edge a little and enter the town of Niagara Falls, passing a mean, uninviting back street, whose houses are all built with their backs to one of the loveliest views on earth, and their front windows facing on dirty wooden side-walks, straggling cocks and hens, and the squalid row of hovels opposite them. Farther on the town improves, and the main street is wide and well kept, with numberless hotels and restaurants, and stores for the sale of Indian curios, falsely so called, of "souvenirs," and of photographs of the Falls taken from all points of the compass, and at all seasons of the year. From end to end you are beset by touts, would-be guides and would-be Jehus, and by excited "barkers," who assure you that you are "just in time for the finest 25 cent meal on this continent," till at last you emerge into a kind of park of trees and grass.

I suppose Niagara is the most be-photographed professional beauty in existence, and the highest compliment one can pay her is to say that it hasn't spoilt her in the least. She is ageless, you see, and no photograph can show you the sunlight in the water. We walked through tall avenues of trees on Goat Island till we came to the Three Sisters, and saw, outspread before us, a great wilderness of dark water, broken here and there into gurgles and spurts of foam, but moving resistlessly on till it suddenly vanishes into space — a vast liquid table-land, with precipitous sides. There was a negro woman sitting alone on a rock close to the edge. She was dressed in gorgeous colours, with a hat like a stuffed parrot, and I cursed her mentally for being out of harmony with her surroundings — till I saw her face. She was quite still, and there was a look in her eyes that made me think suddenly that perhaps the great god Pan had revealed to her secrets which are not told unto white men at the end of the nineteenth century, so I apologised, still mentally.

Nobody will ever describe Niagara, and nobody will ever carry away more than a brief impression or two; for she does not allow you to think, she keeps you too busy feeling. Just on the edge of the brink is a chord of translucent, unripe-emerald green, and then you get an idea of what a river looks like when its bed is suddenly cut asunder. There is a curtain of water, flecked and fringed, hanging in strands

and wisps and ropes of foam. Wherever you look downwards there is a lustrous rainbow beneath you, and a forest of spray: out beyond that is a Titanic basin of soap-suds. I am quite aware of the bathos of the last simile, but it is true. The river seems half stunned, and is so still that the insolent little Maid of the Mist circles round and round on the surface, carrying her crew of black-hooded phantoms, within a few feet of the cataract itself. The parks that fringe the banks are gay with semi-tropical plants and winding foot-paths, and you drive through green glades, with peeps here and there of the whirlpool and rapids, till you arrive at Queenston Heights and the monument to Sir Isaac Brock. Here, if you are wise, you remain at the foot and look at the view: if you are not, you pay a shilling and climb some hundreds of steps to see the same view through a port-hole; and then back to the wharf to thread your way through boxes and boxes of grapes and peaches on to the steamer.

Two or three days on Lake Simcoe, at a point where, less than a generation ago, there was a cedar-swamp, and at night one heard the howl of the wolf and the scream of the wild-cat, till an eccentric American millionaire spent 100,000 dollars or so in converting it into a park that is strangely reminiscent of England—where we met an old inhabitant who had watched Sir Walter Scott marshalling the Highlanders for the reception of George IV. in Edin-

burgh; and then we embarked on another steamer, a sort of floating hotel, with 150 state-rooms, and a dining-room on the upper deck where you can sit and gaze your fill out of window during meals. As I drove to the wharf I witnessed the wild and enthusiastic reception of a dozen or so of the fattest khaki-clad warriors I have ever seen, just returned from South Africa, covered with glory and bursting the buttons off their tunics with good living. There were more American tourists on board, some of them not of the best class either; a tall statuesque girl who stood in a doorway like a Caryatis in a white yachting cap, and "chewed gum" rhythmically; several men whose manners compared very unfavourably with those of certain Red Indians whom I have met; and a few globe-trotters. At night we glided past camp-fires and luminous tents, log-houses and glimmering bungalows, till about eleven o'clock we neared Charlotte (Americanicé "Shalott") and Ontario Beach. The water glittered under festoons of vari-coloured lamps; in the distance we saw crowds of brightly-dressed people under the sheen of the electric light; and, far away, the strains of the band sounded like fairy music in the glamour of the night. As we approached the wharf a gun fired a salute from an illuminated café, and the siren replied with three long, shuddering hoots. Seated very close together on the pier were a couple of lovers, silhouetted clearly against the

streaming gold of the moon-glade, and the male passengers on deck entreated them fervently to "break away there." One would hardly imagine that a summer hotel could look like a dream from the 'Arabian Nights,' but it can—when you see it at night from the deck of a ship. The sailors cast loose from the moorings to a monotonous chantey that sounded like "Have a cigar," "Time for a drink," "Have another," "Come into the house," and we were off again.

And the next morning, very early, we came to the Thousand Islands. Here and there in the distance we caught a glimpse of a church spire sparkling like a bayonet among the trees, and then we sailed into a jewelled archipelago — each island a dream of flowers; some of them acres in extent, some of them mere dots, but dots of emerald and onyx and lapis-lazuli; with a dazzling splendour of sunlit water between shaven lawns; with miniature log-houses and pocket bungalows, and toy lighthouses; with blue water, and big steamers, and white-sailed boats, and little yellow launches set in shields of dappled silver; with baby breakers frothing up the tiny beaches of rocky islets; and somewhere behind it all, but quite near, the

"Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faëry lands forlorn."

Here everything appears to be so ridiculously in its right place, that it is hard to believe that the squat white pillars, often less than the height of a man, really need to be lit up at night,—they are merely

planted, each on its particular headland, for effect: the patches of greensward a few inches above the water, with just room for a doll's house of a cottage and a brilliant little flower-bed; the diminutive churches peeping out of tufts of trees,—they are all unreal. Oberon once built a floating city for Titania, and you have caught a glimpse of it through the wrong end of a telescope.

But an American tourist sat through it all, and read a dissertation on Sabbath observance aloud to another; and a third, a girl, turned to her mother and said enthusiastically, "They [the islands] are vurry close together, and vurry attractively situated." Then skirting the smooth, round, red boulders of Brockville, where flying canoes raced past us under more sail than they could well carry; through channels staked out with posts of black and red and white; and we ran into a crackled network of flat whirlpools at the edge of the first rapids. After that we had miles of them. You see ahead of you a tumbling wash of foam and vivid sun-smitten green, with red shadows of submerged rocks and shoals, and then steam is shut off. There are four men at the wheel in the pilot-house, and the captain has a cigar in his mouth to reassure the passengers. Every now and then he stoops forward and pulls a mysterious-looking plug on the bridge, while the ship's nose is directed straight at the point of the island till the fierce rush of the water sweeps her off, and the chains creak and rattle.

The men strain and tug at the spokes, and one of them, the pilot, has a look in his eyes such as I once saw on the face of Tom Cannon when he was coming through his horses at Ascot some twenty years ago or so. Then we slither straight down-hill, while the big grey gulls circle overhead, and relentless red boulders gleam fitfully just under the surface. And the pilot wipes his face, and the captain takes another pull at his cigar.

Towards evening we reduced speed under the great Victoria Jubilee Bridge, and moored under the grey limestone terraces of Montreal, alongside huge red ocean leviathans and big Atlantic liners.

When we sailed again a couple of evenings later we noticed a marked change in the character and appearance of the passengers. Americans, of course, at this time of the year, we still carried, and they still chewed gum. But there were dark-eyed French Canadians, and priests in strange garments with broad-brimmed hats, dignitaries whose hands were respectfully kissed by the captain himself, and small children with white stockings and white shoes, fastened by one white button over the instep. And they all broke up into groups, and sang doleful ditties according to their various nationalities, while the darkness grew apace, and the river widened till we could barely see the lights and dim groups of ghostly tents on the shore. In the saloon, and on the forward deck, the glare of the electric light was dazzling,

and one longed suddenly for the far-away Northern Lakes, and an Indian paddling noiselessly in a canoe, and the cry of the whip-poor-will. I tried to "size up" the passengers, and fixed on one girl at once as a type of the rustic Canadienne, with her dark hair and eyes, and just a touch of French distinction about her dress; and while I watched her she drew another chair in front of her, and put her feet on it and leant back and lit a cigarette. A moment later, and a tall, austere lady with a blue veil wound round her hat and blue spectacles, appeared from the main saloon, and she too had a cigarette — no! it was a wooden toothpick — in the corner of her mouth. I slipped quietly off round the deck-house and found a guilty-looking old gentleman surreptitiously sucking a large flask. Then the passengers began to turn in, and the moon hung low in the heavens, glowing like a slice of some strange, radiant, tropical fruit, and staining the water beneath to pomegranate. The landing-stage at Sorel looked like a scene from an opera in its vivid contrast of light and shadow, while the very steam-tugs seemed glorified in the night haze. Only an inebriated Frenchman was singing riotous songs below, keeping time with a stick on the ship's side, and a nice old lady was trying to guess what language he was talking, and concluded it must be Chinese.

Next morning, early, we were under the ramparts of Quebec. Somebody told me once that

the only things in life that did not disappoint you were Venice and ortolans. But he had never seen Quebec in a summer dawn. When you know the city a little better, however, she strikes you as being a trifle self-conscious, like a woman who considers that her whole mission in life is to look beautiful. You may ask at the public library for a volume of Herbert Spencer, and they have "never heard of that writer." When you are not climbing up perpendicular streets you are tumbling over old guns and painted cannon-balls. I have never been in a decent-sized city on this side of the Atlantic that has not boasted, at some time, of "the finest hotel on this continent." Quebec has one of them, and the view from its terrace is very hard to beat. But a sympathetic American remarked to me that "we can't live on scenery," and one has a vague, undefined feeling that Quebec wants waking up, though she is very lovely in her sleep. We sailed down the river on a yacht to the Ile d'Orleans and landed at a little French village, where we rocked lazily in painted swings, while monsieur, madame, *et bébé* played croquet with battered balls on a ground the size of a billiard-table, and the landlady of the little *auberge* cooked us French omelettes. And we drifted home past the Montmorency Falls, lit up with a Jacob's ladder of electric lamps, and found that the water-supply in the city had broken down, and that there was very nearly a riot among the Americans at the hotel.

A pretty girl at the next table was fanning herself desperately with a menu card, and imploring the waiter, "for goodness' sake, get me *anything* wet!" Close to me were a couple who called the waiter "sir," and explained to one another that "pottage" and "mush" were synonymous terms. In the evening a thunderstorm went crashing, and rolling, and echoing down the bay, and we hung over the terrace railings looking over the backs of grimy little tenement houses, with high-pitched roofs, and clothes hanging out to dry, some hundred feet or so beneath us. You can still see the *débris* of the great landslip of '89 when fifty-two people were killed; and the man who was smoking alongside me worked from 7 P.M. one day till midnight of the next helping to dig them out.

I took the electric car to Ste Anne de Beaupré—the Lourdes of Canada—and I travelled for twenty-two miles with the ever-widening St Lawrence on one side, and on the other a panorama of pale grey churches and galleried cottages and French peasants in little red-wheeled carts drawn by big half-bred mastiffs. There was a newly married couple who took their seats under a shower of congratulations and rice; and a family party of husband, wife, and grown-up daughter, who had a Japanese student in tow, to whom they explained things in baby English. The mother collected some of the rice from the floor of the car and presented it to him as a interesting reminiscence of the

customs of the country, and the Jap rejected it with cold disdain. Apparently he thought he was expected to eat it.

The church of good St Anne comes to you with something of a shock: a shrine ought to be old and weather-beaten, and this is as insolently new and clean as the deck of a line-of-battleship. The platform of the railway bounds one side of a square, enclosed by railings of white and gold; on the north and west are hotels, all French, all new, all depending on pilgrims for their patronage; on the east side is the church itself, built of stone of a delicate silver grey, checkered with white; over the main entrance is a great gilt statue of the saint. On each side of the doors within is a huge pyramid reaching up to the roof, composed of crutches, boots, rosaries, trusses, plaster-of-Paris casts—all the mysterious things you see in the windows of shops where they sell surgical appliances. I even saw a wooden leg! Close to the altar was a lovely column on a pedestal of exquisite marble, surmounted by a tawdry painted statue with a gold sun-burst round its head. Here also was a smaller pile of crutches and other artificial aids for suffering humanity, and scattered about were candles and candle-ends and lamps of all sizes. There were votive tablets carved in white marble on the walls. One of them read, "Good St Anne, pray for Mr and Mrs Owen Tansey." Fancy presenting a card engraved, "Mr and Mrs" for admission to the courts of

heaven! American sense of humour is a queer thing. In the side-chapels were glass cases holding waxen, bloody hands pierced through with nails; and in a porchway there were spectacles, and pipes, and tobacco-boxes fastened to the wall. In an annex to the church rosaries, candles, and relics were exposed for sale. The old shrine is across the road on the side of a hill, and alongside it was a Via Crucis, with a crucifix at the summit, and the different stations marked by wooden crosses in zigzag ascent. On the wall of a hotel facing the church was painted a huge anchor, with an inscription in French on one side and in English on the other, setting forth that there was hope for weak men and women in—somebody's patent medicine! I suppose the irony was unconscious. There were no sick pilgrims that day,—it seemed hard to believe that people could be ill in that sparkling weather; but there was no doubt of the devotion of some of the kneeling figures in the pews near the great altar. Outside, a blinding sunlight and the salt breezes from the sea; and within, a mist of doubt and perplexity—a twilight of "cold Christs and tangled Trinities." While we waited for the car a fussy matron and her daughter were posing a poor old peasant woman for a photograph. She was quite ignorant of a word they said, but submitted automatically to be put in any position they pleased; so they stood her up against the door of the waiting-room, with a huge ebony and silver crucifix in

her arms, and the daughter "kodaked" her. "I've given her the 10 cents, but try it again, Dora—tell her you didn't get the first one good." "All right, stand aside, momma," said the unscrupulous Dora, and proceeded to defraud that lovely old figure out of another sitting. It was a day of contrasts,—some of them were funny, and some were not: the Jap at the altar steps, with a thin smile on his yellow face, was *not*.

There was a clerk at the hotel with badly trimmed whiskers and a somewhat exaggerated idea of his own importance. One of the American tourists asked him a civil question, and very nearly got his head snapped off in answer. Then the tourist looked the official up and down and drawled out, "Say, it's a pity you don't learn to bark a little; you'd make a lovely *Saint Bernard* dog," and my heart went out to my American friend. In the evening I picked up a newspaper called the 'White Mountain Echo,' dated September 1, 1900, and I read the following paragraph (copied verbatim):—

"Student Employees.

"An apt illustration of the White Mountain Hotels in giving healthful and remunerative summer employment to New England boys who are working their way through school and college is found in the management of the Mount Pleasant House. As it has become a settled custom among the *habitués* of all first-class hotels to reward liberally those who give them faithful attention, it is a satisfaction to them to feel that, as in the help they give these boys, their generosity is to some purpose. The following is a list of the students employed in the above hotel."

Then follows a catalogue of "bell-boys," "elevator-boys," and "waiters," each with the name of his school or college attached, including, among others, Yale, Harvard, Boston, and West Point—the last the Sandhurst of the U.S.A. How far the practice of looking for tips is likely to benefit future judges and commanders-in-chief I do not know, but I am sure that their experience will be of incalculable benefit to them subsequently as guests in "the finest hotels on this continent."

We started on a hot sunny morning for our final run to the Saguenay.

Less than half a century ago there were 1400 or 1500 great sailing-ships in Quebec harbour—to-day there are only three or four; but there is a small fleet of yachts towing their dingies astern. The green shores are dotted with white red-roofed houses against the background of purple Laurentians, the oldest mountain-range in the world. Here and there, on the margin of the river, is a narrow strip of sandy beach, with the usual group of cottages cuddled under the inevitable grey church. "This is a great country for growing churches," said my new American friend. There were miles and miles of pine and spruce, at which he looked covetously,—"My! isn't that immense? We'll soon eat a few holes in that when we get our pulpworks started," and he told me interesting facts about the texture and manufacture of paper. But at Baie St Paul the pines grew pluckily out of

sheer rock: even with strong field-glasses you cannot distinguish a teaspoonful of earth round the roots, and I was not altogether grateful to the man who first found out that they would make pulp, and that pulp would make paper. There were tall, sharp-peaked crags rising straight out of the water, over which some French girls (from Old France) went into ecstasies. They had Los Angeles labels on their luggage, and they cried aloud, "Mais, madame! regardez donc, voilà Catalina Ailand, mais plus coquet, plus boisé!" And I thanked them in my heart because they were talking French which I could understand, for the Quebec patois was beyond me, as it was beyond these girls too, I am glad to say. From the great mountain-wall behind Les Éboulements came strange gusts of hot and cold air as we were nearing the sea; and a few miles farther, at Murray Bay, the water is as salt as the Atlantic. Here there was a huge barrack of a hotel, covering an acre or so of ground, and a long double line of calashes and country carts with rusted harness awaiting passengers from the steamer. There were houses built on piles propped up on shelving rock; and in the distance the forest fires rolled up great columns of grey and blue smoke from lurid pedestals of glowing red. The destruction by forest fires in the course of a year is a serious item, and regulations have been carefully drawn up by the fire-rangers, requesting that, between April

1 and October 31, if a fire is made in the forest,

"or at a distance of less than half a mile therefrom, or upon any island, for cooking or obtaining warmth, the maker should—

"1st. Select a locality in the neighbourhood in which there is the smallest quantity of vegetable matter, dead-wood branches, brushwood, dry leaves, or resinous trees.

"2nd. Clear the place in which he is about to light the fire by removing all vegetable matter, dead trees, branches, brushwood, and dry leaves from the soil within a radius of ten feet from the fire.

"3rd. Observe every reasonable care and precaution to prevent such fire from spreading, and carefully extinguish the same before quitting the place.

"Great care should be exercised to see that burning matches, ashes of pipes, and lighted cigars, or burning gun-wadding, or any other burning substance, should be completely extinguished before the sportsman leaves the spot.

"Too much care cannot be exercised in these important matters."

After sunset the sea-breeze drove every one else below, but I waited, watching the gaunt rocky islands slide past till the lone lighthouse twinkled like a star on the last of them. The big saloon was crowded, every sofa and chair occupied, and the usual group gathered round the bookstall turning over paper-covered novels and pricing Indian pipes and moccasins, and fire-bags, manufactured in Chicago. Even the galleries round the upper deck were thronged, for the season was at its height. Railway travelling in America is more comfortable than it used to be in England, though things are improving there; but for comfort give me the better class of lake and river steamers, with their bath-

rooms, and bars, and smoking-rooms, and barbers' shops—and, above all, their fresh air, for you are in the open all day, and your appetite you have always with you. It is little more than sixty years since the first steamer from the Lower Lakes arrived in Chicago. In those days, when the primitive engines were unable to make headway against the current, recourse was had to oxen, who were hitched on, and created what was facetiously known as a "horned breeze." When the Illinois of 100 tons arrived at Chicago on the 12th of July 1839, all the male inhabitants of the village, including the boys, numbering nearly a hundred, assisted in dragging the craft across the bar. Since then the old type of sailing-vessel has practically disappeared, and even the iron steamers have been replaced by steel ships with triple expansion engines and a carrying capacity of 7000 tons or more.

Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, was the first settlement made by the French on the St Lawrence, at one time a centre of the fur trade, and now a small summer resort under the shadow of a great hotel. It was dark when we reached it, and they let off rockets and Roman candles from the grounds in honour of our approach—a pretty custom, by the way, as it makes a night-journey down the river at this time of year a sort of perpetual water carnival—and then we sailed through the dark iron gates of the Saguenay. "It is not properly," says an American writer, "a river

at all. It is a tremendous chasm like that of the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea, cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness." There was only one other man on the forward deck besides myself. On either side were great black ghostly crags, rising, bare and sheer, out of black ghostly water. The churning pulse of the screw was barely audible—you had to strain your ears to catch it. Here and there at the base of the sombre cliffs one caught pale smears of faint light that looked like haunted houses—homes of lost spectres who never sleep, but wail thinly up and down vacant rooms. Ahead of us were patches of wan water shining with a phosphorescent shimmer that was more awful than darkness itself. A dead, infernal stillness, broken for one single second by the screech of a night bird that echoed away like the wail of a tortured soul. "My God!" muttered my companion to himself, "this is the loneliest place on earth."

And next morning the sun was streaming down a ribbon of water that looked like tarnished metal. The shores were still rocky, but green, and at the head of a bay on our port bow was a nestling village, with red buildings and a church spire thrust up like a dazzling shaft of silver. There were more of the absurd little squat lighthouses stuck among the pines, and there was another tiny landing-stage, the terminus of our journey—some 1500 miles across half a continent—all but the 120 miles between Owen

Sound and Toronto having been made by water.

We all landed and wandered up the straggling streets to the Chicoutimi Falls, and then back to the hotel to breakfast. "Wonder what people do here when they're not fishing," said one of my companions. And the second looked thoughtful and answered merely, "Three guesses for a dime," while the third shrugged his shoulders and said, "Search me"; from which cryptic remarks I gathered that they were at a loss for a reply. The very business offices on the streets were like Swiss chalets embowered in trees. The driver of our calash told us entrancing tales of moose and caribou, and ouananiche-fishing, which we did not believe in the least, but to which we listened gratefully. We breakfasted at the great wooded summer hotel, and then re-embarked to return by daylight. Things looked different then. The cliffs were still sheer and frowning, and the ragged dead pine-trees on their summits were still desolate. But the blessed sun made the water look like smoked glass instead of ink; there were more people on deck, and the glamour had gone. We came to the great Tableau rock, on which some miscreant had plastered an advertisement of his furs, and the passengers were more interested in spelling this out than in the rock itself. There were torn waterfalls hanging here and there among the thick trees, and baby Niagaras at the foot of precipices 1200 and 1500 feet high, which the American girls said were "too 'cute for any-

thing." It was only when we came to the base of the great capes, Trinity and Eternity, that they began to show any veneration at all. The latter is a sheer rock, rising a couple of thousand feet from the black water, that is another thousand feet in depth below it. Here and there the stunted pines seem to cling to its rugged sides, and half-way up is a white Madonna, 36 feet high, erected by the priests. And a lady near me quarrelled with her husband for saying that it was a waterfall, and asserted that through her glasses she could distinguish it to be a statue of Venus. We crawled round about the foot like a grotesque water-beetle, and tooted our fog-horn to wake the echoes, and flung pebbles at the everlasting hills, and incidentally shattered another guide-book illusion—for that authority states that "the immense height of these perpendicular cliffs renders distance deceptive. The steamboat appears to be sailing dangerously close to the precipice that looks to be but a few feet distant from the decks. You pick up a pebble from a bucket standing on the deck, and think it an easy matter to throw it against the rock. To your surprise it falls far, very far, short of your aim." Truth compels me to state that we hit that rock and rattled back off its awful sides into the water every time without a miss. On the return journey we landed at Tadousac to see the first Christian chapel ever built in Canada,—a wee church at the head of a bay, with long dunes on one side, and a bare peninsula on the

other, sparsely covered with houses that are literally "founded on the rock." In the haze between was a vision of yachts, and steamers, and little fishing-smacks. The chapel itself is a rude building, like many on the French coast to-day, with a blue ceiling, altars, paintings, models of boats; a couple of oil pictures, one, a guardian angel, attributed to Boucher, and another, unnamed, of Cardinal St Charles Borromeo. In a glass case were wooden candlesticks carved by the early Jesuit fathers, and bits of the coffin and skull of R. T. J. B. de la Brosse, "last missionary, buried in 1785." There was a quaint little cemetery with many wooden crosses, and a pretty refined-looking girl at the door of the church who collected 10 cents apiece from us as if she hardly liked her work. Then we took a short cut through a little rocky gorge back to the steamer, and started just as the hills began to turn purple and violet and the sun was throwing golden shadows on the water. We touched at night at wharfs that were a dazzle of light, with curious faces scanning us from above; we landed and climbed up tortuous, narrow village streets in the moonlight, catching glimpses through cottage windows of lamp-lit interiors, with portraits of saints and pictures cut from French newspapers pasted on the walls; and we looked down at the waters of the bay, gleaming far below through corridors of whispering trees.

The next evening we left Quebec, returning up the river

between green banks, with here and there a country house peeping up or down the stream through the woods, and the sun setting behind darkling coves and inlets with blue hills in the background.

From Montreal we went west by train, starting through a wilderness of apple-orchards, and then skirting the southern bank of the Ottawa. The wide stretch of water was freckled with foam, and inside the booms the logs were piled up as if giants had been playing spillikins and got tired of their game. There were little white steamers moored to islands and tugging furiously at their moorings, while they barked out short puffs of steam, and reminded you of fox-terriers straining at a leash. "Poor little things!" said a motherly old dame on the car; "they don't look strong enough to pull a sitting hen off her nest." But the islands were rafts of logs acres in extent, and by taking a line from the bank you could see that they were moving very slowly. Then we came to a land of bleak desolation, with bald, naked boulders cropping out everywhere, with forests of spruce and willow scrub, and black stagnant back-waters. At one spot, where the train ran through a cutting, were three dead pines lying side by side, head down, on the slope, as if they had crawled towards the railway track to commit suicide, and been overtaken by a merciful death just before reaching it. The spruce-forests looked like battlefields. The ground was littered with corpses of trees—some white and livid,

some seared by fire. Others had pitched forward and were caught by the branches of their still living comrades, exactly like wounded men being supported from the front; while, to make the resemblance still more ghastly, there were wisps of dead growth wind-caught at their tops, as though the hair were hanging over the face and eyes of a man staggering to his death. There were savage tarns of inky water; and, drifting through the blinding rain, on a stream miscalled the White River was a forlorn canoe, the only sign of human life visible.

When we reached Jackfish Bay on Lake Superior the scene changed. There was a gale blowing outside: the steely blue waters of the great inland sea were mottled over with white breakers; and half-a-dozen steamers were lying weather-bound in a landlocked bay. The train crawls like a toy at the base of sheer cliffs, in and out of dark tunnels, with peeps of sandy stretches along the shore, and shiny "tumps" of rock shouldering up like whales' backs from the surf beyond. In the mid-distance were wooded islets with gullies gashed through them, bordered with trees, up which the angry waves foamed high, splashing the branches with flying shreds and tatters of foam and spindrift. The sea was washing the discoloured sand up to the very base of the telegraph-poles, and the clouds were racing across a wild-looking sky overhead: it was the first rough day of the whole journey, and we were seated

comfortably in the train with the negro porter handing round tissue bulletins of the day's news.

The route we had taken was the main highway from Port Arthur to the sea. But on both sides of it there are other lakes and rivers innumerable, the home of maskinonge, weighing up to 60 lb. or 70 lb., of high-leaping ouananiche, of lordly salmon and of speckled trout, of sturgeon, bass, pike, and whitefish. You can pull your canoe into the reeds and shoot duck — mallard and canvas-back, redhead and pintail, widgeon; green-winged, blue-winged, and cinnamon teal; plover, snipe, curlew, and pelicans; geese and swans — till your gun is too hot to hold. On the marshy shores you can see the moose standing knee-high in the water, you can hear the whistle of the wapiti or follow the track of the caribou. You may meet the Hudson's Bay factor travelling in pomp, in a large war-canoe paddled by a numerous crew, with his camp-equipage following him. One summer evening on the Assiniboine I was startled to hear the unmistakable notes of a bagpipe in the far distance. Rounding the bend of the river came a fleet of canoes, with the Indian agent's leading, and a piper industriously warbling Highland airs in the bows. Tell it not in Inverness, but the piper was a half-breed!

And all of these things you may see on British soil, and, having once seen them, the memory thereof will abide with you for ever.

C. HANBURY WILLIAMS.

THE ENGLISH IN CHINA.

AT his death, in the end of 1897, Sir Rutherford Alcock had reached the age of eighty-eight years, twenty-seven of which had been spent in the Far East in his country's service. Born in May 1809, he seemed destined to follow his father in the profession of medicine. At fifteen he was entered at Westminster Hospital; at twenty-two, after a brilliant career in London and in Paris, during which he had successfully added artistic to his professional studies, he found himself a surgeon with the diploma of the Royal College, and still too young to think of practising in London. He readily accepted, therefore, an offer to act as surgeon to the British-Portuguese force which was to assist in placing Donna Maria on the throne of Portugal. He served through that expedition on the staff of Colonel Hodges, who commanded the marine battalion, and then attached himself to the Spanish Legion, under De Lacy Evans, in defence of Queen Christina of Spain. During these years in the Peninsula, 1832-37, the young surgeon acquitted himself with remarkable courage and adroitness, as the unusually flattering commendations of commanding officers and comrades testify. On his return he was appointed an unpaid Commissioner on the body created to settle differences in regard to pay between the foreign force and the Spanish Government. In the following year he was undertaking similar labours for the British and Portuguese Governments in adjusting the claims of British subjects who had served in the Miguelite war of 1832-35. Meanwhile his worth in his own profession was receiving recognition. A post under the Home Office, one of the inspectorships established by the Anatomy Act, had been given him on the special recommendation of Sir Benjamin Brodie. A chair of military surgery at King's College, and an assistant-surgeonship at Westminster Hospital, awaited him. He was happily married. No fairer career than that which was opening for the young surgeon of thirty-five could be imagined, and scarce any equipment more complete with which to enter upon it. But it had to be abandoned. Alcock brought home with him, as a legacy from the Peninsula, the seeds of illness, which now, in 1844, broke out in paralysis of hands and arms. It was considered remarkable that he did not succumb: as it was, after his "mysterious" affection of his hands (as he spoke of it) he never recovered the use of his thumbs, which marred the legibility (though it cannot be said to have diminished the volume) of his writing to the end of his life. All dreams of surgical practice were vanished.

Meanwhile the first China war had been fought. Under

the treaty of Nanking, 1842, with which it was concluded, the ports of Shanghai, Ningpo, Amoy, and Foochow were opened, and Alcock, just recovering from the misfortune which had checked his professional advance, was selected to fill one of the five consulships in China. "If," says his biographer, "any event in human life be deserving of such distinction, the opening thus made for the talents of Mr Alcock is on many grounds entitled to rank as providential." To the end of his days he recognised that his previous training had not been thrown away, but had been unconsciously preparing him for the great work of his life. He arrived in Amoy at the end of 1844. He went to Foochow in 1845, and from there, eighteen months later, to the consulate in Shanghai. It was at Shanghai, in the critical situations which arose during his consulship, that he established his character as a political representative whose services to his country were unique in their initiative and productiveness. We do not purpose dwelling upon them here, but will merely mark the stages along the road which we shall have to travel again later. After his distinguished services in Shanghai, Alcock was promoted to the senior consulate at Canton, where he remained from 1855 to the summer of '56, when he left for home on his first and well-earned furlough. He was scarce gone when the Arrow war broke out, and before it was ended he was

promoted to be Consul-General in Japan. If his service there, where he assumed the position of Minister, was less successful than that in China, this was not due to any relaxation of the conscientious and vigorous grip he had been wont to lay upon situations he was called to handle, but rather because of his failure to modify it in the peculiar conditions of Japan,—to the true heart of which, indeed, he could scarce be expected to penetrate. At the close of 1865 he was back again in China, this time as Minister resident in Peking, and entered upon what his biographer has called the "new dispensation" in our relations with the Chinese. Forty years of that dispensation have landed us in the "Dismal Swamp" of to-day. For five only of these forty had Sir Rutherford Alcock an official connection with China affairs. In 1870 he was released from his post, and returning to England he devoted the remaining twenty-seven years of his life to the service of the sick, which had been his first love. But during that period also he was constant, in season and out of season, in directing the thoughts of his unwilling countrymen to the situation in China—"a far larger Eastern Question than that which occupied us at Constantinople." The last days of his life were burdened with the thought of all that we had lost in the Far East through sheer neglect, and in less than three years after his death the crisis came which crowned his premonitions with an unhappy fulfilment.

That in very brief outline is the career of Sir Rutherford Alcock, whose Life has been written by Mr Alexander Michie as illustrating the history of the Englishman in China during the Victorian era.¹ Mr Michie, it is unnecessary to say, is one of the highest authorities on the China Question. The China Question, in its immediate sense, is not old. Those among us who have made a residence in the East as long as has Mr Michie are practically its contemporaries. They have been at the centre of the events about which it has revolved. They have grown up with the developing conditions of the intercourse between the Chinese and foreigners, which is its kernel. Bringing to bear upon his experience the reflection of a singularly broad and discriminating mind, and possessed of a vigorous and richly coloured pen, Mr Michie has occupied the leisure of recent years in those luminous expositions of the situation in the Far East with which the readers of 'Maga' are well acquainted. He has frequently been urged to write an exhaustive book on the subject, and it was at the moment of contemplating such a work (as we gather from his preface) that the materials for a Life of Sir Rutherford Alcock were placed in his hands. Between the subject-matter of this biography and its writer, therefore, there is the happiest corre-

spondence, and the correspondence is closer even than thus appears upon the surface. A contemporary of Alcock in China, Mr Michie could view his policy from the standpoint of the mercantile community, which was far from being always sympathetic to the Government representative; and the accord with that Minister to which he has found himself led has all the value of the selection of a common strategic ground made by two generals approaching from entirely opposite points of the compass. Moreover, we believe that in most essentials the biography which Mr Michie has written differs little from the work which he had been turning over in his mind. Of necessity, the history of the Englishman in China is in great measure the history of Sir Rutherford Alcock there. It was to his career in China that Alcock was referring when, on his friends approaching him on the subject of autobiography, he answered, "My life is in my work; by that I am content to be remembered"; and now, in the history of his work his Life is written. We cannot recall an instance of a man's wishes being so adequately realised in his own spirit as Alcock's are in this work of Mr Michie; and looking to its subject and to its accomplishment, we do not hesitate to place it among the great biographies of recent times.

¹ The Englishman in China during the Victorian Era: As illustrated in the Career of Sir Rutherford Alcock, &c. By Alexander Michie. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1900.

As has been said, when Consul Alcock went out to China in 1844 the first China war had been concluded in the treaty of Nanking, and new relationships established which Great Britain at least was sanguine were to remain once and for all satisfactory. It is usual to speak of this conflict as the Opium War, and the opium trade, indeed, was its immediate point of outbreak. But Mr Michie once again dispels the fiction that the principle for which Great Britain fought was her right to force opium upon an unwilling China. That is in no sense true. The root of the quarrel lay somewhere quite else—it was not opium but the foreigner that was being forced upon China; and it is necessary to follow Mr Michie in his luminous interpretation of the situation before the war, for its essential conditions have never disappeared, but remain to this day to govern our relations with the Chinese.

The magnet that drew us to the Asiatic coasts was the pursuit of commerce and the reciprocal desire on the part of the natives which opened for the stranger, be it ever so little, the gates of the Chinese empire. The resulting relations, so far as they were purely commercial, left little to be desired on the side of mutual goodwill. "Old Cantons," we read, sailed away with regret from the scene of business transactions, conducted in perfect security, with Chinese traders whose probity was proverbial. Such an intercourse, could it have been isolated, would have

worked out a law for itself, "both parties having been habituated to a discipline of custom more potent within its sphere than any code, moral, commercial, or penal." But to confine the international question to a few bald propositions about trade was as impossible then as it was many years afterwards for the Japanese in Korea, as in truth it always must be impossible. Try as we may, we cannot eliminate the historical, the human, and the general political elements from such a problem.

"For both good and evil we are the necessary outcome of our own antecedents, as are the Chinese of theirs, and if we had acquired a stock of experience of the Chinese, no less had they of us; indeed, if we fairly consider the matter, theirs was the more comprehensive. For to the Chinese we represented not ourselves alone, nor the East India Company, nor a generation or two of timid traders, but Christendom as a whole—our Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch precursors, the Romish propaganda, and all the abortive missions to Peking."

The three centuries of earlier European intercourse, the record of which Mr Michie describes as on the whole rather despicable, had been one long lesson to the Chinese in the art of managing men from the West. Consequently the English, as latest comers, were served heirs to the turpitudes of all Europe, and the penalty they paid was the intolerable indignity which the Chinese authorities compelled them to endure at Canton.

The East India Company's servants, the chief victims of

this degradation, which may be compared to that of the Dutch at Nagasaki, acquiesced in it with but rare expressions of resentment. They could not do other. Against their better judgment they had to obey the instructions of their Board, and the unchanging and avowed policy of the Board was to foster remittances and to leave the vindication of the national honour to the Crown. The insolence of the Chinese, which was fattened by this bartering away of British prestige, was only an aggravation of their innate contempt for all foreigners. "They had no conscience to be shocked by the persecution of foreigners, for in relation to them justice and injustice were meaningless terms. Their arrogance was not so much the result of any formulated belief as of a traditional feeling lying at the bottom of their moral conceptions;" and, it must be confessed, it was largely justified by the permissiveness with which it was endured. Nor, when in 1834 the East India Company's monopoly expired, and the British agents became representatives of the Crown instead of the Company, had the Chinese any intention of changing their policy, or any reason for revising their opinion. Having a true and alarmed presentiment of the nature of the change which the new departure threatened, they put down their foot more firmly than ever upon the opening of international relations, and, with an exaggeration of their old contemptuous manner to the Com-

pany's agents, refused to have any communication with the British envoy. Under this treatment Downing Street was scarce less acquiescent than Leadenhall Street. The protest of the first British agent, Lord Napier, who understood the position, though he may not have been happy in handling it, brought down upon him the snubs of his superiors, and ultimately the worry of an intolerable situation drove him to death. Others who followed him suffered less because with a greater complaisance they endured more; and Captain Charles Elliot, despite his having Lord Palmerston behind him, showed such an extreme humility in his desire "to conform in all things to the imperial pleasure," that he was forced to strike his flag at Canton and withdraw to the Portuguese settlement at Macao.

This rooted insolent contempt for the foreigner and settled policy of keeping him at arm's-length (pretensions requiring for their support a power greater than that possessed by any country) were the causes of the Opium War, as they were of all hostilities with the Chinese since. Even in designating opium as the point of friction in 1839 we must carefully distinguish between the opium trouble itself and the handling of it by the Chinese authorities. What it was in the trade in opium that caused it to become so conspicuous a factor in the agony preceding the war is admirably set forth in Mr Michie's narrative. The balance of trade was against the Chinese, who

saw with alarm the heavy annual drain upon the coinage of their country; and, while ordinary merchandise might be bartered against Chinese produce, opium, being the commodity which the people most imperatively demanded, was always paid for in hard cash. In their failure to legalise the trade, all parties conspired to foster its attendant evils. That is abundantly clear to us now. The importation of the drug affords a perfect illustration of the astonishing make-believe under which Chinese public affairs are carried on. Officially, it was prohibited; but in practice it was the most effectively protected of all branches of trade. The embargo put upon it was an elaborate sham, designed, as was perfectly understood at Peking, to line the pockets of the *hoppo*, who on that very account was, as he still is, connected with the imperial family, and divided the proceeds with his imperial kinsmen! In the imperial councils, where meanwhile the whole business was being discussed with considerable earnestness, the issue turning on the alternatives of suppressing or legalising the traffic, it was by an accident only that the former policy prevailed, and that Commissioner Lin was sent to Canton to carry out the edict.

In view of this make-believe, and much more of a similarly amusing kind set forth by Mr Michie, to talk, as some have done, of our artillery forcing opium upon an unwilling China is merely foolishness. It is to make the same mistake in the

interpretation of the situation as Captain Elliot made in the creation of it—to assume the foreigner's right to take upon himself the function of the Chinese executive. For, from his retreat in Macao, Captain Elliot issued an order stopping, so far as British ships were concerned, the opium traffic within the river. He received for his pains a snub from the Viceroy at Canton. But the keen Chinese were quick to see their advantage, and drove home upon Captain Elliot the tacit responsibility he had thus incurred of stopping the traffic in the estuary as well. A wise adviser of the Emperor like Ilipu, indeed, perceived the risks that lay in making the English a party thus to the question of restricting the consumption of opium among his own subjects. On both sides there was presumption upon the old precedents of intercourse, and we may well believe, even, that Lin was embarrassed by finding the £2,000,000 worth of opium which he demanded thrown upon his hands. But it was fire that was being played with, and a conflagration broke out. The truculence of the implacable Lin placed before the British Government two unclouded alternatives: to abandon British subjects and their interests, or to exact reasonable treatment for them from the Chinese. The former was chosen by us because, indeed, the other was impossible; the war was fought to a foregone conclusion, and the fruits of it were reaped in the commercial treaty of Nanking.

There remains for Mr Michie

to deal with one other set of conditions before he can bring his hero properly upon the stage. These conditions need not detain us for a moment if we realise that they were, as the author demonstrates in his patient and insistent narrative, precisely the old conditions before the war carried forward into the years succeeding the peace. The success of our arms had in no way undermined the Chinese contempt for the "barbarians"; the terms of the treaty represented no change in their policy towards them. "The Chinese Government regarded the treaty of Nanking as a *ruse de guerre*, a mere expedient for purchasing present relief," and they acquiesced in a substantial fulfilment of it only so far as that might obviate the risk of the renewal of war. In a word, we had gained nothing save what had been compelled by force, and by force only could we hope to retain it; yet, "as perpetual coercion on the part of Great Britain was not to be thought of, the establishment and maintenance of satisfactory working relations demanded on the part of British agents responsible for the execution of the treaty a rare combination of personal qualities. They had, in fact, to assume a power which their country had gained by the success of its arms, trusting that their pretensions might be tacitly acquiesced in."

Such was the difficult task awaiting Alcock when he landed at Amoy in 1844. It was his crowning merit that from the

first he perceived, by an intuition of which doubtless his youthful experience furnished the *rationale*, the necessity of upholding his country's prestige in the face of Chinese pretensions. At Amoy he acted in accordance with this policy in such apparently trifling matters as the choice of a commodious dwelling, which, however, were sufficient to give the Amoy consulate an impress of dignity which has never been wholly effaced. At Foochow were reflected the difficulties of the situation at "the ancient focus of evil," Canton (of which more later); and here again, with the assistance of his young interpreter, the admirable Parkes, Alcock resolutely met official arrogance by asserting the ascendancy of British authority, and, that achieved, the more easily established good relations with the mandarins. It was at Shanghai, however, that he discovered his true calibre, and here it will be necessary, following Mr Michie, more particularly to examine the course of events at that port.

At Shanghai, on his arrival there accompanied by Parkes in the autumn of 1846, Alcock found the ground admirably prepared for him by his predecessor, Captain George Balfour. The city was already considerably on the way to becoming the great commercial port for which Nature had intended it, and between the natives and the resident European community there existed relations as happy as were those between the officials of

both. Alcock had been at his post a little over a year when this harmony was interrupted by an outrage committed upon three missionaries at Tsingpu, a small walled town within the authorised radius. To the consul's demands for redress the authorities answered with the customary evasion and intimidation—both of them wasted on Alcock, who took short, sharp measures. He announced that until satisfaction had been obtained no duties should be paid on cargoes imported or exported on British ships; and further—a never-failing pressure—that the great junk fleet of 1400 sail, laden and ready for sea with the tribute rice for Peking, should not be allowed to leave the port. Fortunately, he had the means at hand to enforce his threats. The 10-gun brig Childers, with a commander on board who was a “real British man,” was moored in the stream below the junk anchorage, and thus could make a most effective blockade. The strong hand told, as it has never failed to tell in China. Within three weeks of the outrage things were back in their normal course: full redress had been ordered, the culprits punished, and the embargo on the rice-junks removed. The Tsingpu affair has passed into ancient history, but the invaluable moral of Alcock's action remains.

“The situation was one of those critical ones that test moral stamina, that discriminate crucially between a man and a copying-machine. It was also one that illuminated, as by an electric flash, the pivotal point of all our relations with China, then as

now, for the principle never grows old. . . . What was the official charged with the protection of his countrymen to do? He had no instructions except to conciliate the Chinese; there was no telegraph to England; communication even with the chief superintendent of trade at Hongkong, 850 miles off, was dependent on chance sailing-vessels. Delay was equivalent to surrender. Now or never was the peremptory alternative presented to the consul, who, taking his official life in his hands, had to decide and act on his own personal responsibility.”

Alcock did take his official life in his hands, with consequences that have never been effaced, for harmony has prevailed between British and Chinese officials and people at Shanghai from that day to this.

His next sensationally effective, and in this case “extra-legal,” stroke was made five years later. Over the province fell the black shadow of the Taiping Rebellion, with which, however, we are not concerned here save for the imbroglio of relations which was one of its local effects at Shanghai. Briefly, what happened was this. The rebels, having put the Tartar garrison at Nanking to the sword in the spring of 1853, captured Shanghai in the autumn of that year. The Chinese authorities in turn laid siege to the city. Their undisciplined soldiery were encamped a short distance outside the foreign settlement, which they kept in constant hot water; until Alcock directed against them a mixed force of English and American bluejackets and resident volunteers, which, partly through the “uncove-

nanted co-operation of the rebels within the city," drove out the imperial forces. The remarkable result of this battle of Muddy Flat—remarkable anywhere save in China—was that the Chinese authorities were on better terms with the foreigners after it than before, and in ten days were amicably settling in concert ground for a new camp, and discussing all the measures demanded by the position of neutrality which was assumed by the British Government between the insurgents and the imperial forces. Such neutrality was difficult. The French, who had dissociated themselves from this action of the English and American representatives (marking thereby their drift from the cosmopolitan system to the position of a settlement claiming as a "concession"), had picked a quarrel on their own account with the rebels, from whom, on the other hand, circumstances made it difficult for us to withhold benevolent action. The French were at the moment our allies in the Crimea, and made a protest against this incongruity, of which Alcock felt the full force. We need not dwell on the complicated situation that had thus arisen. It has been sufficient to indicate the resource and promptitude of Alcock; and out of it, as we are now to see, he evolved the Foreign Maritime Customs.

Alcock was a man who combined "the highest executive qualities with a philosophic grasp of the problems with which he had to deal"; to which may be added that "he

possessed the faculty of exposition, whereby the vital relation between the theoretical and the practical sides of Far Eastern politics are made plain." Single in action and versatile in reflection seems an ideal character; nevertheless Mr Michie, who is a candid biographer, shows that Alcock's versatility frequently hampered his practical statesmanship. Joined to a "faculty of exposition," it was a misleading quality: as was indicated in the testy answer of some one in the Foreign Office to a deputation, "Don't quote Alcock; there is nothing or its opposite that he has not said." The comprehensive as well as serious view he took of his duties sometimes inclined him, in the intervals of critical events, to the very errors which his swift action was called to rectify. Far, however, from exhibiting the pusillanimity of many who had propagated these errors, his danger lay in the opposite extreme, for the touch of opposition was apt to crystallise his fluid reflections into convictions, and at the challenge his guns were brought to bear on positions which his executive reasonableness would have bidden him leave severely alone. His crusade against smuggling at Shanghai during the period we are considering is a case in point. Smuggling practice lay deep in the roots of Chinese character and civilisation, and was therefore a natural condition of intercourse for which the foreign merchants had to make allowance. It had many

attendant evils, but it certainly was not "the great crime" against which the consul persuaded himself to wage relentless war. "He not only compelled the British merchants, as far as lay in his power, to comply with the letter of the treaty, in their dealings with the customs, but he further considered himself bound to enforce on the Chinese officials themselves the proper discharge of their duty." Of course he was bound to enforce nothing of the kind. Here again was a hint of that vicious assumption, acted upon by Captain Elliot earlier, and constantly recurring, that the foreigner was called upon to "run" the Chinese executive. But Alcock was always quick to utilise events in the solution of difficult problems. As with many great men, a crisis calling for action had the effect of clarifying his own thinking. When, therefore, the functions of the custom-house at Shanghai were suspended on the capture of the city by the rebels in 1853, he seized the opportunity for getting rid of the evil he had been fighting and extricating himself from the difficulty into which the fight had landed him. The different stages through which he felt his way to light in the establishment of the foreign customs are clearly marked by Mr Michie. It was a remarkable feat. Having for one of its essential conditions the combination of Chinese authority with foreign vigilance and probity, the new custom-house was a miracle of reform, a monument not only to the

man who conceived it, but also to the "vigorous, self-sustained intellect that has moulded and still controls it," with whose name it is impossible to dissociate it.

The situation at Canton, to which Alcock went next, might have been designed to illustrate the wisdom of his policy at Foochow and Shanghai. The Cantonese, of course, had an ancient and special tradition of contempt for the foreigners. During the war, too, the populace had been liberally supplied with arms, and rewarded for their organised outrages upon the European settlement. Their arrogance, pampered by their own authorities, had been immeasurably puffed up by Captain Elliot, who desired to save Canton, of all places in the Chinese empire, from the pressure of war, and in 1841 had accepted ransom for the city. It might have been thought, therefore, that the right of entry into Canton, which was granted in the treaty of Nanking, would be precisely the condition most exactly enforced. On the contrary, the right of entry was postponed in deference to that very arrogance which the exaction of it would have tended to subdue. Even when Lord Palmerston's instructions stiffened the policy of our agents, "concession" still ruled, and entry was further postponed for a definite period of two years. When that promissory bill fell due, it was dishonoured. Things went from bad to worse. Alcock was at Canton for a little over a year only—long enough to per-

ceive the storm that was brewing, although he had left for home before it burst. Popular histories have enshrined an interpretation of the Arrow war as misleading as that which makes opium the touchstone of the events of 1839-42. With an utter lack of historic grasp, they speak of "alleged offences" by Chinese officials at Canton, of the *lorcha* Arrow as the "single victim" of them, and with astonishing folly represent Parkes as a "fussy" consul baiting a high-minded Commissioner, Yeh. The root cause of the second China war, of course, was our failure to adopt the obvious common-sense policy of exacting the rights which we had been at heavy expenditure of men and money to acquire. The strong hand would have told at Canton as it has told at every point in China where it was applied, and it is safe to say that but for the absence of it at Canton there would have been no second war.

It need not surprise us that there was no clear perception of this in England. The scapegoat, Sir John Bowring, was superseded by the Earl of Elgin; and those who have followed us so far will have no difficulty in imagining how Mr Michie deals with the policy of the new plenipotentiary—"his honest attempt to make war with rose-water, and his subordination, on critical moments, of judgment to sentiment." To us, now, Lord Elgin's failure to present himself at Peking for audience of the Emperor may well seem remarkable; but

it has to be remembered that his action was a perfect reflection of the judgment of his countrymen at home—statesmen, politicians, and public—with scarce an exception. For us to-day the events of 1856-60 are as of little concern in themselves as those of 1839-42; but the lessons of both were the same, and they have a vital bearing on the China Question at this hour. Mr Michie's caustic narrative only exposes the perversity which has prevented one after another of the British agents in China from benefiting by the teaching of experience.

Three years later, three years too late, came the execution of the "resident Minister" clause with all its attendant sorrows. "The new era was inaugurated; a real representative of her Britannic Majesty was installed in the capital of the Son of Heaven," says Mr Michie: and then, with a cruel irony, he tells how General Ignatieff, who had arrived with the Allies, "without any force, in the vulgar sense, of his own, was adroit enough and bold enough to wield the forces of his belligerent neighbours so as to carry off the only solid fruit of the war, while fulfilling the obligations of friendship for China and denouncing her spoilers."

"The winter of 1860 left the statesmen of China some food for reflection. The thundering legions had passed like a tornado which leaves a great calm behind it. The 'still small voice' had also departed, with a province in his *chemadân*, gained without a shot or even a shout. Two strongly contrasted foreign types had thus been simultaneously presented

to the astonished Chinese. Can it be doubted which left the deeper impression?"

When Alcock, his furlough up, returned to Canton in 1858, he found the city, from which he himself had been shut out, occupied by the Allies, and administered by his old interpreter, Parkes. A few months later he went to Japan. Respect for our space compels us to pass over the long and brilliant chapter in which Mr Michie contrasts Japan and China, especially in the evolution of their foreign relations: it is a triumph in the presentment and interpretation of historical event. We will rather take advantage of this break in the China narrative to refer to another section of these volumes of which we will not have another occasion to make mention.

It will have been seen that Mr Michie, with a comprehensive view of his duties as Alcock's biographer, takes for his subject the whole range of Victorian foreign relations with China: fortunately he is able also to draw from his well-furnished experience most instructive illustrations of the commercial and colonial development which was running parallel with that of diplomatic intercourse. These illustrations point the narrative at every turn, and they are especially rich in the sections on "Trade," "Traders," "Shipping," "Hongkong," "Macao," "Foreign Life in Peking," all correlated with the main subject by Alcock's and the author's own generalisations, but to be

followed, we can promise our readers, with an enjoyment unalloyed by the feeling of hopelessness which the consideration of recent Chinese history of necessity inspires. For Great Britain and the United States, at least, intercourse with China, "from the earliest period to the latest, whether in peace or war, has had no other object than trade between the nations": to that, war and diplomacy, geographical exploration, and reforms, and even literary researches, have been auxiliary. In a series of rapid sketches, comparable with the line drawings by George Chinnery—a genius—which adorn these volumes, Mr Michie realises for us the various elements composing this trade: the supplanting of Chinese tea (at one time almost the only export) by the growths of India and Ceylon; the continued prosperity, on the other hand, of Chinese silk-culture; the complications of the opium traffic; inter-provincial trade; and the fluctuations in the movements of export and import. The battle for the carrying of this merchandise, and the evolution of the shipping employed therein, is in Mr Michie's hands a story of that soberly romantic kind of which also is the rise of Hongkong (the standing envy of the nations) over against the ancient settlement at Macao. The Chinaman, we know, is a trader by intuition, and the portrait of the native merchant in this book is, as other writers have led us to expect, that of an enterprising, liberal-minded, reasonable man, of remarkable

probity. But perhaps the most instructive of all these chapters is that on the foreign traders. Our China merchants have been a standing factor in our relations with the Far East, which to our representatives there was often unsympathetic and not unfrequently a cause of jealousy. When, as Mr Michie points out, the whole position of the foreigners rested on premises that were false, with the result that disappointment, irritation, and alarm were chronic, necessarily there were constant recriminations, and a continual process of shifting the blame to other shoulders. As often as not, it has been allowed to lie unfairly on those of the foreign mercantile community, and Mr Michie's judicious and spirited apology for the China merchants is a task, one can easily see, upon which he has entered *con amore*.

But to return to Peking, where the Legation had been established, and Sir Rutherford Alcock succeeded Sir Frederick Bruce as Minister in 1865. Upon the surface things appeared to be progressing well. Foreign life was already running in settled grooves. The Manchu statesmen, with innate tact, were adjusting themselves to their novel position, and by their never-failing courtesy establishing pleasant relations with the foreign agents. The five years of Alcock's residence are described by Mr Michie as the golden age of the British Legation. But underneath all this there was a situation precisely the same as that which existed after the first war.

There was no abatement of the sluggish and unreasoning resistance of the Chinese to the foreigners: to be rid of them was the purpose, never relaxed, of all Chinese diplomacy; while, on the other side, we still failed to realise, even after the teaching of experience, that the law of force was not abrogated in China, and that the spirit of hostility does not disappear because a paper is signed at the point of the sword. Sir Frederick Bruce very early discovered that the conclusion of a treaty is the commencement, not the termination, of difficulties. Between the two parties to it in this case there was no correspondence of aims or of ideas. Twenty years had not revealed the Chinaman to the foreigner; and, indeed, at the end of another forty we are no nearer the unravelling of the tangle of his reasoning or a true understanding of his mind. On their side, the Chinese had not, as they have not yet, made any advance towards the conception of free negotiations and voluntary agreements, of relations established between themselves and foreigners, not by force, but in terms of equality. The results of the first attempt to treat with China as a perfectly free agent—the negotiations for the revision of the Tientsin treaty—were summed up by Alcock as showing that “the old spirit of arrogance of the days of Lin and Yeh is still in full vigour, and the assumption of superiority over the barbarian absolutely unmeasured.” In all essential respects, therefore, the Minister arriving at

Peking in 1865 had awaiting him the problem which the consul had found on first landing in China in 1845. The treaties were the foreigners' charter, and in their integral fulfilment alone lay safety. Sir Rutherford Alcock himself was in no doubt about the situation:—

"Pressure there must always be here," he wrote. "... However we may disguise it, our position in China has been created by force—naked, physical force; and any intelligent policy to improve or maintain that position must still look to force in some form, latent or expressed, for the results."

But now, while those old elements remained in the situation, there had entered others which made it difficult to enforce our treaty rights after the old manner, and indeed almost forbade Sir Rutherford Alcock to countenance the attempt.

So far the stream of intercourse had run in one main channel, and we have had little difficulty in following it, howsoever sinuous its course. Now it emerges upon the meeting-place of other foreign waters, and the violent commingling of them reaches out into the "Dismal Swamp" of our relations with China at this hour. We will take Mr Michie as our guide across this morass, which he has charted with consummate skill; but it will be well before starting to observe that his main landmarks are still our failures to enforce treaty rights. It is his recurring moral that these failures were so many opportunities lost of imposing upon China the

lessons which it was imperative for her own integrity that she should be taught, and that the policy which Alcock represented was essentially a moderate policy—moderate, however, in its demand of rights, not in the exaction of them when they had been granted.

Of the new elements entering into our intercourse with China after 1860, from which Mr Michie derives its present desperate condition, one is explained by the weakness of our Foreign Office after the disappearance from it of Lord Palmerston. "The influence of Lord Palmerston on Chinese affairs was so remarkable," he says, "that the ebb and flow of British prestige may be traced as closely by his periods of office as the course of the oceanic tide by the phases of the moon." Time after time his despatches, "practical, true, clear as a bugle-note," stiffened the policy of our agents weakened by the tradition of concession.

"We must stop on the very threshold any attempt on their part to treat us otherwise than as their equals. . . . The Chinese must learn and be convinced that if they attack our people and our factories they will be shot. . . . Depend upon it that the best way of keeping any men quiet is to let them see that you are able and determined to repel force by force, and the Chinese are not in the least different in this respect from the rest of mankind."

So he wrote to Sir John Davis during the Canton difficulty; and in the light of the subsequent fifty years, says Mr Michie, one is tempted to say that Lord Palmerston's dictum

puts the eternal China question in a nutshell. With his removal from the scene a change came over the spirit of the Foreign Office. A tried and trusted colleague, Lord Clarendon, was left there, it is true, but Lord Clarendon without Palmerston has been described by Mr Michie elsewhere as like a sweet-pea without its stick. He fixes his capture by the windy Mr Burlingame as the pivot upon which English diplomacy with China made its fatal turn. The lamentable consequences of that surrender were evident at every later stage of our intercourse, and, especially, it was the first step of the Foreign Office in the new departure of taking their cue, not from agents in their own pay, but from others over whom they could exercise no control, —others, indeed, who had alien interests to serve.

The most notable example of this vicious practice was the dependence they came to place on the Inspector - General of Customs. The maritime customs, international in origin, had become with the expansion of 1858 a purely Chinese concern, operated by foreign employees. Already in his helplessness Sir Frederick Bruce had thrown himself upon the support of Mr Lay, and then of his successor, Mr Hart, shutting his eyes to the false position in which he placed himself by leaning upon the paid servants of the Chinese Government in a policy which to that Government was wholly repugnant. The Foreign Office also shut their eyes, for they continued to acquiesce in, and

even to encourage, this subordination of the Legation. Apparently they did not perceive that to confer this high prestige upon a servant of the Chinese, and to bestow such confidence upon him, was only to throw a heavy weight into the Chinese scale. The Tsungli-Yamén and the Inspector-General himself realised it, however, and time and again the advantage has been used against us. Needless to say, Mr Michie casts no blame upon Sir Robert Hart. His attitude towards his Chinese employers was absolutely above suspicion throughout. "He served them loyally, and if the British Government imagined he was using his highly paid position under the Chinese Government in any way to promote other than Chinese interests, that was a gratuitous assumption on their part for which they alone were responsible, and for which, as for all false strategy, the inevitable penalty must be paid." The subordination of the Legation, the ill-effects of which were reflected in the consular service as well, continued to the Japanese war of 1894, when "the British Government, the victim of many illusions, found itself in a condition of bewilderment, like King Lear on the heath, quite unfurnished with the means of coping with the superior intelligence of the other European Powers."

For the free hand and the strong hand, thus unfortunately denied to the agents of England, were allowed in full measure to the representatives of the other Powers, who crowded

into the gates which the arms of England and France had thrown open. This shifting of foreign intercourse from an essentially Anglo-Chinese to a Sino-cosmopolitan basis is the second of the new elements in the situation referred to above. In the secret circular addressed to the high officials of the empire by the Tsungli-Yamên in 1867, it is pointed out that the foreigners were united in interests, and could not suddenly be either isolated or weakened. But this did not remain true for long. It may be noted that France and England, who had worked loyally together in matters of cosmopolitan concern, continued to do so in the matter of the abuses of the coolie trade, which so greatly occupied Sir Rutherford Alcock's attention during his residence in Peking. The unity of the foreigners, however, disappeared with the influx of the many Powers. Among them, indeed, there was unity neither of aims nor of ideals. In these circumstances the "co-operative policy," whereby the cause of one foreigner was made the cause of all, so that the treaty Powers might present a solid front to the Chinese, in reality tied their hands. Even before their advent, the fear of the entrance of the new Powers, many of them without established interests and not to be trusted for moderation in action, influenced our intercourse: on the one hand causing our Ministers to hesitate in pressing for rights in commerce which otherwise they would have exacted, and on the other stiffen-

ing the Chinese Government in resistance. The division among the Powers, imperceptible at first, widened into violent antagonism. We cannot do more here than indicate some of the forces which worked to that result. There was the Christian propaganda, "the thin end of the wedge destined to split China into fragments, unless anticipated (as in fact it has been) in its disruptive work by some ruder allied agency." Consul Alcock had foreseen the dangers lying ahead of the missionary policy so light-heartedly entered upon earlier; and for a concise and sagacious review of the missionary question in its political bearing the reader may be referred to Mr Michie's chapters on the "Missionary Problems" and "The French Protectorate of Christians." Mr Michie follows with admirable lucidity other developments of the situation also: the extension of the Russian empire to the Pacific Ocean, and the creation of the Asiatic empire which had been the dream of France for two centuries, the resulting pressure of which has been one of the main influences on the policy of China for the last thirty years, ousting out of their place that of the commercial nations who did not menace her integrity; the merging of Korea in the China Question; and the whole course of Japanese aggression which brought the imbroglio to a crisis in 1894. It is sufficient for us to have noted that the influx of the Powers complicated the simple problem.

"No international issue could be raised in an isolated form; nor could China make any move, whether voluntary or involuntary, without facing the critical observation of many interested parties."

But undoubtedly the most far-reaching condition of the "new dispensation" of our intercourse with China was the change from the system of dealing with the provincial authorities to that of direct diplomatic relations with the Central Government. Speaking broadly—as with the space at our command we must—it may be said that upon this diplomacy we staked everything, and, since it failed, as inevitably it had to fail, upon it we lost everything. In any case, we should have had to play the game without any assistance from the other parties in it, and, as it happened, the chances of the game were all against us from the first. An imperial audience, in which seemed to have been discovered the sovereign remedy for the defects of Chinese relations with the world, was made impossible by the death of the Emperor. The new Emperor being a child, and the regents women, there was no Court to receive our Minister's credentials. Thus we stumbled at the very threshold, and the Chinese took care that we should never recover. Moreover, at the very beginning, Lord Frederick Bruce lost a score by receding from our treaty rights; indeed the disintegration of treaty rights was one of the inevitable results of the new diplomacy.

As was shown by the course of events after the Chinese outrages at Yangchow and Formosa, the old methods of redress at the point of outbreak would have been successful now as ever, had the British Government been able to approve of such action. But the British Government could not approve of it. Even had not the spell of Mr Burlinghame's rhetoric been upon them, they had committed themselves to a policy of direct relations with the Central Government; and to any coercion of the Imperial Government—if indeed coercion was to be thought of—their hands were tied, through their interference in the suppression of the rebellion, made necessary by the opening up of the Yangtze. "The Allies could not knock down with one hand what they were propping up with the other,"—though that is precisely the impossible thing which they have ever attempted,—“and thus the Imperial Government not only enjoyed immunity, but knew that they possessed it—that their late conquerors were now fully committed to the upholding of the integrity of China and the maintenance of the dynasty.” The impression made on the Chinese Government by the force of diplomacy was likened by an American Minister, twenty years afterwards, to “boxing a feather-bed.” How skilfully the Government pursued its advantages—playing off our demands for redress for breaches of existing rights against our claims for new ones—may be read in Mr

Michie's account of the negotiations relating to the murder of Mr Margary and to the Cheefoo Convention. To seek such redress of the Central Government was a reversal of Chinese methods, and our policy was based on that misconception. "The truth is," says Mr Michie, "that our diplomacy had no foundation on fact," and here we reach the heart of his explanation of our failure in China.

"It [our diplomacy] assumed that the Government of China was centralised instead of decentralised; that the administration of the empire hinged on the initiative of Peking, from which distant point the resident Ministers could protect their respective national interests throughout the empire. This hypothesis, which might have graced an academic debate, was acted upon as if it was a reality, and the struggle to make it so has absorbed the resources of diplomacy for *forty* years. The real fact, however, was quite otherwise. The distinctive character of Chinese Government is, not autocracy, but democracy and provincial autonomy. The springs of action work from below, not from above, and to reverse this order of the ages was to convert a court of appeal into a court of first instance: to sue for a tradesman's debt before the Lord Chancellor, requiring the legal machinery to be first turned upside down. . . . The redress of grievances being sought not where it could have been exacted, at the point affected, but in the capital, the Central Government was called on to exercise over the provincial officials a kind of control which had never been exercised before. The provincial officials, relieved from the local pressure which they respected, easily evaded the novel and unconstitutional interference of the capital, and violated the treaties with an impunity unknown in the days before the admission of the foreign Ministers to Peking. . . . China occupies the unique position of a State resting on moral force, a conception

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almost as alien to the Western mind as material progress is to the Eastern, hence the proposition is apt to be received with amused contempt. Yet a State administered without police, and ruled without an army, is a something which cannot be explained away. Government by prestige is, other things being equal, surely the most economical as well as the most humane of all species of government; but an obvious consequence is that in emergencies the Government is beholden to volunteers, and is often driven to enlist the services of banditti and other forces proscribed by the law. Imperial prestige, which embraces the relations of the surrounding tributaries, is but an expansion of the authority of the head of the family and of the elders of the village, which rests on moral sanction only. The first collision, however, with the material forces of Christendom proved that in the system of the modern world the Chinese principle of government was an anachronism, and that moral must succumb to physical force."

Mr Michie's chart of Chinese foreign relations since 1860, of which we have attempted a partial reproduction in the foregoing paragraphs, embraces in the most logical sequence the Japanese war and all its consequences. China's pretensions to universal sovereignty, which have met us at every stage of our own intercourse, led her to the assertion of suzerainty over Korea, even after the Convention of 1885; and that may have helped to gall the Japanese into war. International jealousies prevented the treaty Powers concerned from averting the conflict; and the old distrust of foreign auxiliaries accounts for the collapse of Chinese arms when they became engaged. Apathy and unenlightenment, resulting from the failure of its Intelligence Department, caused

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the British Government to acquiesce in the popular deprecation of interference in the settlement, thereby surrendering "a position in the Far East which had been built up for two generations on the permanent interests of the country, and which, sacrificed at the critical moment, is gone beyond recall." As for the attempted settlement, it ignored, as was prognosticated by Alcock half a century before, the policy of saving China which had been patiently followed by Great Britain for forty years.

"The crude ingredients of national policy, stripped of the international decencies with which they were wont to be invested, were thrown into the cauldron; elementary forces, naked and undisguised, confronted each other; and the scramble which moderate men had hoped to see indefinitely postponed was entered into with the zest of a Cornish wrecking raid. The officious interference of quasi-friendly Powers to save the derelict empire from mutilation proved, according to unvarying experience, a remedy which was worse than the disease. Russia, Germany, and France proceeded to treat China as a No Man's Land; disintegration was the order of the day. The example was, of course, contagious. Other Powers, with no more substantial ground of claim than was afforded by the defencelessness of China, began whetting their knives to carve the moribund carcass."

Nor does the more recent crisis which has arisen since Mr Michie made his survey (and treated by him in a special chapter) contain any element which he has not already accounted for. Its inspiration is the old inspiration of detestation of the foreigner, with a special enmity to Christianity and its

accessories, for which also there has been an explanation. That the official and literary classes have been its declared main-spring only demonstrates the folly of the past which failed to recognise the incentive force behind the populace, or, recognising it, failed to exact retribution of the real criminals. In its plan of campaign it has an exact parallel in the events of forty years ago, and the only new thing it has discovered is that the gulf between East and West is wider even than the shrewdest observers had imagined. "Nothing has been changed, only the scale has been magnified, and the civilised world, instead of one or two of the Powers, has become directly interested in the catastrophe."

And while recent events have revealed the landmarks of past foreign relations with China, they have obscured the future of the empire and of the position of the Powers in relation to it and to one another. Partition by aggressive foreigners and subversion of authority by internal upheaval have constituted the danger long feared by those who have watched the condition of China with sympathetic eyes, and the burden of the warnings which they have addressed to the Powers and to the Chinese themselves. The warnings have been in vain. China has been too apathetic, or too despairing, to bestir to meet the appending dangers; while mutual rivalries and distrust prevented common action by the foreigners. Now that anarchy possesses China, the Powers assembled to drive

it forth discover, even in the moment of engaging it, an anarchy among themselves. Mr Michie is too wise to predict the outcome of so desperate an imbroglio—save only that the ultimate advantage will doubtless fall to those members of the unnatural coalition who have the clearest views and the firmest resolution in giving effect to them. "The dubious and vacillating Powers frittering away their political fuses, espousing every contradiction in succession, and turning in weariness from the disgusting scenes in which they have reluctantly participated, will in all probability leave the path open for their neighbours who have steadier aims and fewer scruples." And that is to paint the outlook blacker than ever.

We are very conscious of how inadequately we have conveyed to the reader an understanding of the scope and penetration of these volumes, the perusal of which has filled us with a profound admiration. It will be seen that Mr Michie has written the history of our intercourse with China round the career of the man who stood for the policy by which, as he believes, that intercourse could best be directed. We have indicated some of the events in which he is able to show Sir Rutherford Alcock swift and far-reaching in action, but the limits of our space have prevented us from attempting to illustrate the philosophic

grasp of affairs which inspired his action, and justified it. In the light of subsequent events, his many disquisitions on Anglo-Chinese politics—and perhaps they were too numerous and too long to have the desired effect on contemporary opinion—are remarkable in the soundness and prescience of their generalisations. It is, indeed, the validity to-day of the conclusions he arrived at half a century ago as a student of the intercourse forced by the Western nations upon China that constitutes his right to the central place which Mr Michie has given him in his history. From the obvious dangers of a work planned as his is, Mr Michie has happily escaped. The historical narrative is not arrested by irritating personal details, while the figure of the man is brought into stronger relief through its setting in the great issues with which he was concerned. Of Mr Michie's treatment and presentation of his subject, his sagacity and scrupulous fairness, his marshalling of facts and broad deductions therefrom, the vividness of his portraiture, and the pitch of his narrative, "clear as a bugle-note," like the despatches of Lord Palmerston which he so greatly praises, we cannot speak in too high terms of admiration. His is a masterly performance, which we welcome as a real contribution to literature no less than as a luminous interpretation of the China question.

DOOM CASTLE: A ROMANCE.¹

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XIII.—A LAWYER'S GOOD LADY.

THE remainder of the night passed without further alarm, but Count Victor lay only on the frontiers of forgetfulness till morning, his senses all on sentry, and the salt, wind-blown dawn found him abroad before the rest of Doom was well awake. He met the calesh of the Lords going back the way it had come with an outrider in a red jacket from the stable of Argyll: it passed him on the highway so close that he saw Elchies and Kilkerran playing cards within as they drove away from the scene of their dreadful duties. In a cloak of rough watchet blue he had borrowed from his host and a hat less conspicuous than that he had come in from Stirling, he passed, to such strangers in the locality, for some tacksman of the countryside, or a traveller like themselves. To have ventured into the town, however, where every one would see he was a stranger and speedily inquire into his business there, was, as he had been carefully apprised by Doom the night before, a risk too great to be run without good reason. Stewart's trial had created in the country a state of mind that made a stranger's presence there somewhat hazardous for himself, and all the more so

in the case of a foreigner, for, rightly or wrongly, there was associated with the name of the condemned man as art and part in the murder that of a Highland officer in the service of the French. There had been rumours, too, of an attempted rescue on the part of the Stewarts of Ardshiel, Achnacoin, and Fasnacloich—all that lusty breed of the ancient train: the very numbers of them said to be on the drove-roads with weapons from the thatch were given in the town, and so fervently believed in that the appearance of a stranger without any plausible account to give of himself would have stirred up tumult.

Count Victor avoided the more obvious danger of the town, but in his forenoon ramble stumbled into one almost as great as that he had been instructed to avoid. He had gone through the wood of Strongara and come suddenly upon the cavalcade that bore the doomed man to the scene of his execution thirty or forty miles away.

The wretch had been bound upon a horse—a tall, middle-aged man in coarse home-spun clothing, his eye defiant, but his countenance white with the anxieties of his situation. He

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was surrounded by a troop of sabres; the horse's hoofs made a great clatter upon the hard road, and Count Victor, walking abstractedly along the river-bank, came on them before he was aware of their proximity. As he stood to let them pass he was touched inexpressibly by the glance the convict gave him, so charged was it with question, hope, dread, and the appetite for some human sympathy. He had seen that look before in men condemned—once in front of his own rapier,—and with the utmost feeling for the unhappy wretch he stood, when the cavalcade had gone, looking after it and conjuring in his fancy the last terrible scene whereof that creature would be the central figure. Thus was he standing when another horseman came upon him suddenly, following wide in the rear of the troops—a civilian who shared the surprise of the unexpected meeting. He had no sooner gazed upon Count Victor than he drew up his horse confusedly and seemed to hesitate between proceeding or retreat. Count Victor passed with a courteous salute no less formally returned. He was struck singularly by some sense of familiarity. He did not know the horseman who so strangely scrutinised him as he passed, but yet the face was one not altogether new to him. It was a face unfriendly, too, and for his life the Frenchman could think of no reason for its animosity.

He could no more readily have accounted for the action of the horseman had he known that he had ridden behind the soldiers but a few hundred

yards after meeting with Count Victor when he turned off at one of the hunting-roads with which the ducal grounds abounded, and galloped furiously back towards the castle of Argyll. Nothing checked him till he reached the entrance, where he flung the reins to a servant and dashed into the turret-room where the Duke sat writing.

"Ah, Sim!" said his Grace, airily, yet with an accent of apprehension, "you have come back sooner than I looked for: nothing wrong with the little excursion, I hope?"

MacTaggart leaned with both hands upon the table where his master wrote. "They're all right, so far as I went with them," said he; "but if your Grace in my position came upon a foreigner in the wood of Strongara—a gentleman by the looks of him and a Frenchman by his moustachio, all alone and looking after Sergeant Donald's company, what would your Grace's inference be?"

Argyll, obviously, did not share much of his Chamberlain's excitement. "There was no more than one there?" he asked, sprinkling sand upon his finished letter. "No! Then there seems no great excuse for your extreme perturbation, my good Sim. I'm lord of Argyll, but I'm not lord of the king's highway, and if an honest stranger cares to take a freeman's privilege and stand between the wind and Simon MacTaggart's dignity—Simon MacTaggart's very touchy dignity it would appear—who am I that I should blame the liberty? You did not ride

ventre à terre from Strongara (I see a foam-fleck on your breeches) to tell me we had a traveller come to admire our scenery? Come, come, Sim! I'll begin to think these late eccentricities of yours, these glooms, abstractions, errors, and anxieties and indispositions, and above all that pallid face of yours, are due to some affair of the heart." As he spoke Argyll pinched his kinsman playfully on the ear, quite the good companion, with none of the condescension that a duke might naturally display in so doing.

MacTaggart reddened and Argyll laughed. "Ah!" he cried. "Can I have hit it?" he went on, quizzing the Chamberlain. "See that you give me fair warning and I'll practise the accustomed and essential reel. Upon my soul I haven't danced since Lady Mary left, unless you call it so that foolish minuet. You should have seen her Grace at Almack's last month. Gad! she footed it like an angel; there's not a better dancer in London town. See that your wife's a dancer whoever she may be, Sim; let her dance and sing and play the harpsichord or the clarsach—they are charms that will last longer than her good looks, and will not weary you so soon as that intellect that's so much in fashion nowadays, when every woman listens to every clever thing you say, that she may say something cleverer or perhaps retail it later as her own."

MacTaggart turned about impatiently, poked with his riding crop at the fire, and

plainly indicated that he was not in the mood for badinage.

"All that has nothing to do with my Frenchman, your Grace," said he bluntly.

"Oh, confound your Frenchman!" retorted the Duke, coming over, turning up the skirts of his coat, and warming himself at the fire. "Don't say Frenchman to me, and don't suggest any more abominable crime and intrigue till the memory of that miserable Appin affair is off my mind. I know what they'll say about that: I have a good notion what they're saying already—as if I personally had a scrap of animosity to this poor creature sent to the gibbet on Leven-side."

"I think you should have this Frenchman arrested for inquiry: I do not like the look of him."

Argyll laughed. "Heavens!" he cried, "is the man gane wud? Have you any charge against this unfortunate foreigner who has dared to shelter himself in my woods? And if you have, do you fancy it is the old feudal times with us still, and that I can clap him in my dungeon—if I had such a thing—without any consultation with the common law-officers of the land. Wake up, Sim! wake up! this is '55, and there are sundry written laws of the State that unfortunately prevent even the MacCailein Mor snatching a man from the foot-path and hanging him because he has not the Gaelic accent and wears his hair in a different fashion from the rest of us. Don't be a fool, cousin, don't be a fool!"

"It's as your Grace likes," said MacTaggart. "But if this man's not in any way concerned in the Appin affair, he may very well be one of the French agents who are bargaining for men for the French service, and the one thing's as unlawful as the other."

"H'm!" said Argyll, turning more grave, and shrewdly eyeing his Chamberlain—"H'm! have you any particularly good reason to think that?" He waited for no answer, but went on. "I give it up, MacTaggart," said he, with a gesture of impatience. "Gad! I cannot pretend to know half the plots you are either in yourself or listening on the outside of, though I get credit, I know, for planning them. All I want to know is, have you any reason to think this part of Scotland—and incidentally the Government of this and every well-governed realm as the libels say—would be bettered by the examination of this man? Eh?"

MacTaggart protested the need was clamant. "On the look of the man I would give him the joughs," said he. "It's spy——"

"H'm!" said Argyll, then coughed discreetly over a pinch of snuff.

"Spy or agent," said the Chamberlain, little abashed at the interjection.

"And yet a gentleman by the look of him, said Sim MacTaggart, five minutes syne."

"And what's to prevent that?" asked the Chamberlain almost sharply. "Your Grace will admit it's nothing to the point," said he boldly and smil-

ingly, standing up a fine figure of a man, with his head high and his chest out. "It was the toss of a bawbee whether or not I should apprehend him myself when I saw him, and if I had him here your Grace would be the first to admit my discretion."

"My Grace is a little more judicious than to treat the casual pedestrian like a notour thief," said Argyll; "and yet, after all, I daresay the matter may be left to your good judgment—that is, after you have had a word or two on the matter with Petullo, who will better be able to advise upon the rights to the persons of suspicious characters in our neighbourhood."

With never a word more said MacTaggart clapped on his hat, withdrew in an elation studiously concealed from his master, and fared at a canter to Petullo's office in the town. He fastened the reins to the ring at the door and entered.

The lawyer sat in a den that smelt most wickedly of mildewed vellum, sealing-wax, tape, and all that trash that smothers the soul of man—the appurtenances of his craft. He sat like a sallow mummy among them, like a half-man made of tailor's patches, flanked by piles of docketed letters and Records closed, bastioned by deed-boxes blazoned with the indication of their offices—MacGibbon's Mortification, Dunderave Estate, Coll's Trust, and so on; he sat with a shrieking quill among these things, and MacTaggart entering to him felt like thanking God that he had never been compelled to

a life like this in a stinking mortuary, with the sun outside on the windows and the clean sea and the singing wood calling in vain. Perhaps some sense of contrast seized the writer too, as he looked up to see the Chamberlain entering with a pleasant lively air of wind behind him, and health and vigour in his step despite the unwonted wanness of his face. At least, in the glance Petullo gave below his shaggy eyebrows there was a little envy as well as much cunning. He made a ludicrous attempt at smiling.

"Ha!" he cried, "Mr MacTaggart! Glad to see you, Mr MacTaggart. Sit ye down, Mr MacTaggart. I was just thinking about you."

"No ill, I hope," said the Chamberlain, refusing a seat proffered; for anything of the law to him seemed gritty in the touch, and a three-legged stool would, he always felt, be as unpleasant to sit upon as a red-hot griddle.

"Te-he!" squeaked Petullo with an irritating falsetto. "You must have your bit joke, Mr MacTaggart. Did his Grace—did his Grace—I was just wondering if his Grace said anything to-day about my unfortunate accident with the compote yestreen." He looked more cunningly than ever at the Chamberlain.

"In his Grace's class, Mr Petullo, and incidentally in my own, nothing's said of a guest's gawkinsness, though you might hardly believe it for a reason that I never could make plain to you, though I know it by instinct."

"Oh! as to gawkinsness, an accident of the like might happen to any one," said Petullo, irritably.

"And that's true," confessed the Chamberlain. "But, tut! tut! Mr Petullo, a compote's neither here nor there to the Duke. If you had spilt two of them it would have made no difference; there was plenty left. Never mind the dinner, Mr Petullo, just now, I'm in a haste. There's a Frenchman——"

"There's a wheen of Frenchmen, seemingly," said the writer, oracularly taking to the trimming of his nails with a piece of pumice-stone he kept for the purpose, and used so constantly that they looked like talons.

"Now, what the devil do you mean?" cried MacTaggart.

"Go on, go on with your business," squeaked Petullo, with an eye upon an inner door that led to his household.

"I have his Grace's instructions to ask you about the advisability of arresting a stranger, seemingly a Frenchman, who is at this moment suspiciously prowling about the policies."

"On whatna charge, Mr MacTaggart, on whatna charge?" asked the writer, taking a confident, even an insolent, tone, now that he was on his own familiar ground. "Rape, arson, forgery, robbery, thigging, sorn-ing, pickery, murder, or high treason?"

"Clap them all together, Mr Petullo, and just call it local inconduciveness," cried MacTaggart. "Simply the Duke may not care for his society. That should be enough for the

Fiscal and Long Davie the Dempster, shouldn't it?"

"H'm!" said Petullo. "It's a bit vague, Mr MacTaggart, and I don't think it's mentioned in Forbes's 'Institutes.' Fifteen Campbell assessors and the baron bailie might have sent a man to the Plantations on that dittay ten years ago, but we live in different times, Mr MacTaggart—different times, Mr MacTaggart," repeated the writer, tee-heeing till his bent shoulders heaved under his seedy ink-stained surtout coat.

"Do we?" cried the Chamberlain with a laugh. "I'm thinking ye forget a small case we had no further gone than yesterday, when a man with the unlucky name of Stewart—" He stopped, meaningly smiled, and made a gesture with his fingers across his neck, at the same time giving an odd sound with his throat.

"Oh! You're an awfu' man," cried Petullo with the accent of a lout. "I wonder if you're on the same track as myself, for I'm like the Hielan' soldier—I have a Frenchman of my own. There's one, I mean, up by there in Doom, and coming down here to-morrow or the day after, or as soon as I can order a lodging for him in the town."

"Oh, hell!" cried the secretary, amazingly dumfounded.

"There's nothing underhand about him, so far as I know, to give even his Grace an excuse for confining him, for it seems he's a wine merchant out of Bordeaux, one Mont-aiglon, come here on business and stopped at Doom through

an attack on his horse by the same Macfarlanes who are of interest to us for another reason, as was spoken of at his Grace's table last night."

"And he's coming here?" asked MacTaggart, incredulous.

"I had a call from the Baron himself to-day to tell me that."

"Ah, well, there's no more to be said of our suspicions," said MacTaggart. "Not in this form at least." And he was preparing to go.

A skirt rustled within the inner door, and Mrs Petullo, flushed a little to her great becoming in spite of a curl-paper or two, and clad in a lilac-coloured negligee of the charmingest, came into the office with a well-acted start of surprise to find a client there.

"Oh, good morning! Mr MacTaggart," she exclaimed radiantly, while her husband scowled to himself as he relapsed into the chair at his desk and fumbled with his papers. "Good morning; I hope I have not interrupted business?"

"Mr MacTaggart was just going, my dear," said Mr Petullo.

A cracked bell rang within, and the Chamberlain perceived an odour of cooking celery. Inwardly he cursed his forgetfulness, because it was plain that the hour for his call upon the writer was ill-chosen.

"My twelve-hours is unusual sharp to-day," said Petullo, consulting a dumpy horologe out of his fob. "Would ye—would ye do me the honour of joining me?" with a tone that left, but not too rudely, immediate

departure as the Chamberlain's only alternative.

"Thank you, thank you," said MacTaggart. "I rose late to-day, and my breakfast's little more than done with." He made for the door, Mrs Petullo close in his cry and holding his eye, defying so hurried a departure, while she kept up a chattering about the last night's party. Her husband hesitated, but his hunger (he had the voracious appetite of such shrivelled atomies) and a wholesome fear of being accused of jealousy made him withdraw, leaving the office to the pair.

All MacTaggart's anger rose against madame for her machination. "You saw me from the window," said he; "it's a half-cooked dinner for the good-man to-day, I'll warrant!"

She laughed a most intoxicating laugh, all charged with some sweet velvety charm, put out her hands and caught his. "Oh, Lord! I wish it would choke him, Sim," said she fervently, then lifted up her mouth and dropped a swooning eyelash over her passionate orbs.

"Adorable creature," he thought; "she'll have rat-bane in his broth some day." He kissed her with no more fervour than if she had been a wooden figurehead, but she was not thus to be accepted: she put an arm quickly round his neck and pressed her passionate lips to his. Back he drew wincing. "Oh, damnation!" he cried.

"What's the matter?" she exclaimed in wonder, and turned to assure herself that it was not that some one spied from the inner door, for MacTaggart's face had become exceeding pale.

"Nothing, nothing," he replied; "you are—you are so ferocious."

"Am I, Sim?" said she. "Who taught me? Oh, Sim," she went on pleadingly, "be good to me. I'm sick, I'm *sick* of life, and you don't show you care for me a little bit. Do you love me, Sim?"

"Heavens!" he cried, "you would ask the question fifty times a-day if you had the opportunity."

"It would need a hundred times a-day to keep up with your changing moods. Do you love me, Sim?" She was smiling with the most pathetic appeal in her face.

"You look beautiful in that gown, Kate," said he irrelevantly, not looking at it at all but out at the window where showed the gabbarts tossing in the bay and the sides of the hill of Dunchuach all splashed with gold and crimson leafage.

"Never mind my gown, Sim," said she, stamping her foot and pulling at the buttons of his coat. "Once—oh, Sim, do you love me? Tell me, tell me, tell me! Whether you do or not, say it, you used to be such a splendid liar."

"It was no lie," said he curtly; then to himself, "Oh, Lord, give me patience with this! and I have brought it on myself."

"It *was* no lie. Oh, Sim!" (And still she was turning wary eyes upon the door that led to her husband's retirement.) "It *was* no lie; you're left neither love nor courtesy. Oh, never mind! say you love me, Sim, whether it's true or not: that's what it's come to with me."

"Of course I do," said he.

"Of course what?"

"Of course I love you." He smiled, but at heart he grimaced.

"I don't believe you," said she, from custom waiting his protestation. But the Duke's Chamberlain was in no mood for protestations. He looked at her high temples made bald by the twisted papilottes, and wondered how he could have thought that bold shoulder beautiful.

"I'm in a great hurry, Kate," said he. "Sorry to go, but there's my horse at the ring to prove the hurry I'm in!"

"I know, I know; you're always in a hurry now with me: it wasn't always so. Do you hear the brute?" Her husband's squeaky voice querulously shouting on a servant came to them from behind.

The servant immediately after came to the door with an intimation that Mr Petullo desired to know where the spirit-bottle was.

"He knows very well," said Mrs Petullo. "Here is the key—no, I'll take it to him myself."

"It's not the drink he wants, but me, the pig," said she as the servant withdrew. "Kiss me good afternoon, Sim."

"I wish to God it was good-bye!" thought he as he smacked her vulgarly, like a clown at a country fair.

She drew her hand across her mouth, and her eyes flashed indignation.

"There's something between us, Simon," said she in an altered tone; "it used not to be like that."

"Indeed it did not," he thought bitterly, and not for the first time he missed something in her—some spirit of simplicity, freshness, flower-bloom, and purity that he had sought for, seen in many women, and found elusive, as the frost finds the bloom of flowers he would begem.

Her husband shrieked again, and with mute gestures they parted.

The Chamberlain threw himself upon his horse as 'twere a mortal enemy, dug rowel-deep in the shuddering flesh, and the hoof-beats thundered on the causey-stones. The beast whinnied in its pain, reared, and backed to the breast wall of the bay. He lashed it wildly over the eyes with his whip, and they galloped up the roadway. A storm of fury possessed him; he saw nothing, heard nothing.

CHAPTER XIV.—GLAMOUR.

Count Victor came through the woods from Strongara singularly disturbed by the inexplicable sense of familiarity which rose from his meeting with the horseman. It was a dry day and genial, yet with hints of rain on the horizon

and white caps to the waves, betokening perhaps a storm not far distant. Children were in the wood of Dunderave—ruddy shy children, gathering nuts and blackberries, with merriment haunting the landscape as it were in a picture

by Watteau or a tale of the classics, where such figures happily move for ever and for ever in the golden glammers of man's God-given thought. Little elves they seemed to Count Victor as he came upon them over an eminence, and saw them for the first time through the trees under tall oaks and pines, among whose pillars they moved as if in fairy cloisters, the sea behind them shining with a vivid and stinging blue.

He had come upon them frowning, his mind full of doubts as to the hazards of his adventure in Argyll, convinced almost that the Baron of Doom was right, and that the needle in the haystack was no more hopeless a quest than that he had set out on, and the spectacle of their innocence in the woodland soothed him like a psalm in a cathedral as he stood to watch. Unknowing of his presence there, they ran and played upon the grass, their lips stained with the berry-juice, their pillow-slips of nuts gathered beneath a bush of whin. They laughed, and chanted merry rhymes: a gaiety their humble clothing lent them touched the thickets with romance.

In other circumstances than fate had set about his life, I do not know but what Count Victor might have been a good man—a good man not in the common sense that means paying the way, telling the truth, showing the open hand, respecting the law, going to Mass, loyalty to the woman and to a friend, but in the rare wide manner that com-

prehends all these, and has its growth in human affection and religious faith. He loved birds; animals ever found him soft-handed; as for children—the *petites*—God bless them! was he not used to stand at his window at home and glow to see them playing in the street? And as he watched the urchins in the wood of Dunderave, far from the scenes he knew, children babbling in an uncouth language whose smallest word he could not comprehend, he felt an elevation of his spirit that he indulged by sitting on the grass above them, looking to their play and listening to their laughter as if it were an opera.

He forgot his fears, his apprehensions, his ignoble little emprise of revenge; he felt a better man, and he had his reward as one shall ever have who sits a space with childish merriment and woodland innocence. In his case it was something more direct and tangible than the immaterial efflux of the soul, though that too was not wanting: he saw the signal kerchief being placed outside the window, that otherwise, reaching home too early, he had missed.

"It is my last chance if I leave to-morrow," he thought. "I shall satisfy myself as to the nocturnal visitor, the magic flautist, and the bewildering Annapla—and probably find the mystery as simple as the egg in the conjurer's bottle when all's ended!"

That night he yawned behind his hand at supper in the midst of his host's account of his interview with Petullo the

Writer, who had promised to secure lodging for Count Victor in a day or two, and the Baron showed no disinclination to conclude their somewhat dull seclusion and consent to an early retirement.

"I have something pressing to do before I go to bed myself," he said, restoring by that simple confession some of Count Victor's first suspicions. They were to be confirmed before an hour was past.

He went up to his room and weighed his duty to himself and to some unshaped rules of courtesy and conduct that he had inherited from a house more renowned for its sense of ceremonial honour, perhaps, than for commoner virtues. His instinct as a stranger in a most remarkable dwelling, creeping with mystery and with numberless evidences of things sinister and perhaps malevolent, told him it was fair to make a reconnaissance, even if no more was to be discovered than a servant's sordid amours. On the other hand, he could not deny to himself that there was what the Baroness de Chenier would have called the little Lyons shopkeeper in the suspicions he had against his host, and in the steps he proposed to take to satisfy his curiosity. He might have debated the situation with himself till midnight, or as long as Mungo's two candles lasted him, had not a shuffling and cautious step upon the stair suggested that some one was climbing to the unused chambers above. Putting punctilio in his pocket, he threw open his door, and had before him a much-perplexed

Master of Doom, wrapped from neck to heel in a great plaid of sombre tartan and carrying a candle!

Doom stammered an inaudible excuse or explanation.

"Pardon!" said Count Victor, ironically in spite of himself, as he saw his host's abashed countenance. "I fear I intrude on a masquerade. Pray do not mind me. It was that I thought the upper flat uninhabited and no one awake but myself."

"You have me somewhat at a disadvantage," said Doom coldly, resenting the irony. "I'll explain afterwards."

"Positively there is no necessity," replied Count Victor with a profound bow, and he re-entered and shut the door.

There was no longer any debate between punctilio and precaution. He had seen the bulge of the dagger below Macnaughton's plaid, and the plaid itself had not been drawn too closely round the wearer to conceal wholly the unaccountable fact that he had a Highland dress beneath it. A score of reasons for this eccentric affair came to Montaiglon, but all of them were disquieting, not the least so the notion that his host conspired perhaps with the Macfarlanes, who sought their revenge for their injured clansman. He armed himself with his sword, blew out his candles, and throwing himself upon his bed lay waiting for the signal he expected. In spite of himself sleep stole on him twice, and he awakened each time to find an hour was gone.

It was a night of pouring rain. Great drops beat on the little window, a gargoyle poured

a noisy stream of water, and a loud sea cried off the land and broke upon the outer edge of the rock of Doom. A loud sea and ominous, and it was hard for Count Victor in that welter of midnight voices to hear the call of an owl, yet it came to him by and by, as he expected, with its repetition. And then the flageolet with its familiar and baffling melody, floating on a current of the wind that piped about the castle vents and sobbed upon the stairs. He opened his door, looked into the depths that yawned with mouldering steps into the basement and upwards to the flight where the Baron had been going. Whether he should carry his inquiry further or retire and shut his door again with a forced indifference to these perplexing events was but the toss of a coin. As he listened a slight sound at the foot of the stair—the sound of a door softly closed and a bar run in deep channels—decided him, and he waited to confound the master of Doom.

In the darkness the stern walls about him seemed to weigh upon his heart, and so imbued with vague terrors that he unsheathed his sword. A light revealed itself upon the stair; he drew back into his room, but left the door open, and when the bearer of the light came in front of his door he could have cried out loudly in astonishment, for it was not the Baron but a woman, and no woman that he had seen before, or had any reason to suspect the presence of in Doom Castle. They discovered each other simultaneously, — she, a

handsome foreigner fumbling to put a rapier behind him in discreet concealment, much astounded; he, a woman no more than twenty, in her dress and manner all incongruous with this savage domicile.

In his after years it was Count Victor's most vivid impression that her eyes had first given him the embarrassment that kept him dumb in her presence for a minute after she had come upon him thus strangely ensconced in the dark corridor. It was those eyes—the eyes of the woman born and bred by seas unchanging yet never the same; unfathomable, yet always inviting to the guess, the passionate surmise—that told him first here was a maiden made for love. A figure tremulous with a warm grace, a countenance perfect in its form, full of a natural gravity, yet quick to each emotion, turning from the pallor of sudden alarm to the flush of shyness or vexation. Oh, she was all made for love! The mountains had stood around to shelter her, and she was like the harebell of the hills. Had she been the average of her sex he would have met her with a front of brass; instead there was confusion in his utterance and his mien. He bowed extremely low.

"Madame; pardon! I—I—was awakened by music, and——"

Her silence, unaccompanied even by a smile at the ridiculous nature of the rencontre, and the proud sobriety of her visage, quickened him to a bolder sentiment than he had at first meditated.

"I was awakened by music,

and it seems appropriate. With madame's permission I shall return to earth."

His foolish words perhaps did not quite reach her: the wind eddied noisily in the stair, that seemed, in the light from his open door, to gulp the blackest blackness. Perhaps she did not hear, perhaps she did not fully understand, for she hesitated more than a moment as if pondering, not a whit astonished or abashed, with her eyes upon his countenance. Count Victor wished to God that he had lived a cleaner life: somehow he felt that there were lines upon his face betraying him.

"I am sorry to have been the cause of your disturbance," she said at last, calmly, in a voice with the music of lulled little waves running on fairy isles in summer weather, almost without a trace that English was not her natural tongue, and that faint innuendo of the mountain melody but adding to the charm of her accent.

Count Victor ridiculously pulled at his moustache, troubled by this *sang froid* where he might naturally have looked for perturbation.

"Pardon, I demand your pardon!" was all that he could say, looking at the curl upon her shoulder that seemed uncommon white against the silk of her Indian shawl that veiled her form. She saw his gaze, instinctively drew closer her screen, then reddened at her error in so doing.

He had the woman there!

"Pardon," he repeated. "It is ridiculous of me, but I have heard the signals and the music

more than once and wondered. I did not know"—he smiled the smile of the *flâneur*—"I did not know it was, let me say Orpheus and Eurydice, Orpheus with his lyre restored from among the constellations, and forgetting something of its old wonder. Madame, I hope Orpheus will not enrheum himself by his serenading."

Her lips parted slightly, her eyes chilled—an indescribable thing, but a plain lesson for a man who knew her sex, and Count Victor in that haughty instinct of her flesh and eye saw that here was not the place for the approach and opening of flippant parlours in the Rue Beautreillis.

"I fear I have not intruded for the first time," he went on, in a different tone. "It must have been your chamber I somewhat unceremoniously broke into last night. Till this moment the presence of a lady in Doom Castle had not occurred to me—at least I had come to consider the domestic was the only one of her sex we had here."

"It is easily explained," said the lady, losing some of her hauteur, and showing a touch of eagerness to be set right in the stranger's eye.

"There is positively not the necessity," protested Count Victor, realising a move gained, and delaying his withdrawal a moment longer.

"But you must understand that—" she went on.

Again he interrupted as courteously as he might. "The explanation is due from me, madame: I protest," said he, and she pouted. It gave her a look so bewitching, so much

the aspect of a tempest bound in a cobweb, that he was compelled to smile, and for the life of her she could not but respond with a similar display. It seemed, when he saw her smile through her clouds, that he had wandered blindly through the world till now. France, far-off in sunshine, brimming with laughter and song, its thousand interests, its innumerable happy associations, were of little account to the fact that now he was in the castle of Doom, under the same roof with a woman who charmed magic flutes, who endowed the dusks with mystery and surprise. The night piped from the vaults, the crumbling walls hummed with the incessant wind and the vibration of the tempestuous sea; upon the outer stones the gargoyles poured their noisy waters—but this, but this was Paradise!

"The explanation must be mine," said he. "I was prying upon no amour, but seeking to confirm some vague alarms and suspicions."

"They were, perhaps, connected with my father," she said, with a divination that Count Victor had occasion to remember again.

"Your father!" he exclaimed, astonished that one more of his misconceptions should be thus dispelled. "Then I have been guilty of the unpardonable liberty of spying upon my hostess."

"A droll hostess, I must say, and I am the black-affronted woman," said she, "but through no fault of mine. I am in my own good father's house, and

still, in a way, a stranger in it, and that is a hard thing. But you must not distrust my father: you will find, I think, before very long, that all the odd affairs in this house have less to do with him than with his daughter Olivia."

She blushed again as she introduced her name, but with a sensitiveness that Count Victor found perfectly entrancing.

"My dear mademoiselle," he said, wishing the while he had had a *friseur* at the making of his toilet that morning, as he ran his fingers over his beard and the thick brown hair that slightly curled above his brow,—"my dear mademoiselle, I feel pestilently like a fool and a knave to have placed myself in this position in any way to your annoyance. I hope I may have the opportunity before I leave Doom of proffering an adequate apology."

He expected her to leave him then, and he had a foot retired, preparing to re-enter his room, but there was a hesitancy in her manner that told him she had something more to say. She bit her nether lip—the orchards of Cammercy, he told himself, never bred a cherry a thousandth part so rich and so inviting even to look at in candle-light; a shy dubiety hovered round her eyes. He waited her pleasure to speak.

"Perhaps," said she softly, relinquishing her brave demeanour—"perhaps it might be well that—that my father knew nothing of this meeting, or—or—or of what led to it."

"Mademoiselle Olivia," said Count Victor, "I am—what do

you call it?—a somnambulist. In that condition it has sometimes been my so good fortune to wander into the most odd and ravishing situations. But as it happens, *hélas!* I can never recall a single incident of them when I waken in the morning. *Ma foi!* (he remembered that even yet his suspicions of the Baron were unsatisfied), "I would with some pleasure become a nocturnal conspirator myself, and I have all the necessary qualities—romance, enterprise, and sympathy."

"Mungo knows all," said the lady; "Mungo will explain."

"With infinite deference, mademoiselle, Mungo shall not be invited to do anything of the kind."

"But he must," said she firmly. "It is due to myself as well as to you, and I shall tell him to do so."

"Your good taste and judg-

ment, mademoiselle, are your instructors. Permit me."

He took the candlestick from her hands, gravely led the way to her chamber door, and at the threshold restored the light with an excess of polite posturing not without its whimsicality. As she took the candlestick she looked in his face with a twinkle of amusement in her eyes, giving her a vivacity not hitherto betrayed.

Guessing but half the occasion of her smiles, he cried abruptly and not without confusion, "Ah! you were the amused observer of my farce in wading across from the shore. *Peste!*"

"Indeed and I was!" said she, smiling all the more brightly at the scene recalled. "Good-night!"

And, more of a rogue than Count Victor had thought her, she disappeared into her chamber, leaving him to find his way back to his own.

CHAPTER XV.—A RAY OF LIGHT.

For the remainder of the night Count Victor's sleep was delicious or disturbed by dreams in which the gloomy habitation of that strange Highland country was lit with lamps—the brightest a woman's eyes. Sometimes she was Cecile, dancing—all abandoned, a child of dalliance, a nymph irresolute—to the music of a flageolet; sometimes another whose radiance fascinated, whose presence yet had terror, for (in the manner of dreams that at their maddest have some far-compassing and tremendous phil-

osophy such as in the waking world is found in poems) she was more than herself, she was the other also, at least sharing the secrets of that great sisterhood of immaculate and despoiled, and, looking in his face, compelled to see his utter unworthiness.

He rose early and walked in the narrow garden, still sodden with rain though a bold warm sun shone high to the east. For ordinary he was not changeable, but an Olivia in Doom made a difference: those mouldering walls contained her;

she looked out on the sea from those high peering windows; that bower would sometimes shelter her; those alien breezes flowing continually round Doom were privileged to kiss her hair. Positively there seems no great reason, after all, why he should be so precipitate in his removal to the town! Indeed (he told himself with the smile of his sub-conscious self at the subterfuge) there was a risk of miscarriage for his mission among tattling *aubergistes*, lawyers, and merchants. He was positively vexed when he encountered Mungo, and that functionary informed him that though he was early afoot the Baron was earlier still, and off to the burgh to arrange for his new lodgings. This precipitancy seemed unpleasantly like haste to be rid of him.

"Ah," said he to the little servant, "your master is so good, so kind, so attentive. Yet I do not wonder, for your Highland hospitality is renowned. I have heard much of it from the dear exiles—Glengarry *par exemple*, when he desired to borrow the cost of a litre or the price of the diligence to Dunquerque in the season when new-come Scots were reaching there in a humour to be fleeced by a compatriot with three languages at command and the boast of connections with Versailles."

Mungo quite comprehended.

"Sir," said he with some feeling, "there was never bed nor board grudged at Doom. It's like father like son a' through them. The Baron's great-gutcher, auld Alan, ance

thought the place no' braw enough for the eye o' a grand pairty o' Irish nobility that had bidden themself's to see him, and the day they were to come he burned the place hauf doon. It was grand summer weather, and he camped them i' the park behin' there, sparing time nor money nor device in their entertainment. Ye see what might hae been a kin' o' penury in a castle was the very extravagance o' luxury in a camp. A hole in the hose is an accident nae gentleman need be ashamed o', but the same darned is a disgrace, bein' poverty confessed, as Annapla says."

It was a touchy servant this, Montaiglon told himself—somewhat sharper, too, than he had thought: he must hazard no unkind ironies upon the master.

"Charming, charming! good Mungo," said he. "The expedient might have been devised by my own great-grandfather—a gentleman of—of—of commercial pursuits in Lyons city. I am less fastidious perhaps than the Irish, being very glad to take Doom Castle as I have the honour to find it."

"But ye're thinkin' the Baron is in a hurry to billet ye elsewhere," said the servant bluntly.

In an ordinary lackey this boldness would have been too much for Count Victor; in this grotesque, so much in love, it seemed, with his employer, and so much his familiar and friend in a ridiculous Scots fashion, the impertinence appeared pardonable. Besides, he blamed himself for the ill-breeding of his own irony.

"That, if I may be permitted to point it out, is not for us to consider, Monsieur Mungo," said he. "I have placed myself unreservedly in the Baron's hands, and if he considers it good for my indifferent health that I should change the air and take up my residence a little farther along your delightful coast while my business as a wine merchant from Bordeaux is marching, I have no doubt he has reason."

A smile he made no effort to conceal stole over Mungo's visage.

"Wine merchant frae Bordeaux!" he cried. "I've seen a hantle o' them hereabouts at the fish-curin' season, but they cam' in gabbarts to French Foreland, and it wasna usual for them to hae Coont to their names or whingers to their hips. It was mair ordinar the ink-horn at their belts and the sporran at their groins."

"A malediction on the creature's shrewdness!" said Count Victor inwardly, while outwardly he simply smiled back.

"The red wine is my specialty," said he, patting his side where the hilt of his sword should be. "My whinger, as you call it, is an auger: who the devil ever broached a pipe of Scots spirits with a pen-knife? But I see you are too much in the confidence of the Baron for there to be any necessity of concealment between us."

"H'm!" exclaimed Mungo dryly, as who has a sense of being flattered too obviously. "The Baron's a bairn, like a' true gentlemen I've seen, and he kens me lang enough and

likes me weel enough to mak' nae secret o' what it were to a'bodys advantage should be nae secret to Mungo Byde. In this place I'm sentinel, spy, and garrison; it wad ill become the officer in command to let me be doin' my wark withoot some clue to the maist important pairt o't. Ye're here on a search for ane Drimdarroch."

"You are a wizard, Monsieur Mungo!" cried Montaignon, not without chagrin at Doom's handing over so vast and vital a secret to a menial.

"Ay, and ye might think it droll that I should ken that; but I be't to ken it, for there's mony a plot against my maister, and nae foreigner comes inside thae wa's whase pedigree I canna hae an inklin' o'. Ye're here after Drimdarroch, and ye're no' very sure aboot your host, and that's the last thing I wad haggle wi' ye aboot, for your error'll come to ye by-and-by."

Count Victor waved a deprecating hand.

"Oh, I ken a' aboot what mak's ye sae suspicious," went on Mungo, undisturbed, "and it's a thing I could mak' clear to ye in a quarter-hoor's crack if I had his permission. Tak' my word for't, there's no' a better man wi' his feet in brogues this day than the Baron o' Doom. He should be searchin' the warld wi' the sword o' his faithers (and the same he can use), but the damned thing is the warld for him doesna gang by the snout o' Cowal and the pass o' Glencroe. He had a wife ance; she's dead and buried in Kilmorich; noo

he's doited on his hame and his dochter——"

"The charming Olivia!" cried Count Victor, thinking in one detail at all events to surprise this little custodian of all the secrets.

"Ye met her last night," said Mungo calmly, seeming to enjoy the rapidity with which his proofs of omniscience could be put forth. "That's half the secret. Ye were daunderin' aboot the lobby wi' thae fine French manners I hae heard o'—frae the French theirsels,—and wha' wad blame ye in a hoose like this? And ye're early up the day, but the lass was up earlier to tell me o' your meeting. She had to come to me before Annapla was aboot, for Annapla's no' in this part o' the ploy at all."

"I protest I have no head for charades," said Count Victor, with a gesture of bewilderment. "I do not know what you mean."

Mungo chuckled with huge satisfaction.

"Man, it's as plain's par-ridge! There's a gentleman in the toon doon by that's a hot wooer, and daddy's for nane o' his kind roon' Doom; d'ye tak' me?"

"But still—but still——"

"But still the trystin' gaes on, ye were aboot to say. That's very true, Coont, but it's only the like o' you and me that has nae dochters to plague oorsel's wi' that can guess the like o' that. Ay, it gaes on as ye say, and that's where me and Miss Olivia maun put oor trust in you. In this affair I'll admit I'm a traitor in the camp

—at least to the camp commander, but I think it's in a good cause. The lassie's fair aff her heid, and nae wonder, for he's a fine mak o' a man."

"And a good one, I hope?" interjected Count Victor.

"Humph!" said Mungo. "I thocht that wasna laid muckle stress on in France. He's a takin' deevil, and the kind's but middlin' morally, sae far as I hae had ony experience o' them. Guid or bad, Miss Olivia, nae further gane nor last Friday, refused to promise she wad gie up meetin' him,—though she's the gem o' dochters, God bless her bonny een! His lordship got up in a tirravee and ordered her to her room, wi' Annapla for warder, till he should mak' arrangements for sending her to his guid-sister's in the low country. Your comin' found us in a kin' o' confusion, but ye might hae spared yersel' my trepannin' in the tolbooth upstairs, and met her in a mair becomin' way at her faither's table if it hadna been for Annapla."

"For Annapla?" repeated Montaignon.

"Oh, ay! Annapla has the Gift, ye ken. Do ye think I wad hae been sae ceevil the ither nicht to her when she was yelping on the stair-heid if it hadna been her repute for the Evil E'e? Ye may lauch, but I could tell tales o' Annapla's capacity. The night afore ye cam' she yoked himsel' on his jyling the lassie, though she's the last that wad thrav him. 'Oh,' said he, 'ye're a' tarred wi' the ae stick: if ye connive at his comin' here without my

kennin', I'll gie him death wi' his boots on!' It was in the Gaelic this, ye maun ken; Annapla gied me't efter. 'Boots here, boots there,' quo' she, 'love's the fine adventurer, and I see by the *griosach*' (that's the fire-embers, ye ken; between the ash o' a peat and the creesh o' a candle thae kin' o' witches can tell ye things frae noo to Hogmanay)—'I see by the *griosach*,' says she, 'that this ane'll come wi' his bare feet.' It staggered him; oh, ay! it staggered him a bit. 'Barefit or brogues,' said he, 'she'll see no man from this till the day she gaes.' And he's the man to keep his word; but it looks as though we might shuffle the pack noo and start a new game, for the plans o' flittin' her to Dunbarton hae fallen through, I hear, and he'll hae to produce her before ye leave."

"I'm in no hurry," said Count Victor, coolly twisting his moustache.

"What! To hae her produced?" said the little man slyly.

"*Farceur!* No, to leave."

"Indeed is that sae?" asked Mungo in a quite new tone, and reddening. "H'm! Ye may hae come barefit, but the ither ane hae the preference."

"He has my sincere felicitations, I assure you," said Count Victor, "and I can only hope he is worthy of the honour of Master Mungo's connivance and the lady's devotion."

"Oh! *he's* a' richt! It's only a whim o' Doom's that mak's him discoontenance the fellow. I'll allow the gentleman has a name

for gallantry and debt, and a wheen mair genteel vices that's neither here nor there, but he's a pretty lad. He's the man for my fancy—six feet tall, a back like a board, and an e'e like lightning. And he's nane the waur o' ha'in' a great interest in Mungo Byde's stories."

"Decidedly a diplomatist!" said Count Victor, laughing. "I always loved an enthusiast; go on—go on, good Mungo. And so he is my nocturnal owl, my flautist of the bower, my Orpheus of the mountains. Does the gifted Annapla also connive, and are hers the window signals?"

"Annapla ken's naething o' that——"

"The—what do you call it? —the Second Sight appears to have its limitations."

"At least if it does she's nane the less willin' to be an unconscious aid, and put a flag at the window at the biddin' o' Olivia to keep the witches awa'. The same flag that keeps aff a witch may easily fetch a bogle. There's but ae time noo and then when it's safe for the lad to venture frae the mainland, and for that there must be a signal o' some kind, otherwise, if I ken his spirit, he wad never be aff this rock. I'm tellin' ye a' that by Mistress Olivia's command, and noo ye're in the plot like the lave o' us."

Mungo heaved a deep breath as if relieved of a burden.

"Still—still," said Count Victor, "one hesitates to mention it to so excellent a custodian of the family reputation, —still there are other things to

me somewhat—somewhat crepuscular.”

His deprecatory smile and the gesture of his hands and shoulders conveyed his meaning.

“Ye’re thinkin’ o’ the Baron in kilts,” said Mungo bluntly. He smiled oddly. “That’s the funniest bit of all. If ye’re here a while langer that’ll be plain to ye too. Between the darkest secrets and oor understanding o’ them there’s whiles but a rag, and that minds me that Mistress Olivia was behin’ the arras tapestry chitterin’ wi’ fright when ye broke in by her window. Sirs! sir! what times we’re ha’in’; there’s ploy in the world yet, and me unable—tits! I’m no’ that auld either. And faith here’s himsel’.”

Mungo punctiliously saluted his master as that gentleman emerged beneath the frowning doorway and joined Count Victor in the dejected garden, lifted the faggot of firewood he had laid at his feet during his talk with the visitor, and sought his kitchen.

In Doom’s aspect there was restraint: Count Victor shared the feeling, for now he realised that in some respects, at all events, he had been doing an injustice to his host.

“I find, M. le Count,” said Doom, after some trivial introductions, “that you cannot be accommodated in the inn down bye for some days yet—possibly another week. The Circuit Court has left a pack of the legal gentlemen and jurymen there who will not be persuaded to return to Edinburgh so long as the cellar at the inn holds out, and my doer, Mr Petullo,

expresses a difficulty in getting any other lodging.”

“I regret exceedingly——”

“No regret at all, M. le Count,” said Doom, “no regret at all, unless it be that you must put up with a while longer of a house that must be very dull to you. It is my privilege and pleasure to have you here—without prejudice to your mission—and the only difficulty there might be about it has been removed through—through—through your meeting with my daughter Olivia. I learn you met her on the stair last night. Well—it would look droll, I daresay, to have encountered that way and no word of her existence from me, but—but—but there has been a little disagreement between us. I hope I am a decently indulgent father, M. le Count, but——”

“You see before you one with great shame of his awkwardness, Baron,” said Montaignon. “Ordinarily I should respect a host’s privacy to the extent that I should walk a hundred miles round rather than stumble upon it, but this time I do not know whether to blame myself for my gaucherie or feel pleased that for once it brought me into good company. Mungo has just hinted with his customary discretion at the cause of the mystery. I sympathise with the father; I am, with the daughter, *très charmé* and——”

This hint of the gallant slightly ruffled Doom.

“Chut!” he cried. “The man with an only daughter had need be a man of patience.

I have done my best with this Olivia of mine. She lost her mother when a child" — an accent of infinite tenderness here came to his voice. "These woods and this shore and this lonely barn of ours, all robbed of what once made it a palace to me and mine, were, I fancied, uncongenial to her spirit, and I sent her to the Lowlands. She came back educated as they call it—I think she brought back as good a heart as she took away, but singularly little tolerance sometimes for the life in the castle of Doom. It has been always the town for her these six months, always the town, for there she fell in with a fellow who is no fancy of mine."

Count Victor listened sympathetically, somewhat envying the lover, reviving in his mental vision the figure he had seen first twelve hours ago or less. He was brought to a more vivid interest in the story by the altered tone of Doom, who seemed to sour at the very mention of the unwelcome cavalier.

"Count," said he, "it's the failing of the sex—the very best of them, because the simplest and the sweetest—that they will prefer a fool to a wise man and a rogue to a gentleman. They're blind, because the rogue is for ever showing off his sham good qualities till they shine better than an ordinary decent man's may. To my eyes, if not quite to my knowledge, this man is as great a scoundrel as was ever left

unhung. It's in his look—well, scarcely so, to tell the truth, but something of it is in his mouth as well as in his history, and sooner than see my daughter take up for life with a creature of his stamp I would have her in her grave beside her mother. Unluckily, as I say, the man's a plausible rogue: that's the most dangerous rogue of all, and the girl's blind to all but the virtues and graces he makes a display of. I'll forgive Petullo his cheatry in the common way of his craft sooner than his introduction of such a man to my girl."

To all this Count Victor could no more than murmur his sympathy, but he had enough of the young gallant in him to make some mental reservations in favour of the persistent wooer. It was an alluring type this haunter of the midnight bower and melancholy sweet breather in the classic reed. All the wooers of only daughters, he reminded himself, as well all the sweethearts of only sons, were unworthy in the eyes of parents, and probably Mungo's unprejudiced attitude towards the conspiring lovers was quite justified by the wooer's real character in spite of the ill repute of his history. He reflected that this confidence of Doom's left unexplained his own masquerade of the previous night, but he gave no whisper to the thought, and had indeed forgotten it by evening, when for the first time Olivia joined them at her father's table.

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, PAST AND PRESENT.

WRONGLY or rightly, the House of Commons has long enjoyed the reputation of being the best club in London—that is to say, in the world. Whether this epithet is a truism or a fallacy is no great matter. It is certain that nowhere else, within such a limited space, can you find a more varied and interesting society—men of all ages and all types of character, most of them eminent, many of them accomplished, and though divided into political groups and parties, united by a strong fellow-feeling of *camaraderie* and a no less strong *esprit de corps*. In that sense, the House of Commons is one of the pleasantest and most sociable of clubs as well as the most exclusive; but if it is a question of personal comfort or convenience, it cannot be compared for a moment with such luxurious and well-managed institutions as the Travellers', or the Athenæum, or "The Rag,"—indeed it is hardly as good as one of the huge modern caravanserais on the Thames Embankment. There have, of course, been various improvements effected in recent years—the electric light, the telephone, and the lifts to the ladies' and reporters' galleries; but in other respects the House of Commons is still strangely behind the times. No self-respecting member ever dines there if he can dine elsewhere. Mr Gladstone is said to have

dined there only once in the sixty years of his parliamentary career. The cooking (with the exception of the grill) is that of a third-class restaurant; the stock of wine is small, and there is no great variety of choice; the smoking-rooms are badly ventilated, and are often so crowded that it is difficult to breathe or see through the thick fumes of tobacco; the corridors and passages are swept by all the winds of Æolus: in fact, as a member, just returned from the front, remarked on being complimented on his healthy appearance, "If you can stand the atmosphere of the House, you need have no fear of the climate out there." The conditions of life in Parliament are certainly hard enough to try the strongest constitution; and Sir George Trevelyan's description of it in Macaulay's time fifty years ago holds good at the present day:—

"The tedious and exhausting routine of a political existence; waiting whole evenings for the vote, and then walking half a mile at a foot's pace round and round the crowded lobbies; dining amidst clamour and confusion, with a division of twenty minutes long between two of the mouthfuls; trudging home at three in the morning through the slush of a February thaw; and sitting behind Ministers in the centre of a closely packed bench during the hottest weeks of a London summer."

But in Macaulay's day our statesmen were of a hardier and more robust type than the present race of politicians. They seem to have had cast-

iron nerves, and appetites and digestions to match. They dined off a huge beef-steak and a bottle of port, while their grandsons are content with a cutlet and a lemon-squash. And yet they lived to a good old age. We hear of Lord Brougham at the age of seventy "drinking two bottles of port at dinner, going to bed upon half a bottle of peat-reek (whisky), and turning out at daylight to shoot teal"; and Lord Lyndhurst at the age of ninety "supping off hot boiled lobster and champagne." Mr Kinnear, an old parliamentary hand, tells us that he remembers seeing "Mr Disraeli drinking, as the prelude to a big speech, a pint of port wine at the buffet in the Commons' lobby, dressed in a green coat, a buff waistcoat, and snuff-coloured trousers." This seems a modest potation under the circumstances, but Mr Kinnear adds that Disraeli came back and had another pint later on.

The little book from which we have quoted the above is written with the facile pen and light touch of the practised reporter.¹ It gives a readable and lively account of the House of Commons, in all its forms and aspects—the Speaker, the Whips, the Lobby, the Terrace, and so forth—and will be a useful guide to the *fin-de-siècle* M.P. as well as to the stranger from beyond the seas. As that ingenious traveller, Count Smorltork, remarked to Mr Pickwick: "The word Poltics

surprises by himself." It does indeed: the Count was right. Politics, as embodied in the House of Commons, is a never-failing source of wonder to the intelligent foreigner. He admires the grand pile of Gothic buildings and the stately approach through the Hall of Rufus, and he is impressed by the little procession through the lobby when the stalwart constable on duty calls out, "Hats off for Mr Speaker," and the First Commoner of England passes on his way, bland and dignified, with the mace borne solemnly before him. But inside the swing-doors there seems an utter absence of the state and ceremonial which a stranger expects to find in the oldest legislative assembly in the world. There is no tribune; there are no desks. Members come and go at their own sweet will; they gossip and make jokes; they lounge upon the benches with their hands in their pockets and their hats on their heads, only uncovering when they address the Chair. The Speaker alone represents the traditional majesty of Parliament. In one sense he is "the humble servant," the nominee, of the House, and has no eyes or ears except to interpret its wishes. He can do nothing except by the initiative and the sanction of the members themselves. Though he is a despot and his will is law, he cannot exercise his authority unless called upon to do so. The utmost penalty he can

¹ Our House of Commons. Its Realities and Romance. By Alfred Kinnear. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1900.

inflict upon a disorderly member is to call him by his name. Nothing is more striking than the strict observance of ancient forms and ceremonies which accompanies the election and installation of the Speaker at the beginning of a new Parliament; and no one could have spoken with more grace and dignity than Mr Balfour when he recently proposed the re-election of Mr Gully in a few well-chosen sentences:—

“After all, this House is what it is, not merely by virtue of the rules of debate, which it obeys, or the skill and impartiality with which those rules are administered from the Chair. There is a spirit that presides over this Assembly which is something more than any rule, which no manipulation of your Standing Orders will afford if you have it not, and which is sufficiently large to supplement any defect which our rules may possess. That spirit has survived the shock of faction, great constitutional changes, immense extensions of the franchise, great and inevitable changes in the political forces which the Empire obeys.”

The “spirit” of the House to which Mr Balfour alludes above is that subtle and all-pervading atmosphere which cannot be defined, which defies analysis, but an insight into which is the first and absolutely necessary quality for a statesman. Disraeli probably possessed this quality in a higher degree than any Minister before or since his time. He knew the House in all its moods and humours; he could play upon its passions as a man plays upon a key-bugle. The prosaic reports in Hansard and the ‘Times’ give only the faintest idea of the fascination of his style, “the minute rhetorical effects which moved his

audience so powerfully; the alterations of voice, the pauses, the grand gestures,” and, we may add to that, the deep and melodious voice which penetrated, with scarcely an effort on the speaker’s part, to the farthest corners of the House,—all these are utterly lost upon the reader of a debate. Certainly we have no conception of the extraordinary enthusiasm, of the vociferous applause not only from his own side of the House, but from the opposite benches—from the very men whom he had been assailing for hours with merciless rhetoric and sarcasm. It is to Sir William Fraser that we owe these details of the effect produced by the greatest master of rhetoric of modern times; and it is worth while quoting his description of one of Disraeli’s greatest oratorical efforts in 1852, in which he denounced the policy of the Coalition of the Whigs and Peelites:—

“He completed his speech in these words, ‘Yes! I know what I have to face!’ looking at the bench on which Sir Robert Peel’s former supporters sat, opposite, to his right, ‘I know that I am opposed by a Coalition. (Tremendous cheering.) That Coalition may be successful, as Coalitions have been before now.’ Then raising his right hand, and speaking in his loudest voice, a voice that became more melodious as it grew louder, ‘But Coalitions are short-lived!’ He paused while his party cheered. Then, ‘England does not love Coalitions!’ bringing his right hand down on the table in front of him. He ended this most brilliant oration with these words, uttered in a most impassioned tone, ‘I appeal from this Coalition to the Public Opinion which governs this country; whose mild and irresistible influence can control even the decrees of Parliaments; and without whose support the most

august and ancient institutions are but the "baseless fabric of a vision"!,"¹

On a division the Government were beaten by nineteen votes. "Ten seats would have changed their fate and the fate of Europe," for they would have averted the Crimean War, and saved the nation millions of money and many thousands of brave lives.

Returning to our subject, there can be no question that a parliamentary life quickens and stimulates the highest faculties of man—in fact, as Mr Gladstone once put it, "it is a great and noble school for the creation of all the qualities of force, suppleness, and versatility of intellect." Then again there is the feeling of gratified ambition and the sense of power. A member feels that he is making history. He is a public character. If he speaks only for ten minutes, the watchful eyes and ever-ready pens of the reporters' gallery are following his words, and the next morning they will appear with the muffins on ten thousand breakfast-tables. His vote may decide a division, and a division may decide the fate of a Ministry or the fall of an empire. The House is an admirable school for temper, for manners, and for self-restraint; and to hear some leading topic of the day argued and reargued, reviewed and criticised in all its aspects and bearings by the keenest intellects of the age, is not only an intellectual treat, but is a political education in itself.

Life in the House has also its lighter and more social aspects. Members do not take their pleasures (or their business) sadly. They are easy-going and unconventional; they appreciate a *bon-mot* or a good story; and they gossip and chuckle not only in the tea-room or smoking-room, but even under the awful shadow of the Speaker's chair. The Lobby is the central point of attraction both for members and for reporters. It is the modern School for Scandal, and at certain hours is filled with a miscellaneous crowd, and simmers with "the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity." Here, if anywhere on earth's surface,

"The flying rumours gather as they roll."

Here, as Tacitus says of the scandal-mongers of the age of Nero, *fingunt simul creduntque*, "they invent what they wish to believe." Here, secrets known only to the inner Cabinet are carried, as if by the birds of the air, to the winds of heaven. A gesture, a look, a single word—nay, even the facial expression of a Minister—speaks volumes of significance to him who can read the signs of the times. Lord Salisbury has a smiling air—evidently the Eastern Question is settled at last; he looks gloomy and depressed—no, it is not Christmas bills or toothache; it is another imbroglio with the French Government. Hither congregate the amateurs and dilettanti; the writers of inspired paragraphs in provin-

¹ Disraeli and his Day, p. 170.

cial papers; the purveyors of society gossip; the Tadpoles and Tapers; and, above all, the financiers and the capitalists. It is recorded by Mr Kinnear that on one occasion £1000 changed hands in a "deal" between two members, which was completed between the cloak-room and the swinging doors. Half the men you meet in the Lobby are "something in the City"; and the smartest and best dressed of them are usually stockbrokers. The money market has been an all-pervading topic of conversation since the day when Mr Cecil Rhodes discovered a new world of speculation in the Rand. The age of salons and drawing-room politics is gone for ever; the age of calculators and economists, foretold by Burke, has succeeded it; and the first hints of Cabinet secrets are given not in a crush at some great lady's house in Mayfair, but in an office in Hatton Garden or Bevis Marks, or between the soup and the ices at a City dinner. This ascendancy of the financier may be noticed in some of the popular novels of the day. In 'Mammon & Co.' and in 'Roden's Corner' the peer pays court to the City man; the capitalist basks in the smiles of beauty; and there is far more of stockbroking than lovemaking. Even "Quis-anté" makes his little pile by speculating with the money he has extracted from poor old "Aunt Maria."

If the Lobby is the centre of attraction to the men, the Terrace is no less the happy hunting-ground of the fair sex, who

hail it as a welcome change from their imprisonment in the gilded cage of their gallery upstairs. Here on a summer afternoon in the season our legislators bring their lady friends, and, like Queen Anne, they

"Sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea."

The tables are as thronged as those of a suburban *guinguette*. Country cousins, the wives and daughters of provincial mayors, and great ladies from Park Lane or Mayfair, form little groups. There is a ceaseless *frou-frou* of fashionable toilettes, and a pleasant ripple of conversation, interrupted every now and then by the sharp tinkle of the electric bells which heralds a division. The view from the Terrace is charming even in the daytime, but on a clear moonlight night it is one of the sights of London. The vast façade of the Palace lies mirrored in the shining waters; the sombre turrets and pinacles loom darkly in the background, below them is the tier of brilliantly lighted windows; while far away right and left in the illimitable distance stretch the long lines of lamps on the bridges and the Embankment. It was this view, seen in the early morning when dawn was breaking over the sleeping city, that inspired Wordsworth with one of his noblest sonnets. It concludes:—

"Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep;
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still."

But the Terrace with all its social delights is no place for the young politician who intends to take Parliament seriously and to make his mark in the House. Nowadays an M.P.'s constituents expect far more of him than in the good old times, when it was possible for a member to spend £20,000 on his election, to represent a county for six years, and during that time only once to set foot in the House for a few minutes. As matters stand at present, if a new member conscientiously does his duty, he will find the day none too long for his work. The mere study of the rules—a closely printed volume of 800 pages—will (or should) occupy not a little of his leisure time. Then there are the Orders of the Day; Parliamentary Reports and Proceedings; a huge pile of letters to answer; and the inevitable Blue Books. He is probably on some one of the numerous Committees on Private Business, and from eleven to three has to sit in a badly ventilated room, listening to the maundering evidence of witnesses or the tedious speeches of a Queen's counsel. Then comes the actual sitting of the House, which (thanks to the twelve o'clock rule) usually terminates at midnight. A Cabinet Minister has probably done a good day's work in his office before his work in the House even begins. Lord Palmerston told a friend that his business at the Foreign Office often occupied ten hours out of the twenty-four. Except during some national crisis, six to eight hours a-day would be the

average time. During the Boer war Mr Chamberlain is said to have devoted fourteen hours a-day to the service of his country: and when the Fashoda fiasco obliged us to mobilise our fleet, Mr Goschen was in his room at the Admiralty at 8.30 in the morning, where he remained for five hours, and was frequently nine hours in the House afterwards. But though the work is hard, it carries with it an all-engrossing interest and excitement. To be in Office—if it be only an under-secretaryship—is the dream and hope of every young politician. It is the crown and glory of a parliamentary career. A man may affect to despise such pomps and vanities, may talk disdainfully of "place-men"; and may (as Mr Labouchere always does) vamp up the delights of independence. But in his heart of hearts there is an envious sense that the right men are not in the right place; and when after a keenly contested election a new Ministry transfers the Opposition to the Speaker's right hand, the chagrin and disappointment of the former tenants is too deep for words:—

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
That pleasing, anxious 'Office' e'er
resigned;
Left the warm precincts of the
'Treasury,'
Nor cast one longing, lingering look
behind?"

So parodied Mr John Bright on one of those rare occasions when he relapsed into verse.

The House of Commons is at once the most critical and the most tolerant and long-suffering audience in the world. It

endured the bombastic rhetoric of the late Dr Kenealy, and the interminable questions of Sir George Campbell of Edenwood; it tolerated the Olympian airs of Mr George Curzon and the "Batavian graces" of the late Mr Beresford Hope. It has listened with the patience born of contempt to the raucous accents of Mr Biggar, the sounding brass of Mr Healy, and the tinkling cymbal of Mr William O'Brien. If it does not exactly "suffer fools gladly," it is gracious and almost tender-hearted to a new member addressing it for the first time, although the speech may be as dull as ditch-water, and the speaker himself the greatest bore on record. But this indulgence only extends to the first speech, on the same principle that "first fault" always gets a boy off a flogging at Eton; and for his own sake a member will be wise not to presume too far on the good-nature of his hearers.

"The House cannot endure a bore. It will stand genial vulgarity; even tolerate insolence; grow accustomed to defiance itself. It can never accommodate its temperament to tedious trifling on the part of a member; irksome iteration; truculent self-assertiveness. Say something smart, or even impudent, and it will be yours if there is a laugh in what you have said. You may be a capital chap in the lobby; your cigars be readily accepted on the Terrace; your invitations to dinner win for you the title of 'a good fellow'; but each, or any, or indeed all these attributes together would not save you in the House if the Chamber once came to regard you as a bore.

"To be a bore is to be damned politically."¹

Canning said once that the House as a body had better taste than the man of best taste in it; and this instinctive sense of what is fair and honourable in parliamentary warfare is rarely, if ever, at fault. The House resents personalities; and any breach of the ordinary laws of courtesy and good-breeding is repugnant to the large majority of members. A well-known instance of this feeling occurred when Lord Palmerston alluded to Mr Bright as the "honourable and reverend gentleman." This was a singular piece of bad taste on the part of an accomplished man of the world; the House strongly resented the remark; and, as an eye-witness declared, "Palmerston did himself more harm in those three minutes than all his enemies and detractors had been able to do him in twenty years." Again, in 1882 Mr Biggar spoke of Mr Herbert Gladstone as a "young hopeful who had gone to Ireland to superintend the eviction of tenants." This offensive phrase excited loud cries of "Shame!" from both sides of the House, and Mr Gladstone (the Premier) administered a dignified and well-timed rebuke; and in the course of his reply he alluded to the generous and kindly welcome which older members had always extended to young and untried speakers. And it may be added that no one was ever more uniformly kind and courteous to a new member speaking for the first time—whatever party he belonged to

¹ Our House of Commons, p. 26.

and whatever might have been the sentiments of his speech—than the veteran statesman himself. One of the most notable, and perhaps the last, of such compliments, was a singularly graceful reference to Mr Austen Chamberlain's maiden effort delivered against his own Government from the Liberal Unionist benches below the Gangway in the Parliament of 1892.

The House of Commons is, indeed, a formidable audience, for it represents (as Disraeli once pointed out) not only the collective wisdom of all that is best in every sphere of our national life, but "its deliberations are fortified by precedent—by the accumulated wisdom of the eminent men who have preceded it." It is, in fact, the concentrated intellect of England: it is highly critical, even cynical in its judgments; it abhors sophistry, and detects as if by instinct the spuriousness of the *idola fori*, the false coin of argument which passes current on provincial platforms. John Bright himself never dared to repeat in the House the rhetorical sophisms which had impressed and deluded the packed audiences in Bingley Hall. The House is no respecter of persons; a great reputation outside its doors is by no means a password to success within them: whether a new member be an eminent man of letters, a distinguished Queen's counsel, or a popular mob-orator, he has to begin his career again when he enters Parliament, and the higher his position has been in his profession the greater is the probability that he will be a

failure as an M.P. Indeed the list of parliamentary failures, in the case of the very men whom one would naturally have expected to succeed, is a long and melancholy one.

To take a few instances. It might have been supposed that Addison, the most polished writer of our Augustan age; that Burke, with his versatile intellect and exuberant eloquence; that Mackintosh, with his almost encyclopædic learning; or that Jekyll, who had set a hundred dinner-tables in a roar—would one and all have achieved conspicuous success in the House of Commons. But, as Macaulay has pointed out, exactly the reverse was the case. Their speeches produced no effect; they wearied and bewildered their audience; and their rising to speak was too often the signal for a general exodus: in fact (as was said of Burke), they acted as a dinner-bell. Even Macaulay himself, though on two occasions his speeches changed the fate of a division, was in no sense of the word an orator or even a great debater. His voice was too shrill and monotonous, and he poured out a torrent of words with such headlong fluency as to confuse his hearers as well as to baffle the quickest of parliamentary reporters. Bulwer Lytton, again, could recite an admirable essay; but his delivery was bad, and the see-saw gestures which accompanied his speech were as "grotesque as those of an old-fashioned post-boy." In our own generation, no two men probably have had more highly cultivated minds than John Stuart Mill

and Mr John Morley, but, as far as their parliamentary utterances go, their names are "writ in water." The thin, piping accents and dogmatic manner of the one, and the austere self-complacency and *urbi et orbi* demeanour of the other, entirely ruined the effect of their elaborate and ornate orations. The Athenians did not greatly regard Aristides, their only just man; the House of Commons does not care to be lectured in the manner of Mr Chadband rebuking the backsliders of Little Bethel.

By way of contrast to the speakers mentioned above, we may take the case of the most popular and successful leader that the House of Commons has ever seen—a man who seldom opened a book, who knew nothing of philosophy or science, who could hardly have quoted ten lines from any classical author (except perhaps Horace), who made no pretence of being an orator, and who would have been more in his element at Ascot or Newmarket than in a drawing-room filled with savants and men of letters. This was Lord Palmerston, who had sat in the House for nearly two generations—fifty-eight years—and became Prime Minister at the age of seventy. He entered Parliament in the year when Byron (like himself a Harrow boy) was writing his first poems; and he died in 1865, in his eighty-first year. As was said by a keen observer, he was English to the backbone, and succeeded just in the very point on which the Duke of Wellington had

failed. He knew England, and the Duke did not. Bland, suave, urbane, thoroughly sensible and practical, he hardly ever made a set speech; in fact, he only made two great speeches in his whole career,—the "Pacifico" and the Danish question,—but as a Foreign Minister his skill and ability, and the dexterous combination of the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, have never been surpassed, even by Lord Salisbury. He talked to the House in an easy, familiar tone: his language was that of a well-bred man addressing his equals in good society,—perfectly unstudied, natural, and inartistic; but his language had what Sir Cornwall Lewis once called the first, second, and third quality of an English statesman—intelligibility. "His speaking gave no pleasure to his hearers, but at the end of it you always knew what he meant." His temperament was far too robust and masculine for him ever to labour under the sentimental illusions cherished by some modern statesmen. Like Colonel Sapte, he would only trust a man, still more a nation, just as far as he was obliged to. He did not greatly believe in political consistency, and "he had no scorn too great for political romance." As to the modern doctrines of universal philanthropy and Christian brotherhood between rival states, his contempt would have been beyond all words. Palmerston would no more have made "the great surrender" and trusted to the

honour of the Boers after Majuba Hill, than he would have given the key of his plate-chest to a burglar. His unpromising sturdiness of character and clear insight into causes and effects, his vindication of the *Civis Romanus sum* policy, stands out in marked contrast to "the Christian forbearance which turns the left cheek to Russia and America [or the Transvaal or France, as it may be], and demands the uttermost farthing of Ashantee" or any other helpless state.¹ It was this incompatibility of moral temperament that made Palmerston distrust Gladstone almost as much as Gladstone disliked and distrusted him. "He [Gladstone] is a dangerous man," Palmerston once said to Lord Shaftesbury; "keep him in Oxford and he is partially muzzled, send him elsewhere and he will run wild." It is a matter of ancient history what happened after Gladstone's defeat at Oxford in 1865, when he was at last "unmuzzled," as he told his Lancastrian constituents. The twenty years that followed are among the blackest pages of our history, as described in Justin M'Carthy's history of the time.

It would be obviously out of place in these pages to dwell upon Mr Gladstone's sinister genius; but it is curious to note the dead silence—a silence that can be felt—which is main-

tained by the Liberal party respecting the man who broke up and disunited their serried ranks apparently beyond recovery. Possibly they are waiting for Mr John Morley's biography of his friend and colleague. The task of explanation and apology will need all Mr Morley's literary skill; but it is unlikely that his "apologia" will in any sense modify the national verdict, which is clear and unmistakable. We all of us admire the man—his moral earnestness, his indomitable spirit, and his matchless eloquence. Besides, as the gipsy says in 'Guy Mannering,' "Death quits a' scores." Personal dislikes and enmities are buried in the silence of the grave. But though a nation's memory is proverbially short, there are some things that it is difficult for our countrymen to forget. We in our generation are atoning for a succession of political crimes and blunders in the Liberal Administration of 1880; and we are now reaping the harvest sown by the disastrous foreign policy which abandoned Gordon to his fate and ignominiously surrendered our rights in the Transvaal to a treacherous and implacable foe, in the blood of the thousands who lie buried on the veldt, and the tears of sisters and widows and fatherless children.

There is a striking, but somewhat ghastly, picture by a French artist, representing the great conquerors of history

¹ From a speech delivered by Lord Salisbury at Hertford in 1873, when he attacked Mr Gladstone's "Ministry of heroic measures."

on their march of triumph. These are the scourges of God—

“Foredoomed to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of Mercy on mankind.”

They are all there—Timour and Tamerlane, and Attila, and Cæsar with his eagles; and “Macedonia’s madman” and “the Swede” and Napoleon in front of all. They ride on—in chariots or on horseback—remorseless and irresistible as Fate itself—with steadfast eyes looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. It is perhaps as well that they do *not* look; for on either side of their path lie thousands of unburied corpses, stiff and stark, in endless lines, stretching backwards into the illimitable vista of time and oblivion. As has been said, it is a striking and ghastly painting, with perhaps a rather too obvious moral. But how if the statesmen whose vacillation, or whose high moral earnestness and terrible consistency, have sent thousands of innocent soldiers to their death—how if *they* were to take the place of the warriors in the triumphal chariots?

Let us pass to a pleasanter and more healthy topic. The new House is eminently respectable. It is certainly not an assemblage of “shocking bad hats,” like the reformed parliament of 1832; and its members are more likely to drop the g’s at the end of their words than the h’s at the beginning. Comparing it with previous Parliaments, one is struck by

the absence of men of genius or a commanding personality. Though there are several good debaters, there is hardly an orator on the Treasury or Opposition benches with the exception of Mr Chamberlain. There are no “Ruperts of Debate,” no brilliant free-lances like the late Lord Randolph Churchill, no masters of flouts and jeers like Bernal Osborne or Lord Salisbury in his hot youth, no Yoricks or heaven-born jesters like Sir Wilfrid Lawson, though it is true that Mr Labouchere has a fine taste for mordant sarcasm, and Sir William Harcourt still retains the elephantine playfulness of his youth. But his humour is too ponderous to be spontaneous. “His witticisms,” says Mr Lucy, “are reminiscent of surprise *bonbons*, manufactured at home, carefully wrapped in small parcels, and brought down to the House, with the moment of their delivery marked on each.” The House still includes some talented scions of noble houses—Cecil, Cavendish, Stanley, and so forth; but the landed interest is by no means so well represented as in bygone days. The descendants of the “men of mettle and large-acred squires,” who supported the Corn Laws against Sir Robert Peel, have been hard hit by the depression of rents and the increased death-duties, and find a seat in Parliament too costly a luxury under present circumstances. But, as is only just and proper, among the representatives of the largest mercantile nation in the world there is a large proportion of traders and capital-

ists. Coal and iron mines, cotton works, and railways are largely represented, not merely by owners and directors, but by men who know every item and detail of their business, and who have in some instances— and all honour to them for it— worked their way step by step from the trolley or the counter to the management of the firm in which they were first employed. If the hydraulic machinery or the electric lighting in the House was to get out of gear, there is more than one member (we need only mention Sir William Arroll) who could put things to rights with all the skill and capacity of a practical engineer. Indeed, the present House might be called the Parliament of Experts; for there is hardly a question or an emergency arising out of the ordinary life of society that could not be answered professionally, and answered in the best possible manner, within the precincts of St Stephen's. Is it a question of investments? there is the genial and jovial Sir John Maclure, who is (or was) director of some nineteen companies. Is it a knotty point in law? Mr Fletcher Moulton, Mr Carson, or Mr Atherley Jones would be happy to solve it. Do you wish to buy a horse or back a winner? Mr James Lowther or Sir Walter Green or Sir Blundell Maple knows all that is worth knowing on the subject. Are you in doubt as to the genuineness of a recent purchase at Christie's? Mr Marshall Hall is one of the best judges of curios in Europe. Do you require medical advice? Dr Farquharson, Sir Walter

Foster, and Dr Rutherford Harris worthily represent their profession. Any question in classics, history, or literature could be answered by Mr John Morley, Mr Lecky, or Sir Richard Jebb. Journalism is represented by several editors, such as Sir John Leng, Mr Charles Scott of the 'Manchester Guardian,' and the versatile and prolific "Tay Pay"—Mr T. P. O'Connor. Lastly, if you are in doubt as to the last fashion in ties or collars, are not Mr Gerald Loder and Mr "Bobby" Spencer living models for your imitation? The military element is as strong in the present House as the naval element is unfortunately weak. Many members were serving in South Africa at the time of the general election—chiefly in the Yeomanry and Volunteers—but their absence in such a cause was worth many hundreds of votes. Among them may be named Colonel Wyndham Murray, Lord Stanley, Mr Francis Mildmay, Lord Alwyne Compton—and above all that mighty hunter, Sir Elliot Lees, whose address to his constituents was the shortest, but most convincing, on record. He cabled the single word, "Pretoria." It is needless to say that the practical and often dearly bought experience which these gallant officers have gained of the actual conditions of modern warfare will be of incalculable value to the House in the debates that must soon take place on the reconstruction and reorganisation of the army. It is a case where the ounce of practice is worth far more than the pound of theory; and the

brief and trenchant remarks of a man who has served at the front and taken an active part in a difficult and exhausting campaign naturally carry far more weight than the wordy speeches of arm-chair politicians or the stereotyped lucubrations of officials in Pall Mall.

It is gratifying to find that so large a proportion of the new House are public school and university men. Looking through the list, there is a constant recurrence of "Eton and Trinity," or "Harrow and Christ Church," as the case may be. Such, indeed, is the "custom of our people." And, most certainly, if there be any advantages in such an education for the ordinary professional man, these advantages exist in a tenfold degree in the case of members of Parliament. It is not the intellectual training only that is important: classics and mathematics could be learned just as well at a private tutor's or at a foreign university. But the three years passed at Oxford or Cambridge complete and perfect a young man's mind and character in a degree that no other system of education, hitherto invented, has ever approached. How and why this should be so it is not so easy to explain; but the fact remains and is indisputable. During those three years a hundred powerful and unseen influences are at work moulding and forming the pliant character, as it changes from youth to manhood. The *genius loci*, the impressions felt but hardly understood, "of a life in ideal gardens"; the variety

of interests; the countless friendships; books and discussions; the river and the cricket-ground; the club dinners and occasional symposia; the chaff and badinage; the strong *esprit de corps*; and (it may be added) the high tone of manners and good-breeding,—such are a few of the influences that make the *man*.

Whether the great debating societies, known as the Union, have the same prestige or the same effect in producing embryo orators and statesmen as in bygone times it is somewhat difficult to determine. They certainly are (or ought to be) a valuable training-ground for a politician, since they accustom a young man to the sound of his own voice; they teach him self-possession and self-confidence; he learns to "face the music"; to measure his own strength (and weakness); and to propitiate the moods and humours of an audience, in some respects even more critical and fastidious than the House of Commons itself. Nothing is more curious than the natural manner in which the Unions assimilate all the forms and mannerisms of their great prototype. The debating societies are quite as jealous of their rights and privileges, quite as observant of the courtesies of life, quite as hostile to bores and pedants, and quite as proud of their traditions in the past as the Mother of Parliaments.

There was a curious and instructive instance of the Union's respect for its own authority on the occasion of Lord Kitchener's visit to Cambridge some two years since. The proceedings

in the Senate House were disorderly in the extreme—in fact they almost took place in dumb show owing to the uproar raised by the undergraduates in the galleries. The Sirdar, after receiving his degree, went on to the Union, and on his way was mobbed and nearly crushed to death by his uproarious admirers—in fact he declared (as old Blucher declared on a similar occasion in the Sheldonian Theatre) that it was the hottest encounter that he had ever been engaged in. But the Union is the undergraduates' own domain; and though the great hall of debate was thronged from floor to ceiling, nothing could have been more orderly or in better taste than the proceedings. No Speaker—not even Peel or Denison in their stateliest mood—could have presided with such dignity and self-possession as the then President, Mr Langdon-Davies. In a few well-chosen sentences he welcomed the Sirdar and proposed him as an honorary member. The motion was of course carried by acclamation; the Sirdar signed the register of members and made a brief speech in reply. One sentence contained a double-edged compliment—"I wish I had had some of you young gentlemen with me in the Soudan;" and the undergraduates, who like a joke even at their own expense, grinned and applauded the obvious aposiopesis. Then the Sirdar left; and then (and not before) the long-pent-up enthusiasm broke loose, and the cheers might have been heard at Great St Mary's. If the undergraduates behaved like

Hooligans in the streets and in the Senate House, they certainly acted up to their best traditions and behaved like the gentlemen they are naturally in their own place of assemblage, the Union.

Although several of the presidents of the Union—at Oxford especially—have risen to the foremost rank in Parliament afterwards, it by no means follows that a successful speaker in the debating society will make his mark in the House of Commons. The young member who enters the House with a high reputation is often too eager to make his maiden speech, and instead of taking to heart Mr Canning's sensible advice "to speak for ten minutes on a turnpike bill"—or whatever may be its modern equivalent—he attempts a more ambitious flight of oratory, brimful of epigrams, quotations, and scathing sarcasm. The House listens with a tolerant air, somewhat bored and somewhat cynical—and there is a visible sense of relief when the orator concludes. That veteran reporter, Mr Henry Lucy, who has probably heard more speeches—good, bad, and indifferent—than the oldest member in the present House, has described in his own inimitable style a speech delivered in 1885 by a young member—the "Demosthenes of Peckham"—formerly a president of the Union at Oxford:—

"The speech deserved fuller recognition than it received, not because its style was new, for in truth it is at least as old as the most pretentious form of oratory in the Oxford Union. Its merits lay in the unblushing, unhesitating boldness of

the flights into poesy, in the air of pleased surprise with which the orator wandered through familiar places, and made for the first time astounding discoveries."¹

There were all the familiar tags of hackneyed quotation,—such as "Pluto's iron tears" and "the gorgeous robe of civilisation." There was "an encouraging word to the rugged seer of Chelsea," and a friendly allusion to Kingsley "that would have softened some of his darker moments." Even the patroness of *Borrioboolan* (surely the finest word ever coined, even by Dickens), Mrs Jellyby herself, whose acquaintance the orator had apparently only just made, was trotted out—

"To point the moral and adorn the tale."

And finally, in a torrent of impassioned eloquence, Mr Baumann called upon the Government "to discontinue the practice of working overtime in their yards and factories." Mr Stanhope, the Under-Secretary, drily responded that the practice could not be discontinued, because—it had never existed. And then—the Speaker left the Chair, and the House resolved itself into Committee of Supply. The brilliant display of fireworks had ended in a fizzle.

It is not always the brilliant orator or the man of genius who has most influence in Parliament. The House is nothing if it is not business-like; and the members whom it trusts

and honours most are those whose constant attendance and unwearying labour in Committee so largely assist in working the great machine of Government from day to day without unnecessary fuss or friction. Among these none had a more useful and honourable career than the late Sir John Mowbray, portions of whose autobiography recently appeared in the pages of '*Maga*,' and have now been edited and amplified by his daughter.² Sir John Mowbray was present as a Westminster schoolboy at the coronation of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide in 1831, and was also present at Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897. He entered Parliament as member for Durham in 1853, and it is a remarkable fact (as his daughter points out) that in forty-six years of parliamentary life, including no less than eleven general elections, he had only once to go to the poll. He had thus sat in Parliament during the most eventful years of an eventful reign; he had seen empires and dynasties rise and fall; he had seen three great European wars; he had listened to the giants of debate—Bright and Gladstone and Disraeli; and he had watched with alarm and foreboding the baleful career of the G.O.M.—the policy of plundering and blundering and the so-called felling of the Upas-tree. And during all these years he had done laborious and unostentatious work for his

¹ Lucy's *Diary of the Salisbury Administration*, 1885, p. 44.

² *Seventy Years at Westminster. With other Letters and Notes of the late Right Honble. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P.* Edited by his Daughter. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1900.

country, and had so borne himself as to be honoured and respected by political friends and opponents alike. He made no pretensions to being an orator, but when the occasion required it, spoke with terseness and lucidity. Genial, kindly, tolerant, unselfish, and humble-minded, he was on the friendliest terms with men of all shades of character and political opinions, from Dean Stanley to Archbishop Tait ("the greatest archbishop since Tillotson"), from Stafford Northcote (a Devonian like himself, and a lifelong friend) to Roundell Palmer and Gladstone, although he had been the main cause of defeating both one and the other in their candidature for the University of Oxford. He was, indeed, singularly tolerant and liberal-minded; and though a consistent Churchman himself, he has a good word even for Mr Bradlaugh, whom he praises for his honesty of purpose and independence of character. He took an almost paternal interest in Lord Randolph Churchill, the precocious *gamin* of the Fourth Party, and was greatly attracted by the social charm of "my young friend Rosebery." When speaking at the Christ Church Gaudy in 1893, among the toasts was "The Christ Church Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria — Peel, Derby, Gladstone, Salisbury, Rosebery" — and the last-named

responded in his usual happy vein, beginning with a modest depreciation of himself as compared with his predecessors—"the least of the apostles, not worthy to be called an apostle." It was Sir John's duty to propose "the House" (Ch. Ch.):—

"It was rather a job to speak after two such men as Rosebery and Paget. However, they all seemed well pleased with what I said. I praised Rosebery for having kept up his classical training, and said that any man might own a good horse, but it was not every one who could give him a good name (Ladas) and send one back to Juvenal.¹ When we came back to the Deanery our young friend kept us going till midnight."

The above is quoted to show the lighter and almost playful side of Sir John Mowbray's character; but no member of the House was more assiduous in his attendance—indeed he on more than one occasion received "the silver spoon," the prize for attending the greatest number of divisions—and his work in the Committee-room was exceptionally heavy and engrossing. He had held the honourable office of Judge Advocate in two Conservative Ministries; and in 1874 he was appointed Chairman of the Committee of Standing Orders and the Committee of Selection, a post that he occupied till 1899. This involved almost daily attendance at the House during the session, and constant attention to the work of the

¹ "Pauper locupletem optare podagram
Nec dubitet *Ladas*, si non eget Anticyra."

—Juv., Sat. xiii. 96.

"Ladas, if not stark mad, would change, no doubt,
His flying feet for riches and the gout."

—Gifford's Translation.

Committee, apart from attendance in the Committee-room. The work itself was dull, monotonous, and largely technical—having to do chiefly with inaccuracies or irregularities in Private Bills; while the other Committee (of Selection) nominates the Committees of the House which have to deal with opposed Private Bills on subjects such as gas, water, and railways. Later on, the appointment of Standing Committees on Law and Trade also came under the Committee of Selection. The selection of these latter committees—representing as they do the House of Commons in a microcosm—is always a most difficult and delicate task, and “requires a skilled knowledge of the House, of its rules and of the capacities and qualities of almost every member, together with judgment, great tact, and constant attendance at Westminster.” Sir John Mowbray possessed these qualities in the highest degree. He was almost an ideal chairman—courteous, forbearing, invariably attentive, and scrupulously just. He was held in the highest regard by Liberals and Conservatives alike; and as an instance of his popularity it may be mentioned that when there was some little difficulty in the new session of 1893 as to his securing his usual seat, which had been his by courtesy since 1874, the indomitable Dr Tanner, of all people in the world, stepped up and assured him that if any Irishman ever took his place, *he* (the doctor) would

see to it and set it right. Dr Tanner was usually a man of his word, and besides he had played football at Winchester.

On the death of Mr Villiers in 1898 Sir John Mowbray became Father of the House, but, unlike other veterans who have held that honourable title, his age in no way incapacitated him from active service. Mr Villiers himself in his later years was hardly more than *magni nominis umbra*; Mr Christopher Talbot rarely troubled himself about the House of Commons unless he was interested in a Welsh railway bill; and Mr Joseph Henley preferred the ease and dignity of a country squire. But Sir John Mowbray kept up his work and attendance at the House to the very month of his death. The vitiated atmosphere of the Committee-rooms and the chill draughts that penetrate every corner of the lobbies and passages had no effect on his seasoned frame and hardy constitution. He passed away peacefully in the spring of 1899, full of years and honour, leaving to his son, the present member for Brixton, the memory of a blameless character and the inheritance of a stainless name. We might, indeed, apply to Sir John Mowbray the lines of Virgil which he has himself applied to Sir George Cornwall Lewis, a statesman whom he much resembled in many of his personal characteristics—

“Justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus
æqui.”

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY—THE VALUE OF PRIDE—THE EGOISM OF PEPYS AND MONTAIGNE—ABDUR RAHMAN—A SLEEPLESS ADMINISTRATOR—HIS ADVENTUROUS LIFE—GIBBON, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHER, OF THOUGHT—THE ART OF CRITICISM—PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY'S VIEWS.

NONE but kings and egoists are fit to indite the record of their lives. The king knows himself to be the pivot of his world, and what to the king is knowledge is to the egoist a confident belief. Pride, then, personal and overweening, is essential to the perfect autobiography; and if the pride be simple enough, we may perhaps dispense with the other great quality—self-knowledge. For though it obscure reality, pride can create a phantom at once imposing and consistent. "Nequidquam sapit qui sibi non sapit," wrote Cicero, and with this bold motto Casanova prefaced the story of his life. It fitted his book as loosely as it fitted the performances of Cicero; but though Casanova knew not himself, he knew very clearly what his ambition would have made him, and at any rate he drew us the portrait of a hero. We do not believe that all the brilliant adventures of his narration were his own; now and again, we are sure, he fell below his lofty standard; yet we know that if there exist a perfect Casanova in the world of ideas, he is none other than the fanciful, intrepid, ridiculous creature imagined by himself.

The autobiographer, then, must either possess a clear

knowledge, or see a clear image, of himself, and it must be admitted that the image is rarer than the knowledge. Only the very greatest attain to the simple consciousness of self, which changes a mass of detail to an immortal portrait. Pepys and Montaigne attained to it, each after his guise. The daily habits of the Admiralty clerk are as familiar to us as the daily thoughts of the French essayist. We know the one as well as though we had walked down to Whitehall with him, or taken a barge in his company to meet John Evelyn in the City; we know the other as intimately as though we had sat in his famous tower, discussing Plutarch's historic sense or the 'Metamorphoses' of Ovid. Their gift of self-revelation was equal, yet differently acquired. Candour was to Samuel Pepys a natural inheritance; he could neither lie to others nor deceive himself; and he is the one man, known to history, who is superior to the illusion of vanity or fear. He was conscious, yet not self-conscious—that is to say, he knew all the secrets of his own temperament, but he did not confess even to himself that he knew them. He knew the truth because he was gifted with a perfect insight; he told the truth, withholding nothing, ex-

aggerating nothing, because falsehood never came to him. Montaigne, on the other hand, not only drew his own portrait, but criticised the performance. While Pepys was an egoist in his own despite, Montaigne exulted in his own egoism. He had but one cult—the cult of self; his ambition was *de savoir estre a soy*. And so for twenty years he conversed with the world, and gave to the first-comer the full confidence of his brain. That his readers may be on closer terms with their interlocutor, he describes his mean stature, his square frame, his face—full, not fat. He confesses his slowness of speech, his deafness to the art of music. And then he reveals his opinions with an ungrudging candour, until we know him, critic, politician, and humourist, as we know few other men. Of the outside world he tells us nothing; his vision was bounded by the circumference of his tower. But he looked within, and discovered in heart and brain the secrets of human emotion. And here, too, he is the antithesis of Pepys, who went early abroad, and who found the proper field of his energy in street, tavern, or theatre.

Pepys and Montaigne knew themselves, and have shared their knowledge with a multitude of readers. But even more entertaining are the autobiographies of those who have pictured themselves not as they were, but as they wished to be. Their pose is infinite in variety; but it is pose always, and al-

ways delightful. Now in a spirit of boastfulness they represent themselves thieves and assassins; now they prove themselves too ardent lovers of "the fair." Yet seldom do they lay claim to virtues which are not theirs, for that would be hypocrisy, and hypocrisy is a sin abhorrent to the artistic conscience. Cellini and Colley Cibber, for instance, are famous rufflers in their own esteem, but ever behind the mask of rascality we see lurking the smile of high enterprise and satisfied endeavour. They are sincere rather in their ideal than in their narrative; but their braggart humour is as true to life (if not to their life) as the gentle pathos of Don Quixote or the serene courage of Robinson Crusoe, and if their books are not masterpieces of truthful biography, they are excellent specimens of strenuous open-air romance.

Midway between real and ideal stands Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan, whose *Life* (London: John Murray) is our last published autobiography. In this work it is the king who is revealed rather than the man, the conqueror rather than the egoist. Yet now and again, in his own despite, he proves the strength or weakness of his own character. To the severity which in the West we call cruelty he often pleads guilty. Now he is found flogging negligent servants; now he blows bandits from his guns; at one time he kills with his own hand an "impure-minded dog," who dares to call him an infidel;

at another he plucks the beard from a rascal who brings him an unwelcome message. "Without further conversation," says he of the messenger, "I ordered my servants to pull out his beard and moustache, and to dye his eyebrows like a woman. I then took him to the place where the remains of the merchants lay, and put his beard and moustache in a gold cloth, advising him to take it to his Mir, both as a caution and as a reply to his letter. With this man I sent a strong force, consisting of two battalions, 2000 cavalry sowars, 1000 Usbeg sowars, 2000 infantry, and twelve guns, to Talikan. When they arrived there, the commanders sent this man with his reply to Mir Jahandar Shah, who abused him, and demanded to know why he had returned without the prisoners whom he had sent him to fetch. The man uncovered his face, and threw the gold cloth at the Mir's feet, saying: "This is what I have suffered by carrying your idiotic messages, and this is what you will suffer if you are not careful." In that episode is the savage imagery of the East, and it proves that if the Amir is always a king, he is also in his hours a stern, fierce-hearted savage.

For him it is a disaster that he challenges comparison with Babar, a predecessor who was not merely a tyrant but a man of letters. Now Babar, proud as he is of his own bravery, does not spare his manhood. He was as easily

conscious of his weakness as of his strength. Not even his vices were hid from his kingly eye, and he freely confesses that he was constantly guilty of drunkenness—the one unpardonable sin. In his eyes, the smallest excuse justified a glass. He cut his hair, or saw a beautiful view, or the crops were good, or he sat by Kábil's tomb, or a tribute arrived—whatever it was, it was sufficient for the wine-cup; and when he wearied of wine there was *bhang* to bring forgetfulness. And so it comes about that Babar is always alive, always a man, fierce with pleasure or with combat, always a hero who does not count too closely the cost of his heroism. But Abdur Rahman is serious and sedate. No sooner did he leave the cradle than his hand felt round for the crown. Never for an instant does he forget that dignity and honour which are hedged about the throne, and though every page proves him an Oriental, very few pages separate him from the other sovereigns of his race. So he will probably go down to posterity as an exemplary monarch, a fine soldier, and such a husband and father as would do credit to the suburb of a Western capital. Yet we believe that there is still an Abdur Rahman who forgets more often than once a-year the cares of State, and who, if he understood the true use of literature, would prove himself a strenuous rival of Babar himself.

Mir Munshi Sultan Mahomed Khan, who edits the Amir's life, and who whimsically describes himself as an advanced student of Christ's College, Cambridge, assures us that his master is "a witty and humorous genius." That we are quite content to believe. The Amir is witty and humorous; he has a pleasant love of anecdote and parable; and he expresses himself on political affairs with a masterful and enchanting candour. But this candour he does not extend to his own character, and it is merely by an incidental method that we may arrive at the real Amir. True it is that in one chapter he discusses at some length his "daily life," but even here we detect the simple soldier rather than the Eastern monarch. He frankly confesses himself that his life has been a life of toil and abstinence. His habits are as simple as his garb. He is so industrious a soldier that he can not only command in the field, he can cast his own guns and make his own shells. Before all things he loves work; he can live with little sleep, and he is not a slave to pretentious banqueting. His career has been shaped by one ambition—to complete the administrative work of his kingdom. The result has been a constant gratification. "If the beloved should not encourage the lover towards her," he quotes from the poet, "the lover will neither have the heart nor the courage to approach her." But the beloved, in more prosaic terms the administration of Afghanistan,

has encouraged the lover, and the Amir is perfectly satisfied with the result of his approach.

And like the faithful Eastern that he is, he gives the honour where it is due. "This love of work," he writes, "is inspired by God; it is the true ideal and desire of my life to look after the flock of human beings whom God has intrusted to me, His humble slave. . . . As God wished to relieve Afghanistan from foreign aggression and internal disturbance, He honoured this, His humble servant, by placing him in this responsible position, and He caused him to become absorbed in thoughts of the welfare of the nation, and inspired him to be devoted to the progress of this people, and to be ready to sacrifice life itself for their welfare and for the true faith of the Holy Prophet Mahomed." So it is that Abdur Rahman is kept awake by dreams of progress, and here at least he matches Babar, his matchless predecessor, who first attacked India with the artillery of Europe. The curious may note that in consequence of his ambition he knows no stated time for eating or sleeping. He is so deeply absorbed in affairs that he often does not notice the night until it is past. His story, in fact, is "like the story of a lover, well-known in the East, named Majnum, who was so much in love with a lady named Leila, that, one day, seeing her dog, he followed the dog, and did not see the mosque nor those who were praying therein." But though he did not see the mosque the chiefs of

the mosque saw him; whence it is evident that their devotion was not so deep as his. Abdur Rahman, however, sleeps when he is tired, and eats when he is famished. He gets through ten times as much work as the busiest of his subjects, and yet finds a moment to watch the prowess of his chess-players, to listen to the voice of his reader, or to fall asleep at the droning of the story-teller—that true wizard of the East. Being the real father of his people, he will see the meanest petitioner, and answer the humblest appeal; and he records with a grim humour the superstition of Afghanistan, that every man possesses his signature, and that there is a detective in every house. But in nothing does he prove himself the true Oriental more clearly than in his love of nature. His rooms, he tells us, “are so arranged that the spring blossoms may be watched as they break from the trees, and the gorgeous yellow hues of the autumn, and the dazzling falls of the winter snow, and the moonlight nights, are enjoyed by all the inmates of my palace who take the trouble to sit at these windows. I spend my summer, spring, and autumn outside the town, living for weeks in tents pitched in those positions where all the beautiful blossoms can be seen, glowing sunsets, and the yellow autumn tints. I have always loved beautiful scenery, flowers, green grass, music, pictures.” And in this love Abdur Rahman shows himself the fit successor of Babar, who above all things

prized the garden at Kabul, where he lies buried, and which is always fragrant with the scent of roses, and resonant to the music of running water.

Thus it is that now and again we catch a glimpse of the king who governs the inaccessible country lying between Russia and our Indian empire. He is, as we have said, a resolute soldier, a clear-sighted politician, who prides himself upon the security of his roads and the well-ordered administration of justice. So long has he lived and conferred with Europeans, that his true nature is too often disguised. When he tells us that of the robbers who infest Afghanistan “one now hangs in a cage, where I put him, on the peak of the Latabund mountain,” we are reminded of Tamerlane, and we momentarily doubt the word of Abdur Rahman. But that man still hangs in his cage, and, for all his civilisation, the Amir inherits the kingdom of the ‘Arabian Nights.’ The very names, which he uses with so easy a freedom, are quick with romance—Bokhara and Samarkand, Rustum and Sohrab. The camels, laden with gold and spice, wind over the hills; the king tarries at the ford of the Oxus, watching those who chaffer in almonds and raisins; or he walks into the bazaar, exchanging with the first comer such proverbs and anecdotes as were told at the tent-door in immemorial antiquity. Eastern in thought, Abdur Rahman is also Eastern in his career. At the age when the princes of the West are playing cricket, he

was the military governor of a province. Nor did he even then take a trivial view of his responsibilities. He must be independent, or he would not rule; and when his father insisted on the collection of a tribute which his youthful generosity had remitted, he "resigned the governorship, stating that he was not invested with full power to govern according to his ideas." But other employment was found him, and since the age of thirteen he has never known the misery of idleness, save in prison or exile. A true Eastern in temper, he is Eastern also in his precocity and in the strong contrasts of his career. Babar was eleven when he took his first town; Abdur Rahman was no more than nine when he witnessed the siege of Shibarghan. Babar in the intervals which separated one victory from another dwelt with shepherds in the wilderness; the reigning Amir, too, has known the humility of cold and hunger, nor is the omnipotence of to-day rendered less sweet by the memory of yesterday's privation.

The greater part of his autobiography, then, is a record of achievement. The pages bristle with action, and in every chapter the blare of the trumpet is heard. And from one point of view the action spoils the interest of the book. All men say and do the same things in the face of danger, and it is rare that we catch a glimpse of personal character amid the dust of the battlefield. The truth is that men are distinguished

one from another rather by weakness than by strength, and Abdur Rahman reveals himself rather by the way than in the direct recital of his prowess. None the less, his frank confession of skill and courage is pleasant enough, and though we need not believe in the literal truth of his achievements, we know him to be a very brave man, and the most intrepid of generals. When at sixteen he received from his father's hand "the horse with gold-harness and saddle, and the jewelled belt and sword," which befitted a commander-in-chief, he had already mastered the art of war, and had put behind him all hesitancy. He had not long been in command when he turned from his uncle. "Although he was my uncle," he writes, "and far older than I, being proved a coward, I turned my face from him, and would not say anything but that he was a disgrace to his celebrated father, Dost Mahomed." His enthusiasm for the army has never changed. "The appearance of 40,000 men on a desert plain," thought he many years ago, "is like the movement of a mountain;" and to-day, despite his zeal for administration, his horse is always saddled, his sword and pistols always at his side. And, save in his long contest with Shere Ali, he has not often known defeat. Superior numbers have had no terror for him, and with two hundred men he has attacked an army of thousands. When he lost the battle to his uncle, it was through the negligence of a gen-

eral, who got drunk in the face of the enemy, and could only murmur, "I will tear Shere Ali's mouth." Abdur Rahman laughed through his despair; but flight was imperative, and he arrived at Turmat "tired, ruined, and broken-hearted." So complete was his rout, that this wealthy prince had no more wealth than a travelling tinker. A few days before he had been the richest man in Afghanistan. He had possessed 800,000 gold coins of Bokhara, 20,000 English sovereigns, 20,000 drams of gold, eleven lakhs of rupees, Kabuli, five lakhs of rupees, Kanduz, 10,000 Khilats, cooking utensils for 2000 people (the number that used to eat with him every day), and 1000 camels. And now naught was left, save one copper cup, one jug, one hubble-bubble, and one small rug either to wear or to stand upon. Yet Abdur Rahman accepted defeat with the resignation imposed by his faith; he spent his years of exile in Samarkand with what state he might command; when warfare was denied him, he made the best of sport; and he knew that the day of his return would most surely come.

The rest of his life belongs rather to the world than to himself. It is history, not autobiography; and interesting as it is for politicians to know that the Amir is Great Britain's staunchest ally, Abdur Rahman's able discussion of his neighbours and their claims throws no light on his own character. Yet he has written a most interesting book; he

has drawn the portrait of a simple, industrious, liberal, splendour-loving monarch, who, like all great rulers, has the genius of detail; he has shown us a society which recalls the nomad hordes of the Old Testament; and he has decked his adventures in the colouredappings of the 'Arabian Nights.' And if we do not know the real Abdur Rahman as we know the real Babar, that is because Abdur Rahman is not a man of letters like his predecessor. "I was never fond of reading and writing," says he, and truly a sword is readier to his hand than a pen.

A more striking contrast to the Life of the Amir could not be found in the whole realm of literature than Gibbon's 'Memoirs of my Life and Writings,' a new edition of which has just been edited, and very ill edited, by Dr Birkbeck Hill (London: Methuen & Co.) Abdur Rahman's work is the autobiography of action, Gibbon's is the autobiography of thought. The author of the 'Decline and Fall' made few incursions into the field of affairs, and the few that he made were incidental to the main purpose of his life. Patriotism drove him into the militia; but he was seldom at his ease with soldiers, and of his sad experience no more can be said than that "the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers was not useless to the historian of the Roman Empire." He entered Parliament, but with no ambition of becoming a statesman, or even a debater.

His outlook was limited, as he told Deyverdun, to a convenient and honourable place upon the Board of Trade. In brief, he was a man of letters pure and simple. He confessed, when he sat down to write his incomparable 'Memoirs,' that the "review of his moral and literary character was the most interesting to himself and to the public." And so he sketched his moral and literary character with an amplitude and candour which few have excelled. His narrative is enlivened with no stirring episodes. An immature and transient conversion to the Roman Catholic faith is (so to say) the high light upon his portrait. It is not what he did that interests us, but what he thought, and so keen was his memory that he bids us note the progress of his intellect from rawness to maturity. His autobiography, therefore, is the autobiography of the student and critic. He looks at life through the medium of books, because it was in books that he sought and found the sincerest passages of his life. Above all, he was staunchly devoted to his craft: he sang the praise of humane letters with an eloquence for which we are still grateful. Though he took an open pride in birth and in the station of a "gentleman," he set his literary achievement far above his pride, and he confesses that his history gave him a position in the world to which neither birth nor politics nor the militia might bid him aspire. But better still, at the outset of his 'Memoirs' he

compares the talent of letters with all the other distinctions of life in a passage of unrivalled arrogance. "The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched"—thus he writes—"by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the 'Fairy Queen' as the most precious jewel of their coronet. Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who draw their origin from the Counts of Habsburgh, the lineal descendants of Ethico, in the seventh century, Duke of Alsace. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Habsburgh: the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have risen slowly to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the Emperors of Germany and Kings of Spain, have threatened the liberty of the old and invaded the treasure of the new world. The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of English manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria." Literature does not contain a prouder boast than that, and if literature made Gibbon famous, he repaid the favour with a splendid loyalty.

In writing his life, as in writing his history, he sought only truth. "Truth, naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of more serious history, must be the sole recommenda-

tion of this personal narrative." And so keen is Gibbon's love of truth that he spares neither himself nor his friends. If the Amir has told us what he has done, Gibbon tells us what he was. It is not romantic to refuse the hand of the woman you love, and Gibbon might have been the father of Madame de Staël, if we may so phrase it. In other words, he loved Mdle. Curchod, and he had reason to believe that his love was returned. But his father would not hear of this strange alliance; so what could he do but "sigh as a lover and obey as a son"? That he was happier in the mood of single selfishness is undoubted; yet he does not shrink from a confession which some might think ignoble, and this candour is characteristic of all his work. Characteristic also is his style, of which he was acutely conscious. "The style," said he, "shall be simple and familiar; but style is the image of character, and the habit of correct writing may produce, without labour or design, the appearance of art and study." That is perfectly true: Gibbon's style was the image of his character; and though it be as simple and familiar as he could make it, it is none the less studied and artful from beginning to end. For Gibbon's pose was so intimately a part of himself that it became natural. Accustomed to wear a wig, he could not appear with a bald head; and if this most intimate autobiography never reveals Gibbon in dressing-gown

and slippers, it is because Gibbon was as punctilious even in the solitude of self as was Louis XIV. himself. Thus we are permitted to look at Gibbon through his own glasses—to watch him leave Eutropius for Livy, and desert the page of Cornelius Nepos for the ampler periods of Tacitus. By the way he sketches his father, his aunt, his friends, with the same precision wherewith he sets before us Julian or Elagabalus. But the real purpose of his 'Memoirs' is to illustrate his work. The books which he reads are to him more important than the men whom he meets. Abdur Rahman's career turns upon a hostile encounter with Shere Ali. For Gibbon it is essential to record that "from the 'Provincial Letters' of Pascal I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on subjects of ecclesiastical solemnity." And truly, if the great Pascal had done nothing else than teach our supreme ironist the management of his weapon, he would not have lived in vain. So Gibbon takes us into his workshop and shows us how he collected his material, and how he fashioned it into the serene masterpiece which we admire. So he reveals himself still in doubt as to the subject he shall select, until one famous evening he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted fryars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter." So he invites us to be present on the night of the 27th of June 1787, when between the

hours of eleven and twelve he wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in his garden. "After laying down my pen," says he, "I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious." To few men has it been given to pen so proud a passage; few men have known Gibbon's triumphant happiness. And something of this happiness, and very much of the incomparable talent which fashioned it, shines forth in the autobiography, which has given to the historian the immortality which the history will always enjoy.

Professor Saintsbury may boast an ambition no less great than Gibbon's. Gibbon dealt with a thousand years as most scholars deal with a decade,

and Professor Saintsbury aspires to write in a single work the whole history of human taste.¹ Like Gibbon, he treats centuries as years, and steps from Plato to Dante in an easy stride. To criticise the critics is a delicate task, and Professor Saintsbury has performed it with an erudition and a patience which are beyond praise. The scope of his book is vast, and vastly conceived; but he avoids the sin of the Teutonic historian: he does not for the sake of symmetry distort the few scanty legends of the past into the materials of sober history. He begins his record of criticism with the first critic, and there is no scholar who will not approve his method. So he takes us from Plato to Aristotle, and from Aristotle to Longinus and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, with whom the craft of verbal criticism may be said to begin. And whoever it is that engrosses him, he deals with that man as a specialist. Not only has he cut off conjecture,—he has avoided the commentaries of others; so that nothing comes between the original text and the reader save Professor Saintsbury's intelligence. Whence it comes that the Professor's view is generally sound and moderate. He grinds no axe, he supports no controverted opinion. He has merely taken for his subject a most interest-

¹ A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe. From the Earliest Texts to the Present Day. By George Saintsbury, M.A. Oxon.; Hon. LL.D. Aberd., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. In three volumes. Vol. I. Classical and Mediæval Criticism. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1900.

ing expression of human energy, and treated it with a reason and sanity which are truly admirable. It is, indeed, the high level of Professor Saintsbury's argument which makes his work remarkable. Most writers would show a bias towards one author, a preference for one period. But Professor Saintsbury writes of them all, not as though they were episodes in a history, but as though he was tackling each of them as a specialist. And no scholar whose knowledge and reading are not encyclopædic would have dared to touch so wide an enterprise. Professor Saintsbury threads the difficult mazes of medieval criticism with the same serenity wherewith he walks the classic groves of Academe, and the nearer he approaches to modern times the more difficult will his task become. Yet we look forward to the result with perfect confidence. The volumes to come will bring us to periods in which Professor Saintsbury is even more intimately at home, and with the intimacy the material grows also. The mark of the perfect history, as of the perfect biography, is the proper subordination of detail to general effect, the tact of seeing many diverse men and things in a sane relation. This mark is in every page of Professor Saintsbury's work; and though we do not agree with all his conclusions, we always approve his method and his catholicity.

That we are not always in agreement with him is inevitable. Taste is a matter of dis-

pute, and how shall we refrain from dispute with the historian of taste? But it is the peculiar merit of such books as Professor Saintsbury's to provoke opposition, and the fact that we would break many a lance with him is the best proof of our admiration. For instance, he seems less than just to Lucian, who, he declares, was deficient in enthusiasm, and who had small feeling for poetry. But does not the very purity of Lucian's style prove him an admirer of all that was best in Greek letters, and was not Aristophanes always at his elbow? Nor could so keen a reformer as Lucian be deficient in enthusiasm. A true reactionary, he looked back to the glorious past of the language which he wrote with a single-minded admiration and a never-failing energy. For him the ancients were always rods wherewith to chastise the moderns, and we cannot admit that his interest in literature as literature was merely lukewarm. Surely that would be to deny not only his splendid achievement, but his ardent love of what was best in the work of the ancients?

Again, we can hardly agree with the historian that the Middle Ages "created, or practically created, the STORY." This pronouncement seems as easily disproved as that other heresy, commonly delivered, that the Greeks were impervious to the charm of natural scenery. Would it not be nearer the truth to say that after the Classics the art of story-telling became prolix and

inconsequent. Let us grant that the 'Iliad' is not one story but a dozen. Are the dozen less admirable because they are not one? The story of Dido, borrowed or not, need fear no rivalry; and, with all due deference to the Professor, we think that Virgil's masterpiece contains very much more in the way of a story than "a capital boxing-match and not a bad regatta."

But apart from the epic poets, apart from Herodotus, apart even from the dramatists, who were unsurpassed in the art of story-telling, apart from the authors of the Milesian fables, who may still be traced in their influence, if not in their works, such writers as Lucian and Apuleius could have learned nothing from the Middle Ages, even had they lived through many centuries to acquire a wide, comparative knowledge of other literatures. However, these are but the exercises of friendly discussion, and although we differ now and again from Professor Saintsbury's conclusions, we desire to pay all possible honour to the broad views which he takes of literature, and to the sense of detachment which permits to skip from Athens to Rome, from Rome to the Italy of the Middle Ages. Here, at any rate, is a history of a curious craft—a history which sets criticism upon a proper pinnacle, which disproves the popular epigram that a critic is a gentleman who has failed in art or literature, and which

suggests the sad reflection that were it not for the critics, even the names of innumerable "creators" would have been forgotten. After all, the proof of the critic is in the criticism. We do not ask of a poet that he should be a good carpenter, or a clever stage-manager. Nor need we ask of the critic that he should be a renowned poet. Literature is no less legitimate a material for the writer than life, and criticism is demanded by every man of letters who puts pen to paper. Nay, if it be true that Homer wandered up and down the world reciting his poems, then every wayfarer who listened to the 'Iliad' constituted himself a critic. It was easy for Homer to be silent, but once his mouth was opened, he invited the frank expression of praise or blame. We only account them critics who put their opinion upon paper. But between the written word and the spoken the difference is merely accidental, and the first critic was the first man who heard a story told by his camp-fire, unless, indeed, it were the first story-teller, who ever castigated his own tortuous phrases. Yet into this speculation Professor Saintsbury most properly does not enter. He loyally limits his inquiry to the field of history, and this first volume is good earnest that, when the work is complete, we shall have upon our bookshelves a masterpiece which, as it has no competitor in the past, will know no rival in the future.

MORE PROBLEMS OF RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

IN the number of 'Maga' for May last there appeared an article entitled "Some Problems of Railway Management." It would almost seem as if later events had conspired to lend colour to the statements therein contained. The gravity of the crisis has dawned upon the minds not only of experts, but of the people as a whole. For instance, a correspondent, whose identity may possibly be recognised, wrote a remarkable letter to the 'Times,' in which he justified by actual tables our melancholy contention, that in railway speeds France and America "beat us with quite consummate ease." Of the fifty-seven quickest runs, booked from a start to a stop, only eight were British, and of these the two most respectable were trivial bursts of fifteen miles apiece, which, by the way, have been promptly explained away as due to clerical errors in the time-tables. A further piece of retrogression on the North-Eastern reduced the eight trains to five, only two of which were English. Our leading newspaper was so affected by the exposure that it filled a whole column with expressions of boundless indignation, and in the peroration thereof it declared that "four out of every five" important stations "ought to be straightway pulled down, greatly enlarged, and rebuilt." But, we may ask, where is the money to come from? Are not our rail-

ways already fully capitalised, and if so, can we thus write off many millions of pounds' worth of property as practically worthless?

It was amusing to notice how, after this onslaught, other critics were emboldened to enter the field. During the general election an enterprising morning paper, published at one half-penny, made the brilliant suggestion that the companies should be fined whenever their trains are unpunctual or overcrowded. But there was no attempt to tell us *how* these evils are to be obviated, while we doubt whether the offenders would be deterred from sinning by £5 penalties. However, it is a comfort to learn that the Railway Association has strengthened its ramparts in order to shelter distressed officials from the storms that are bursting.

Alas! the worst has yet to be told. The commercial travellers are so enraged at the withdrawal of well-established privileges, that they have met in a body and declared boldly for nationalisation. Before the month was out, Sir John Jones Jenkins persuaded a sober conference of ironmasters to subscribe to like heresies. Even the shareholders were aroused from their habitual apathy by a sweeping decline in dividends; and it really seems as if some of them would follow the reiterated advice of Mr J. Staats Forbes of the District Railway, by combining to protect their

so sadly threatened investments. Finally, the *employés*, of all people, grew restive, and, with mistaken opportunism, sought to wring impossible concessions out of their harassed masters. Happily the Great-Eastern strike was averted; but hostilities broke out on the Taff Vale, where the men received a well-merited defeat.

During this troublous period conferences have been held at Clearing House, but with negligible results. The ingenuity of the managers appears to have been confined to the raising of rates, and proposals for improved working received only the usual attention: a few paltry pence were added to excursion fares, summer facilities were severely curtailed, and, as a crowning stroke of genius, an edict was issued imposing upon passengers a strict payment for excess luggage. These measures were one and all exceedingly unpopular, and, as might have been foreseen, they turned out to be utterly ineffective. For a time the excess regulation did undoubtedly frighten the public into carrying fewer trunks; but it cost more than it was worth. If the porters were honest, they lost their tips, and were certain to grow dissatisfied with their 18s. a week. If, on the other hand, they accepted bribes, the passenger triumphed, and the company was as badly off as before. Within six weeks, therefore, the companies, led by the Midland, began to climb down, and the obnoxious regulation is now only referred to as an instance

of that "far-sighted guidance" which we ventured on a previous occasion to recommend to railway officials.

The above remarks do not apply with accuracy to Scottish lines, which enforced the excess regulations months before the English had stirred in the matter. Railways north of the Border were compelled to take action—not by the prevailing depression, but by the peculiar nature of the traffic to and from the Highlands. The season is so brief that holiday-makers have to pay famine prices for the necessities of life, while they are expected to supply their own linen and household accessories. Would-be lodgers set out with a kind of domestic siege-train, and each party requires a separate luggage-locker. Under such circumstances the companies were bound to protect themselves, and to their credit be it stated that they have stuck to their guns.

Not content with this victory, the Scottish companies have united to raise mineral rates, nor apparently has their action been seriously challenged. As usual, the proposals began to be discussed in England some months after Caledonia had arrived at a decision, and, as usual, there were serious dissensions among the powers that be. Most of the companies were willing to vote in favour of a moderate readjustment; but the North-Western was obdurate—its chairman disdainfully attributing such notions to other people's lack of experience! Undoubtedly the

Railway and Canal Traffic Act of 1888 has placed the companies in an awkward predicament; for not only are maximum rates fixed, but the present rates, even where they are below the maximum, must not be raised without cause assigned. The trader may appeal to the Railway and Canal Commission, and the company has then to prove a definite and sufficient addition to the actual cost of carriage. It is here that Mr Justice Wright has recently delivered a momentous judgment, for he holds that the general figures of increased working expenses produced by the companies are of small value as against a trader's appeal. His precise words are as follows: "The accounts of railway companies in this country are not so kept that the cost of the goods traffic can be separated from the cost of mineral traffic, or both of them from the cost of passenger traffic, with any degree of accuracy; and in the present case the correctness of the apportionment of particular heads of expense among the three branches of traffic was strongly impugned." In other words, the trader was not to be held liable for, let us say, the extra cost of a dining-car. If the above verdict is upheld, it justifies to some extent the caution with which the companies approach the rates problem; for the expenditure upon signalling, maintenance of permanent way, and other such departments, cannot easily be "apportioned" according to legal requirements.

But the mere raising of rates, even if equitable, does not constitute a reform in railway working, and it is after all reform, drastic and fearless, that we require. It is a scandal that tens of millions of distinct rates should be in force here in Great Britain, and at the close of the nineteenth century. Yet, without fresh legislation, uniformity could only be secured by reducing charges to the level of the lowest. For, if a rate were raised, a locality or a trade could appeal, and the desire to remove an inequality would constitute no defence.

We therefore cannot but realise that if ever an industry depended upon good book-keeping it is a railway, and in more quarters than one the suspicion is expressed that many needless complications are allowed to continue, and that no serious attempt is made to improve the clerical departments. The unblushing publication of absurdly inaccurate traffic returns—in some cases underestimated by £80,000 in the half-year—not only creates illusory impressions on the Stock Exchange, but misgivings of a more serious character. Absolutely no consideration is given to the education and selection of the 60,000 clerks employed, despite the fact that most higher posts are recruited from their ranks. Boys are tempted by handsome initial salaries to enter the service, where they settle in a rut, seldom as men earning decent incomes, and never encouraged to make practical suggestions. Our methods of promotion are

those which have been deliberately abandoned by American railroads, upon which strict civil service rules have been established. With us it is an open secret that favouritism still abounds, and that merit is of less consequence than a friend at court. Many phenomena, otherwise mysterious, are explained by these facts.

In this connection we feel it our duty to refer to one extremely significant incident. It was with almost universal satisfaction that the country received the assent of the general manager of the North-Western to serve on the South African Hospitals Commission. Yet it is hardly surprising that some of the shareholders exhibited a modified rapture. They could not but remember that, one by one, the recognised principles of railway working are being thrown into the melting-pot; that circumstances loudly call for comprehensive agreements between companies that have hitherto competed; that a bill revolutionising the relations between railways and the Board of Trade has but lately received the royal sanction; and that the steam locomotive, civilisation's glorious plaything, is being openly flouted by an electrical rival. Was it not startling to learn that, despite these developments, a general manager could, without inconvenience, vacate his position for months at a time? Assuredly it was a feather in the cap of those who, rightly or wrongly, maintain that the chairman, the general manager, and the

superintendent of the line perform duties which must overlap, and which might suitably be merged.

Directors are fond of attributing their troubles to the rise in the prices of materials, which usually accompanies a prolonged boom in trade. They say, truly enough, that the additional traffic has to be accepted at rates fixed when materials were cheap, and that, in order to cope with it, heavy capital expenditure, amounting to £18,000,000 in a single year, has to be undertaken. This means that when trade is brisk there is apt to be less net profit for dividend, and a rapidly increasing amount of stock upon which dividend should be paid. Indeed we arrive at the strange paradox, that the lighter the traffic the heavier is the profit to the individual shareholder, and *vice versa*. For instance, Irish railways are as useless as it is possible for mismanagement to make them; yet, during the first half-year of 1900, four of the most important maintained handsome dividends and increased the balances carried forward.

The losses due to the coal-famine have been colossal. During 1900 the bill for fuel will have increased by about £1,500,000. Some of the addition is accounted for by the heavier tonnage consumed, but high prices are responsible to a greater extent. No doubt coalowners and miners regard these facts with equanimity, for they cannot but remember the dark days when railway companies declined all chances

of buying up mines even at funeral prices, and instead drove hard and long contracts with the desperate proprietors. It may be urged in defence that mining is not the business of a railway; but then neither is quarrying, upholstering, and cooking. By snapping up a few collieries, a year or two ago, the companies would have been able to regulate their supply; and they would have destroyed, once and for all, the possibility of a coal ring being formed at a critical period. Surely, in these days, it is the desire of every large industrial concern—save a railway—to render itself independent of fluctuations in the cost of the raw materials which are necessary to it, and, in the ownership of collieries, there might have been, so we would think, a fair field for the much-vaunted energies of Clearing House.

The latest race for the north, as it has been called, progresses merrily at the time of writing, and its inner meaning may perhaps be guessed from our innocent remark last May that "a treaty is said to exist between the North-Western and the Great Northern, whereby the former promises to crawl to Manchester on condition that the latter shall only amble to Edinburgh." Such a treaty would account for the Great Northern's opposition to an acceleration, which in itself costs that Company nothing. But the "holding up" of the train at Berwick, by the North British, seems to have been a pure piece of fruitless obstinacy,

unless there was some lurking desire to save the face of the Midland, which, we are told, still provides a kind of semi-express service of passenger trains to Waverley Station. In any case, the North-Eastern is to be congratulated upon having at last driven the northern railways to adopt the progressive policy which Mr Gibb and his colleagues have so long striven for.

The conditions under which railwaymen work have been greatly in evidence during the past few months, and more may be heard in the future. Many people will be surprised to learn that only about one man in seven belongs to a trade union. It is true that the men are employed in great masses; but they are nevertheless split up into innumerable grades, and a common programme is out of the question. The grievances of a platelayer are not the grievances of a driver, and, further, their social caste is distinct and constitutes a barrier. Again, there is always a prospect of promotion open to those who severely limit their taste for agitation and play up to their superiors. It is obviously different with, let us say, the plasterers, among whom there are many masters and but one grade of workmen, instead of a few big corporations and many grades. Besides, the railway service is military in character, and labour combination savours of mutiny. Many times a-day is the railwayman reminded of the inexorable discipline which regulates his every action,—a

discipline which, by the way, is largely responsible for the sobriety and good conduct upon our lines. Outsiders have but small notion of the extent to which an active trade-unionist is watched, and his doings and sayings reported at headquarters. An alert general manager is often able to quash a rising agitation by quietly removing, or even promoting, its most dangerous leaders, and by adroitly granting some small concession to the grades chiefly affected. Besides, the men know well enough that their employment is regular, and often highly remunerative, that a pension awaits him who retains his position until old age, and that, by an arrangement between the companies, he who severs his connection with one severs his connection with all. It is a case where discretion is the better part of valour.

Under these circumstances, the companies, all save the North-Eastern, refuse to recognise the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. Even those who sympathise with labour combinations must admit that, in this instance, the union is not as yet representative of the railwayman. But non-recognition sometimes seems like sitting upon the safety-valve, for the trade-unionists, albeit a minority, are often the men who really think, and who are the natural leaders of public opinion. They are apt to talk violently, and their inaccuracies are upon occasion gross; but this may be partly because they are outlawed and irresponsible. Evils are bound to lurk in

every widespreading organisation, and the companies have not yet furnished an automatic channel through which grievances may be ventilated, without the intervention of the lower officials. Sir Joseph Pease, the chairman of the North-Eastern, possibly influenced by his Radical opinions, has boldly accepted Mr Bell of the Amalgamated Society as the "men's representative." For this, he has been publicly attacked by Lord Claud Hamilton, of the Great Eastern, who has adopted a suggestion from a quarter that need not here be specified, and has arranged for the company's officials to hold periodical meetings with any men who may possess a grievance. Here, possibly, there may be the germ of a system of modified representation, from which good results might accrue. However, it entirely depends upon the spirit displayed on both sides; and already it appears that the old feud has broken out afresh. One of the men's leaders, a signalman called Unwin, stood for, and was elected to, the recently constituted Borough Council at Poplar without first asking permission from the company, according to rule. He was allowed to choose between resignation of his public office and dismissal. He decided upon martyrdom, and, despite the excellence of his character, he is now no longer a railwayman. Throughout the whole affair the company has acted strictly according to the letter of its own regulation, and, judged by this

standard, Unwin is technically in the wrong. But, for all that, a curious constitutional question has been raised—namely, how far the privileges of the parliamentary franchise, with which no employer may tamper, extend, by law and equity, to municipal elections. The men declare that they ought to be allowed to do what they like in their spare time, provided always that they return to duty in a fit and unexhausted physical condition. The company claims that an *employé* may justly be debarred by the directors from taking part in local politics, in which, as in the famous case of the Atherstone level-crossing, railways are often so vitally concerned. The question at issue is not whether Unwin should be given time off in order to attend council meetings, but solely the more subtle contention previously indicated. The charge of victimisation has, of course, been freely levelled at the higher officials, and if this unkind view be accepted, it would be possible to point to a prophecy, hazarded in July last, by no less a railway expert than Mr Jerome K. Jerome himself, who, in sundry paragraphs of 'Idle Ideas,' declared that "the directors would be very civil and pleasant" to the men's representatives who might ask for an interview, but that "not much time would be wasted in finding excuses for dispensing with those men's services." However, whatever view we may take of Great

Eastern diplomacy, which is always iron-handed, and not too much of the velvet glove, we cannot but deplore the folly of the men's union in demanding from the studiously conciliatory North-Eastern a 10 per cent increase of wages all round. A grosser and more idiotic abuse of trade-unionism can scarcely be conceived.

With the recent strike in South Wales we have no sympathy, but its true history has yet to be written. It may be taken as a safe rule that the Amalgamated Society never sanctions an open rupture save under compulsion from beneath. The reason is obvious. The paid officials have far too much solicitude for their union's bank balance. In the present instance the local organiser of the "A.S.R.S.," a man called Holmes, took the bit in his teeth and called the men out, with the result that he received a severe and instant condemnation from the executive—a condemnation which has been repeated with emphasis at the union's annual conference. It is well known that when the outbreak occurred Mr Bell's only care was to make peace on any terms.

The Free Labour Association has been engaged in the formation of a reserve of experienced railwaymen, who are to hold themselves in readiness for emergencies. Some doubt is expressed as to whether these recruits, concerning whom there is considerable mystery, are likely to possess either the local or general knowledge necessary to almost all work-

ers on railways. It is curious that the companies have denied any knowledge of this reserve force, but possibly the disclaimers are diplomatic. In any case, we trust that such extreme measures will never have to be resorted to. It is suspicion that makes a workman act foolishly—suspicion combined with a total inability to grasp large figures. He finds by observation that traffic is increasing, and he cannot for the life of him conceive why dividends and wages should not mount up with it. And if the whole truth be told, workmen, who are very shrewd in matters of detail, are well able to detect any extravagance there may be, and to reason accordingly. Careless and wasteful management invariably gives discontent its opportunity, however numerous be the detectives.

It is a relief to turn from these topics to one which must perforce fascinate the imagination. What if the turmoil of the present is but an indication that old things are passing away, and that a new *régime* is about to be established? A Parliamentary Committee dealt this year with a proposal by Mr Behr to build an overhead electric railway for rapid passenger transit between Liverpool and Manchester. The older companies opposed the scheme with a desperate lack of logic, which reminded the adjudicators of the days when the stage-coach tried to outgallop the march of progress. The very idea of travelling at 120 miles an hour! Whoever heard of such a thing? Be-

sides, how unfair it will be towards us, whose trains with difficulty attain a speed of fifty miles an hour! Moreover, this mono-railway cannot possibly pay: whereat there follow clouds of statistics, designed to prove diametrically opposite theorems—namely, that by the *three* present routes the through passenger traffic is a valuable asset, of which the shareholders should be allowed the benefit; while the identical traffic, if sent by *one* route, would inevitably result in a loss. In fact, we are asked to believe that nobody will wish to trust his life and limbs on these meteoric cars, and yet that the running (or shooting) of the said cars will damage existing railways. These arguments failed to convince the committee, although for the moment the necessary powers were withheld, in order that Mr Behr might readjust his scheme so as to approach the termini by tunnels instead of by viaducts. He was also advised to prepare more definite evidence upon the possibility of controlling trains running at the high speeds suggested, it being stated in evidence that with a speed of even sixty or seventy miles an hour the brakes do not appear to act with full efficiency.

At the very moment when this conflict between the old and the new was raging at Westminster, the time-honoured underground railways hard by introduced electric traction upon a portion of their smoke-ridden inner circle. After years of timorous experimentation, trains have actually been started, and the public were, at first, charged

a shilling a ride. But with normal fares the economy in working was immediately demonstrable, and it more than justified the tardy and hesitating partial instalment. The fact is that, for years past, the real difficulties have been financial, rather than mechanical or scientific. The companies' short-sighted parsimony has probably wrecked, for all time, their chances of a vigorous prosperity. Too late the directors have woken up to the fact that the deep-level railways, already existing, are proving to be deadly rivals to those nearer the surface. With desperate haste, the Metropolitan Company has invited electrical firms to tender for a complete installation, and one enterprising engineering company has actually lodged a bill with Parliament, on its own account, authorising it to make the necessary transformation on the underground railways, whether the proprietors thereof like it or not!

Last but not least among these signs of the times, the Central London Railway, running at a deep level from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank, has been opened by the Prince of Wales, and enthusiastically appropriated by the public, 100,000 passengers being carried every day. In vain did irate 'bus-conductors revile "the tuppenny toob." The nickname only served to enhance the line's popularity, and to-day the "tube," with its uniform fare and cushioned seats, though these latter are doubtful blessings, is a welcome institution.

There are reasons for believing that these are only first

steps towards a distant and desirable goal. Already, it seems as if the steam locomotive had seen its most triumphant days. We think less of its excellences and more of its limitations. In the United Kingdom there are roughly 20,000 locomotives, each provided with an isolated and comparatively puny source of heat. It would tend to economy if we lit fewer and larger fires in electric power-stations. Again, each little separate flame has constantly to be extinguished and rekindled, so that much of its transient life is spent in heating a cold engine or lying out on the ground so that a warm engine may cool. Even when steam is up, it is wastefully harnessed, for every second that an engine stands idle, whether at a platform, signal, or siding, its pent-up power is being dissipated. Even when the machine is in motion, it is only by the most skilful manipulation that the best can be got out of the coal. Granted this careful firing, the continual exposure to the elements of something that must be kept warm, coupled with the necessary introduction into the fire-box of bitterly cold air, tends to lower the locomotive's net efficiency. We must also recollect that the engine is burdened with the weight of its own fuel, which falls, not on the driving-wheels, where it might prevent skidding, but upon the wheels of the tender. It is exactly as if the engine had to drag an extra carriage or two. Now, an electric locomotive carries no coal and no water, nor has it to maintain a furnace. There is

no "getting up steam" to add to the cost of fuel as well as to wages. There is no ruthless scattering of white-hot embers at the close of the day. When energy is required, the locomotive gathers it in its iron hand from a third rail at its side. When the machine is stationary, or running at half-speed or downhill, there is no waste of power, for the current, for which there is no use at the moment, flows on and helps a locomotive somewhere else. By the adoption of electric traction we establish all the more complicated pieces of mechanism on a solid foundation. The cylinders, the valves, the pistons, the connecting-rods, the cranks, and all other unsymmetrical parts, are enabled to take life easily in a nice, roomy, sheltered engine-house where rattle and vibration are reduced to a minimum, and where rain, hail, and sleet are jealously excluded. The stationary engines are big, and therefore they are able to be run at a slow and steady speed. Also, the tall chimney disposes of the difficulty of maintaining a uniform draught through the fire-box of a locomotive travelling at all rates of speed, and, worse still, sometimes standing idle. The electric locomotive is simply a receiver and transformer of energy. It does not pretend to generate power. In the main its mechanism consists of smoothly rotating wheels, so that the desperate pulsations of a labouring piston will no longer afflict the nerves of passengers, nor will alternate motions of "reciprocating parts" create oscillations sufficient to disturb the

soundest permanent way. A proportion of the cost of cleaning locomotives ought surely to be saved, for this process now involves an outlay of £40 per engine, or thereabouts, every year, the dusty and overheated mechanism having to be overhauled some three or four times a-week, and always before it cools. Other economies should be effected. Watering stations and troughs, coaling platforms, and firemen will possess only an antiquarian value, though no doubt two drivers will be required on all footplates. Sparks will no longer set fire to hayricks, nor will a plague of smuts continue to torment passengers who like a little fresh air. Against all this we have to set the fact that, by the double transformation of mechanical energy into electrical and back again, we lose a certain fixed percentage. A further loss is occasioned by the passage of the current through lengths of cable.

In May we pointed out that our steam locomotives fail to maintain their premier position as racers, and that their designers are handicapped by the small sectional area of our bridges and tunnels. Yet, in all countries, however favourably situated, there must be a limit to the speed of a train which has to generate its own motive-power as it goes along. The maximum booked speed may vary, but it is not likely to exceed seventy miles an hour. In America, Mr Adams has tried to reduce air resistance by shaping a train like a cigar. Yet he cannot have killed the

effect of a side (as opposed to a head) wind, which drives the wheel flanges against the rails, so causing friction along the entire length of the train. Smooth trains are all very well; but the great need is for additional motive-power per ton, and this need electricity supplies. The monster stationary engine forces its flood of energy along the third rail, and if the whole of this cataract of electricity were applied to a single train, the passengers would be shot into space. But the locomotive is circum-spect, and it only gathers sufficient to maintain a reasonable speed of, say, 200 miles an hour. It is no hardship to get up such speed, for at any given moment there are limitless resources, a fact which explains why the Central London is able to negotiate eleven stoppages in twenty-five minutes. The train is simply swept out of the stations. In a country like ours, where speed has frequently to be recovered after signals, curves, and junctions, to say nothing of stations, the value of such recuperative energy is not to be exaggerated.

All of us must have noticed at one time or another the enormous number of unoccupied seats in our trains, and we must have thought of the economy which could be effected by varying train-lengths according to circumstances. So long as carriages have to depend entirely upon the good offices of a locomotive, this end will be difficult to attain. But the electrician is able to provide each vehicle with the means of

picking up motive-force, so that we shall be able to follow the example of the Waterloo and City Railway and dispense with separate locomotives altogether. On that line, when traffic is light, a single coach is found to be sufficient. The ability to run shorter trains implies an ability to run them more frequently. It is more convenient for the public that single cars be run every quarter of an hour than that trains of eight cars be timed once every two hours. Frequency of service is one of the chief attractions of Mr Behr's scheme, though if a modification of it were applied to existing railways the block regulations would have to be allowed for. Technically, a single car is a whole train, and only one such may be allowed on each section of line. Already, with an infrequent train-service, our metals are closely occupied.

Curiously enough, the virtual abolition of a separate locomotive will enable us to make up longer as well as shorter trains than ever before. Under present circumstances the pulling of a goods train is the work of a few pairs of wheels coupled together. If those wheels fail to grip the metals, the motive machine is powerless. In the case of fast trains, it is found that during an average journey, especially on greasy rails, the driving-wheels keep revolving without a due advance. It is not only at starting that the use of sand is necessary. We have, therefore, to pile upon these pairs of wheels the utmost possible weight of metal,

companies to take the lead, according to no general conception of future necessities, we shall find to our cost that underground London has become an abyss of infinite distraction. But, of course, no word of comfort can be offered under any circumstances to those unhappy astronomers at Greenwich whose instruments are so grievously affected by the powerful electric currents in the neighbouring city; nor is it easy to discern a remedy for the serious vibrations along the route of the Central London Railway, which were not foreseen by the experts, and which may, we are told, become the subject of severe litigation.

In a discussion of this kind the use of technical expressions is all but excluded, and a certain indefiniteness results. For instance, electric force may be applied in other ways than by the third rail, which is not, strictly speaking, Mr Behr's conception. Most of our remarks would have applied to the use of accumulators—a word which explains itself—carried on the train. Perhaps an effective accumulator has yet to be invented.

Regarded in the most general light, electricity may tend to diminish railway traffic per head of population. In the United States the telephone, which is there effective, has already had this result. The universal transference of coal energy into electrical energy, before utilisation, would enable us to dispose of vast distributive industries. Power-stations might be placed actually at the

pit-heads. Coal and gas would no longer need to be introduced into factories; while there are those who urge that a day is coming when all domestic operations, such as cooking, lighting, heating, and even potato-growing, will be performed by the magic of the cable. Be that as it may, it will be a pleasure to live in a land where soot and smuts are confined within the limited areas of judiciously situated electric power-stations.

Electrical installation, beset as it must be with difficulties of transition, cannot fail to involve a colossal capital expenditure, and it is a question whether railways in their present form are as permanent a security as we habitually regard them. In America, vast sums, which we in Great Britain would distribute as legitimate dividend are annually devoted to improvements, with the result that many lines hitherto profitless are now reaping the benefit of years of self-sacrifice. Judged by this standard, our surpluses, albeit diminishing, are not fully earned, for many worn-out buildings ought to be renewed, and even enlarged, out of income, instead of, as at present, by means of a new issue of stock. There is reason to fear that we are slowly drifting towards a deadlock, in which, perhaps, we may have to cry out to the State for aid. Yet the case for nationalisation is by no means clear. By quenching competition, by abolishing alternative routes, by simplifying rates, by progressive unification of management, we may dispense with canvass-

else the steam, whatever be its pressure, will avail us naught. This concentration of weight puts a severe strain upon our permanent way, and we are often compelled to rebuild bridges and viaducts because of it. If, however, motors were distributed throughout the train, the task of haulage would be apportioned evenly over many scores of wheels. The strain upon couplings would be modified, and, theoretically, there would be no limit to the possible number of cars employed on each occasion.

And here a word of warning may be permitted. As an experiment, Mr Behr's brilliant scheme is to be cordially welcomed; but it would be a thousand pities if the example of constructing solitary links of line between pairs of industrial centres were to be indiscriminately followed. To superpose upon our existing railways a distinct yet geographically coincident electric system would be typical madness. May Heaven grant that railway directors reckon with the new power before it be too late! Electric working is bound to come. We pray that it may be welcomed as an ally, and not resisted as an enemy. In the construction of deep-level lines we may easily make mistakes. The three which are working in London are, taken severally, successful; but why were they not from the first made parts of one system? There is more in this simple remark than at first appears. Certain visionaries assure us that all our railways, whether

for goods or passengers, will ultimately be sunk to a deep level, on approaching big towns. The Greathead shield has removed the engineering difficulties, lifts will connect with the surface, and electricity creates no smoke. Possibly a central station for London may be the final result of this daring prophecy, and if so, immense tracts of priceless land will be liberated, unsightly bridges will vanish from our streets and sea-ports, while the whistle will shriek no more in the land. Truly, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and enthusiasts must have felt their hearts leap at Lord Claud Hamilton's recent statement, that his company hopes soon to burrow under its main line to Liverpool Street, and is suspending further extensions on the surface. The general manager of the Brighton line has dropped similar hints.

What, then, are we to say of the chaotic applications for new "tubes" which are to be pressed upon Parliament in the ensuing season? Some of them are fathered by a gentleman who is already, one would think, sufficiently notorious as the Chicago railway king. Surely it would be better for Parliament to request a body of experts to prepare a comprehensive scheme of deep-level extensions, and to grant the construction thereof to such syndicates as may best inspire respect. It is on some such method that Paris is being provided with local railways, and if we this side the Channel persist in allowing irresponsible

companies to take the lead, according to no general conception of future necessities, we shall find to our cost that underground London has become an abyss of infinite distraction. But, of course, no word of comfort can be offered under any circumstances to those unhappy astronomers at Greenwich whose instruments are so grievously affected by the powerful electric currents in the neighbouring city; nor is it easy to discern a remedy for the serious vibrations along the route of the Central London Railway, which were not foreseen by the experts, and which may, we are told, become the subject of severe litigation.

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ers, collectors, and even railwaymen and general managers. Yet would we have the courage to sign away so many livelihoods? Would the political Kitchener who did it survive an appeal to the country? Autocratic railway presidents on the other side of the Atlantic have many times driven duplicate officials into private life, but here we are squeamish. This very difficulty has probably arisen in Scotland, where two minor railways are said to be flirting, and where, by a refinement of cruelty, each pair of high officials has been set to confer in secret. We will not venture to inquire what would probably be the thought uppermost in the mind of either.

Considerable zest has been imparted to the outcry for nationalisation by the sad case of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railways. It is incorrect to argue that the present grievances are due to the amalgamation of the two companies. If the truth must be stated, it is that some indefinable influence, personal or otherwise, stifles even such reforms as are obviously necessary and feasible. To put the case in a nutshell,

the Kent railways might be very much better worked if it suited the powers that be to allow them to be better worked. It is not altogether a case of can't but of won't.

To estimate the value of railways for the purposes of State purchase must always be a tax of supreme difficulty. The market price at any particular date might obviously be inflated with the usual motive, and thus the nation might be defrauded. Again, certain stocks are only held with a view to future prosperity, and in such isolated instances the quotation—albeit current—would be unjust to the shareholder. Moreover, nationalisation could only be the result of a long period of discussion, during which the prospect of it might maintain values at a fictitious level, especially if the first duty of the State would, after acquisition, be to spend large sums upon long-needed changes. Finally, it is not easy to dismiss the objection that political influences would compromise the scientific precision by which alone a railway is able to act justly towards many varied and conflicting interests.

M Y W I S H.

IF but for one brief day my soul might roam
In bird-form through the spaces of the air,
And hover on still wing above the foam,
And see more clearly what the hill-tops wear :
If I might feel the great wind's mighty wings
Upbearing me, until I touched the clouds,—
Until the silence whispered and the things
Of earth were blurred beneath the filmy shrouds :
If I might see the dawn grow white and scent
The upward breath of all the wild-wood flowers,
And fly at eve across that purple rent
Of darkening valley, with unfailing powers :
How would a longing of my life be stilled,
And childhood's frequent dreaming be fulfilled !

R. O.

THE LAST SESSION OF THE CENTURY.

IF the success of the Liberal party in the short preliminary session which has just closed be any earnest of what we may expect from them when Parliament begins again, the Ministry have very little cause for uneasiness. It is no exaggeration in the world to say that in the debate on the Address the Opposition broke down at every point. It was said that Mr Chamberlain's reply to Mr Emmott had taken the wind out of their sails. But there was never any wind in them. They had, we admit, set themselves a task of no ordinary difficulty: for, independently of the force of facts, they spoke not only under the shadow of their own previous indiscretions, but also with the full consciousness that the voice of the nation was against them—a voice which, according to Mr Gladstone, is seldom mistaken on great questions of principle. Under these circumstances it required the courage of Lord John Russell himself to stand up to their antagonists; and it is really no discredit to them that they failed as they did, and got severely punished for their pains. They did all perhaps that could have been done against such hopeless odds, and by "odds" we do not mean the superior ability of their adversaries, but the almost impregnable position which they occupied. Had the Liberal leaders held it instead of the Unionist, they would,

we have no reason to doubt, have been equally successful in defending it.

The points selected for attack were six in number: the silence of the Government on the future settlement of South Africa; the date of the dissolution; the placards posted up during the general election; the publication of private letters; the connection of a Minister of the Crown with a firm accepting Government contracts; and the so-called nepotism of Lord Salisbury in filling up his Administration. Here was an imposing array of topics! But, like Lord Castlereagh's giant, they became smaller and smaller the more closely they were looked at, till they dwindled away to nothing. Mr Emmott's amendment, introduced by the Opposition with some pomp and parade, was brought in, we were told, because Mr Balfour's assurances on the previous day were thought "unsatisfactory." But when it was opened it was found to contain only a solemn request that Government would, as soon as they conveniently could, do exactly what Mr Balfour had indicated. It was hardly worth while to spend five precious hours in enforcing what, even before Mr Balfour spoke, was really a foregone conclusion, but which afterwards could only serve as parchment for the Opposition drum. They were obliged to make some noise and show; and as the result was a

capital speech from Mr Chamberlain, perhaps it was as well as it was. It was impossible indeed for the Colonial Secretary to say anything but what in substance had been said already by the leader of the House. But he said it with greater fulness and precision, as became his office. After all, it only comes to this, that the Transvaal must be governed as a Crown Colony till it is fit for representative institutions; and as the Opposition are so anxious to see that day arrive, we hope they will be wise enough not to retard it, as they still seem disposed to do, by encouraging a seditious spirit in the Dutch population, or pressing for the grant of a constitution before the colony is ripe for it.

Where the Opposition will be thought to have failed most signally is in their censure of the September dissolution. They had nobody but themselves to thank for it. This part of the case was well worked up by Mr Balfour. Had the Opposition only held their tongues or used them to better purpose, it might not have been necessary. But the language employed by them all through the summer amounted to a direct challenge. When the Boers were told first by one Liberal orator and then by another that the war was unjust, unnecessary, inhuman, and vindictive, they had got all they wanted. They had a case to lay before Europe. It was all very well to say that now the war had begun we must carry it out to the end. The Opposition might consider

that this was a prudent hedge: but it was nothing to the Boers. If the war was what these gentlemen had described it to be, Europe might step in and say that it should *not* be carried out. This was their only hope from the first. The kind of support given by the Liberals in Parliament, of which Lord Rosebery made so much, is nothing to the purpose. Their support of the measures necessary for the prosecution of the war did not affect in the slightest degree their censure of its policy—and it was this on which the Boers relied. If one relation says to another, "Here you are—in a devil of a scrape: you have behaved like a fool and a villain; but, of course, for the honour of the family, I must see you through it,"—our opinion of the culprit remains unchanged. By the support, therefore, to which Lord Rosebery refers, the Boers were in no way stopped from appealing to the language of important English politicians condemning the policy of the Government in the strongest possible terms.

When it was added, as it usually was, that the existing Ministerial majority in favour of the war was no proof that the country was in favour of it also, because the Parliament was a creature of the past, and did not necessarily represent the public opinion of the present; when it was more than hinted that the real sentiments of the British people, could they be got at, would be found adverse to the war,—when these statements were

ers on railways. It is curious that the companies have denied any knowledge of this reserve force, but possibly the disclaimers are diplomatic. In any case, we trust that such extreme measures will never have to be resorted to. It is suspicion that makes a workman act foolishly—suspicion combined with a total inability to grasp large figures. He finds by observation that traffic is increasing, and he cannot for the life of him conceive why dividends and wages should not mount up with it. And if the whole truth be told, workmen, who are very shrewd in matters of detail, are well able to detect any extravagance there may be, and to reason accordingly. Careless and wasteful management invariably gives discontent its opportunity, however numerous be the detectives.

It is a relief to turn from these topics to one which must perforce fascinate the imagination. What if the turmoil of the present is but an indication that old things are passing away, and that a new *régime* is about to be established? A Parliamentary Committee dealt this year with a proposal by Mr Behr to build an overhead electric railway for rapid passenger transit between Liverpool and Manchester. The older companies opposed the scheme with a desperate lack of logic, which reminded the adjudicators of the days when the stage-coach tried to outgallop the march of progress. The very idea of travelling at 120 miles an hour! Whoever heard of such a thing? Be-

sides, how unfair it will be towards us, whose trains with difficulty attain a speed of fifty miles an hour! Moreover, this mono-railway cannot possibly pay: whereat there follow clouds of statistics, designed to prove diametrically opposite theorems—namely, that by the *three* present routes the through passenger traffic is a valuable asset, of which the shareholders should be allowed the benefit; while the identical traffic, if sent by *one* route, would inevitably result in a loss. In fact, we are asked to believe that nobody will wish to trust his life and limbs on these meteoric cars, and yet that the running (or shooting) of the said cars will damage existing railways. These arguments failed to convince the committee, although for the moment the necessary powers were withheld, in order that Mr Behr might readjust his scheme so as to approach the termini by tunnels instead of by viaducts. He was also advised to prepare more definite evidence upon the possibility of controlling trains running at the high speeds suggested, it being stated in evidence that with a speed of even sixty or seventy miles an hour the brakes do not appear to act with full efficiency.

At the very moment when this conflict between the old and the new was raging at Westminster, the time-honoured underground railways hard by introduced electric traction upon a portion of their smoke-ridden inner circle. After years of timorous experimentation, trains have actually been started, and the public were, at first, charged

a shilling a ride. But with normal fares the economy in working was immediately demonstrable, and it more than justified the tardy and hesitating partial instalment. The fact is that, for years past, the real difficulties have been financial, rather than mechanical or scientific. The companies' shortsighted parsimony has probably wrecked, for all time, their chances of a vigorous prosperity. Too late the directors have woken up to the fact that the deep-level railways, already existing, are proving to be deadly rivals to those nearer the surface. With desperate haste, the Metropolitan Company has invited electrical firms to tender for a complete installation, and one enterprising engineering company has actually lodged a bill with Parliament, on its own account, authorising it to make the necessary transformation on the underground railways, whether the proprietors thereof like it or not!

Last but not least among these signs of the times, the Central London Railway, running at a deep level from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank, has been opened by the Prince of Wales, and enthusiastically appropriated by the public, 100,000 passengers being carried every day. In vain did irate bus-conductors revile "the tuppenny toob." The nickname only served to enhance the line's popularity, and to-day the "tube," with its uniform fare and cushioned seats, though these latter are doubtful blessings, is a welcome institution. There are reasons for thinking that t

steps towards a distant and desirable goal. Already, it seems as if the steam locomotive had seen its most triumphant days. We think less of its excellences and more of its limitations. In the United Kingdom there are roughly 20,000 locomotives, each provided with an isolated and comparatively puny source of heat. It would tend to economy if we lit fewer and larger fires in electric power-stations. Again, each little separate flame has constantly to be extinguished and rekindled, so that much of its transient life is spent in heating a cold engine or lying out on the ground so that a warm engine may cool. Even when steam is up, it is wastefully harnessed, for every second that an engine stands idle, whether at a platform, signal, or siding, its pent-up power is being dissipated. Even when the machine is in motion, it is only by the most skilful manipulation that the best can be got out of the coal. Granted this careful firing, the continual exposure to the elements of something that must be kept warm, coupled with the necessary introduction into the fire-box of bitterly cold air, tends to lower the locomotive's net efficiency. We must also recollect that the engine is burdened with the weight of its own fuel, which falls, not on the driving-wheels, where it might prevent skidding, but upon the wheels of the tender. It is exactly as if the engine had to drag an extra engine or two. Now, the electric locomotive carries no fuel, and has it to be feared that it is

no "getting up steam" to add to the cost of fuel as well as to wages. There is no ruthless scattering of white-hot embers at the close of the day. When energy is required, the locomotive gathers it in its iron hand from a third rail at its side. When the machine is stationary, or running at half-speed or downhill, there is no waste of power, for the current, for which there is no use at the moment, flows on and helps a locomotive somewhere else. By the adoption of electric traction we establish all the more complicated pieces of mechanism on a solid foundation. The cylinders, the valves, the pistons, the connecting-rods, the cranks, and all other unsymmetrical parts, are enabled to take life easily in a nice, roomy, sheltered engine-house where rattle and vibration are reduced to a minimum, and where rain, hail, and sleet are jealously excluded. The stationary engines are big, and therefore they are able to be run at a slow and steady speed. Also, the tall chimney disposes of the difficulty of maintaining a uniform draught through the fire-box of a locomotive travelling at all rates of speed, and, worse still, sometimes standing idle. The electric locomotive is simply a receiver and transformer of energy. It does not pretend to generate power. In the main its mechanism consists of smoothly rotating wheels, so that the desperate pulsations of a labouring piston will no longer afflict the nerves of passengers, nor will alternate motions of "reciprocating parts" create oscillations sufficient to disturb the

soundest permanent way. A proportion of the cost of cleaning locomotives ought surely to be saved, for this process now involves an outlay of £40 per engine, or thereabouts, every year, the dusty and overheated mechanism having to be overhauled some three or four times a week, and always before it cools. Other economies should be effected. Watering stations and troughs, coaling platforms, and firemen will possess only an antiquarian value, though no doubt two drivers will be required on all footplates. Sparks will no longer set fire to hayricks, nor will a plague of smuts continue to torment passengers who like a little fresh air. Against all this we have to set the fact that, by the double transformation of mechanical energy into electrical and back again, we lose a certain fixed percentage. A further loss is occasioned by the passage of the current through lengths of cable.

In May we pointed out that our steam locomotives fail to maintain their premier position as racers, and that their designers are handicapped by the small sectional area of our bridges and tunnels. Yet, in all countries, however favourably situated, there must be a limit to the speed of a train which has to generate its own motive-power as it goes along. The maximum booked speed may vary, but it is not likely to exceed seventy miles an hour. In America, Mr Adams has tried to reduce air resistance by shaping a train like a cigar. Yet he cannot have killed the

effect of a side (as opposed to a head) wind, which drives the wheel flanges against the rails, so causing friction along the entire length of the train. Smooth trains are all very well; but the great need is for additional motive-power per ton, and this need electricity supplies. The monster stationary engine forces its flood of energy along the third rail, and if the whole of this cataract of electricity were applied to a single train, the passengers would be shot into space. But the locomotive is circumspect, and it only gathers sufficient to maintain a reasonable speed of, say, 200 miles an hour. It is no hardship to get up such speed, for at any given moment there are limitless resources, a fact which explains why the Central London is able to negotiate eleven stoppages in twenty-five minutes. The train is simply swept out of the stations. In a country like ours, where speed has frequently to be recovered after signals, curves, and junctions, to say nothing of stations, the value of such recuperative energy is not to be exaggerated.

All of us must have noticed at one time or another the enormous number of unoccupied seats in our trains, and we must have thought of the economy which could be effected by varying train-lengths according to circumstances. So long as carriages have to depend entirely upon the good offices of a locomotive, this end will be difficult to attain. But the electrician is able to provide each vehicle with the means of

picking up motive-force, so that we shall be able to follow the example of the Waterloo and City Railway and dispense with separate locomotives altogether. On that line, when traffic is light, a single coach is found to be sufficient. The ability to run shorter trains implies an ability to run them more frequently. It is more convenient for the public that single cars be run every quarter of an hour than that trains of eight cars be timed once every two hours. Frequency of service is one of the chief attractions of Mr Behr's scheme, though if a modification of it were applied to existing railways the block regulations would have to be allowed for. Technically, a single car is a whole train, and only one such may be allowed on each section of line. Already, with an infrequent train-service, our metals are closely occupied.

Curiously enough, the virtual abolition of a separate locomotive will enable us to make up longer as well as shorter trains than ever before. Under present circumstances the pulling of a goods train is the work of a few pairs of wheels coupled together. If those wheels fail to grip the metals, the motive machine is powerless. In the case of fast trains, it is found that during an average journey, especially on greasy rails, the driving-wheels keep revolving without a due advance. It is not only at starting that the use of sand is necessary. We have, therefore, to pile upon these pairs of wheels the utmost possible weight of metal,

else the steam, whatever be its pressure, will avail us naught. This concentration of weight puts a severe strain upon our permanent way, and we are often compelled to rebuild bridges and viaducts because of it. If, however, motors were distributed throughout the train, the task of haulage would be apportioned evenly over many scores of wheels. The strain upon couplings would be modified, and, theoretically, there would be no limit to the possible number of cars employed on each occasion.

And here a word of warning may be permitted. As an experiment, Mr Behr's brilliant scheme is to be cordially welcomed; but it would be a thousand pities if the example of constructing solitary links of line between pairs of industrial centres were to be indiscriminately followed. To superpose upon our existing railways a distinct yet geographically coincident electric system would be typical madness. May Heaven grant that railway directors reckon with the new power before it be too late! Electric working is bound to come. We pray that it may be welcomed as an ally, and not resisted as an enemy. In the construction of deep-level lines we may easily make mistakes. The three which are working in London are, taken severally, successful; but why were they not from the first made parts of one system? There is more in this simple remark than at first appears. Certain visionaries assure us that all our railways, whether

for goods or passengers, will ultimately be sunk to a deep level, on approaching big towns. The Greathead shield has removed the engineering difficulties, lifts will connect with the surface, and electricity creates no smoke. Possibly a central station for London may be the final result of this daring prophecy, and if so, immense tracts of priceless land will be liberated, unsightly bridges will vanish from our streets and seaports, while the whistle will shriek no more in the land. Truly, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and enthusiasts must have felt their hearts leap at Lord Claud Hamilton's recent statement, that his company hopes soon to burrow under its main line to Liverpool Street, and is suspending further extensions on the surface. The general manager of the Brighton line has dropped similar hints.

What, then, are we to say of the chaotic applications for new "tubes" which are to be pressed upon Parliament in the ensuing season? Some of them are fathered by a gentleman who is already, one would think, sufficiently notorious as the Chicago railway king. Surely it would be better for Parliament to request a body of experts to prepare a comprehensive scheme of deep-level extensions, and to grant the construction thereof to such syndicates as may best inspire respect. It is on some such method that Paris is being provided with local railways, and if we this side the Channel persist in allowing irresponsible

companies to take the lead, according to no general conception of future necessities, we shall find to our cost that underground London has become an abyss of infinite distraction. But, of course, no word of comfort can be offered under any circumstances to those unhappy astronomers at Greenwich whose instruments are so grievously affected by the powerful electric currents in the neighbouring city; nor is it easy to discern a remedy for the serious vibrations along the route of the Central London Railway, which were not foreseen by the experts, and which may, we are told, become the subject of severe litigation.

In a discussion of this kind the use of technical expressions is all but excluded, and a certain indefiniteness results. For instance, electric force may be applied in other ways than by the third rail, which is not, strictly speaking, Mr Behr's conception. Most of our remarks would have applied to the use of accumulators—a word which explains itself—carried on the train. Perhaps an effective accumulator has yet to be invented.

Regarded in the most general light, electricity may tend to diminish railway traffic per head of population. In the United States the telephone, which is there effective, has already had this result. The universal transference of coal energy into electrical energy, before utilisation, would enable us to dispose of vast distributive industries. Power-stations might be placed actually at the

pit-heads. Coal and gas would no longer need to be introduced into factories; while there are those who urge that a day is coming when all domestic operations, such as cooking, lighting, heating, and even potato-growing, will be performed by the magic of the cable. Be that as it may, it will be a pleasure to live in a land where soot and smuts are confined within the limited areas of judiciously situated electric power-stations.

Electrical installation, beset as it must be with difficulties of transition, cannot fail to involve a colossal capital expenditure, and it is a question whether railways in their present form are as permanent a security as we habitually regard them. In America, vast sums, which we in Great Britain would distribute as legitimate dividend are annually devoted to improvements, with the result that many lines hitherto profitless are now reaping the benefit of years of self-sacrifice. Judged by this standard, our surpluses, albeit diminishing, are not fully earned, for many worn-out buildings ought to be renewed, and even enlarged, out of income, instead of, as at present, by means of a new issue of stock. There is reason to fear that we are slowly drifting towards a deadlock, in which, perhaps, we may have to cry out to the State for aid. Yet the case for nationalisation is by no means clear. By quenching competition, by abolishing alternative routes, by simplifying rates, by progressive unification of management, we may dispense with canvass-

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reiterated day after day, and week after week, it became absolutely necessary to put them to the test, and to let both the Boers and foreign Powers understand on what foundation they rested. The longer this was deferred, the longer such assertions remained uncontradicted, the more hopeful would the enemy be found; the more tenacious would be the guerilla warfare sustained by his broken bands; and the more severe the punishment meted out to perjury and treason. The farm-burning which excites the indignation of the Liberal leaders is the natural consequence of their own language. The Boers have been sacrificed, as they very likely will be again, not to the policy of the Government, but to the reckless rage of a beaten faction writhing under the lash which an outraged nation has laid upon them.

Granted that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has not used quite such strong language as Mr Morley, we must remember that half-civilised races, wholly ignorant of "parliamentary government," are not qualified to draw nice distinctions. They only saw that they had on their side the sympathy and moral support of an important political party which is called by one name, and stands before the world as one. Of shades of difference between its various component parts they take no notice. One leader of the party calls our policy "blatant and aggressive"; another describes it as "hellish," and declares

that the whole civilised world is against us. But the Boers know no difference between the two speakers—they are both Liberals. If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman wishes to rely on the comparative moderation of his own language, he should have made a point of disavowing and condemning the language used by others, of dissociating himself altogether from those who hold it, and that in such a marked and public manner as to make it impossible for any one hereafter to confound him with them. If he had made it his business to show that the sympathy with the Boers, the violent attacks upon Government, and the suggestions of popular disapproval which are answerable for so much mischief, were confined to a few individuals, he might have robbed the case for dissolution of some of its weight. As matters stand, he must share with others the responsibility of having made it indispensable. Ministers could not stand that kind of thing for ever. It was rather too much to be told that their policy did not command the confidence of the nation at large, and then to be debarred from appealing to it to say whether it was true.

But they ought to have waited for the next registration, we are told. Have the public any idea what difference this would have made? It can be proved from statistics that the number of new electors brought on to the register next year would not exceed 150,000. Sir H. Campbell-

Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt declared that the number would amount to one-fifth, or twenty per cent. In reality it is two per cent. Now if the whole 150,000 new votes had been cast for the Liberal party, it would, on a rough calculation, have left Lord Salisbury with a majority of more than a hundred. But what likelihood is there that the votes would have been so allotted? At the most we cannot suppose they would have been otherwise than evenly divided, which would have left the Unionist majority where it is. And then it is said that Ministers were afraid to face the new register! When will there be an end of this nonsense?

One of the silliest things that has been said about the dissolution during the whole controversy is that Government were "using" patriotism for party purposes. Of course they were, as Mr Balfour said. The distinction so commonly drawn between party and patriotism, or party and the public, is oftener than not a very false one. What causes any man to be a member of a political party? There are, we know, some who make politics a trade, as Dugald Dalgetty made war, and are actuated solely by selfish or personal considerations. But we believe that the great majority of Englishmen who call themselves either Liberals or Conservatives have some honest convictions, after all, in regard to public policy. They support one party rather than another because they sincerely believe it is the better

qualified of the two to promote the happiness and welfare of their native land; and what are we to call such motives as these except patriotism? Party being the appointed instrument in this country for giving effect to great public objects, it is naturally employed by those who desire to promote them. Party, therefore, in any honourable sense of the term, is organised patriotism; and those who use it for party purposes use it for its own.

As regards the abusive placards, the complainants would do well to remember the advice once given by Sir W. Harcourt to the late Sir Charles Russell, then member for Westminster. Electioneering cries are not remarkable for suavity. Of course there are limits. But we do not see that the sentence complained of by Lord Rosebery and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman overpassed them. The words, "Every seat lost to the Government is a seat given" (not sold) "to the Boers," do not necessarily mean that every one who voted for a Liberal candidate was a traitor to his country, as Lord Rosebery says it does. That is ridiculous. It simply states a fact. The Liberal party is known to be largely leavened with a feeling of sympathy for the Boers. And giving a vote to a member of that party may be described as giving one to the Boers without exceeding the licence usually permissible at elections. It does not necessarily mean that such was the intention of the voter, but that such was the effect of his vote.

If certain members of the party resent such imputations as false, they should, as we have already said, be more careful to dissociate themselves from others of whom they are certainly true. If they are compelled to lean on the support of Boer sympathisers and to refrain from saying anything to hurt their feelings, they must not be surprised if they are all set down by the public as "tarred with the same stick."

The publication of private letters, on which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman expended so much righteous indignation, turns out to have been something very different from what has been represented. What are the facts? It was known that compromising letters, written by English members of Parliament to President Kruger and others, had come into possession of the Government, and Mr Chamberlain was accused of purposely withholding them from publication in order that a vague suspicion might hang over the heads of the whole Liberal party as the general election drew near. Mr Chamberlain was asked last August, by a member of the Opposition, "whether, in the event of the alleged writers refusing permission, he would give the public the opportunity of judging of the correspondence by himself undertaking the responsibility of publishing? Now, that is the whole point." Yes, that is the whole point. The Opposition were quite determined that Mr Chamberlain should be in the wrong. First of all, he was

keeping back the letters in order to throw suspicion on the whole Liberal party, and then when he published them he was violating the sanctity of private correspondence! But there is a point in all correspondence—in all, at least, which concerns public affairs—at which the privilege of privacy can no longer be pleaded, and that point is reached when a member of the Legislature is found in direct communication with the Queen's enemies, expressing his sympathy with their cause, and pointing out how best they can overreach us by "temporary concessions": temporary, that is, because in due time to be revoked when the expected reaction shall set in. Here is a pretty proposition to emanate from an English gentleman! The insurgent leader is to be told, forsooth, that he has only to dissemble for a while—to pretend to give way on certain points which he has no real intention of conceding—and he will get his own way in the end. A subject of her Majesty is to give this advice to men in arms against her, as a means of gaining what they want by fraud instead of force; and then we are required to believe that such is not the conduct of a traitor.

The Birmingham mare's nest—the conspiracy of insinuation—though disgraceful enough to all who took part in it, "directly or indirectly," probably answered the purpose for which it was concocted. Mr Chamberlain's enemies will be satisfied with knowing that they have given deep pain to

an eminent statesman whose greatness has often made them look extremely small, and whom they naturally hate in proportion. In the mere abstract resolution moved by Mr Lloyd George there was no harm, of course; and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, in order to justify his support of it, tried hard to make out that it was nothing more: a mere academic definition of a high ideal. Had this been all, we should say there would have been a count out before the hon. member for Carnarvon had been on his legs five minutes. But the House knew better. They had come to see some fun: one half to see a Minister insulted, the other to see him rush upon his foes and scalp them. For Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to pretend ignorance of the purpose for which the Resolution was introduced only makes his support of it all the more shameful, as it adds hypocrisy to calumny. Knowing, as he well did, that under cover of a zeal for political purity a cowardly blow was aimed at an innocent individual, he might at least have abstained from throwing his shield over the imposture if he did not condemn it; and from repeating those "unctuous" disavowals of all personal imputations, which nobody cares much about from the lips of Mr Lloyd George, but which are much to be regretted from the leader of Opposition, as they degrade him to a level with that honourable member.

For what is it that these references to Mr Chamberlain

throughout the debate really amount to? They mean this or nothing: that he has taken advantage of his position as a Minister of the Crown to obtain Government contracts for companies in which he was interested, though their terms were higher than those of other competing firms, and their goods inferior. But Mr Lloyd George and his backers made no charges of personal corruption against the Colonial Secretary—oh dear no! nothing was further from their thoughts. Well, then, what is the difference between corruption and dishonesty? If Mr Chamberlain really acted as Mr Lloyd George suggests,—for his speech was all suggestion,—he clearly cheated the Government for his own benefit or the benefit of his family. Having induced them to take the worst materials at the highest price, he put the profit on this commercial job into his brother's pocket. Mr Lloyd George knew well enough that there was no necessity to apply the word corruption to this transaction. It spoke for itself: and if he did not call it by its right name everybody else would. The "suggestion" was quite sufficient.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman taxed Mr Chamberlain with treating the subject-matter of this resolution as if it were a new thing, whereas it had been frequently before the House within quite recent times. But that is not the question. The question is, Should we have heard anything about it now had it not been

ers on railways. It is curious that the companies have denied any knowledge of this reserve force, but possibly the disclaimers are diplomatic. In any case, we trust that such extreme measures will never have to be resorted to. It is suspicion that makes a workman act foolishly—suspicion combined with a total inability to grasp large figures. He finds by observation that traffic is increasing, and he cannot for the life of him conceive why dividends and wages should not mount up with it. And if the whole truth be told, workmen, who are very shrewd in matters of detail, are well able to detect any extravagance there may be, and to reason accordingly. Careless and wasteful management invariably gives discontent its opportunity, however numerous be the detectives.

It is a relief to turn from these topics to one which must perforce fascinate the imagination. What if the turmoil of the present is but an indication that old things are passing away, and that a new *régime* is about to be established? A Parliamentary Committee dealt this year with a proposal by Mr Behr to build an overhead electric railway for rapid passenger transit between Liverpool and Manchester. The older companies opposed the scheme with a desperate lack of logic, which reminded the adjudicators of the days when the stage-coach tried to outgallop the march of progress. The very idea of travelling at 120 miles an hour! Whoever heard of such a thing? Be-

sides, how unfair it will be towards us, whose trains with difficulty attain a speed of fifty miles an hour! Moreover, this mono-railway cannot possibly pay: whereat there follow clouds of statistics, designed to prove diametrically opposite theorems—namely, that by the *three* present routes the through passenger traffic is a valuable asset, of which the shareholders should be allowed the benefit; while the identical traffic, if sent by *one* route, would inevitably result in a loss. In fact, we are asked to believe that nobody will wish to trust his life and limbs on these meteoric cars, and yet that the running (or shooting) of the said cars will damage existing railways. These arguments failed to convince the committee, although for the moment the necessary powers were withheld, in order that Mr Behr might readjust his scheme so as to approach the termini by tunnels instead of by viaducts. He was also advised to prepare more definite evidence upon the possibility of controlling trains running at the high speeds suggested, it being stated in evidence that with a speed of even sixty or seventy miles an hour the brakes do not appear to act with full efficiency.

At the very moment when this conflict between the old and the new was raging at Westminster, the time-honoured underground railways hard by introduced electric traction upon a portion of their smoke-ridden inner circle. After years of timorous experimentation, trains have actually been started, and the public were, at first, charged

a shilling a ride. But with normal fares the economy in working was immediately demonstrable, and it more than justified the tardy and hesitating partial instalment. The fact is that, for years past, the real difficulties have been financial, rather than mechanical or scientific. The companies' short-sighted parsimony has probably wrecked, for all time, their chances of a vigorous prosperity. Too late the directors have woken up to the fact that the deep-level railways, already existing, are proving to be deadly rivals to those nearer the surface. With desperate haste, the Metropolitan Company has invited electrical firms to tender for a complete installation, and one enterprising engineering company has actually lodged a bill with Parliament, on its own account, authorising it to make the necessary transformation on the underground railways, whether the proprietors thereof like it or not!

Last but not least among these signs of the times, the Central London Railway, running at a deep level from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank, has been opened by the Prince of Wales, and enthusiastically appropriated by the public, 100,000 passengers being carried every day. In vain did irate 'bus-conductors revile "the tuppenny toob." The nickname only served to enhance the line's popularity, and to-day the "tube," with its uniform fare and cushioned seats, though these latter are doubtful blessings, is a welcome institution.

There are reasons for believing that these are only first

steps towards a distant and desirable goal. Already, it seems as if the steam locomotive had seen its most triumphant days. We think less of its excellences and more of its limitations. In the United Kingdom there are roughly 20,000 locomotives, each provided with an isolated and comparatively puny source of heat. It would tend to economy if we lit fewer and larger fires in electric power-stations. Again, each little separate flame has constantly to be extinguished and rekindled, so that much of its transient life is spent in heating a cold engine or lying out on the ground so that a warm engine may cool. Even when steam is up, it is wastefully harnessed, for every second that an engine stands idle, whether at a platform, signal, or siding, its pent-up power is being dissipated. Even when the machine is in motion, it is only by the most skilful manipulation that the best can be got out of the coal. Granted this careful firing, the continual exposure to the elements of something that must be kept warm, coupled with the necessary introduction into the fire-box of bitterly cold air, tends to lower the locomotive's net efficiency. We must also recollect that the engine is burdened with the weight of its own fuel, which falls, not on the driving-wheels, where it might prevent skidding, but upon the wheels of the tender. It is exactly as if the engine had to drag an extra carriage or two. Now, an electric locomotive carries no coal and no water, nor has it to maintain a furnace. There is

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no "getting up steam" to add to the cost of fuel as well as to wages. There is no ruthless scattering of white-hot embers at the close of the day. When energy is required, the locomotive gathers it in its iron hand from a third rail at its side. When the machine is stationary, or running at half-speed or downhill, there is no waste of power, for the current, for which there is no use at the moment, flows on and helps a locomotive somewhere else. By the adoption of electric traction we establish all the more complicated pieces of mechanism on a solid foundation. The cylinders, the valves, the pistons, the connecting-rods, the cranks, and all other unsymmetrical parts, are enabled to take life easily in a nice, roomy, sheltered engine-house where rattle and vibration are reduced to a minimum, and where rain, hail, and sleet are jealously excluded. The stationary engines are big, and therefore they are able to be run at a slow and steady speed. Also, the tall chimney disposes of the difficulty of maintaining a uniform draught through the fire-box of a locomotive travelling at all rates of speed, and, worse still, sometimes standing idle. The electric locomotive is simply a receiver and transformer of energy. It does not pretend to generate power. In the main its mechanism consists of smoothly rotating wheels, so that the desperate pulsations of a labouring piston will no longer afflict the nerves of passengers, nor will alternate motions of "reciprocating parts" create oscillations sufficient to disturb the

soundest permanent way. A proportion of the cost of cleaning locomotives ought surely to be saved, for this process now involves an outlay of £40 per engine, or thereabouts, every year, the dusty and overheated mechanism having to be overhauled some three or four times a-week, and always before it cools. Other economies should be effected. Watering stations and troughs, coaling platforms, and firemen will possess only an antiquarian value, though no doubt two drivers will be required on all footplates. Sparks will no longer set fire to hayricks, nor will a plague of smuts continue to torment passengers who like a little fresh air. Against all this we have to set the fact that, by the double transformation of mechanical energy into electrical and back again, we lose a certain fixed percentage. A further loss is occasioned by the passage of the current through lengths of cable.

In May we pointed out that our steam locomotives fail to maintain their premier position as racers, and that their designers are handicapped by the small sectional area of our bridges and tunnels. Yet, in all countries, however favourably situated, there must be a limit to the speed of a train which has to generate its own motive-power as it goes along. The maximum booked speed may vary, but it is not likely to exceed seventy miles an hour. In America, Mr Adams has tried to reduce air resistance by shaping a train like a cigar. Yet he cannot have killed the

effect of a side (as opposed to a head) wind, which drives the wheel flanges against the rails, so causing friction along the entire length of the train. Smooth trains are all very well; but the great need is for additional motive-power per ton, and this need electricity supplies. The monster stationary engine forces its flood of energy along the third rail, and if the whole of this cataract of electricity were applied to a single train, the passengers would be shot into space. But the locomotive is circum-spect, and it only gathers sufficient to maintain a reasonable speed of, say, 200 miles an hour. It is no hardship to get up such speed, for at any given moment there are limitless resources, a fact which explains why the Central London is able to negotiate eleven stoppages in twenty-five minutes. The train is simply swept out of the stations. In a country like ours, where speed has frequently to be recovered after signals, curves, and junctions, to say nothing of stations, the value of such recuperative energy is not to be exaggerated.

All of us must have noticed at one time or another the enormous number of unoccupied seats in our trains, and we must have thought of the economy which could be effected by varying train-lengths according to circumstances. So long as carriages have to depend entirely upon the good offices of a locomotive, this end will be difficult to attain. But the electrician is able to provide each vehicle with the means of

picking up motive-force, so that we shall be able to follow the example of the Waterloo and City Railway and dispense with separate locomotives altogether. On that line, when traffic is light, a single coach is found to be sufficient. The ability to run shorter trains implies an ability to run them more frequently. It is more convenient for the public that single cars be run every quarter of an hour than that trains of eight cars be timed once every two hours. Frequency of service is one of the chief attractions of Mr Behr's scheme, though if a modification of it were applied to existing railways the block regulations would have to be allowed for. Technically, a single car is a whole train, and only one such may be allowed on each section of line. Already, with an infrequent train-service, our metals are closely occupied.

Curiously enough, the virtual abolition of a separate locomotive will enable us to make up longer as well as shorter trains than ever before. Under present circumstances the pulling of a goods train is the work of a few pairs of wheels coupled together. If those wheels fail to grip the metals, the motive machine is powerless. In the case of fast trains, it is found that during an average journey, especially on greasy rails, the driving-wheels keep revolving without a due advance. It is not only at starting that the use of sand is necessary. We have, therefore, to pile upon these pairs of wheels the utmost possible weight of metal,

else the steam, whatever be its pressure, will avail us naught. This concentration of weight puts a severe strain upon our permanent way, and we are often compelled to rebuild bridges and viaducts because of it. If, however, motors were distributed throughout the train, the task of haulage would be apportioned evenly over many scores of wheels. The strain upon couplings would be modified, and, theoretically, there would be no limit to the possible number of cars employed on each occasion.

And here a word of warning may be permitted. As an experiment, Mr Behr's brilliant scheme is to be cordially welcomed; but it would be a thousand pities if the example of constructing solitary links of line between pairs of industrial centres were to be indiscriminately followed. To superpose upon our existing railways a distinct yet geographically coincident electric system would be typical madness. May Heaven grant that railway directors reckon with the new power before it be too late! Electric working is bound to come. We pray that it may be welcomed as an ally, and not resisted as an enemy. In the construction of deep-level lines we may easily make mistakes. The three which are working in London are, taken severally, successful; but why were they not from the first made parts of one system? There is more in this simple remark than at first appears. Certain visionaries assure us that all our railways, whether

for goods or passengers, will ultimately be sunk to a deep level, on approaching big towns. The Greathead shield has removed the engineering difficulties, lifts will connect with the surface, and electricity creates no smoke. Possibly a central station for London may be the final result of this daring prophecy, and if so, immense tracts of priceless land will be liberated, unsightly bridges will vanish from our streets and sea-ports, while the whistle will shriek no more in the land. Truly, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and enthusiasts must have felt their hearts leap at Lord Claud Hamilton's recent statement, that his company hopes soon to burrow under its main line to Liverpool Street, and is suspending further extensions on the surface. The general manager of the Brighton line has dropped similar hints.

What, then, are we to say of the chaotic applications for new "tubes" which are to be pressed upon Parliament in the ensuing season? Some of them are fathered by a gentleman who is already, one would think, sufficiently notorious as the Chicago railway king. Surely it would be better for Parliament to request a body of experts to prepare a comprehensive scheme of deep-level extensions, and to grant the construction thereof to such syndicates as may best inspire respect. It is on some such method that Paris is being provided with local railways, and if we this side the Channel persist in allowing irresponsible

companies to take the lead, according to no general conception of future necessities, we shall find to our cost that underground London has become an abyss of infinite distraction. But, of course, no word of comfort can be offered under any circumstances to those unhappy astronomers at Greenwich whose instruments are so grievously affected by the powerful electric currents in the neighbouring city; nor is it easy to discern a remedy for the serious vibrations along the route of the Central London Railway, which were not foreseen by the experts, and which may, we are told, become the subject of severe litigation.

In a discussion of this kind the use of technical expressions is all but excluded, and a certain indefiniteness results. For instance, electric force may be applied in other ways than by the third rail, which is not, strictly speaking, Mr Behr's conception. Most of our remarks would have applied to the use of accumulators—a word which explains itself—carried on the train. Perhaps an effective accumulator has yet to be invented.

Regarded in the most general light, electricity may tend to diminish railway traffic per head of population. In the United States the telephone, which is there effective, has already had this result. The universal transference of coal energy into electrical energy, before utilisation, would enable us to dispose of vast distributive industries. Power-stations might be placed actually at the

pit-heads. Coal and gas would no longer need to be introduced into factories; while there are those who urge that a day is coming when all domestic operations, such as cooking, lighting, heating, and even potato-growing, will be performed by the magic of the cable. Be that as it may, it will be a pleasure to live in a land where soot and smuts are confined within the limited areas of judiciously situated electric power-stations.

Electrical installation, beset as it must be with difficulties of transition, cannot fail to involve a colossal capital expenditure, and it is a question whether railways in their present form are as permanent a security as we habitually regard them. In America, vast sums, which we in Great Britain would distribute as legitimate dividend are annually devoted to improvements, with the result that many lines hitherto profitless are now reaping the benefit of years of self-sacrifice. Judged by this standard, our surpluses, albeit diminishing, are not fully earned, for many worn-out buildings ought to be renewed, and even enlarged, out of income, instead of, as at present, by means of a new issue of stock. There is reason to fear that we are slowly drifting towards a deadlock, in which, perhaps, we may have to cry out to the State for aid. Yet the case for nationalisation is by no means clear. By quenching competition, by abolishing alternative routes, by simplifying rates, by progressive unification of management, we may dispense with canvass-

ers, collectors, and even railwaymen and general managers. Yet would we have the courage to sign away so many livelihoods? Would the political Kitchener who did it survive an appeal to the country? Autocratic railway presidents on the other side of the Atlantic have many times driven duplicate officials into private life, but here we are squeamish. This very difficulty has probably arisen in Scotland, where two minor railways are said to be flirting, and where, by a refinement of cruelty, each pair of high officials has been set to confer in secret. We will not venture to inquire what would probably be the thought uppermost in the mind of either.

Considerable zest has been imparted to the outcry for nationalisation by the sad case of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railways. It is incorrect to argue that the present grievances are due to the amalgamation of the two companies. If the truth must be stated, it is that some indefinable influence, personal or otherwise, stifles even such reforms as are obviously necessary and feasible. To put the case in a nutshell,

the Kent railways might be very much better worked if it suited the powers that be to allow them to be better worked. It is not altogether a case of can't but of won't.

To estimate the value of railways for the purposes of State purchase must always be a tax of supreme difficulty. The market price at any particular date might obviously be inflated with the usual motive, and thus the nation might be defrauded. Again, certain stocks are only held with a view to future prosperity, and in such isolated instances the quotation—albeit current—would be unjust to the shareholder. Moreover, nationalisation could only be the result of a long period of discussion, during which the prospect of it might maintain values at a fictitious level, especially if the first duty of the State would, after acquisition, be to spend large sums upon long-needed changes. Finally, it is not easy to dismiss the objection that political influences would compromise the scientific precision by which alone a railway is able to act justly towards many varied and conflicting interests.

MY WISH.

IF but for one brief day my soul might roam
In bird-form through the spaces of the air,
And hover on still wing above the foam,
And see more clearly what the hill-tops wear :
If I might feel the great wind's mighty wings
Upbearing me, until I touched the clouds,—
Until the silence whispered and the things
Of earth were blurred beneath the filmy shrouds :
If I might see the dawn grow white and scent
The upward breath of all the wild-wood flowers,
And fly at eve across that purple rent
Of darkening valley, with unfailing powers :
How would a longing of my life be stilled,
And childhood's frequent dreaming be fulfilled !
R. O.

THE LAST SESSION OF THE CENTURY.

IF the success of the Liberal party in the short preliminary session which has just closed be any earnest of what we may expect from them when Parliament begins again, the Ministry have very little cause for uneasiness. It is no exaggeration in the world to say that in the debate on the Address the Opposition broke down at every point. It was said that Mr Chamberlain's reply to Mr Emmott had taken the wind out of their sails. But there was never any wind in them. They had, we admit, set themselves a task of no ordinary difficulty: for, independently of the force of facts, they spoke not only under the shadow of their own previous indiscretions, but also with the full consciousness that the voice of the nation was against them—a voice which, according to Mr Gladstone, is seldom mistaken on great questions of principle. Under these circumstances it required the courage of Lord John Russell himself to stand up to their antagonists; and it is really no discredit to them that they failed as they did, and got severely punished for their pains. They did all perhaps that could have been done against such hopeless odds, and by "odds" we do not mean the superior ability of their adversaries, but the almost impregnable position which they occupied. Had the Liberal leaders held it instead of the Unionist, they would,

we have no reason to doubt, have been equally successful in defending it.

The points selected for attack were six in number: the silence of the Government on the future settlement of South Africa; the date of the dissolution; the placards posted up during the general election; the publication of private letters; the connection of a Minister of the Crown with a firm accepting Government contracts; and the so-called nepotism of Lord Salisbury in filling up his Administration. Here was an imposing array of topics! But, like Lord Castlereagh's giant, they became smaller and smaller the more closely they were looked at, till they dwindled away to nothing. Mr Emmott's amendment, introduced by the Opposition with some pomp and parade, was brought in, we were told, because Mr Balfour's assurances on the previous day were thought "unsatisfactory." But when it was opened it was found to contain only a solemn request that Government would, as soon as they conveniently could, do exactly what Mr Balfour had indicated. It was hardly worth while to spend five precious hours in enforcing what, even before Mr Balfour spoke, was really a foregone conclusion, but which afterwards could only serve as parchment for the Opposition drum. They were obliged to make some noise and show; and as the result was a

capital speech from Mr Chamberlain, perhaps it was as well as it was. It was impossible indeed for the Colonial Secretary to say anything but what in substance had been said already by the leader of the House. But he said it with greater fulness and precision, as became his office. After all, it only comes to this, that the Transvaal must be governed as a Crown Colony till it is fit for representative institutions; and as the Opposition are so anxious to see that day arrive, we hope they will be wise enough not to retard it, as they still seem disposed to do, by encouraging a seditious spirit in the Dutch population, or pressing for the grant of a constitution before the colony is ripe for it.

Where the Opposition will be thought to have failed most signally is in their censure of the September dissolution. They had nobody but themselves to thank for it. This part of the case was well worked up by Mr Balfour. Had the Opposition only held their tongues or used them to better purpose, it might not have been necessary. But the language employed by them all through the summer amounted to a direct challenge. When the Boers were told first by one Liberal orator and then by another that the war was unjust, unnecessary, inhuman, and vindictive, they had got all they wanted. They had a case to lay before Europe. It was all very well to say that now the war had begun we must carry it out to the end. The Opposition might consider

that this was a prudent hedge: but it was nothing to the Boers. If the war was what these gentlemen had described it to be, Europe might step in and say that it should *not* be carried out. This was their only hope from the first. The kind of support given by the Liberals in Parliament, of which Lord Rosebery made so much, is nothing to the purpose. Their support of the measures necessary for the prosecution of the war did not affect in the slightest degree their censure of its policy—and it was this on which the Boers relied. If one relation says to another, "Here you are—in a devil of a scrape: you have behaved like a fool and a villain; but, of course, for the honour of the family, I must see you through it,"—our opinion of the culprit remains unchanged. By the support, therefore, to which Lord Rosebery refers, the Boers were in no way stopped from appealing to the language of important English politicians condemning the policy of the Government in the strongest possible terms.

When it was added, as it usually was, that the existing Ministerial majority in favour of the war was no proof that the country was in favour of it also, because the Parliament was a creature of the past, and did not necessarily represent the public opinion of the present; when it was more than hinted that the real sentiments of the British people, could they be got at, would be found adverse to the war,—when these statements were

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reiterated day after day, and week after week, it became absolutely necessary to put them to the test, and to let both the Boers and foreign Powers understand on what foundation they rested. The longer this was deferred, the longer such assertions remained uncontradicted, the more hopeful would the enemy be found; the more tenacious would be the guerilla warfare sustained by his broken bands; and the more severe the punishment meted out to perjury and treason. The farm-burning which excites the indignation of the Liberal leaders is the natural consequence of their own language. The Boers have been sacrificed, as they very likely will be again, not to the policy of the Government, but to the reckless rage of a beaten faction writhing under the lash which an outraged nation has laid upon them.

Granted that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has not used quite such strong language as Mr Morley, we must remember that half-civilised races, wholly ignorant of "parliamentary government," are not qualified to draw nice distinctions. They only saw that they had on their side the sympathy and moral support of an important political party which is called by one name, and stands before the world as one. Of shades of difference between its various component parts they take no notice. One leader of the party calls our policy "blatant and aggressive"; another describes it as "hellish," and declares

that the whole civilised world is against us. But the Boers know no difference between the two speakers—they are both Liberals. If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman wishes to rely on the comparative moderation of his own language, he should have made a point of disavowing and condemning the language used by others, of dissociating himself altogether from those who hold it, and that in such a marked and public manner as to make it impossible for any one hereafter to confound him with them. If he had made it his business to show that the sympathy with the Boers, the violent attacks upon Government, and the suggestions of popular disapproval which are answerable for so much mischief, were confined to a few individuals, he might have robbed the case for dissolution of some of its weight. As matters stand, he must share with others the responsibility of having made it indispensable. Ministers could not stand that kind of thing for ever. It was rather too much to be told that their policy did not command the confidence of the nation at large, and then to be debarred from appealing to it to say whether it was true.

But they ought to have waited for the next registration, we are told. Have the public any idea what difference this would have made? It can be proved from statistics that the number of new electors brought on to the register next year would not exceed 150,000. Sir H. Campbell-

Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt declared that the number would amount to one-fifth, or twenty per cent. In reality it is two per cent. Now if the whole 150,000 new votes had been cast for the Liberal party, it would, on a rough calculation, have left Lord Salisbury with a majority of more than a hundred. But what likelihood is there that the votes would have been so allotted? At the most we cannot suppose they would have been otherwise than evenly divided, which would have left the Unionist majority where it is. And then it is said that Ministers were afraid to face the new register! When will there be an end of this nonsense?

One of the silliest things that has been said about the dissolution during the whole controversy is that Government were "using" patriotism for party purposes. Of course they were, as Mr Balfour said. The distinction so commonly drawn between party and patriotism, or party and the public, is oftener than not a very false one. What causes any man to be a member of a political party? There are, we know, some who make politics a trade, as Dugald Dalgetty made war, and are actuated solely by selfish or personal considerations. But we believe that the great majority of Englishmen who call themselves either Liberals or Conservatives have some honest convictions, after all, in regard to public policy. They support one party rather than another because they sincerely believe it is the better

qualified of the two to promote the happiness and welfare of their native land; and what are we to call such motives as these except patriotism? Party being the appointed instrument in this country for giving effect to great public objects, it is naturally employed by those who desire to promote them. Party, therefore, in any honourable sense of the term, is organised patriotism; and those who use it for party purposes use it for its own.

As regards the abusive placards, the complainants would do well to remember the advice once given by Sir W. Harcourt to the late Sir Charles Russell, then member for Westminster. Electioneering cries are not remarkable for suavity. Of course there are limits. But we do not see that the sentence complained of by Lord Rosebery and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman overpassed them. The words, "Every seat lost to the Government is a seat given" (not sold) "to the Boers," do not necessarily mean that every one who voted for a Liberal candidate was a traitor to his country, as Lord Rosebery says it does. That is ridiculous. It simply states a fact. The Liberal party is known to be largely leavened with a feeling of sympathy for the Boers. And giving a vote to a member of that party may be described as giving one to the Boers without exceeding the licence usually permissible at elections. It does not necessarily mean that such was the intention of the voter, but that such was the effect of his vote.

If certain members of the party resent such imputations as false, they should, as we have already said, be more careful to dissociate themselves from others of whom they are certainly true. If they are compelled to lean on the support of Boer sympathisers and to refrain from saying anything to hurt their feelings, they must not be surprised if they are all set down by the public as "tarred with the same stick."

The publication of private letters, on which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman expended so much righteous indignation, turns out to have been something very different from what has been represented. What are the facts? It was known that compromising letters, written by English members of Parliament to President Kruger and others, had come into possession of the Government, and Mr Chamberlain was accused of purposely withholding them from publication in order that a vague suspicion might hang over the heads of the whole Liberal party as the general election drew near. Mr Chamberlain was asked last August, by a member of the Opposition, "whether, in the event of the alleged writers refusing permission, he would give the public the opportunity of judging of the correspondence by himself undertaking the responsibility of publishing?" Now, that is the whole point." Yes, that is the whole point. The Opposition were quite determined that Mr Chamberlain should be in the wrong. First of all, he was

keeping back the letters in order to throw suspicion on the whole Liberal party, and then when he published them he was violating the sanctity of private correspondence! But there is a point in all correspondence—in all, at least, which concerns public affairs—at which the privilege of privacy can no longer be pleaded, and that point is reached when a member of the Legislature is found in direct communication with the Queen's enemies, expressing his sympathy with their cause, and pointing out how best they can overreach us by "temporary concessions": temporary, that is, because in due time to be revoked when the expected reaction shall set in. Here is a pretty proposition to emanate from an English gentleman! The insurgent leader is to be told, forsooth, that he has only to dissemble for a while—to pretend to give way on certain points which he has no real intention of conceding—and he will get his own way in the end. A subject of her Majesty is to give this advice to men in arms against her, as a means of gaining what they want by fraud instead of force; and then we are required to believe that such is not the conduct of a traitor.

The Birmingham mare's nest—the conspiracy of insinuation—though disgraceful enough to all who took part in it, "directly or indirectly," probably answered the purpose for which it was concocted. Mr Chamberlain's enemies will be satisfied with knowing that they have given deep pain to

an eminent statesman whose greatness has often made them look extremely small, and whom they naturally hate in proportion. In the mere abstract resolution moved by Mr Lloyd George there was no harm, of course; and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, in order to justify his support of it, tried hard to make out that it was nothing more: a mere academic definition of a high ideal. Had this been all, we should say there would have been a count out before the hon. member for Carnarvon had been on his legs five minutes. But the House knew better. They had come to see some fun: one half to see a Minister insulted, the other to see him rush upon his foes and scalp them. For Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to pretend ignorance of the purpose for which the Resolution was introduced only makes his support of it all the more shameful, as it adds hypocrisy to calumny. Knowing, as he well did, that under cover of a zeal for political purity a cowardly blow was aimed at an innocent individual, he might at least have abstained from throwing his shield over the imposture if he did not condemn it; and from repeating those "unctuous" disavowals of all personal imputations, which nobody cares much about from the lips of Mr Lloyd George, but which are much to be regretted from the leader of Opposition, as they degrade him to a level with that honourable member.

For what is it that these references to Mr Chamberlain

throughout the debate really amount to? They mean this or nothing: that he has taken advantage of his position as a Minister of the Crown to obtain Government contracts for companies in which he was interested, though their terms were higher than those of other competing firms, and their goods inferior. But Mr Lloyd George and his backers made no charges of personal corruption against the Colonial Secretary—oh dear no! nothing was further from their thoughts. Well, then, what is the difference between corruption and dishonesty? If Mr Chamberlain really acted as Mr Lloyd George suggests,—for his speech was all suggestion,—he clearly cheated the Government for his own benefit or the benefit of his family. Having induced them to take the worst materials at the highest price, he put the profit on this commercial job into his brother's pocket. Mr Lloyd George knew well enough that there was no necessity to apply the word corruption to this transaction. It spoke for itself: and if he did not call it by its right name everybody else would. The "suggestion" was quite sufficient.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman taxed Mr Chamberlain with treating the subject-matter of this resolution as if it were a new thing, whereas it had been frequently before the House within quite recent times. But that is not the question. The question is, Should we have heard anything about it now had it not been

necessary to get up a case against the Colonial Secretary? The Opposition scarcely make a secret of it. It was ingenuously admitted by Mr Lloyd George that many of the discoveries alleged had been "quite recently made"—that is to say, emissaries had been set to work to scrape together fresh evidence for the sole purpose of blackening the character of Mr Chamberlain. It was sought to conceal the real motive under a pile of pompous phraseology touching principles which nobody denies, and virtues which, with the front Opposition bench before us in all its immaculate purity, need no further illustration. But when the heap of rubbish was removed, there lay the viper underneath.

We need not dwell at any length on the amusing little interlude got up by Mr Bartley concerning the nepotism of Lord Salisbury. Nepotism means the appointment of men to certain situations for which they are notoriously incompetent, by relatives or connections who have such posts at their disposal, and who do not hesitate to sacrifice the public good to personal objects. If the Ministers referred to by Messrs Bowles and Bartley are equal to the work required of them, the public has nothing to complain of; if not, it is for the two worthy partners to prove it. No doubt, if the members of the Government had been chosen by competitive examination, the process might have revealed some latent superiority at present unsus-

pected in these two honourable members, in which case they would doubtless have stepped into the places now filled by Lord Selborne and Lord Cranborne. Till we introduce the Chinese system into England, we are afraid it is useless to quarrel with any Prime Minister's selections. He is responsible to the public for these as for other things, and must answer for all together in due time and place.

Passing on from the Address to the money debate of the following week, we find two speeches singularly well calculated to defeat the objects which the speakers professed to have at heart—one delivered by Sir Robert Reid, Solicitor-General in Lord Rosebery's Government, the other by Mr Bryce. On the subject of guerilla warfare, on the probable duration of the war in South Africa, and on the date at which it may be possible to grant constitutional government to the Transvaal, there is room for legitimate differences of opinion. There is none whatever, in minds of ordinary candour and generosity, for the slightest difference in regard to these attacks on Sir Alfred Milner, which originate in exactly the same spirit as the dead-set at Mr Chamberlain. Both are equally mean, equally malignant, and equally monstrous. But Mr Bryce's speech is not only all this, but more also, for it tells the Boers almost in so many words that England will soon grow tired of this irregular warfare, and that the longer they continue it the more

favourable terms are they likely to obtain from Great Britain.

Mr Bryce overflows with pity for these poor fellows—these injured innocents, whose little failings have been so harshly treated. For what have they done? They have merely—and no doubt partly in joke—lured our soldiers within easy reach by holding out the white flag, and then shot them down: with the same sense of humour they have dressed themselves up in English uniforms in order to stalk their unsuspecting foes. They have fired on hospitals and ambulances. They have sworn submission and broken the degrading oath over and over again. They do not plead ignorance of the usages of civilised armies, but only contempt for them, and from beginning to end have made war like savages without the savage's excuse. It is for these interesting creatures that Mr Bryce claims our sympathy, and we must suppose him to be a disciple of the prison chaplain in "George Barnwell," who consoled the high-minded homicide with a psychological theory to be commended to all pseudo-philanthropists. "My son," said the worthy clergyman, "where there is no remorse there can be no crime."

Mr Bryce has not a sigh to spare for the sufferings and sorrows entailed upon ourselves by a war in which the Boers were the aggressors, and which merits far heavier penalties than we are ever likely to exact from them. Both Sir

Robert Reid and himself, in posing as the friends of humanity, have only shown themselves its worst enemies; for none can do so much harm to a cause as those who are found indifferent to its claims where nothing is to be gained by espousing them, and proclaim their sympathy from the house-tops, where they expect to be rewarded either by party advantages or personal notoriety.

The sectarian bitterness and egotistic pedantry which blind men alike to the merits of those whom they hate and the crimes of those whom it suits their purpose to befriend, have never been more painfully illustrated than by this combined attack on two of the ablest and most successful statesmen in the service of the Crown. What makes it still worse is that the responsible chiefs of the Opposition in the House of Commons, to whom the Radical party in the country is invited to look up, lent themselves to these miserable proceedings, and descended from the high ground and dignified attitude becoming their position to share in the dirty abuse of a great statesman, whose only real offence in their eyes is that he was once their colleague. Dr Johnson could conceive nothing more humiliating than being patted on the back by Tom Davies. He would not have said so had he lived till now, and seen Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman acting as bottle-holder to Mr Lloyd George, Mr James Bryce, and Mr Bryn Roberts.

The Duke of Devonshire told Lord Rosebery that instead of criticising the reconstruction of the Government, he would be better employed in reconstructing the Opposition; and so he would. The noble Earl himself is not free from all stains of the ignoble combat of which Parliament has lately been the scene. But there is no one else to look to at the present moment as the future leader of the reunited Liberal party, or, as it had better henceforth be styled, the Radical party. Now that Home Rule has been virtually given up by English politicians, and the Whig element of Liberalism is nearly eliminated, we might once more have Parliament divided between two great parties, with distinct political principles and well-defined aims before them—the only arrangement under which the party system can work healthily or efficiently. Therefore by all means let us have Lord Rosebery back again as the leader of the party, though we fear that result is not very likely to be accomplished at the present moment.

From petty animosity and personal recriminations it is a relief to turn to the business-like statement of the intentions of the Government made by Mr Chamberlain. With Mr Chamberlain's declaration of policy the country may, on the whole, be content. No one will dispute the justice of his description of the warfare that is now going on. "Most unsatisfactory and most unprofitable" indeed it is. "Nobody is benefited, lives are lost, the

country is being ruined, and its future is being damaged." So much is patent to all of us. Those who have had experience in wars of annexation, or have studied their history, must have anticipated a guerilla stage in the Boer war. That there are still a few large bodies of men held together by some degree of military discipline and acting with some regard to military honour must be admitted. But they are rapidly disintegrating, and each fragment becomes a gang of marauding brigands more dangerous to their own people than to us. Their system of warfare is, as Mr Chamberlain said, dacoity of the worst type. The Government and the Opposition agree that the first step is to put an end to this condition of things. But the Opposition denounces the severity which alone can put down the dacoits. It is one of the strange things about our system of administration that experience appears to be of no use. What has been learnt in the Foreign Office is not known to the Indian. The lessons learnt in India are hidden from the Colonial Office. A short fourteen years ago we annexed Upper Burma. The annexation was declared in February 1886. Before 1886 was ended people in England were "wanting to know" why Burma was not pacified. "To reduce to order," writes Lord Roberts in his 'Forty Years in India,' "and establish law in a country nearly as large as France, in which dacoity is looked upon as an honourable profession, would be

no light task even in Europe; but when the country to be settled has a deadly climate for several months in the year, is covered to a great extent with jungle, and is without a vestige of a road, the task assumes gigantic proportions." In February 1887, when Lord Roberts was leaving Burma, he was able to report that the country was gradually becoming quiet and the Burmese reconciled to our rule. Nevertheless it took at least two years of hard work, on the part of the civil government, and a force of 18,000 military police in addition to a strong regular garrison, to settle the country. Lord Roberts has declared the Boer war to be ended. It is to be hoped that history will not repeat itself any further.

Mr Chamberlain shows his usual acumen when he says, "Our first duty is to get rid of the military administration." We wrote in the November number of 'Maga,' "The sooner the reign of law, with a regular procedure, is established, the better. After organised resistance has been put down, military rule is a mistake. Soldiers, especially soldiers fresh from the field, are not, as such, good administrators of civil government." Mr Chamberlain acknowledges, as all of us must, the difficulties which the soldiers have had to meet in maintaining some degree of government. "But what we say," Mr Chamberlain continues, "is that their business, after all, is

to make war and not to govern. As a rule, military men are not fitted for this work, and while we are very grateful to them for what they do, we want to substitute for them as quickly as possible a civil government." Speaking at Glasgow in June, the leader of the Opposition in the Lower House expressed a contrary opinion. It is well that wiser counsels rule the nation.

As to the form which this civil government will take the details must be settled with the responsible authority on the spot. It is enough to know that it will be for some time to come of the Crown Colony type,—“which really means,” the Colonial Secretary tells us, “a civil as opposed to a military government.” In last March number of 'Maga' ¹ we wrote, “The obvious and most reasonable course would be to treat the new provinces as Crown Colonies, with governors appointed by the Crown and nominated councils for the purpose of local legislation.” We did not think that it would be practicable to follow this course. Two arguments may be brought against it. One is founded on the difficulty of refusing to the Uitlanders a franchise which we sought to obtain for them from Mr Kruger. The other is drawn from the risk of encouraging agitation by leaving the States territorially intact. So long as the body remains unchanged there will be a desire here and in South Africa to reanimate

¹ See “After the War—What then?” ‘Blackwood’s Magazine,’ March 1900.

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Mr Chamberlain shows his usual acumen when he says, "Our first duty is to get rid of the military administration." We wrote in the November number of 'Maga,' "The sooner the reign of law, with a regular procedure, is established, the better. After organised resistance has been put down, military rule is a mistake. Soldiers, especially soldiers fresh from the field, are not, as such, good administrators of civil government." Mr Chamberlain acknowledges, as all of us must, the difficulties which the soldiers have had to meet in maintaining some degree of government. "But what we say," Mr Chamberlain continues, "is that their business, after all, is

to make war and not to govern. As a rule, military men are not fitted for this work, and while we are very grateful to them for what they do, we want to substitute for them as quickly as possible a civil government." Speaking at Glasgow in June, the leader of the Opposition in the Lower House expressed a contrary opinion. It is well that wiser counsels rule the nation.

As to the form which this civil government will take the details must be settled with the responsible authority on the spot. It is enough to know that it will be for some time to come of the Crown Colony type,—“which really means,” the Colonial Secretary tells us, “a civil as opposed to a military government.” In last March number of 'Maga' ¹ we wrote, “The obvious and most reasonable course would be to treat the new provinces as Crown Colonies, with governors appointed by the Crown and nominated councils for the purpose of local legislation.” We did not think that it would be practicable to follow this course. Two arguments may be brought against it. One is founded on the difficulty of refusing to the Uitlanders a franchise which we sought to obtain for them from Mr Kruger. The other is drawn from the risk of encouraging agitation by leaving the States territorially intact. So long as the body remains unchanged there will be a desire here and in South Africa to reanimate

¹ See "After the War—What then?" 'Blackwood's Magazine,' March 1900.

it with the breath of independence.

Sir Alfred Milner, it is understood from the Colonial Secretary's statement, is to remain High Commissioner for South Africa. He is to hand over the governorship—he has never really held the government—of the Cape Colony to another, and he is to become governor of both the new colonies, but with a lieutenant-governor under him at Bloemfontein for the Orange River Colony. His position will be something like that of Lord Canning after the Mutiny, when he assumed the government of the North-Western Provinces while retaining the supreme control of all India as Governor-General. There is, however, this great difference, all against Sir Alfred Milner, that Lord Canning had supreme authority, military as well as civil, in India, whereas no one exactly knows what power as High Commissioner Sir Alfred Milner has over Cape Colony or Natal. It is almost impossible to hope that Sir Alfred Milner will be able to establish peace within his new jurisdiction unless he has authority in Cape Colony. Again we urge that he should be made Governor-General of the whole of South Africa with powers analogous to those vested in the Governor-General of India.

It is proposed, and this also is in accord with the views advocated by 'Maga,'¹ to give the Governor the assistance of an executive council. The enlargement of Sir Alfred Milner's authority over all the colonies,

and the appointment of a member of each colony to his council, would complete the scheme. It may be looked upon as probable, to say the least, that events will drive the Government to this course. Depend upon it, we have not heard or seen the last of the disloyal Dutch in Cape Colony.

It appears hardly necessary that the Lieut.-Governor of the Orange River Colony, who will act under Sir Alfred Milner's control, should be aided by a council. There is some fear of the Government being led astray by their desire to give just appreciation to the comparative merits of the Free State Government. That government may have been fairly pure and good. But that should not prevent us from remembering that the people of the State, as well as its government, have been, and are, without a shadow of excuse, our bitterest enemies. They will require to be kept under a very tight and vigilant rule.

The decision to create municipalities in Pretoria, Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, and probably some other great centres, and to delegate to them "*all the powers usually delegated to local authorities*," is of great importance. *Prima facie*, it would appear hardly wise to establish powerful municipalities, presumably on an elective basis, in these cities so soon after the removal of the Republican Governments. The powers usually delegated to local authorities ordinarily in-

¹ See "After the Annexation," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' November 1900.

clude the appointment and control of the police force, which it may be hoped will not be conferred on these municipalities. The whole scheme, we take it, is an expedient for escaping from the dilemma in which the Government will find itself, if it refuses all representation to the Uitlanders after quarrelling with Mr Kruger because he would not enfranchise them.

The principles which guide the Government, as Mr Chamberlain tells us, are "the necessity of consulting local opinion as far as that is possible, to disturb as little as possible anything in the nature of local custom, local law, or local practice." These are very broad terms, and will need qualification, but the main principle is that usually followed by this country in ruling its dependencies. When the Colonial Secretary goes on to say that, "so far as we can, we shall be guided by the desire to leave things as far as possible, in the Orange River Colony especially, as they were," he goes somewhat beyond the bounds of prudent candour. Such declarations are apt to be turned against those who make them, at very inconvenient times. It is obvious to every one that in the Transvaal especially nothing short of a radical reform of the institutions, systems, and officials of the State will satisfy the necessity of the case.

On the whole, the country may be congratulated on the manner in which the Government has approached the great

task before them, and from the last session of the old century we gladly turn our thoughts to the first session of the new, of which Lord Salisbury, in his speech at the Hôtel Metropole, on the 18th of last month, gave us a brief but eloquent forecast. After dwelling on the feeble and halting accents in which the leader of the Opposition struggled with the paltry and pitiful theme to which he was restricted, it is something to listen once more to the voice of a real statesman, speaking with that weighty dignity which Lord Salisbury knows so well how to assume. With the meeting of the new Parliament in February the Government will resume their great work of social reform, which the incident of the war in South Africa will not be allowed to interrupt. The housing of the working classes in our great towns and cities is the first question to which their attention will be directed. It is one in which the inhabitants of squalid and fetid tenements, who breathe always a tainted atmosphere, and are too often in want of both the necessities and decencies of life, naturally take the deepest interest. It is one which the Prime Minister himself has always had at heart, and which, when he first became the leader of the Conservative party, he made a practical attempt to solve. But no remedy can be applied to this great and growing evil of a sufficiently comprehensive and substantial character without the acceptance of sacrifices, to which,

however, the extreme value and paramount urgency of the end to be gained should be enough to reconcile us. If government is to be preserved in those hands which are thought the most capable of securing the national prosperity and the stability of our social order, no price can be too high to pay for the confidence and goodwill of those classes with whom the allocation of political power in this country virtually resides.

Neither the satisfaction of material wants essential to the existence of a conservative spirit in the people, nor the development and protection of the great empire we have inherited from our fathers, can

possibly be effected without a willingness on the part of the public to bear the necessary burdens and exercise the necessary patience. The war in South Africa, on which "the glory and perpetuity" of this empire in great measure depend, must be carried to a successful close at whatever cost: the work to which we have set our hand must be "pushed through," and we "must spare no efforts and no sacrifices" by which this end can be attained. Both our domestic prosperity and our imperial greatness can only be supported by one and the same patriotic spirit, making light of burdens and sacrifices in so good a cause.

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THE CAPTIVITY OF THE PROFESSOR.

CHAPTER I.

JUST after I was nominated for the Presidency of the British Association at Glasgow, I determined if possible to obtain some new facts concerning the "agricultural" and the leaf-cutting (or *saúba*) ants of Brazil. The subject I had chosen for my inaugural address was "Recent Advances in Entomology," and I knew that the scientific world would, upon this important occasion, look to me for something more than a mere repetition of comparatively stale matter.

When Reinhardt returned from the Upper Amazons bringing with him such an astonishing collection of insects new to science, he informed me that the southern and more humid part of the La Montana region was extraordinarily prolific in ant-life, and there still re-

mained several hundred square miles among the eastern foothills of the Andes which had never been explored by naturalists.

I therefore determined to visit this region; and (to be brief) crossed the Atlantic, and made a quick and uneventful river journey to Barra, where the Rio Negro joins the Amazona. Barra, as many of my readers will doubtless recollect, is a town made historical by Bates and Wallace, and is situated nearly a thousand miles from the mouth of the great Brazilian river. Here I was fortunate enough to find a small trading steamer which was about to start for the Jurua, a large stream which enters the Amazons from the southward about six hundred miles higher up. In this way

I travelled almost as far as Caranary, on the Jurua; where, owing to the dangerous state of the rapids, I was obliged to leave the steamer and proceed by canoe.

Fortunately I was able to obtain a crew of six stalwart river Indians, who agreed to paddle me as far as Cigano. They were, I believe, members of the once prosperous Passé tribe spoken of by Humboldt and Bates; and they not only proved excellent canoe-men, but possessed a fair knowledge of Portuguese. At Cigano I was unfortunately compelled to engage another crew of Indians belonging to a lower and more primitive race; for I could not persuade my civilised and docile Passés to accompany me any farther.

At length, by pushing up a tributary stream called the Jagara (which, although wider than the Thames at Kingston, I cannot find marked on any map), I approached an unexplored district not far from the spot where the boundary-lines of Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru all run together. I now found myself among the foothills of the Andes, and in a densely wooded country abounding in new birds, plants, and insects to a bewildering degree. As we advanced the atmosphere became more and more humid, until it was almost as much charged with moisture as a Russian bath. It was no longer possible to keep sugar or salt in a crystalline condition, and even black gunpowder, when exposed to the air, turned to a semi-liquid paste.

Here I procured a number of valuable specimens, and gathered many novel and interesting facts. Although my time was getting rather short, I decided, before returning, to penetrate this fascinating and fruitful region as far as possible. When we had got some fifty miles up the Jagara my crew of Bura Indians (who were yellow-skinned, stolid savages, apparently akin to the Botocudos), although apparently not afraid of hard poling and paddling up the swift shallow stream, or of the heavy work involved by frequent *portages*, showed a strong disinclination to going farther. At length, when I directed them to turn up a narrow creek entering the stream from the westward, they stolidly ignored my wishes, and persisted in keeping the canoe close to the opposite bank, giving me to understand that there was some great and mysterious danger to be feared in the region on the western side of the Jagara. In answer to my demand for particulars, the natives informed me (chiefly by means of the *lingua geral* and Indian sign-language) that they were very much afraid of certain beings of minute size who inhabited this district, and who were in the habit of capturing and holding in cruel bondage any human trespassers on their domain. From the gestures of my crew I gathered that these supposed supernatural beings were somewhat akin to our European fairies or brownies; and the chief spokesman ap-

parently wished me to believe that, although such terrible fellows, they were no bigger than a moderate-sized ant!

Of course I tried to reason these ignorant, superstitious savages out of such a nonsensical belief. In this I was quite unsuccessful; and at length, being irritated by their stupid obstinacy in refusing to do what I wished, I rated them well as cowards, and even resorted to threats of personal chastisement. As this had no effect, beyond making them extremely sullen, I got into the small and light *piragua* which we towed behind our large canoe, and telling the Indians to make a camp and wait for me on the "safe" side of the Jagara, I proceeded to paddle towards the little creek which I had determined to explore.

I am fairly at home in a canoe, and as I was provided with a double "paradox" gun, a sharp and heavy *machete*, a mosquito-net, a good waterproof blanket, and a knapsack containing provisions and other necessities, I resolved to push up this small tributary of the Jagara as far as I could before sunset, to spend the night on its banks, and to return to the main stream next morning. My chief purpose in doing this was to convince my superstitious and timid crew that there was no real danger to be apprehended in the region I proposed to visit.

I had not gone far up the streamlet before I came to a succession of small cascades, and had to make repeated

portages; which, owing to the tangled state of the tropic vegetation on both banks, taxed my strength pretty severely.

As I advanced the route became somewhat easier, and the tropical vegetation around me grew more and more luxuriant. In places the whole air seemed full of the most wondrous flowers, of all hues and sizes, pendent like miniature Chinese lanterns from the network of vines and *lianas* crossing the stream overhead, among which hundreds of sparkling humming-birds and glowing multitudes of butterflies continually flitted and hovered.

At length I reached a spot of such extravagant beauty that I rested on my paddle, almost wondering whether I had wandered into dreamland. I was in a clear circular pool at the foot of a magnificent waterfall, and shut in all around by the dense, tropical forest. In front of me festoons of splendid orchids hung from the lace-work of creepers which lined both sides of the cascade, while to and fro between them glittering bunches of humming-birds, of inconceivable brilliancy of hue, darted in front of the white veil of falling water; so that it seemed as if some ambushed *genii* among the flowers on either bank were pelting one another with handfuls of blazing rubies, emeralds, amethysts, opals, and diamonds!

Many of these exquisite winged jewels, especially those with a dazzling topaz lustre on their breasts, came and hovered near me; and I noticed that each had upon its slender bill,

or among its delicate head-feathers, a curious white speck or projection, like a fragment of spray from the fall. So entranced was I at the marvellous, fairyland vision before me, that I paid but little attention to this curious fact, and, indeed, the bewildering and incredible loveliness of my surroundings made me lose all count of time as completely as if I had been bemused by hashish.

At length when I approached the shore on the right-hand side of the stream in order to carry my canoe above the waterfall, I was surprised to observe a narrow white pathway in the forest, which came right down to the water's edge. This, together with the surrounding foliage, seemed at first to be thronged with small ants, yet as soon as the prow of the *piragua* grounded, every insect disappeared as if by magic.

I hauled the canoe ashore, and, carrying my gun and other baggage, I strolled up the mysterious path (which was about two feet wide) to see if it led to the stream above the fall. It seemed to be paved with firm white cement, almost as hard as porcelain, and was as smooth and level as a cycle track.

Suddenly, from the forest recesses round about me, there burst forth a chorus of bird-music which made me look at my watch; for I had learned by experience that this was Nature's vespersong, indicating the near approach of sunset. I had not recovered my surprise at the lateness of the hour when the light began to fade, and I knew that in ten minutes

darkness would be upon me. At the moment I had just reached a small opening in the forest, where the white cemented path widened out into a kind of paved circular space about twenty feet in diameter, surrounded by smooth tree trunks and densely tangled foliage. This dry and open spot struck me as a convenient camping-place, so I leaned my gun against a tree, unslung my other burdens, and placed them upon the ground.

Just as I did so, a beetle of the *longicorn* variety, about the size of a common cockroach but of a blood-red colour, darted from a recess among the roots of the tree against which I had leaned my gun, and ran past me across the white open space with astonishing speed. In a trice I snatched up my butterfly-net, for I saw that this beetle was something quite new to science, more especially as its long, reversed antennæ, where they met over its back, seemed joined by a white nodular projection. Although I got my net over it more than once, it succeeded in making its escape into the bushes, owing to its marvellous agility.

After the beetle had disappeared, however, I noticed that the odd white excrescence which I had observed upon its back, between its reversed antennæ, had become displaced, and was entangled in the green muslin of my net. On looking at this object more closely I was surprised to find that it was an extremely curious ant, quite different from anything I had ever seen before. Its body was white, and had a smooth glistening appearance almost

exactly like the surface of a wax vesta, while its head was of a delicate pink, its antennæ bright red, and its lustrous compound eyes of a rich violet or purple. This new and most interesting ant (which was evidently neither an *eciton* nor a *saüba*) was about nine millimetres long. Its thin white limbs were peculiarly delicate and fragile in appearance, and presented a marked contrast to those of the common ants of Brazil.

But by far the most extraordinary feature about it was its pink head, which, when compared with its body, appeared to be of enormous dimensions. The light was failing so rapidly that I could not make use of my Coddington lens; but I saw that the cephalic enlargement seemed to be chiefly, or wholly, due to an abnormal development of the anterior ganglion or brain, and not to a mere overgrowth of the mandibles, or of any part of the chitinous helmet, as is commonly the case when the head of an ant seems disproportionately large. Moreover, when I touched it, the skin of this strange, defenceless ant, instead of feeling hard and horn-like, seemed to be almost as soft as that of a human being.

Needless to say I handled so precious a specimen with extreme gentleness and care while I examined it. As it made no attempt to escape, I let it rest upon my open palm, and, so far from appearing terrified at its position, it turned its velvet-like compound eyes towards my face, and seemed to take stock of me in a calm and

philosophical manner which was not a little diverting. I now noticed that one of its antennæ, which appeared to have been injured at some time, was cocked upwards and backwards, so that it bore a resemblance to a red feather in a cap. This gave the insect's countenance (and when I use the word "countenance" I speak advisedly, for its front aspect had something the appearance of a human face with a bulging overgrown forehead) a peculiarly waggish yet Mephistophelean look, which, especially when the little creature seemed to nod its head knowingly in response to a like movement on my part, was extremely comical.

Every moment the gloomy shadows around me were growing deeper, and fearing lest my valuable specimen might escape, in spite of its deficient powers of locomotion, I placed it, together with a fresh green leaf, in a ventilated celluloid box with a glass cover. This I enclosed in my aluminium botanical case, taking care that the metal catch was securely fastened.

It had now become almost dark, and I was extremely tired after my exertions in ascending the stream; so, after a hasty supper of biscuits, washed down by a draught of whisky-and-water from my flask, I stretched my mosquito-tent over its collapsible bamboo framework and crept into it. After striking a light and finding every opening secure, I wrapped my waterproof blanket around me, pillowed my head upon my knapsack, and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER II.

In spite of the strangeness of my position I slept soundly for several hours, and dreamed that I was delivering my inaugural speech before the British Association at Glasgow. This speech, I may remark, had been occupying my thoughts a good deal during my journey, and I had not only noted down many telling phrases which had occurred to me from time to time, but had already learned by heart an elaborate and impressive peroration.

In my dream I thought I was about to utter this crowning part of my Presidential Address, when a certain rival entomologist — who shall be nameless — maliciously changed himself into a red howler monkey, and set up a series of such hideous and deafening yells that, although I raised my voice to its very highest pitch, no one paid the least heed to what I was saying.

Aroused by this distressing nightmare, I shifted my position somewhat, noticing as I did so that the forest glade was full of brilliant fireflies, and that a continual stream of these tiny lantern-bearers seemed circling round and round me, so as to form a kind of halo above the spot where I lay. Oddly enough, this fact brought comfort to my dream-lacerated feelings (it must be remembered that I was but half awake), and, after watching the mazy curves of light for a short time, I again slept soundly.

When I reawoke my feet

felt uncomfortably cold, and on tossing aside my waterproof blanket I found to my surprise that they were naked, although I had lain down in my stout shooting boots and a pair of coarse woollen stockings. Everything near me was drenched with dew, and a tropic morning mist, which clung closely to the ground and bushes, obscured all surrounding objects. As I disengaged myself from the mosquito-curtain, which had somehow become a good deal torn and damaged during the night, the first ray of sunshine gleamed down the forest path by which I had entered the clearing. I now noticed that around my bare feet were a number of very large ants, which were marching to and fro like soldiers on guard. They were bluish-grey in colour, and nearly an inch long, and their enormous jaws, which were shaped like a pair of pincers, looked so formidable that I involuntarily drew up my naked feet. It now became evident that my boots had been totally destroyed during the night, for upon the white ground just beyond my feet were a few shreds of tough sole leather and a litter of brass eyelet holes and rusty iron nails. While I puzzled over this unpleasant fact, the ground-mist grew rapidly thinner under the influence of the warm tropic sunlight, and I suddenly became aware that, with the exception of a clear space on either side of me, the whole arena was

thronged with innumerable ants. Unlike the one I had captured, they were mostly dark brown in colour, and extremely active. All of them seemed hurrying to and fro as if engaged in some important business. Fearing lest I had fallen among a marauding army of large *ecitons* which might prove as dangerous as the terrible "Black Leopard" driver ants which I had encountered in Central Africa, I determined to make a hasty retreat to my canoe. But, on glancing round at my belongings, which of course I did not wish to leave behind me, I found that the warrior ants, which I could now see were gigantic representatives of a species all the members of which possess most formidable stings, had drawn closer to my bare feet, and were standing on the alert with their pincers open in a threatening manner. This made me pause, and while I was looking about me, and reckoning my chances of reaching the canoe without getting seriously injured, I noticed a kind of open lane among the busy multitudes of workers.

Along this opening there came a procession of such an extraordinary kind that I thought I must again be dreaming, for it was made up of active longicorn beetles, similar in many respects to the one I had seen the night before, *each of which carried upon its back a tallow-coloured ant with a large pink head, purple eyes, and bright scarlet antennæ!*

As this long procession drew

near I saw that it had emerged from another white pathway in the forest, nearly at right angles to that by which I had entered the open circle.

I now observed that a tiny rampart, about an inch high, and made of some white earthy substance, had been built completely round me, and that the crowds of dark-coloured ants—which seemed to be composed of three or four quite distinct species—were bringing materials to add to its height.

The cavalier ants (for so henceforth I will call them) rode over this rampart without difficulty, and formed up in a circle just inside; so that I found myself enveloped by a large squadron of these extraordinary, beetle-riding creatures. The ant which had headed the procession now advanced to the guards about my feet as if to confer with them, and, on observing it closely, I saw that one of its conspicuous red antennæ was tilted backwards over its head. This made me glance at my aluminium botanical case, where I had bestowed the specimen I had captured the night before. Surely enough, in spite of its secure metal catch, the case was wide open, as also was my celluloid collecting-box.

"Surely," thought I, tugging desperately at my dishevelled forelock, "I must still be asleep and dreaming!"

And indeed, to tell the truth, from that day up to the present moment I have again and again had doubts as to whether my incredible experiences in the tropics were actual, or merely

part of some feverish and interminable dream.

I have, I believe, a fair amount of courage; but there was something so strange and disquieting in the methodical tactics of these ants, that I abandoned all thoughts of trying to save my goods, and prepared to make a dash for the river (which was not more than forty yards off), hoping that I might clear the cordon of warriors before they could do me harm.

Vain hope! I had barely braced my muscles to spring up and run for it, when the soldier ants, all acting together as if by word of command, dug their pincers into my unprotected feet and humped their slate-coloured backs as if about to sting. Involuntarily I leaped up, but only to fall back again, writhing and sick with unspeakable agony—agony I can compare with nothing except the fearful and paralysing throes of *angina pectoris*! Although the worst of the pain soon passed off, all my strength and resolution seemed to have ebbed away as utterly as if I had received some mortal wound.

As I lay still, faint and sweating, with my eyes closed, I felt something soft and tremulous gripping my right fore-finger, and, on glancing up, I looked into the round frightened eyes of a small and very lean monkey.

As far as I could tell it was a "brown capuchin" monkey, a kind very commonly seen in Europe. This creature and I seemed to be alone within the

tiny rampart, for, to my unspeakable relief, both the warrior ants and the troop of beetle-riders appeared to have withdrawn. A pink-and-white speck on the little capuchin's furry "hood," close to where it joined the wrinkled face, now attracted my attention. It was a cavalier ant. Could it be that this monkey was being ridden, and directed, by one of these marvellous creatures?

Hewent on tugging nervously at my finger, making a plaintive chirruping noise meanwhile, and every now and then he glanced backwards towards the forest path by which the mounted procession had come. After doing this for several minutes he left me, and ran a little way towards this path, glancing back at me over his shoulder, then returned, and pulled impatiently at the edge of my coat.

As I watched him it became more and more plain that his movements were to a great extent regulated by the tiny ant upon his head; for whenever he turned this insect seemed to sway sideways and tug at the hair, exactly as a stage-driver braces himself when turning an unruly team.

By-and-by, just as it dawned upon me that I was expected to follow the monkey, the little meagre beast gave a kind of chattering screech, and scampered off a few paces, as if in mortal fear of some object behind me. Although evidently wishing to run away, he suddenly stopped, exactly as a shying horse stops when controlled by a strong-armed rider.

On following the monkey's terrified gaze, I saw that the dreadful soldier-ants had again crossed the rampart from the rear, and were coming slowly towards me with open jaws. As I rose hastily to my feet, the little capuchin jumped towards me once more, and gave a frantic tug at my trousers. Casting a nervous glance at my enemies, I started to follow him without more ado, and was greatly relieved to find that I could walk. No sooner had I moved forward than a wide lane opened among the throng of working ants, while the squadron of beetle-riders, advancing with extraordinary swiftness, again surrounded me, this time acting as an escort.

One last thought of escape flashed through my mind as soon as I discovered that my most formidable enemies were no longer close to my heels. But no sooner had I turned my head towards the river path than a large blue dragon-fly, which must have been nearly six inches long, swooped downwards from somewhere above, and hovered so near my face as to touch me with its vibrating, iridescent wings. I started with mingled surprise and terror. Seated just behind its head was a pink-and-white cavalier, while on the blue metallic scales of its body three enormous soldier-ants stood in a row, and reached towards me with their pincer-like mandibles.

It was enough! I followed the little monkey submissively along the narrow white path through the forest!

After we had proceeded some fifty yards, we came to an open clearing, which must have been about an acre in extent. It was dotted all over with small white domes about the size of a water-melon, which I afterwards found were the nests of the cavaliers, and certain of their numerous insect servants. These nests were connected by a network of white cemented paths, between which were dense patches of seed-bearing grass (which I afterwards found to be a kind of "ant-rice") about as high as my knees. In the centre of the clearing was a small grove, or orchard, of banana-trees, and when my guide had led me through this, I found on the other side of it what looked like half-a-dozen round white hillocks, but which turned out to be huts built of fine cement. The largest of these was about six feet six inches in height, and the smallest about a yard. The ground about this group of huts was paved like the paths, and quite level, the whole being encircled by a raised edging or rampart about three inches high. My guide stopped close to the largest hut, which had a round hole in the side just large enough for a man to creep through. After standing upright for an instant before this opening, he bobbed down and ran in on all-fours, glancing back at me as he did so, as if to give me a hint to follow his example. While I stood hesitating, the dragon-fly, with its accursed crew, darted round behind me, and I suddenly felt a bump and a

buzz against the nape of my neck. With a shudder—and almost a shriek—I dropped down upon my hands and knees, and shuffled through the opening.

As soon as I was inside, and had turned round to make sure that none of the terrible warriors had entered with me, I beheld the little white cavaliers, which were drawn up in a semi-circle round the doorway, dismount from their beetles, and advance almost to the entrance of the hut. Here they broke up into groups, and behaved in a manner which irresistibly reminded me of human beings discussing some exciting topic. They waved their antennæ at one another, every now and then pointing them towards the hut as if exchanging ideas about my appearance, and the exciting circumstances of my capture.

On the arrival of another body of cavalier-ants, the first comers seemed eager to tell them the news; and my little cock-horned ex-captive, who apparently was playing the part of chief showman, repeatedly led parties of newcomers to the doorway of the

hut, and apparently gave them much instructive and amusing information.

One frequent and very odd manœuvre puzzled me at first a good deal. I noticed, every now and then, that two or three cavaliers, while engaged in animated converse, would suddenly depress their red antennæ, hoist their white hindquarters into the air, and flourish their posterior pair of legs in an excited and highly ridiculous fashion. After watching this curious proceeding repeatedly, I arrived at the remarkable conclusion that it amounted to “ant laughter,” or, at any rate, was the cavalier-ants’ way of expressing applause, or extreme interest, at what they learned.

If this interpretation be correct, my late captive—and, alas! I must add, my future taskmaster—was undoubtedly something of a wag; for no sooner did he jerk his unamputated antenna towards me, and begin to “talk,” than his hearers, with one consent, would all lower their pink heads to the ground, lift their tallowy latter ends on high, and kick convulsively for several seconds.

CHAPTER III.

This must have gone on for an hour or more, and as fresh mounted ants were continually arriving, a great crowd of them had meanwhile assembled in front of the hut. By-and-by the monkey, apparently prompted by his rider, who still maintained its seat upon

his head, crept out of the doorway. I was about to follow him, when he turned, as if to push me back, and at the same moment the dragonfly darted down and effectually barred my egress. Shortly afterwards the monkey returned with a couple of ripe

buzz against the nape of my neck. With a shudder—and almost a shriek—I dropped down upon my hands and knees, and shuffled through the opening.

As soon as I was inside, and had turned round to make sure that none of the terrible warriors had entered with me, I beheld the little white cavaliers, which were drawn up in a semi-circle round the doorway, dismount from their beetles, and advance almost to the entrance of the hut. Here they broke up into groups, and behaved in a manner which irresistibly reminded me of human beings discussing some exciting topic. They waved their antennæ at one another, every now and then pointing them towards the hut as if exchanging ideas about my appearance, and the exciting circumstances of my capture.

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his head, crept out of the doorway. I was about to follow him, when he turned, as if to push me back, and at the same moment the dragonfly darted down and effectually barred my egress. Shortly afterwards the monkey returned with a couple of ripe

bananas, which he placed before me on the clean floor of the hut. Feeling very hungry, I at once began to strip one of the bananas, and this act evidently caused great excitement among the crowd of lookers-on. All their scarlet antennæ became motionless, and every pair of purple compound eyes was turned intently towards me. When I devoured the first banana in a couple of bites, there seemed to be a kind of thrill of suppressed excitement among the crowd of spectators, and then every pink head was lowered to the ground, and the whole throng became a mass of pallid abdomens and furiously gesticulating legs.

I had just eaten my second banana when I was startled by a muffled, growling sound, which appeared to come from just behind the hut. Shortly afterwards a huge male jaguar passed across the paved surface in front of me, and disappeared down one of the narrow paths leading into the forest. None of the white ants took any notice of him; but I could distinctly see a blue soldier-bearing dragon-fly hovering above his head. Could it be that a large and formidable beast of prey such as this was kept in captivity by these extraordinary insects? The capuchin monkey did not seem very much upset by the sight of his hereditary foe, although he was evidently somewhat relieved when the jaguar was gone.

The bananas had only served to awaken my hunger, and I was wondering whether I should

be obliged to subsist on such unsatisfying fare, when I saw a long procession of large brown worker-ants swarming over the three-inch rampart. As they came near I noticed that each ant was carrying something in its jaws. The little monkey, again acting as if under direction, ran to one of the neighbouring banana-trees, and tore off a fragment of a leaf about as large as a sheet of foolscap paper. This he placed upon the floor of the hut, just as the leaders of the new procession arrived. During the next ten minutes a continual stream of brown worker-ants (which seemed to belong to several common South American species) entered the hut and deposited their burdens upon the banana-leaf, until the heap must have contained a pound or more of buff-coloured granules, which had very much the appearance of coarse farina made from the root of the manioc. I wondered what this could all mean, and sat staring at the pile upon the leaf for some time after the last of the burden-bearers had departed. Apparently the cavaliers were watching me with close attention, as if questioning what I would do next. At length, again following the example of the little monkey, I took up some of the granules in my hand and tasted them.

What this stuff was I have not the least idea; but I found it not only exceedingly palatable, but very sustaining. The granules were somewhat soft, and of a sweet nutty flavour, which nevertheless reminded

me somewhat of truffles. I found that, when I squeezed a handful of them together, they cohered into a mass, or cake, which was much more convenient to eat without any implements than the separate grains. In a short time I had finished the whole supply, and also another banana which was brought me by the little capuchin. By the time my hunger was appeased by the novel and excellent food which I had eaten, the feeling of faintness which I had experienced ever since I had been stung by the soldier-ants had disappeared entirely.

While marvelling at the extraordinary intelligence of the cavalier-ants, which apparently possessed a fair knowledge both as to the quality and the amount of nourishment required by a human being, I began to regard my captivity almost as a joke. I had then not the least doubt that, ere long, I should find some way of outwitting my custodians and of escaping to my canoe.

After seeing me fed, and apparently manifesting no little interest and amusement at the sight, the crowd of beetle-riders dispersed. I noticed, however, that a strong guard of soldier-ants was parading the top of the rampart, and once, when I attempted to put my head out of the doorway, I found the dragon-fly still on guard. My small tutor nestled down against me and went to sleep, and I now noticed that the cavalier-ant no longer occupied its place upon his head.

After being thus left alone for about a couple of hours, a mounted troop, headed by my cock-horned acquaintance, again drew up before the hut. The little ape at once went to the doorway and crouched down, as if making obeisance to its masters, and at the same instant a tiny humming-bird, which seemed to carry two or three cavaliers perched upon its topaz-coloured crest, darted down and settled for a moment on the capuchin's head. As the bird flew off again I noticed that a pink-and-white ant had again taken its position among the hair just above the monkey's forehead.

The little creature now seized my finger again, as if to drag me out of the hut, and this time, having learned that such hints were best obeyed promptly, I followed without demur. The cavaliers rode around me as before on their swiftly running beetles, and that accursed dragon-fly again hovered menacingly just over my head. As we were entering a narrow pathway between two dense walls of vegetation, I was appalled to see a huge jaguar advancing towards me along this very track. Being quite defenceless, my first instinct was to run away; but I had scarcely faced about when the dragon-fly came buzzing against my nose, so that I distinctly felt the points of one of the soldiers' long mandibles.

It will convey some idea as to the unreasoning terror inspired by an attack of these fearful insects when I say that I spun round and faced the

jaguar again without an instant's hesitation!

The little monkey had drawn himself close to the edge of the path, but I could see that he was trembling in every limb. The jaguar came to a standstill about six feet from me, then crouched down and snarled. I could easily have blown his brains out, if I had had my "paradox" gun; but, alas! it stood some sixty yards off in the forest. At this moment I felt something nipping my right heel, and on glancing downwards I was startled to find a score or so of soldier-ants close behind me and advancing in a threatening manner. Forgetful of all else, I took a spring into the air, and tumbled right upon the top of the jaguar!

What happened during the next few seconds I could hardly tell. The brute uttered a series of the most awful roars and yells, and I was aware of being rolled about like a football and of receiving a number of cuffs and scratches in various parts of my body. Fortunately the scuffle ended as quickly as it began, and I got up, greatly relieved at finding that I had not been seriously injured. On glancing around I saw the jaguar's tail vanishing into one of the smaller huts, while, for some reason or other, my escort of cavaliers were all tumbling pell-mell off their beetles and standing head-downwards upon the path, while their white hinder extremities, which were hoisted on high, appeared seized with uncontrollable agitation.

After recovering from this

strange epileptic seizure, the cavalier-ants remounted, and the poor little monkey, which seemed almost as much shaken as I was by the encounter, again started on in front.

By-and-by we came to a cultivated patch of ground where, apparently, the "ant-rice" had recently been cleared away. Half the little rectangular field—which was about forty feet across—had the appearance of having been roughly ploughed up. My attention was now drawn to a number of objects moving slowly across this piece of ground, and I soon saw that they were armadillos. There were six of them, and they seemed to be advancing in line, diligently scratching up the soil with their powerful digging-claws. Just above them hovered several large dragon-flies, each of which apparently carried a cavalier-ant and several armed warriors. No sooner had we reached the scene of operations than the little monkey snatched up a stick, went behind the armadillos, and began to act as if he were digging the ground. Another heavy stick, which appeared to have been gnawed to a sharp point by the chisel-like teeth of a porcupine, coypu, or some other large rodent animal, lay just in front of me, and, as the dragon-fly seemed becoming rather demonstrative, I lost no time in following the monkey's lead.

I soon saw that the little ape only made a mere pretence of working; and, as it was very hot, and I felt somewhat done up and languid after my recent trying experiences, I was

tempted to follow his bad example, and take things easily. Our place, it appeared, was just behind the gang of armadillos, and it seemed to be expected of us that we should dig up the ground to a somewhat greater depth. After lazily prodding the soil for a few minutes, my small companion gave a sudden shriek of alarm, scampered back to the place where we had started work, and commenced digging the ground over again with desperate energy. I was wondering what had influenced him, when a topaz humming-bird came whirring towards us, bearing on its back my cock-horned ex-captive and a strong patrol of slate-coloured warriors. It settled on my head for an instant, and when it flew off again I saw that two at least of the big stinging ants had been left behind. My first instinct was to bring my hand to my head and endeavour to brush these horrible creatures away; but a slight admonitory nip made me pause in terror, and give up all thoughts of rebellion. Forthwith, with trembling knees, I joined my fellow-captive, and began to dig away at the ground with all my might.

It was, alas, abundantly plain that our new taskmaster would stand no shirking. He kept his aerial mount humming round our ears all the time, so we dug away as if for our lives, until all the earth scratched up by the armadillos was thoroughly turned over. Fortunately the soil was very light and loose, and the sky somewhat overcast, otherwise the fatigue of digging

in such a climate would have nearly killed me.

When we had done, our strict overseer mercifully removed the guards from my head and went sailing away out of sight; and my little companion, who seemed sadly exhausted and depressed, led me to a spring of clear water which broke out in the middle of the banana-grove. After drinking freely, and washing my face and hands, I felt somewhat better both in mind and body, and was able to eat another pile of the granular food, which I found awaiting me in my quarters.

During the remainder of the day, although not allowed to leave the hut, I was left to my own devices, and spent most of my time resting flat upon my back, trying to realise my strange position, and making many plans of escape. I could not help dwelling upon the caustic irony of fate in placing a man who had been acknowledged by the whole scientific world as the foremost living authority on ants, in such a position as that in which I now found myself.

It was plain that these marvellous cavaliers excelled all other insects in intelligence, to an even greater degree than man excels all his fellow-mammals. Apparently they had not only turned to their own use, and improved upon, practically all the special primitive instincts and habits of other ants, but had also greatly enhanced the more valuable qualities (from their own point of view) of most of their domesticated breeds. I had seen amongst their crowds

of slaves unusually large and perfect specimens of nearly every species of ant in South America. Probably these useful varieties had been bred by the cavaliers for many generations, for all appeared to yield them instinctive obedience, and to require scarcely any supervision. The cavaliers had, moreover, succeeded in taming and breeding, for certain special purposes, many other insects, such as the fireflies, dragon-flies, and swift, smooth-running beetles. In addition to this, they seemed to have a good understanding as to the kind of service which such diverse creatures as men, monkeys, rodents, armadillos, and humming-birds could render them. Why they kept such a useless beast as a jaguar in captivity was to me at that time a complete puzzle. I was inclined at first to think that they were prompted by scientific motives, or the mere vanity of possession; but afterwards I received ample proof that here, as in most other matters, they had a shrewd eye to business.

As was to be expected—seeing that the mental attributes of all insects must be more akin to their own than those of birds and mammals—they seemed to have obtained a much greater ascendancy over the former than over the latter. Most of their invertebrate servants appeared to do their bidding as a matter of course, without coercion or any special guidance; whereas I and other warm-blooded captives were always treated as stupid or untrustworthy creatures, which required to be strictly watched,

restrained, and generally superintended.

At the approach of nightfall I made up my mind to make my escape in the darkness. But, just as the sun began to sink behind the Andes, a large luminous spider, which spun his web with astonishing rapidity, fixed a curtain over the entrance of my hut. On surveying this web carefully, I found that several threads from its outer side stretched upwards to a number of white nodular projections, about as big as a walnut, which I had already observed just above the doorway. Each of these I now found to my disgust to be a hollow guardroom, garrisoned by several big stinging ants, which would, of course, be able to drop down instantly upon any one disturbing the web.

On testing the walls of the hut elsewhere, I found them so firm and solid that there was not the least chance of my breaking through. I afterwards came to the conclusion that the white cement used for building and paving purposes was manufactured by captive hordes of termites which lived underground; but that the actual building operations were performed by true ant-slaves, similar to those I had seen at work in the forest. Be this as it may, both pavements and buildings were as hard as marble, with a fine porcelain-like surface.

I passed a restless night, brooding over my strange position. Although visited every half-hour or so by a night

patrol of cavaliers, which, riding upon large fireflies, sailed in through a small opening in the spider's web and did their round with soldier-like precision, I was quite unmolested during the hours of darkness.

Moreover, although mosquitoes seemed both hungry and plentiful in this region, I was quite free from their attacks

until the moment when I regained my liberty. This I believe to have been due to the presence of my spider *conciérge* or of the soldier-bearing dragon-flies which were always hovering near my head in the day-time — it being a well-known fact in the tropics that all insects of the gnat tribe give these hereditary foes as wide a berth as possible.

CHAPTER IV.

It would be a long and tedious narrative if I were to tell all the incidents of my captivity in detail; so having described the events of the first day, I will henceforth record only some of my more noteworthy experiences among these extraordinary ants.

As a rule, my life was exceedingly monotonous. Every morning, after being fed, I was set to work at something where my height, strength, and power of using sticks and other tools proved valuable to the ant-community. After several days of digging in the ant-rice fields, I was employed in clearing out rotten leaf-mould from some cave-like underground chambers. These had originally been filled by the *saübas*, or leaf-cutting ants, in the service of the cavaliers, and had evidently formed hot-beds for growing edible fungi. On this occasion I managed to wound my right hand rather badly with a splinter, and was extremely apprehensive lest the cock-horned ant should think I was shirking, and have me

severely punished. But, strange to relate, my master,—for so henceforth I must call him,—after examining my wound with a good deal of attention, had the splinter plucked out by a soldier-ant (whose forceps-like jaws seemed made on purpose), and then gave me an hour's holiday. Afterwards he was kind enough to find me a lighter job; and for the rest of that day I stood, with a cane in my left hand, as foreman over a strong excavating gang of armadillos.

Early during my second week, and before despair had completely robbed me of initiative, I thought I saw a chance of escape. I had noticed that, when the night-guard was set, and before the first round of the firefly-borne inspectors, some of the big stinging ants would swarm down upon the floor of the hut and clear up any remains of my supper. Although they usually came cautiously, and in detachments, they seemed to have such a weakness for the granular material upon which I was fed, that it occurred to me

to turn the fact to my advantage. For if, during the night, I could once lure all of them from the doorway, I could make a dash for freedom before they could do me any hurt. After one or two vain attempts to entice them *en masse* from their post of duty, I remembered a time-honoured plan of corrupting military morals which has often proved effective in the hands of prisoners—and novelists.

I had carefully preserved the contents of my spirit-flask for special emergencies, and one moonless night I determined to see if I could make my guards drunk by saturating some of my granular food with whisky. The scheme succeeded to admiration. No sooner was it dark than a company of soldier-ants climbed down to the floor, and in less than five minutes they were all too tipsy to return. By-and-by the first detachment was followed by a second. These also, after showing some indignation at the disgraceful state of their comrades, sampled my "Ancient Scotch"—and fell likewise into a state of scandalous intoxication.

After making quite sure that there were none left guarding the doorway, I lost not a minute in plunging through the tough spider's web, and hurrying towards the river as fast as the darkness would allow.

I believe that all would have gone well if I had not met the firefly patrol just as I crossed the three-inch rampart, about ten yards from the hut. It consisted of about a dozen

mounted cavaliers, six of which forthwith accompanied me in my flight, while the rest separated, and darted off hither and thither.

As I hurried along the narrow track the little illuminated riders kept up with me, three on each side of my face. Their vigilance and excitement made them sit up like jockeys, and as they sped along I thought I could see the hind-legs of each cavalier working furiously against its firefly's body, like the spurred heels of a horseman.

Alas! I had barely entered the bush on the farther side of the clearing when I heard some large creature rushing along an adjoining forest-path, and as I emerged into the open space where I was first captured, I found myself confronted by the jaguar! Just then a brilliant firefly came whizzing down the dark narrow glade like a white-hot rifle-bullet, and directly I saw that it carried my redoubtable cock-horned master, I knew that the game was up. Instantly the jaguar, which previously had seemed to hesitate, sprang at me, knocked me down, and rolled me this way and that with his powerful paws. Then he suddenly drew back, like a sheep-dog which had been called off by the shepherd. As soon as I had recovered my breath, I picked myself up and slunk back to my quarters, thoroughly cowed and submissive. The jaguar sniffed at my dilapidated trousers, and growled horribly all the way, and I knew full well that at any moment, if my custodian gave him the order, he would tear me to pieces.

I now no longer speculated why the cavalier-ants kept this enormous jaguar. His business, like that of a sheep-dog or cattle-dog, was to chase and punish any of his mammalian fellow-servants who attempted to break away.

It is needless to say that I felt miserably cast down at the result of this effort to regain my freedom.

Probably no mere verbal statement would bring home to my readers the disastrous moral consequences of my condition as a slave among the cavalier-ants. After the startling novelty of my adventure had worn off, and I had endured several such defeats as the foregoing, my prevailing mental state was one of frantic and futile rage at finding all my human strength and intelligence, all my scientific knowledge and attainments, and all my experience of life generally,

of absolutely no avail, either in helping me to escape, or in preventing my being treated by these imperious insects "as a horse or a mule which have no understanding."

In the same way, I suppose, a wild elephant finds his vast strength and natural wisdom, and all the wonderful fund of forest lore which he has gathered during half a century, entirely valueless when he is caught and subjugated by men.

Ere long this state of bitter exasperation alternated with fits of lethargic despair, during which the grosser and more grovelling animal instincts seemed to be supplanting all other springs of action. Latterly there were times when this shameful lapse into mere tame-animalism sent me forth to my labour like a working ox, prompted only by threats of near punishment or by the desire to fill my belly.

CHAPTER V.

On the morning following my failure to escape, I found a large assembly of cavaliers formed up in a semicircle in front of my dwelling. Inside this semicircle, and placed in a row close to the doorway, were the delinquent guards, still, seemingly, in a state of helpless intoxication. Shortly afterwards a procession of black working ants, headed by an overgrown *saüba* with curiously distorted, scissor-like jaws, arrived upon the scene. This insect, apparently after a brief interview with my master—

who advanced without dismounting from his high-bred longicorn—ran to each of the prostrate criminals in turn and expeditiously nipped off all their heads. After the executioner had done his duty, some of the dingy worker-ants carried the carcasses away; and henceforth a double detachment of slate-coloured warriors (which I found to be absolutely incorruptible) occupied the guardrooms at night. The only punishment I myself suffered was a temporary deprivation of my pleasant granular food. For three days

I had to subsist upon bananas and about a quart of gritty millet-like seeds, which I found to be nothing like so nourishing as the mysterious provender which I have already described.

I may state here that whenever, in the opinion of my masters, I became obstreperous, this was the result; and latterly, strange to say, the fear of being deprived of my regular diet (of which I had become extremely fond) influenced my behaviour more than anything else.

The cavaliers, as is the way with most ruling castes, seemed to spend a good deal of time in recreation. In this, and in their evident possession of a sense of humour, and of well-developed powers of hearing (concerning which I shall have more to say presently), they differ widely from all other species of ants. Some of my most humiliating experiences were traceable to these facts; for at times I was compelled to shout, sing, and to go through various absurd performances for their pleasure. While I was a comparative novelty the mere sight of me seemed to suffice. They would come and watch me in crowds, and, on the first occasion when I undressed in their presence, the act seemed to afford them a vast deal of amusement, which they manifested in the odd fashion I have already described. After this I frequently had to take off all my ragged clothes at the command of my master when he brought parties of friends to look at me.

An even more abasing experience awaited me somewhat

later, when, having chanced to skip and jump about in a somewhat agile manner when my bare feet were threatened by the horrible stinging-ants, I was made to repeat the performance over and over again for the entertainment of the assembled cavaliers. In fact, these diabolical insects taught me to "dance" by almost precisely the same methods that civilised showmen resort to when training performing elephants.

At the end of the first month a great trouble befell me in the tragic death of my poor little fellow-slave and tutor. I fear that my capture by the cavalier-ants proved a sad misfortune to this frail and gentle monkey. He had, I think, been in captivity for a long time, for he understood the ways and wishes of his masters in a wonderful manner. This fact, and his apparent kinship with mankind, probably caused our masters to appoint him as my guide and exemplar (just as a young setter or sheep-dog is set to work with an old one which knows its business), and as the interpreter of their wishes to my crude untutored mind. Hence, unhappily, he was made to do regular work in the fields and elsewhere—which, as any one who understands ape-nature will know, was to him an absolutely intolerable burden. Recognising this, I did my best to spare him whenever possible, and I believe he repaid my good intentions with real gratitude and love.

One sultry morning, when I

had a bad headache, I had great difficulty in understanding some new piece of work connected with the dam which the cavaliers had erected to enlarge a forest pool where they kept their tame coypus and capybaras. After trying in many ways to bring the matter within the scope of my comprehension, my poor little schoolmaster seemed worried out of his wits; and at length, in a spasm of frantic rage at my thick-headedness, he flung himself down upon the ground, accidentally squashing the soft-bodied master-ant which was seated upon his head.

It so happened that a large crowd of cavaliers was present at the time, and the sensation caused by this unhappy accident was very great. Both I and the wretched little capuchin were marched forthwith back to our quarters, where we waited, in considerable trepidation, to learn what would happen next.

Half an hour later a great concourse of cavaliers and warriors lined the three-inch rampart, and, as soon as they were in their places, an armed dragon-fly came buzzing into the hut, and drove the trembling monkey out into the open. Here, before my eyes, he was pounced upon and torn to pieces by the jaguar! This act of hateful injustice to my innocent friend and colleague so filled me with unthinking rage that I rushed out, all unarmed as I was, to take vengeance on the executioner. But I had scarcely taken three strides when several

dragon-flies with their armed riders dashed at me like hawks, and a second later I was writhing upon the ground in such unspeakable torment that I wished that the jaguar would kill me also!

Henceforth my position was worse than ever; and, owing to the depression I felt at the loss of my only friend and companion, the mental and moral degeneration which I have already spoken of proceeded more rapidly than before.

Next morning, when I received the signal to go forth to my work, a truculent drab soldier-ant, apparently of a different species from any that I had hitherto seen, was placed by my master just above my bald forehead, where he sat, throughout the day, like a mahout upon an elephant, and prodded me viciously with his mandibles when he considered that I was not doing my best.

I think that all of those who know my character will readily understand that I did not sink into a state of idiotic despair without a struggle to retain my manhood and my reason. When alone I would frequently talk to myself, and recite poetry, and even elementary school lessons which I had learned by rote (such as the Latin and Greek declensions and the Multiplication Table), for the sake of reminding myself that I had once been a civilised human being. At times, when brought very low, I would raise my voice and shout as loudly as possible, in order to create a greater im-

pression upon my failing intellect.

On one occasion when I felt very sick and feeble, after three days of punishment diet for insubordination, and almost demented through being unmercifully harassed and bullied by my master, who kept repeating some order which I could not in the least comprehend, I managed to pull myself to the hut-door in sheer desperation, and began bawling my own name at the very top of my voice—adding to it the whole string of degrees and honourable titles which have been conferred upon me by learned bodies all over the civilised world.

This recital, I was astonished to observe, seemed to make quite a sensation among the cavalier-ants, who immediately assembled in great crowds in

front of my dwelling, and not only gave me a command to repeat the whole programme, but greeted my most strenuous vocal efforts with epileptic spasms of applause.

I was immediately rewarded by being allowed to sup upon my favourite provender: but, alas! I found that I had established a precedent; and henceforth, if I failed to shout or sing very loudly for some ten minutes after being brought in from the fields, I got nothing but a few handfuls of gritty millet which I could scarcely swallow.

Before long, however, this form of entertainment seemed to pall upon the cavaliers, who, I found, were exceedingly fickle; and I am ashamed to confess that I could not help feeling some chagrin at the waning of my popularity.

CHAPTER VI.

On the whole, my physical health remained fairly good, and indeed seemed to improve somewhat as my mind became more clouded; otherwise I could not possibly have stood the heavy work which I was made to do in the fields and the forest. One saving circumstance was that the extreme dampness of this region shortened my hours of labour. It rained nearly every other day, and my masters had a strong objection to being out in the wet. They seemed to know instinctively when rain was coming, and would then hurry me back to my quarters at once, while they themselves

took refuge in their little dome-like palaces.

Before I sank into a state of complete mental inertia, I felt a strong wish to investigate the internal economy of these "nests." This desire, however, was not gratified until I had practically ceased to take an intelligent interest in my surroundings. One morning, after a hurricane had torn through the neighbouring forest, I was led forth to repair damages, and found that a large branch of a tree had knocked away one side of the round, porcelain mansion inhabited by my cock-horned chief. I could see that

the interior was made up of a bewildering labyrinth of chambers, with pearly semi-transparent walls; but otherwise I did not add to my knowledge of my master's domestic economy.

Although I have fallen into the habit of using the masculine gender when speaking of the ant whose special property I seemed to be—chiefly because there was something essentially virile and masterful in the character of this extraordinary insect—I have no reason for believing that all the cavaliers which I saw were not true amazons, as is the case with the active members of other ant communities.

During the last fortnight of my captivity my state of mental hebetude several times gave place to a kind of mild delirium, although I was not conscious of any fever. At such times I would sometimes imagine myself back at Oxford, and would commence discoursing on scientific subjects, under the momentary impression that I was lecturing to my class.

While moping stupidly in my hut one brilliant sunny afternoon after returning from labour, I was surprised to see a considerable number of mounted cavaliers advancing towards me. In their midst was some strange object which I could not at first make out, but which, when the procession drew near, I found to be a small and active rattlesnake, bearing upon its back a score or so of white-bodied ants somewhat different from any that I had seen before.

Although similar in many

respects to the cavaliers, these insects evidently belonged to a distinct species or variety, for their enormous, bulging heads were tinted light blue; while their antennæ were, for the most part, of a brilliant ultramarine. I soon noticed also that they differed considerably from the cavaliers in manner, being much more restless and excitable. When about two feet from my hut door the whole concourse dismounted; and when the visitors had to some extent satisfied their curiosity as to my appearance, my master, who seemed to be engaged in an animated discussion with one of the visitors (which chanced to have its antennæ tinted respectively of an Oxford and Cambridge blue) gave me an order to sing.

By this time I readily understood such commands as this, and had learned by painful experiences that no excuse would be accepted. I therefore without delay put my head out of the opening and shouted "Rule Britannia" at the very top of my voice. I began almost as mechanically as a phonograph, but when I came to the words "*Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!*" I suddenly realised my position, faltered, and broke down.

Upon this my master and his cavalier friends seemed greatly disconcerted, while the blue-headed strangers were so overcome with derisive "laughter" that they all turned head-over-heels and lay kicking helplessly upon their backs.

After a while the discussion was renewed between my master and the ant with Oxford-and-Cambridge antennæ; and, while watching them, I felt a sudden conviction that these ill-bred snake-riding ants had come to buy me from the cavaliers. In spite of the misery of my position, I dreaded being handed over to such unprepossessing insects; for, to tell the truth, I had formed a very low opinion of their character. They had nothing of the suavity and ease of manner

which distinguished the cavaliers, but rather put me in mind of a lot of vulgar pushing commercials out for a holiday.

By-and-by the two parties seemed to arrive at some agreement, for the cavaliers remounted their swift beetles and escorted their blue-headed visitors (which, when scrambling on to their loathsome conveyance, strongly resembled a gang of rowdy trippers boarding an excursion train) along one of the paths leading into the forest.

CHAPTER VII.

Next morning, at daybreak, I found the whole settlement astir, and that a general migration of the cavaliers seemed to be taking place towards the river. After receiving an unusually liberal breakfast I was placed in charge of my drab mahout and taken towards the forest arena where all my troubles began. My master, who hovered round me on an exquisite white humming-bird—which he only rode on state occasions—seemed to be looking me over with a critical eye, and he more than once gave my rider a hint to make me pull myself together, hold up my head, and step out more briskly.

This, perhaps, should have confirmed my previous suspicions that I was being driven to market; but, curiously enough, it had a very different effect upon my mind.

I have already said that I had recently been subject to attacks of mild delirium, during

which I quite forgot my present lamentable circumstances, and thought myself back in the post of honour which I had occupied at home. As I strode along the narrow forest pathway, with my shoulders squared and my chin well up, it suddenly seemed to me that I was passing amid a crowd of admiring people at Glasgow while making a dignified approach towards the Presidential Chair. Automatically I began, below my breath, to rehearse parts of the speech which I had prepared for that great occasion.

As soon as I entered the open space, however, the startling novelty of the scene before me brought my mind back from its wanderings. The little arena was thronged with innumerable cavaliers, who not only occupied a high, terraced rampart, which had been erected all around the paved clearing like the tiers of an amphitheatre,

theatre, but crowded every point of vantage among the leafy walls above. In fact, only the smooth, columnar tree-trunks which encircled the open space, and a few of the larger branches overhead, were left unoccupied. All else was tinted pink and white by the enormous throng of cavaliers, so that the foliage looked like an apple orchard in full blossom.

I had scarcely taken my appointed place in the centre of the ring when a procession appeared through one of the narrow glades in the forest which surpassed anything I had seen before.

A score or more of huge serpents, most of them pythons or anacondas over twenty feet long, came sliding, two or three abreast, into the opening, like trains entering some great London terminus. Their backs were blue and white with dense crowds of demonstrative (I had almost said "noisy") snake-riders; and these enormous cargoes of excursionists were followed by numerous smaller parties, mounted on rattlesnakes, coral snakes, whip snakes, and nearly every kind of serpent represented in South America.

For a while I seemed to be standing on a small island surrounded by a writhing sea of snakes; yet, knowing well that the whole business was being arranged by my potent masters, I felt scarcely any alarm, but found myself vaguely wondering where room was to be found for this vast influx of visitors; for the open-air

theatre seemed crowded to its fullest capacity.

The two leading boa-constrictors wriggled straight to the nearest tree and coiled themselves spirally around it, one above the other, thus making, as it were, a number of galleries for about ten feet up the trunk. Most of the other large pythons followed their example, while all the smaller serpents swarmed up the trees and creepers surrounding the open space, and in a few minutes were arranged in a series of marvellous hanging bridges—all densely crowded with spectators—which completely festooned the forest walls.

I was so much taken up with watching this astounding spectacle that I did not notice certain tamed animals which the snake-riding ants had brought with them until I smelt a most unpleasant smell, and suddenly discovered, close to my side, a gaunt and very large howler monkey. This beast seemed quite undisturbed by my presence, and was sitting at its ease upon the white ground scratching its mangy, rufous flanks in an extremely diligent manner.

I found also that the cavaliers had just brought into the arena two of their best working teams of armadillos; while, sprawling on the ground close beside them, was a miserable three-toed sloth, which had lost half its hair and appeared to be in the last stages of consumption.

Almost before the newcomers were settled in their places I was made to stand

on one side, while the armadillos and the sloth, after being placed in the middle of the ring, were carefully inspected by my cock-horned chief and his Oxford-and-Cambridge visitor. It was fairly plain that certain negotiations were in progress, but I could scarcely believe that my masters would be so silly as to swap both their best teams of trained and well-fed armadillos for a moribund, three-toed sloth.

Apparently, however, in commercial matters the cavaliers were no match for the bustling blue-heads; for shortly afterwards the whole herd of armadillos was driven off in the direction from whence the visitors had come, while the wretched sloth, attended by an armed dragon-fly, crawled away, slowly and painfully, towards the cavalier settlement.

On glancing around I noticed that the majority of the ants, which had hitherto shown but little interest in what was going on in the arena, seemed settling down in their places, like a music-hall audience on the announcement of some popular "turn."

I was now led to the centre again, and made to go down on my hands and knees cheek by jowl with the evil-smelling howler, which was about as large as a collie dog. It seemed as if I were about to be bartered away like the armadillos, and the fears which I had felt during the first visit of the snake-riders were now greatly increased, for the starved and neglected con-

dition of their wretched "pets" showed only too plainly that they were far worse masters than cavaliers. Yet, in spite of the incident which I had just witnessed, I still had some hope that the obvious difference in exchange-value between myself and a sullen and mangy red howler would prove a bar to any such transaction. In this the event showed that I was woefully out of my reckoning, and that in my estimate of my own intrinsic worth I was altogether at sea.

Shortly after my mahout had made me go down on all-fours, side by side with the disgusting monkey, a fresh wave of delirium must have swamped my mind; for I remember declaring this attitude to be an altogether unprecedented one for the delivery of a Presidential Address!

I was partially aroused by a small dragon-fly buzzing against my lips—which was the recognised signal when my master desired me to shout or sing. Still prompted by the insane fancy that I was facing a scientific audience, I at once commenced to recite my carefully prepared oration; and, at the same moment, the brute of a monkey began howling like a whole menagerie of jackals.

It seemed for a while that the hideous nightmare fancy, already spoken of, had become true in fact. In my present waking delirium I thought I was indeed addressing the British Association at Glasgow, and that my most prominent scientific rival was attempting to howl me down.

Those who have been partially under the influence of intoxicating drugs will know that for some time after most of the faculties are overcome, and are wandering in the maddest mazes, there still seems to remain one critical atom of sanity in the innermost mental chamber which is perfectly aware of the real state of the case. In like manner, I knew, —in a sense—where I was; and what (Heaven help me!) I was doing.

Moreover, an electric flash of recollection told me that this was the very day when, had I been able to return, I should be in reality delivering my Presidential Address to the British Association at Glasgow! Yet so transitory was this lucid interval, that I did not cease raising my voice more and more, in order to make my peroration heard above a hideous crescendo of yelps from the obscene beast beside me.

But, alas! the vocal apparatus of a big howler monkey enables him to defy competition from any living thing! My chances could scarcely have been worse if I had backed myself in a roaring match against the eternal thunders of Niagara!

Suddenly my voice cracked under the intolerable strain. I instantly recovered my sober senses, and came to a full stop; while the monkey's triumphant howls rose louder and louder, to a stupendous and deafening *finale*.

At this the cavaliers seemed to be in a state of the utmost consternation (I am inclined to

think that there were some heavy bets on the result), while all the blue-heads gave way to unseemly somersaults of laughter. It was only too plain that their scraggy and abominable ape — which had again seated himself upon the ground, and was engaged in strenuous entomological researches among his frowzy red hair — was acknowledged my victor in the contest.

Although sick with shame and fury, I had a momentary feeling of relief at the thought that these keen low-bred snake-riders would now refuse to trade.

But I had soon a new and graver cause for apprehension. My master, whose quivering antennæ told of intense irritation and chagrin, suddenly dashed off on his white humming-bird towards the cavaliers' clearing. For a few minutes both I and the vast concourse of spectators waited in suspense; then a sudden "sensation" quivered through the whole assembly. He had been to fetch the jaguar!

On emerging from the forest-path this hideous brute stopped, and stood blinking and licking his jaws on the farther side of the opening. In the meantime an eager debate seemed to have been started among one section of the cavaliers, and several deputations advanced to interview my master.

It seemed to me that a large number of them were pleading for my life; and I noticed that many of these kept pointing their scarlet antennæ towards the path leading to the river.

The jaguar began switching his barred tail to and fro against his hollow flanks, and growled more and more impatiently during the debate; while my master flew round from tier to tier on the rampart, and from gallery to gallery among the trees, as if taking the sense of the meeting. I believe that all the brutal snake-riders without exception urged him to let me be killed, but happily he seemed to treat their demonstrations with aristocratic contempt.

By-and-by, during an animated conference with several of the leading cavaliers, he evidently made some amusing proposal which was hailed with general approbation. Soon afterwards my mahout guided me to the very tree against which I had leaned my gun when I camped in this fatal spot. The ant-carrying snakes which encircled this tree hissed horribly as I drew near, but unwound themselves and moved away at my master's special request. I then saw that my double-barrelled "paradox" gun was still where I had placed it, although red with rust and almost hidden by a creeper. My mahout gave me a signal to bend forward, so I seized hold of the muzzle and managed to drag it forth, recollecting as I did so that on landing I had loaded both barrels with some waterproof ball-cartridges which I had had specially prepared before visiting this humid region.

Fortunately the locks, which had been well soused with hot petroleum and wrapped in a greasy cloth, were less corroded than the barrels.

While I was examining the gun my master's white humming-bird settled for a moment upon my forehead, and then hovered in front of my eyes, showing me that my mahout had been taken away. On glancing towards the river, I found that the line of guards had disappeared, and that the path was as clear as when I had first traversed it.

Scarcely had I noted these facts when the jaguar ceased growling and twitching his tail, and came creeping upon his belly across the clearing, with his eyes aflame with the lust for blood.

In another instant I had raised the gun and pulled both triggers. A stunning explosion knocked me backwards against the tree, and a blinding flame leaped right into my face. The choked left barrel had burst just beyond my fingers; but, in spite of all, one bullet had flown true! The jaguar was writhing on his back in the middle of the arena, and besmearing the white porcelain-like pavement with brains and blood from his shattered skull!

For some minutes I stood rooted to the spot, with no more power to plan or move than the forest trees about me; and I think that the sight I then saw impressed me more than anything else during my living nightmare in the forest. In spite of the terrific flash and detonation, and the death-struggles of the enormous jaguar in their very midst, the valiant cavaliers were all standing upon their heads in convulsions of laughter at the episode!

When their spasms had partially subsided, the spell which held me motionless was broken by the sight of a dozen huge soldier-ants, which came charging towards my naked feet from beyond where the jaguar was lying.

Without another thought I wheeled round and bolted down the path like a rabbit.

My little dug-out *piragua* still lay, tight and uninjured, upon the white pathway just above the pool. As I launched it, and pushed off, a white humming-bird suddenly poised itself in front of my face; and alone upon its snowy crest sat my tiny pink-headed master. This marvellous insect seemed to look me straight in the eyes for a few seconds, then he waved his unmutated antenna in a friendly way, bobbed his Mephistophelean visage, as if bidding me *bon voyage*, and whirled off into the forest.

I have no recollection as to how I descended the swollen rivulet; but a great shout greeted me as I swept out into the broad Jagara, and I saw several light canoes darting to meet me from the opposite bank. I was too dazed and idiotic to be surprised or to understand the speech of an aged white-haired Indian who took my *piragua* in tow and jabbered eagerly to me in Portu-

guese as he paddled across the rapid stream.

I was taken to an Indian village amid the forest on the farther bank, where I was nursed with the utmost kindness; but nearly a week passed before I could understand my aged rescuer, although I had acquired a fair knowledge of Portuguese. When I made my first attempt to give some account of my experiences, and told the old Indian about my cock-horned captive, who afterwards became my master, he crossed himself fervently.

"Ah, senhor!" he exclaimed with a shiver, "him I know well. Sixty years ago he was my master also. Ah, he is a great and terrible *piaché*! Surely he is the very devil!"

"What!" I cried, "have you also been a slave among the cavalier-ants?"

"Yes, senhor," replied he gravely. "When I was a youth they held me in bondage for two months: then they seemed to get tired of me, and gave me scarcely any food; and at last they dismissed me from their service. When your crew of the *Buras* came to my village and told me that you had ventured into that forbidden country and had not come back, I said, 'They will, perhaps, get tired of him also in about two months. Let us make a camp on the safe side of the Jagara and wait for him.'"

A. LINCOLN GREEN.

CRICKET REFORM.

WE are in a fair way to shortly find ourselves face to face with what may almost be called a national crisis. For to a nation whereof, even in the presence of wars and rumours of wars abroad, a large section is wholly, and a larger section partially, given up to amusement, anything which seriously affects or menaces the national game may claim to be regarded as a matter of grave importance.

The signs of the times seem to tell us that we are within measurable distance of cricket reform,—so far at least within measurable distance that in the event of the powers that be refusing to draft a full and ample scheme of reform, they may shortly be called upon to confront a revolution.

Cricket in England may yet be pursued as a pastime by the majority of players; but there is a sensibly larger and rapidly increasing minority to whom during the summer months it has become a positive business, or at any rate a serious occupation. Nor, as some of us know to our cost, is this midsummer madness in any way confined to those who take an active part in the game. If we may not say of Lord's on the occasion of the Inter-University or the Public School match that "it holds all Rome to-day," it is because the capacity of the ground rather than the inclination of the men and women of England is limited, and "from the din which strikes upon his ear,"

our modern Juvenal may easily "argue the success" of the popular colour, whether it be light blue or dark blue.

Now it seems to us that in the interests of the players themselves, and to the greater delectation of the spectators, radical reforms are needed in the system of the game, and some method will have to be devised whereby a definite result of a match shall be, under ordinary circumstances, practically ensured, and the game presented to the sight-seeing public in a more palatable form. Judicious emendation of the laws would in no way interfere with the enjoyment of those who take cricket as a pastime, and is urgently required to ameliorate the condition of the most hardly worked portion of business cricketers—we mean the professional bowlers and those few amateurs who lend them fitful aid. In these latter days it seems to have so far been taken as a matter of course for the bat to beat the ball that the opposite event positively confounds the cricketer, and sets him seriously at work to explain away the untoward and unexpected catastrophe. This we hold to be an abnormal state of affairs, certainly never intended, never in all probability even contemplated, by the fathers of a game in which it was clearly the intention that bowlers and batsmen should be on terms of equality, and that

matches should end in a definite result. Now, when it has become an established fact that—given fair weather and a sound wicket—the scientific batsman has everything his own way, and can practically remain master of the position for so long as he pleases, drastic measures are needed to restore the equilibrium, and at the same time to ensure a final conclusion to a match within a fixed period.

There is no necessity to go far afield to find examples of the present most unsatisfactory state of affairs. Instances of three days being absolutely wasted, so far as arriving at a finish goes, may be multiplied *ad infinitum*. How often, we wonder, in the last two or three years has the same old paragraph gone the rounds of the daily papers? "There being no possible chance of finishing the match, the cricket from this point was not of a very serious nature, and after T—y had been allowed to complete his century, stumps were finally drawn at half-past five."

It will be sufficient for the purpose to quote the following:

(a) In 1899 only one of the five representative matches between England and Australia was finished.

(b) In each of the last two seasons the Inter-University match, after three full days' play, has resulted in a draw.

(c) In the closing days of the late season no definite result was arrived at in either the Scarborough or the Hastings weeks or in the final match of the season at Lord's.

The wiseacre will doubtless in each of these cases be able to give what he may consider a full, perfect, and sufficient explanation. He will tell us that it is the custom in Australia to prolong a match from day to day until it is finished, and that on this account an Australian batsman, to whom time has come to be regarded as illimitable, having ever in his mind the old maxim "Keep up your wicket and runs will come," employs methods more adapted to prolong his innings indefinitely than to produce a certain amount of runs within a reasonable period of time.

He may tell us again, and there up to a certain point he has reason, that the bowling in the last two University matches has been exceptionally weak.

Finally, it may be urged that in the shortening days of September the hours available for play are too few to admit of a high-scoring match being concluded.

Now, whereas we are in the present dealing with facts rather than with reasons, arguments whether pro or con may be considered to be out of place. Briefly, however, be it said that, whatever may be the custom in Australia, here in England it is neither desirable nor yet convenient to give up more than three days to a single match; and that we are in search of a system under which, in favourable weather, we may reasonably expect to see the game played to a finish within the allotted space of three days.

In the second case, while

most of us will admit that the bowling of both universities has in the last two years been of a very inferior stamp, outside statistics do not go far to show that the general batting of the sides—we readily grant two or three brilliant exceptions—has been at all strong.

Lastly, if September days are really too short for matches to be finished, is it not almost waste of time to begin them?

But, argument or no argument, the solid fact remains that in the last few years far too large a proportion of first-class matches have resulted in draws, and that this most unsatisfactory state of affairs has been brought about by the increasing supremacy of the bat over the ball.

To quote from the 'Globe': "How county cricket has increased of late years the following tables will show:—

	1890.	1895.	1900.
Counties competing	8	14	15
Matches finished	42	101	96
Matches drawn	12	30	70"

Does not the same table also indicate in a most simple and most damning form that the increase in the proportion of drawn games has advanced by leaps and bounds?

Roughly separating, the odds in favour of a match in the County Championship being finished have dwindled from 7—2 to 4—3.

Living as we do in an age of record-breaking, we plead guilty to a feeling of weariness over the constant repetition of the process. A new record is

established one day, and lo! before we have time to properly digest it and recover our breath it has passed away into the region of things that are not. Without in any way grudging the record-breakers their temporary success, without the slightest desire either to undervalue the merits of their performances or to detract from their satisfaction, we may be excused for saying that there is something radically wrong about the methods of a game when record-breaking, in one direction only, is a matter of constant recurrence. High, not to say unreasonably high, scoring, by no means confined to one, two, or three individuals, simply implies that the skilful batsman is overmuch master of the situation, and that it is high time to give the bowler a helping hand.

It is easy enough for an eminent cricketer to say, as he is reported to have said, that if we had a few wet seasons we should hear no more grumbling over high scores. Cricket is essentially a fair-weather game, and it is most desirable that there should in fair weather be something like an absolute certainty of a match between two good sides being played out.

Circumstances have of late years combined to place the bowler in a disadvantageous position as compared with his brother Boer—we beg his pardon—with the batsman. Whether the quality of the bowling has deteriorated is, and always must be, entirely a matter of opinion. The septua-

genarian haunter of the pavilion doubtless cherishes the belief that in the days of his youth there were giants in the land, and he is welcome to carry that conviction to the grave. But even giants have been found wanting when called upon to cope with better-armed intelligence, and the famous Brown of Brighton, who bowled through a coat and killed a dog on the other side, might find that to hit sticks on the other side of Ranjitsinhji's bat would, on the modern wicket, be a still more difficult feat.

Without going back to the time of Noah or even of Pilch, probably Trott, Jack Hearn, Rhodes, and Richardson are neither much better nor much worse bowlers than were Freeman, Morley, Peate, and Alfred Shaw. In the matter of varying their pace without a perceptible change of action, the modern bowlers are possibly more highly educated than their predecessors. But, after all, necessity is the mother of invention, and men who bowled on wickets where the ball *sponte sua* came on at all manner of paces and heights, were seldom called upon to tax their ingenuity to any considerable extent. The eccentricities, or shall we call them the benevolences, of the ground in times past more than compensated for any lack of originality on the part of the bowler.

The two important factors which militate against the success of the modern bowler we take to be the general improvement of wickets throughout the length and breadth of the

country, and the introduction of boundaries.

As we cannot put the clock back and restore matters to their primitive position, so we cannot alter either of these two conditions.

Doubtless the problem of bringing scoring within reasonable bounds might be solved by the simple process of driving a four-in-hand up and down the wicket on the morning of a match, or by judiciously doctoring the pitch. But while we plead guilty to having at all times more thoroughly enjoyed cricket under difficulties — cricket, that is, on an old-time rustic pitch — than cricketers played on a bread-and-butter wicket, we cheerfully admit that as in billiards so in cricket the idea of the game is that the surface played upon should be in the truest, smoothest, and fastest condition available. Most reluctantly therefore we must leave that advantage with the batsman.

Nor can we see our way to dispensing with the boundary that comparatively modern and — in the primeval ages of cricket — wholly un contemplated development of the game. The cricket of the present day having become a serious business, which involves considerable expenditure, cannot afford to dispense with gate money, and can therefore no longer be played upon an illimitable ground. It is a matter of notoriety, if not of history, that the net arrangement whereby the authorities at Lord's attempted to minimise the advantages offered by

the boundary to portly batsmen, and in a lesser degree to leg-weary fieldsmen, proved a complete failure, and we fear that we must be content to leave the boundary question *in statu quo*.

Ultra-civilisation and modern requirements having thus given two distinct advantages to the batsman and one small boon to the fieldsmen, the balance of power can only be restored and the bowler reinstated in his old position of equality either by drastic legislation or by the assistance of the clerk of the weather. Alas! that the last-named individual should be so distinctly unsatisfactory a member of society, unstable, seldom to be relied upon either for better or for worse, so absolutely certain to be roundly abused when now and again he conscientiously does what he believes to be the right thing, and so commonly unpopular, that we must dismiss him from our calculations altogether.

There remains, then, drastic legislation,—a legislation, that is, which, having no respect either of persons or of sentiment, shall fearlessly aim at the restoration of the equilibrium of the game.

How truly conservative are cricketers as a class, how jealous of any innovation! If, says one, you once begin to meddle with the game, you will spoil it, and it will cease to be cricket. Away go our thoughts to the backyard of a certain boarding-house at one of our public schools. There, upon a specially boarded wicket, we were invited to take the bat,

and promptly caught first bound by cover-point. That we were expected to go was evident, though we did not at the moment comprehend why. But then the head-boy of the house explained—

“You see, sir, it isn’t quite cricket, it is croquet.”

Anon, a distinguished cricketer urges that any interference with the *matériel* of the game would be fatal; while another declares that an alteration of the existing l.b.w. rule would prevent a particular class of ball being played in the only orthodox fashion—to wit, the fashion adopted by himself. “Quot homines, tot sententiæ.” Every man you met had a dread of his own little pet corn being trodden upon,—every batsman we ought rather to have said. For we have yet to learn what the great bowlers have to say on the subject. Is theirs the silence of despair?

Now, as to the material of the game: broader wickets? higher wickets? narrower bats? Which shall it be? The last for choice, and if not narrower bats, at all events bats of the proper width.

A gentleman writing not long ago in a daily paper—not the ‘Sportsman,’ where so many angels fear to tread—and apparently writing under authority, suggested that one of the more important wandering clubs should on tour try, by arrangement with the opposing side, the experiment of playing with specially narrowed bats. Possibly eleven or twenty-two patriotic individuals might be found ready

and willing to sacrifice a bat apiece for the good of their country. For it is a clear case of

"Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum," &c.

A bat once shaved down will remain comparatively narrow to the end of the chapter. We use the term "comparatively narrow" advisedly. A bat that was cut down by half an inch in May might under ordinary circumstances return to the proper breadth before the end of the season, and albeit a far narrower weapon than the majority of batsmen play with nowadays, just about pass the test of the gauge. It will be remembered that some ten years ago, on the initiative, we believe, of that good cricketer, Lord Harris, the services of the gauge were for a season called into requisition, and offending weapons were reduced to their proper dimensions. But Lord Harris presently went out to India, and apparently took the gauge with him. At any rate, after his departure the custom of gauging bats lapsed into disuse. Now, as both the shape and the size of the bat have—*vide* old prints and old bats still in existence—varied from time to time, there need be no special sentiment in favour of the present imaginary standard. From the width allowed by statute let us boldly strike off one inch, and having fixed upon a regulation size, let us take all due precaution to preserve uniformity.

We shall thus be making one small present to the bowler;

but in order to produce anything like an equality between that hardly treated individual and the batsman, we must be prepared to go a good deal further.

The systems and the course of procedure adopted by the M.C.C. committee are matters rather beyond our ken. Judging from the fiasco a year or two back in connection with the choice of a secretary, it is their custom to break their own rules in the first instance, later on to petition the club for leave to amend those rules already broken, and to assume an air of virtuous indignation if any member ventures to criticise the wisdom of the procedure.

However, it is rumoured that they contemplate bringing into operation a revised version of the l.b.w. rule, and to eliminate that paragraph which bears upon the ball pitching in a line between the two wickets. We are prepared to hear this alteration—in our opinion a most judicious and most reasonable alteration—keenly criticised.

We shall probably be told—nay, it is already asserted in many quarters—that the effects of the change will be to put too much power into the hands of the umpires, and to increase their already sufficiently onerous responsibilities.

To take the latter objection first, In what possible way would the responsibilities of the umpire be increased? As the l.b.w. law at present stands, he has three distinct points to decide:—

1. Did the ball pitch in a straight line between the two wickets?

2. Would it have hit the wicket?

3. Was that part of the batsman's person which the ball struck in front of the wicket?

Under the proposed new rule the first, and by far the most difficult, of these three questions is at once eliminated. The exact spot whereon a ball pitches is, on a hard and dusty wicket, a most arduous point to decide; and many a guilty batsman has escaped punishment at the hand of the umpire, who has taken his place either fortified to do his day's work by a settled conviction that no round-the-wicket bowler can under any circumstances get a man out l.b.w., or else charitably inclined in any and every case to give the batsman the benefit of the doubt. Why, pray, the batsman always? Why is the bowler, the weaker party, never to have that benefit of the doubt? Verily and indeed, "Beati possidentes."

Next as to the powers of the umpire. Why hesitate to increase, if indeed a modification of the rule will increase, the powers of the "sole judge of the play"? Is it that we doubt the honesty of our specially selected umpires? There is no reasonable ground for doubting that the umpires annually selected to do duty in first-class matches—most of them time-expired veterans of high character—are as honest a set of fellows as ever trod shoe-leather.

Are we then sceptical as to their competence? They presumably know the rules of the game, and if they have eyes and ears they are certainly in a better position to see and to hear than the pavilion critics, and so are better judges of the situation.

It is not likely in any case that the umpires will give less satisfaction to a certain class of cricketer under the new rule than under the old. Rare indeed is the batsman who in his heart of hearts believes, or is openly willing to admit, that he was l.b.w. While the wise man and good cricketer keeps his opinion to himself, another loudly ventilates his grievance and informs a sceptical public that every umpire under the sun has his knife into him. Such a one has grumbled and expostulated in times past, and may be expected to grumble and expostulate in the future. If by any good chance the feeling that the powers of the umpire are now to be increased tempts the systematic grumbler to sell his bat and pads and abjure the game, let us follow prudent old Dogberry's advice—

"How if a' will not stand?"

"Dogberry. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the watch together and thank God that you are rid of a knave."

The immediate result of the new rule will be that the bowler will gain not a little, and the batsman will lose an advantage which was never intended to belong to him. The main idea of cricket is that the wicket

should be defended by the bat, and on the superexcellent and true pitch of the present day the bat ought to be a sufficient defence. But, as we all know, certain batsmen, taking full advantage of the l.b.w. rule now existent, have for years past been content to defeat, by an abnormal use of their legs, the well-intentioned efforts of the ill-fated bowler to atone for the absolute trueness of the wicket by cultivating the forces of break and twist. If it would be refreshing in the early weeks of the season to watch a few batsmen diligently unlearning the methods of the past, it is certain that even the more gross offenders would shortly accommodate themselves to the new conditions, and acquire the art of relying upon the bat rather than the legs.

To the gentleman who pleads that the leg must of necessity cover the wicket while he is in the act of playing one particular stroke, we would simply say that as long as he plays the ball with his bat, the umpire's interference will not be invoked, but if the ball hits his leg while in front of the wicket he will have to go.

We seem to have now given back to the bowler a little of the vantage-ground which he has steadily been losing. But this is by no means sufficient for our purpose, though it is all that we can suggest for the bowler's especial benefit.

Some entirely new departure will be needed to check, not mammoth scoring so much as the unconscionable length to which an innings is too fre-

quently prolonged. It is an enlivening process, we admit, to watch Mr Jessop knocking up a hundred runs; but the process of watching Quaife compile a century is painfully wearisome and monotonous. The improved ground we have been obliged to leave in the possession of the batsman. But why not try at once to lessen the work of the bowler, and to secure a definite conclusion to a match, by limiting the time, on the same principle as it is limited in certain croquet tournaments? Let us allot to the three days' match twenty-one playing hours—*i.e.*, at the rate of seven hours a-day—and let us lay down a hard-and-fast rule that no innings shall be allowed to last more than five hours. If an innings collapse *per se* at an earlier period, well and good—we are so far in advance of the clock; but let it be most distinctly understood that the closure will be finally applied at the end of the five hours' actual play. It may be that we have gone beyond the mark, and that twenty-one hours' play is unfeasible. Let our time-limit, if this is so, be curtailed by half an hour, and even so the scores will be quite long enough. Ten, nay, even six, years ago, it was accepted as a sort of axiom of the game that a side which won the toss and made three hundred runs could not lose the match: nowadays the side that sets the opposition five hundred to make in a fourth innings is not absolutely safe from defeat.

In two-day and one-day

matches, when there certainly ought to be seven hours' play per diem, the time allowance would have to be curtailed. Probably periods of three hours to three and a quarter would give ample time for a side to make as many runs as one wants to see made in a two-days' match. A second innings in a one-day's match is simply unnecessary. It is easy to anticipate the objection that on this principle some of the tail-end of an XI. would never get an innings at all, by simply remarking that this has been known to be the case under the existing regulations. It has always, we will add, seemed to us that the weak point about the modern system of applying the closure, and giving to one side the option of taking the bat or compelling the other side to follow on, only emphasises the advantage gained by winning the toss. Under the rule we have suggested, winning the toss will cease to be such a powerful element of success; the completion of a match even on the truest pitch and in the finest weather is practically assured; and the side which plays the best and the freest cricket, in the possible event of all four innings lasting out the prescribed time, will win and deserve to win the match.

Defensive cricket is very admirable and necessary in its way, and he whose capacity lies that way may—*pace* his captain—continue to play a defensive game for the space of five hours by the clock. But human patience, or at any rate the spectator's patience, has its

limits, and in the best interests of the game it is high time that methods be devised to prevent a certain type of batsman being permitted to block the way throughout the weary length of a midsummer day, while he scores at the rate of ten or twenty runs an hour.

So far had we written in all good faith, seeking to suggest means for improving the position of the bowler, in these latter years—so at least many cricketers have thought—a hardly treated individual. And now we feel as if a mine had suddenly exploded beneath our feet. The County Captains assembled in conclave, taking, we presume, the place of the defunct cricket council, have suddenly announced that in their opinion bowlers, or at any rate some of the not least important bowlers of the day, have been offending against the laws of fair play, and that the batsman, notwithstanding his proclivity for making centuries, requires further protection.

As reference was made to cricket in Australia by the gentleman who originally invited an opinion on the fairness of Mold's delivery, it reads at first sight as if precautions were being taken beforehand in view of the next invasion of Australian cricketers. "It is well to be prepared at all points" is a sound motto; but how far our cousins from a distance will be inclined to accept the ruling of the County Captains remains to be seen.

Reforms of a sort in the game are, we believe, sorely

needed. But whereas the general public had prepared itself for some form of concession to the bowler, now, lo and behold! we are informed that the boot is on the other leg altogether, the bowler has been living in a fool's paradise, and it is the batsman who has all along been the injured individual.

While we plead guilty to the indictment of having figured in these pages as the advocate of drastic legislation, the legislation of the County Captains is of so drastic a character as to be almost tyrannical. So direful, it would appear, is the risk of personal injury to the batsman, that certain bowlers, whose action has hitherto passed muster with the majority of umpires, are practically "warned off the turf," and that not for one, two, or three matches, but for a whole season. It is always distasteful to appear to dissent from those in high places, but at the same time it would be as well that the cricketing community should be informed whether in the future the game is to be governed by the M.C.C. Committee or by the County Captains; what penalty will be exacted from those rash mortals who assume a defiant attitude, and invite Mold or Quaife to bowl an occasional over; and where the power of exacting any penalty at all comes in. It is a curious coincidence that some eighteen months ago an All-England committee of election should have chosen to represent his country, on his merits as a bowler, one whose

name now figures in the list of bowlers to be cautioned. Has Lockwood changed his action within the last season; have great authorities on the game modified their opinion; or was the Surrey professional selected on the diamond-cut-diamond principle, with the idea that he might act as a sort of counterpoise to the redoubtable Jones?

Sharing with the Lancashire captain the opinion that it is unpleasant, not to say dangerous, to be thrown at from a distance of twenty-two yards, we cannot at the moment recall any instance of serious damage being done to life or limb by any of the lately condemned cricketers. And without going so far as to suggest that in the interests of the game it would be better to legalise throwing and have done with it, we fancy that the County Captains would have been better advised if they had "carpeted" the supposed offenders and dismissed them with a caution, instead of inflicting so severe a sentence for past misdemeanours, which, whether real or imaginary, have escaped the notice or the censure of so many highly qualified umpires.

A more rational solution of the difficulty might have been found, if the umpires as a body had been seriously warned that it is an essential part of their duty to take notice of all suspicious action in bowling, and assured that the M.C.C. Committee would support them in the matter of no-balling an unfair delivery, or even of suspending the offending bowler

for the rest of the match. But the County Captains seem to have assumed that our "sole judges of fair play" are either ignorant of the rules of the game or too weak-kneed to act up to their convictions. As matters now stand, the value of an umpire's verdict in the future has been seriously discounted, several men who have been accounted great bowlers in the past have been permanently disqualified, and the batsman remains even to a greater extent than before master of the situation.

A writer in the daily press hits the mark in saying that the feeling aroused by the news of the fresh record score in Australia will be one of pity, and that the problem of the new century in cricket is how to curtail the excessive scoring

which has of late become the rule.

Let us at least hope that, if the final decision as to the fairness of a bowler's delivery is no longer to rest with the umpire, that functionary will be invited to pay more especial attention to other abuses of the laws of cricket, and that our new legislators will, in common justice to the bowler, frame a rule to check the growing habit of relying upon the leg rather than the bat as a weapon of defence.

Would it be impertinent to suggest that, on the principle employed by Locksley in 'Ivanhoe,' when he assessed the amount of ransom to be paid by his prisoners, a committee of bowlers should next be invited to sit in judgment upon the methods of defensive cricket adopted by modern batsmen?

MALADMINISTRATION OF MESSES.

EVERY hunting man must have noticed instances of a "craner" ostensibly endeavouring, with whip and spur, elbow-work and objurgations, to force his horse to take a fence which, nevertheless, his rider has no intention of honestly negotiating. Some subtle influence has communicated to the steed this faint-heartedness, and expert onlookers see through the fraud, and are perfectly well aware that the jump will not be effected.

During the past forty-two years periodical ukases have been fulminated with the declared object of curtailing officers' mess expenses: they have been greeted with applause by the outside public, who have attributed their failure either to the "cussedness" of those whom the edicts were intended to benefit or to insuperable obstacles. The inside profession knows better. I do not presume to assert that my opening parable is applicable to the question we are considering; I do not venture to imply that the authorities never really intended that the fence should be negotiated. I do not even hint that they were playing to the gallery for plaudits. I prefer to adduce some facts which came within my personal experience during thirty-three years' service, and to leave my readers to draw their own conclusions. I earnestly repudiate any intention to throw mud at all messes; but the special cases

I will quote are sufficiently numerous to illustrate prevalent evils, and sufficiently characteristic to have contributed to pernicious precedents.

There is a vile expression frequently used by many selfish seniors and many thoughtless juniors, "Keeping up the credit of the regiment." Lavish entertainment of mess-guests, expensive balls, race luncheon-parties, superfluous subscriptions, costly luxuries, and, above all, the unthrift in interior economy, which is only divided by a thin sheet of paper from downright embezzlement, are habitually defended on the plea of "keeping up the credit of the regiment." No matter that the poorer members smart with a false though natural shame if, unlike their rich or spendthrift comrades, they avoid expenses which they cannot honestly incur. No matter if promising aspirants are scared away from certain regiments lest they should encounter the reproach which I have many a time heard levelled, "So-and-so had no business to join us if he could not afford the costs." No matter if young officers be clogged with a load of debt which, if wilfully, selfishly contracted, leaves a stigma—less than the shame of misbehaviour in the field or cheating at cards, but nevertheless a stigma—on the offender whose profession requires him to be not only *sans peur* but also *sans reproche*. All this is held as naught com-

pared with the force of the shibboleth, "keeping up the credit of the regiment." It is positively amazing to hear the rubbish which men assumed to be fairly sensible are not ashamed to talk to others assumed to be fairly shrewd.

These and similar allegations have been threshed threadbare in the public press, and I will not weary my readers by entering into details. That they are justified will be admitted by every experienced and honest old soldier; that the evils are remediable is the verdict of all save of those who, insisting on the liberty of a contrary opinion, prefer to exercise the desolate freedom of the wild ass.

Why, then, have not the abuses in question been long ago remedied? Mainly because the promulgated measures for reform have not been genuinely intended.

1. It has never been made clear that all the fountainheads were resolved to enforce their own regulations. They have quietly, gladly, bent to the evasions of those concerned, instead of insisting on the paradoxical yet effectual dictum, "If it is difficult, it must be done; if it is impossible, it must still be done."

2. Generals are loth to enter on the laborious and delicate task of regulating expenses connected with the private finances of gentlemen, unless they are assured that their righteous efforts will be not merely coldly countenanced but generously backed up by the highest sources of appeal to whom remonstrances may be addressed.

3. Most commanding officers would be aghast at the storm of disapproval and covert dislike they would draw down on themselves were they to attempt, unless under superior compulsion, to uproot abuses which have grown to be honoured only because they have grown to be old.

For these reasons a coach-and-four has habitually been driven through sumptuary enactments, except when convenience has suggested their observance. Perhaps I can make my meaning more clear by referring to my "anecdotalage."

1. *Fountainheads*.—When Sir Hope Grant overcame the objections of Pall Mall and succeeded in initiating autumn manœuvres, he endeavoured also to initiate a temporary abnegation of comforts among officers, and a frugality appropriate to this particular soldiering exercise, and limited his baggage to the regulation weight. His efforts were vain, because derelictions were countenanced, and even encouraged, by those against whom it was difficult to appeal. Certain regiments organised strings of nominally private traps, but really of contractor's transport, to move in their wake along public roads, with an audacity contemning concealment, and conveying supplies utterly inconsistent with the training of tent-life. Thus, while the general was contenting himself with chops and sherry, subalterns and captains within a stone's throw were revelling in delicacies provided by an expensive French cook, and in

champagne and claret-cup, and their mess-marquees were open to every rowdy Dick, Tom, and Harry who came touting to the site. The cost was of course enormous. In one case—I could quote the regiment—a single week's bill for some individuals amounted to £70. Unquestionably Sir Hope Grant, or any other strong general, could have enforced his own way. The question was, whether a half-hearted support from those more powerful than himself would not have constituted a moral victory for the delinquents. True, the instance I have adduced dates many years back; but for that very reason it is more convincing, because there is every reason to believe that the same practice has been continued in principle, slightly modified to save appearances, up to a very recent date. Is it to be supposed possible that those who were aware of, who countenanced, and who even participated in, these enjoyments, could have had the face to reprimand, say, a general officer at the Cape because the average mess-bills of subalterns at that station had not been kept under £10 a-month?

2. *Generals are loth to interfere.*—At a certain large home station an order was issued in 1881 to commanding officers requiring the prior sanction of the assistant adjutant-general in every individual case of dinner entertainments of a comprehensive nature. The diminution of mess-bills which followed was satisfactory; but by degrees the artillery ob-

served that they were left in an invidious position, inasmuch as other corps were, *sub rosa*, ignoring the order and entertaining unrestrictedly. I was thereupon directed, as brigade-major, to inquire whether the injunction had been cancelled, and the assistant adjutant-general—distinguished for his tact and efficiency—was compelled to reply with a meaning smile, "Don't ask me any more."

3. *Commanding officers dare not exercise the necessary stringency lest they should be "thrown over."*—A certain colonel of artillery, when inspecting a battery at a foreign out-station, was made aware that some of the officers were suffering notorious discredit through non-payment of tradesmen's claims. At the same time he discovered, when he officially scrutinised their mess accounts, that their wine-bills were immoderately high, and were mainly due to the unbounded supply of expensive champagne to an incessant influx of civilian guests. The colonel thereupon addressed the assembled officers in friendly exhortation to the following effect: "I am sure you will not attribute to me a tyrannical prying into your private circumstances when I suggest to you that not one of you can afford these expenses. I sympathise with your anxiety not to appear chary of hospitality, not to be disadvantageously compared with the ——" (a cavalry regiment quartered at the same station), "and I purpose helping you out of your difficulty by the exercise of the

power vested in me as your commanding officer. I shall therefore issue, confidentially, an order to the effect that champagne is not to be placed on the mess-table except on the one weekly mess-guest night. Should a friend chance to dine with you on any other occasion, you are quite at liberty to apologise to him for not giving him champagne, owing to the restrictions of your high-handed colonel." The officers cheerfully accepted the order, and as they were one and all on the most friendly terms with their commanding officer, they abstained from stigmatising him while they utilised the excuse. The expedient was thoroughly successful, not only directly in largely diminishing the wine-bills, but indirectly in prompting a more economical general expenditure; the mess-bills dropped to a virtuous figure, and tradesmen's claims ceased to be a subject of discreditable notoriety. The moral of the incident is, however, to be found in its sequel. In due course the colonel stated to his superior the plan he had taken, and was met by the sharp and adverse criticism, "You can't do that; you have exceeded your powers." "Very well, sir," was the reply, "give me an order to cancel my prohibition, and the action of which you disapprove will be undone." But to counter-order a measure which effectually dealt with an undoubted evil was too great a gulp to be easily swallowed, and the next day the question was put, "If your restriction is referred to

the home authorities and censured by them, will you take the entire responsibility of your proceedings?" The colonel unhesitatingly assented, and was permitted to persist in his own way, as the result proved, without any evil consequences.

The worst offenders in encouraging, and even in suggesting, extravagances which impecunious officers cannot afford, and from which they frequently derive extremely little personal satisfaction, are in many cases selfish seniors. For instance, when a ball is given, although the subscriptions are apportioned according to rank, the colonel and the field-officers play the foremost parts of hosts, derive the greater part of the credit for hospitality, and are the principal recipients of social thanks. The subalterns have the pleasure of paying for a great deal of the cost and receiving very little of the *éclat*. By the guests they are almost ignored as negligible factors. I recollect an angry conclave of lieutenants and captains, plus one or two officers of higher rank, who had banded together, previously to a mass meeting, in order to resist a contemplated attack on their impoverished pockets. "The colonel has no right to involve us in this proposed expensive entertainment, for which he gets nearly all the credit and of which we bear the chief cost. Let us be unanimous in voting against it." They were, however, easily baffled by their senior; for when the subject was broached, the old fox thus addressed them: "Gentlemen,

it is proposed that at the forthcoming races we shall entertain So-and-so" (popular persons of distinction). "Has any officer any objection to their being entertained?" (Bewildered silence.) "No one: then that matter is settled, and our meeting is finished," and each subaltern wrathfully found himself mulcted of about £5 by a process to which he had theoretically given his full consent.

If I have carried any degree of conviction to my non-military readers, I must at the same time guard against overstating my case. "Since messes are characterised by such evils," they may argue, "would it not be better to abolish them altogether, and to follow the system of Continental armies?" Not one officer in 500 would acquiesce in this alternative; not one civilian in 100 would continue to urge it after realising the incomparable advantages of the existing institution. A mess-room, in addition to its obvious professional and disciplinary advantages, is the school for brightening the stupid and developing the able, for polishing the clown and for repressing the coxcomb, for encouraging the reticent and snubbing the bumptious, for keeping straight the wild and for wholesomely spurring the overtame. It is the focus of friendship, and the land of Beulah for reconciling quarrels. Above all, it is the Utopia of good manners and good feeling which should characterise the equality of gentlemen, and in this respect the colonel considers the subaltern his equal, and only ex-

pects a deference which is more due to difference of age than to difference of rank. Foreign officers, whether Germans or Japs, Frenchmen, Russians, Austrians, Italians, or Spaniards, are unanimous in admiration of our mess-system, and, sore with the contrast to the tap-house equipments of the absinthe-drinking, domino-playing of their own restaurant lives, have sought to copy us—with about the same success as they have sought to coin a word for "gentleman" or to introduce the practice of tubbing. The abolition of messes, like the abolition of the House of Lords, would be a remedy worse than existing defects; but the institution may be mended, and if the public choose to insist, it is perfectly practicable to reduce materially the evils of immoderation and squandering, without lowering the standard of a refined comfort to which English officers are, by their social status, reasonably entitled.

And the remedies? I was once so incautious as to deprecate the annual cost to the public of £50 horse-hire for a master-gunner, when an allowance of £10 cab-hire would have greatly conduced to economy and efficiency. The reply was, "Cabs are not sanctioned for warrant-officers—only omnibus fares. Suggest some other alternative." Now, as omnibuses did not ply in a spot nearly as desolate as the Karoo, I was obliged to confess myself baffled. Whereupon I received the reprimand, "You are not justified in finding fault if you

cannot indicate a remedy." Taught by this reproof, I now venture to suggest the principles of certain remedial measures, without entering into details which may not be invariably accurate, and which might tend to invalidate my arguments.

The same reforming colonel to whom I have already alluded once addressed his officers to the following effect: "I have noticed of late duns hanging about the barrack precincts with discreditable frequency, and I have even received menacing letters from tradespeople claiming my assistance in compelling you to pay outstanding bills. It is now my duty to put a stop to a disrepute which has become flagrant. Many of you subalterns are 'hard up' by reason of immoderately high mess-bills, and in dealing with this evil I not only require your obedience—I invoke your hearty and cheerful co-operation." The course then pursued was as follows: An officer was detailed for a tour of three or four months' duty as mess-manager, and with functions far more comprehensive than those usually assigned to a mess-secretary. Every morning he visited the kitchen and servants' offices, scanned the bill of fare proposed for the next twenty-four hours, and checked the usual squandering of provisions upon a superfluous horde of fatigue-men. He put a stop to all unnecessary expenses, and supervised all dealings with tradesmen, who were forbidden upon pain of loss of custom to supply goods except on requisitions

signed by himself, and whom he personally paid once a-month, thus checking, if not stopping, the enormous percentages which habitually dribble back into the pockets of servants. After this system had been brought into thorough working order, these multifarious duties, which at first sight would seem to involve incessant labour, were performed with an efficiency and speed attainable only by military organisation, and entailed an average expenditure of time not exceeding forty-five minutes daily. In the final result the mess-bills were reduced to an extent of about 33 per cent, the cuisine was conspicuously improved, guests were entertained as hospitably as before and with more credit to the mess, all-round efficiency and comfort were materially increased, and, better than all, duns vanished. There was neither a regimental polo nor beagle club nor regimental race-meeting, but the officers did not appear to feel this as a privation.

The working factor of the mess administration was the mess-manager. He was not struck off the roster of orderly officers, but he was relieved as far as possible from other subsidiary duties; leave was granted to him with lavish liberality, and he was in daily communication with his colonel, who aided him with advice and in smoothing difficulties, and who made a point of recognising his efforts by treating him with marked friendliness.

The colonel in question, wishing to test how far his action

had really resulted in improving the financial circumstances of his officers, asked, in confidence, one of the best, the brightest, and the most enterprising of the subalterns, "Can you live in comfort on a private allowance of £100 a-year?" The answer was, "Formerly it was entirely out of the question, but since our mess-bills have been so materially reduced it is perfectly easy."

Objection No. 1.—A not inconsiderable number of officers, staunch in supporting the vices as well as the virtues of time-honoured institutions, will retort, "All this clamour of success, and belauding of your system as a novelty, is unwarranted. You are behind your age. It has been introduced in many cases, and has been extant for many years, without, however, any material diminution of mess expenses." Yes; adopted in theory, not in practice. A mess-sergeant has often replaced the civilian contractor; the change has been illusory, while the perfunctory administration of a committee and the superficial rule of a mess-secretary—all of whom have exerted themselves but little to check waste and expense, and have cared still less—have been accompanied with little advantage. The method I have indicated has seldom had a fair and effectual trial.

Objection No. 2.—By the measures you advocate you would convert your mess-secretary into a common house-keeper, busied with sordid economies totally unbecoming the avocations of an officer, or indeed of a gentleman. Now,

I am really at a loss how to refute such arguments except by stating them. I will merely remind my opponents that to enforce cleanliness in the men's rooms, to visit married quarters, to supervise canteen traffic, and to make sure that the barrack drains have been properly flushed, are cares which they themselves have exercised and have not felt derogatory, notwithstanding that they appropriately comprise the work of the poor-law inspector, the grocer, and the scavenger. They are ennobled by the principle of "duty." The same reasoning would be applicable to the proposed functions of a mess-secretary when carrying out the orders of his colonel, of the general, and of the commander-in-chief.

Some of the other causes of immoderate mess expenses are too well known to call for more than mere mention, and their remedy is too obvious to require more than a mere hint.

1. Balls and race-luncheons should be permitted far less frequently than at present: they should not be sanctioned as a matter-of-course annual occurrence, and should be clipped of luxurious and ostentatious extravagance.

2. The frequency of guest-nights, and even the universal entertainment of private guests, should be sternly restricted within more limited bounds.

In my capacity of mess-secretary many years ago, at an expensive home station, I was appealed to by my colonel to diminish the preposterously high mess-bills. I was given almost *carte blanche*, and the

foremost object of my attack was to curtail the expenses for mess guests. The result was that the average £15 monthly mess-bill, charged even to the most frugal subaltern, was reduced to £10, and we never heard that the prestige of our regiment for hospitality had been impaired.

3. Subscription-lists for any purpose whatsoever, whether social or public, should never be affixed in the anteroom—a publicity which is highly invidious to those unwilling to join. The individual inclination of each member should be ascertained by some officer deputed for the purpose.

4. Every charge of a general nature, or applicable to members otherwise than as units, should be inserted in the mess-bills. Thus only can disobedience of the letter of orders be checked and evasions of their spirit be baffled; thus, and thus only, will inspecting generals be able to satisfy themselves beyond question of the economical efficiency of every mess within their command.

If there be an unwillingness to enforce all the above restrictions on rich cavalry regiments—some of which may possibly number in their ranks a few rich imbeciles who have recently given a handle to the harsh and wholesale aspersions on “our stupid officers”—let the experiment be at all events tried on intelligent infantry battalions. Only, if the public be in earnest, if the outside pressure, which alone is effectual against inside prejudice, is to produce satis-

factory results, let not the military executive “crane at the fence.” Whatever the measures or the regulations, let them not be either spangle or cobwebs—neither directed to platform verbosity nor to pandering to partisan prejudices—and I beg pardon for even hypothetically employing such expressions in connection with an office which henceforth will be held by the most honest and the most illustrious of our living English generals, Lord Roberts. The ostensible enforcements of the principles of retrenchment, whereby officers may derive the full benefits of their income, instead of frittering it away in follies for which they at heart care little, will fail as preceding ukases have failed, unless inspecting generals are made to understand that the investigation of, and reports on, mess expenses are not to be a mere matter of form, and unless commanding officers are forced to realise that violations of prescribed principles will henceforth be visited with dire consequences.

If this new departure in administration be successful, we shall have satisfied the urgent and just remonstrances against the inadequacy of our officers' pay; we shall have solved a riddle worthy of Œdipus, “How can we increase an officer's pay without augmenting the national burden of his pay?” The answer to which is, “By saving him £5 a-month in his mess-bills, and by thus adding £60 a-year to his available income.”

HENRY KNOLLYS,
Col. late R.A.

A DOUBLE BUGGY AT LAHEY'S CREEK.

BY HENRY LAWSON.

I.—SPUDS, AND A WOMAN'S OBSTINACY.

EVER since we were married it had been Mary's great ambition to have a buggy. The house or furniture didn't matter so much—out there in the bush where we were—but, where there were no railways nor coaches, and the roads were long, and mostly hot and dusty, a buggy was the great thing. I had a few pounds when we were married, and was going to get one then; but new buggies went high, and another party got hold of a second-hand one that I'd had my eye on, so Mary thought it over and at last she said, "Never mind the buggy, Joe; get a sewing-machine and I'll be satisfied. I'll want the machine more than the buggy, for a while. Wait till we're better off."

After that, whenever I took a contract—to put up a fence or wool-shed, or sink a dam or something—Mary would say, "You ought to knock a buggy out of this job, Joe;" but something always turned up—bad weather or sickness. Once I cut my foot with the adze and was laid up; and, another time, a dam I was making was washed away by a flood before I finished it. Then Mary would say, "Ah, well—never mind, Joe. Wait till we're better off." But she felt it hard the time I built a wool-shed and didn't get paid for it,

for we'd as good as settled about another second-hand buggy then.

I always had a fancy for carpentering, and was handy with tools. I made a spring-cart—body and wheels—in spare time, out of colonial hardwood, and got Little the blacksmith to do the ironwork; I painted the cart myself. It wasn't much lighter than one of the tip-drays I had, but it *was* a spring-cart, and Mary pretended to be satisfied with it: anyway, I didn't hear any more of the buggy for a while.

I sold that cart, for fourteen pounds, to a Chinese gardener who wanted a strong cart to carry his vegetables round through the bush. It was just before our first youngster came: I told Mary that I wanted the money in case of extra expense—and she didn't fret much at losing that cart. But the fact was, that I was going to make another try for a buggy, as a present for Mary when the child was born. I thought of getting the turn-out while she was laid up, keeping it dark from her till she was on her feet again, and then showing her the buggy standing in the shed. But she had a bad time, and I had to have the doctor regularly, and get a proper nurse, and a lot of things extra; so the buggy idea was knocked

on the head. I was set on it, too: I'd thought of how, when Mary was up and getting strong, I'd say one morning, "Go round and have a look in the shed, Mary; I've got a few fowls for you," or something like that—and follow her round to watch her eyes when she saw the buggy. I never told Mary about that—it wouldn't have done any good.

Later on I got some good timber—mostly scraps that were given to me—and made a light body for a spring-cart. Galletly, the coach-builder at Cudgeegong, had got a dozen pairs of American hickory wheels up from Sydney, for light spring-carts, and he let me have a pair for cost price and carriage. I got him to iron the cart; and he put it through the paint-shop for nothing. He sent it out, too, at the tail of Tom Tarrant's big van—to increase the surprise. We were swells then for a while; I heard no more of a buggy until after we'd been settled at Lahey's Creek for a couple of years.

I told you how I went into the carrying line, and took up a selection at Lahey's Creek—for a run for the horses and to grow a bit of feed—and shifted Mary and little Jim out there from Gulgong, with Mary's young scamp of a brother James to keep them company while I was on the road. The first year I did well enough carrying, but I never cared for it—it was too slow; and, besides, I was always anxious when I was away from home. The game was right enough for a single man—or a married one whose wife had got

the nagging habit (as many bush-women have—God help 'em!), and who wanted peace and quietness sometimes. Besides, other small carriers started (seeing me getting on); and Tom Tarrant, the coach-driver at Cudgeegong, had another heavy spring-van built, and put it on the roads, and he took a lot of the light stuff.

The second year I made a rise—out of "spuds," of all the things in the world. It was Mary's idea. Down at the lower end of our selection—Mary called it "the run"—was a shallow watercourse, dry most of the year, except for a muddy water-hole or two, called Snake's Creek; and, just above the junction, where it ran into Lahey's Creek, was a low piece of good black soil flat, on our side—about three acres. The flat was fairly clear when I came to the selection—save for a few logs that had been washed up there in some big "old man" flood, way back in black-fellows' times; and one day, when I had a spell at home, I got the horses and trace-chains and dragged the logs together—those that wouldn't split for fencing timber—and burnt them off. I had a notion to get the flat ploughed and make a lucern-paddock of it. There was a good water-hole, under a clump of she-oak in the bend, and Mary used to take her stools and tubs and boiler down there in the spring-cart in hot weather, and wash the clothes under the shade of the she-oaks—it was cooler, and saved carrying water to the house. And

station in his big new wagonette, with his wife and a driver and a lot of portmantaus and rugs and things. They were going to do the grand in Sydney over Christmas. Now it was young Black who was so shook after Mary when she was in service with the Blacks before the old man died, and if I hadn't come along—and if girls never cared for vagabonds—Mary would have been mistress of Haviland homestead, with servants to wait on her; and she was far better fitted for it than the one that was there. She would have been going to Sydney every holiday and putting up at the old Royal, with every comfort that a woman could ask for, and seeing a play every night. And I'd have been knocking around amongst the big stations Out-Back, or maybe drinking myself to death at the shanties.

The Blacks didn't see me as I went by, ragged and dusty, and with an old nearly black cabbage-tree hat drawn over my eyes. I didn't care a damn for them, or any one else, at most times, but I had moods when I felt things.

One of Black's big wool teams was just coming away from the shed, and the driver, a big, dark, rough fellow, with some foreign blood in him, didn't seem inclined to wheel his team an inch out of the middle of the road. I stopped my horses and waited. He looked at me and I looked at him—hard. Then he wheeled off, scowling, and swearing at his horses. I'd

given him a hiding, six or seven years before, and he hadn't forgotten it. And I felt then as if I wouldn't mind trying to give some one a hiding.

The goods clerk must have thought that Joe Wilson was pretty grumpy that day. I was thinking of Mary, out there in a lonely hut on a barren creek in the bush—for it was little better—with no one to speak to except a haggard, worn-out bushwoman or two, that came to see her on Sunday. I thought of the hardships she went through in the first year—that I haven't told you about yet; of the time she was ill, and I away, and no one to understand; of the time she was alone with James and Jim sick; and of the loneliness she fought through out there. I thought of Mary, outside in the blazing heat, with an old print dress and a felt hat, and pair of 'lastic-siders of mine on, doing the work of a station manager as well as that of a housewife and mother. And her cheeks were getting thin, and her colour was going: I thought of the gaunt, brick-brown, saw-file voiced, hopeless and spiritless bushwomen I knew—and some of them not much older than Mary.

When I went back down into the town, I had a drink with Bill Galletly at the Royal, and that settled the buggy: then Bob shouted, and I took the harness. Then I shouted, to wet the bargain. When I was going, Bob said, "Send in that young scamp of a brother of Mary's with the horses; if the

I started. "Think it over on the road." I reckon she had the best of it that time.

About five miles along, just as I turned into the main road, I heard some one galloping after me, and I saw young James on his hack. I got a start, for I thought that something had gone wrong at home.

"What is it, James?" I shouted, before he came up—but I saw he was grinning.

"Mary says to tell you not to forget to bring a hoe out with you."

"You clear off home!" I said, "or I'll lay the whip about your young hide; and don't come riding after me again as if the run was on fire."

"Well, you needn't get shirty with me!" he said. "I don't want to have anything to do with a hoe." And he rode off.

I *did* get thinking about those potatoes, though I hadn't meant to. I knew of an independent man in that district who'd made his money out of a crop of potatoes; but that was away back in the roaring 'Fifties—'54—when spuds went up to twenty-one shillings a hundredweight (in Sydney), on account of the gold rush. We might get good rain now, and, anyway, it wouldn't cost much to put the potatoes in. If they came on well, it would be a few pounds in my pocket; if the crop was a failure, I'd have a better show with Mary next time she was struck by an idea outside housekeeping, and have something to grumble about when I felt grumpy.

I got a couple of bags of

potatoes—we could use those that were left over; and I got a small iron plough and a harrow that Little the blacksmith had lying in his yard and let me have cheap—only about a pound more than I told Mary I gave for them. When I took advice, I generally made the mistake of taking more than was offered, or adding notions of my own. It was vanity, I suppose. If the crop came on well I could claim the plough-and-harrow part of the idea, anyway. (It didn't strike me that if the crop failed Mary would have the plough and harrow against me, for old Corny would plough the ground for ten or fifteen shillings.) Anyway I'd want a plough and harrow later on, and I might as well get it now; it would give James something to do.

I came out by the western road, by Guntawang, and up the creek home; and the first thing I saw was old Corny George ploughing the flat. And Mary was down on the bank superintending. She'd got James with the trace-chains and the spare horses, and had made him clear off every stick and bush where another furrow might be squeezed in. Old Corny looked pretty grumpy on it—he'd broken all his ploughshares but one, in the roots; and James didn't look much brighter. Mary had an old felt hat and a new pair of 'lastic-side boots of mine on, and the boots were covered with clay, for she'd been down hustling James to get a rotten old stump out of the way by

the time Corny came round with his next furrow.

"I thought I'd make the boots easy for you, Joe," said Mary.

"It's all right, Mary," I said. "I'm not going to growl." Those boots were a bone of contention between us; but she generally got them off before I got home.

Her face fell a little when she saw the plough and harrow in the waggon, but I said that would be all right—we'd want a plough anyway.

"I thought you wanted old Corny to plough the ground," she said.

"I never said so."

"But when I sent Jim after you about the hoe to put the spuds in, you didn't say you wouldn't bring it," she said.

I had a few days at home, and entered into the spirit of the thing. When Corny was done, James and I cross-ploughed the land, and got a stump or two, a big log, and some scrub out of the way at the upper end and added nearly an acre, and ploughed that. James was all right at most bush-work: he'd bullock so long as the novelty lasted; he liked ploughing or fencing, or any graft he could make a show at. He didn't care for grubbing out stumps, or splitting posts and rails. We sliced the potatoes of an even-

ing — and there was trouble between Mary and James over cutting through the "eyes." There was no time for the hoe—and besides it wasn't a novelty to James—so I just ran furrows and they dropped the spuds in behind me, and I turned another furrow over them, and ran the harrow over the ground. I think I hilled those spuds, too, with furrows—or a crop of Indian corn I put in later on.

It rained heavens-hard for over a week: we had regular showers all through, and it was the finest crop of potatoes ever seen in the district. I believe at first Mary used to slip down at daybreak to see if the potatoes were up; and she'd write to me about them, on the road. I forget how many bags I got; but the few who had grown potatoes in the district sent theirs to Sydney, and spuds went up to nine and ten shillings per hundredweight in that district. I made a few quid out of mine—and saved carriage too, for I could take them out on the waggon. Then Mary began to hear (through James) of a buggy that some one had for sale cheap, or a "dogcart" (a sort of heavy gig, in fashion round there) that somebody else wanted to get rid of—and let me know about it, in an off-hand way.

II.—JOE WILSON'S LUCK.

There was good grass on twenty head—of half-starved steers for next to nothing, and picked up a small lot—about turned them on the run: they

came on wonderfully, and my brother-in-law (Mary's sister's husband), who was running a butchery at Gulgong, gave me a good price for them. His carts ran out twenty or thirty miles, to little bits of gold-rushes that were going on at th' Home Rule, Happy Valley, Guntawang, Tallawang, and Cooyal, and those places round there, and he was doing well.

Mary had heard of a light American waggonette, when the steers went—a tray-body arrangement, and she thought she'd do with that. "It would be better than the buggy, Joe," she said—"there'd be more room for the children, and, besides, I could take butter and eggs to Gulgong, or Cob-bora, when we get a few more cows." Then James heard of a small flock of sheep that a selector—who was about starved off his selection out Talbragar way—wanted to get rid of. James reckoned he could get them for less than half-a-crown a-head. We'd had a heavy shower of rain, that came over the ranges and didn't seem to go beyond our boundaries. Mary said, "It's a pity to see all that grass going to waste, Joe. Better get those sheep and try your luck with them. Leave some money with me, and I'll send James over for them. Never mind about the buggy—we'll get that when we're on our feet."

So James rode across to Talbragar and drove a hard bargain with that unfortunate selector, and brought the sheep home. There were about two

hundred, wethers and ewes, and they were young and looked a good breed too, but so poor they could scarcely travel: they soon picked up, though. The drought was blazing all round and Out-Back, and I think that my corner of the ridges was the only place where there was any grass to speak of. We had another shower or two, and the grass held out. Chaps began to talk of "Joe Wilson's luck."

I would have liked to have shorn those sheep; but I hadn't time to get a shed or anything ready—along towards Christmas there was a bit of a boom in the carrying line. Wethers in wool were going as high as thirteen to fifteen shillings at the Homebush yards at Sydney, so I arranged to truck the sheep down from the river by rail, with another small lot that was going, and I started James off with them. He took the west road, and down Guntawang way a big farmer who saw James with the sheep (and who was speculating, or adding to his stock, or took a fancy to the wool), offered James as much for them as he reckoned I'd get in Sydney, after paying the carriage and the agents and the auctioneer. James put the sheep in a paddock and rode back to me. He was all there where riding was concerned. I told him to let the sheep go. James made a Greener shot-gun, and got his saddle done up, out of that job.

I took up a couple more forty-acre blocks—one in James's name, to encourage him with the fencing. There

was a good slice of land in an angle between the range and the creek, farther down, which everybody thought belonged to Wall, the squatter; but Mary got an idea, and went to the local land office and found out that it was "unoccupied Crown land," and so I took it up on pastoral lease, and got a few more sheep—I'd saved some of the best-looking ewes from the last lot.

One evening—I was going down next day for a load of fencing-wire for myself—Mary said,—

"Joe! do you know that the Matthews have got a new double buggy?"

The Matthews were a big family of cockatoos, along up the main road, and I didn't think much of them. The sons were all "bad-eggs," though the old woman and girls were right enough.

"Well, what of that?" I said. "They're up to their neck in debt, and camping like black-fellows in a big bark humpy. They do well to go flashing round in a double buggy."

"But that isn't what I was going to say," said Mary. "They want to sell their old single buggy, James says. I'm sure you could get it for six or seven pounds; and you could have it done up."

"I wish James to the devil!" I said. "Can't he find anything better to do than ride round after cock-and-bull yarns about buggies?"

"Well," said Mary, "it was James who got the steers and the sheep."

Well, one word led to another, and we said things we didn't mean—but couldn't forget in a hurry. I remember I said something about Mary always dragging me back just when I was getting my head above water and struggling to make a home for her and the children; and that hurt her, and she spoke of the "homes" she'd had since she was married. And that cut me deep.

It was about the worst quarrel we had. When she began to cry I got my hat and went out and walked up and down by the creek. I hated anything that looked like injustice—I was so sensitive about it that it made me unjust sometimes. I tried to think I was right, but I couldn't—it wouldn't have made me feel any better if I could have thought so. I got thinking of Mary's first year on the selection—which I haven't told you about.

When I went in she'd cried herself to sleep. I bent over and, "Mary," I whispered.

She seemed to wake up.

"Joe—Joe!" she said.

"What is it, Mary?" I said.

"I'm pretty well sure that old 'Spot's' calf isn't in the pen. Make James go at once!"

Old Spot's last calf was two years old now; so Mary was talking in her sleep, and dreaming she was back in the first year.

We both laughed when I told her about it, afterwards; but I didn't feel like laughing just then.

Later on in the night she called out in her sleep,—

"Joe—Joe! Put that buggy in the shed, or the sun will blister the varnish!"

I wish I could say that that was the last time I ever spoke unkindly to Mary.

Next morning I got up early and fried the bacon and made the tea, and took Mary's breakfast in to her—like I used to do, sometimes, when we were first married. She didn't say anything—just pulled my head down and kissed me.

When I was ready to start Mary said,—

"You'd better take the spring-cart in behind the dray and get the tyres cut and set. They're ready to drop off, and James has been wedging them up till he's tired of it. The last time I was out with the children I had to knock one of them back with a stone: there'll be an accident yet."

So I lashed the shafts of the cart under the tail of the waggon, and mean and ridiculous enough the cart looked, going along that way. It suggested a man stooping along handcuffed, with his arms held out and down in front of him.

It was dull weather, and the scrubs looked extra dreary and endless—and I got thinking of old things. Everything was going all right with me, but that didn't keep me from brooding sometimes—trying to hatch out stones, like an old hen we had at home. I think, taking it all round, I used to be happier when I was mostly hard-up—and more generous.

When I had ten pounds I was more likely to listen to a chap who said, "Lend me a pound-note, Joe," than when I had fifty; *then* I fought shy of careless chaps—and lost mates that I wanted afterwards—and got the name of being mean. When I got a good cheque I'd be as miserable as a miser over the first ten pounds I spent; but when I got down to the last I'd buy things for the house. And now that I was getting on, I hated to spend a pound on anything. But then, the farther I got away from poverty the greater the fear I had of it—and, besides, there was always before us all the thought of the terrible drought, with blazing runs as bare and dusty as the road, and dead stock rotting every yard, all along the barren creeks.

I had a long yarn with Mary's sister and her husband that night in Gulgong, and it brightened me up. (I had a fancy that that sort of a brother-in-law made a better mate than a nearer one: Tom Tarrant had one, and he said it was sympathy.) But while we were yarning I couldn't help thinking of Mary, out there in the hut on the Creek, with no one to talk to but the children, or James, who was sulky at home, or Black Mary or Black Jimmy (our black boy's father and mother), who weren't oversentimental. Or maybe a selector's wife (the nearest was five miles away), who could talk only of two or three things—"lambin'" and "shearin'" and "cookin' for the men," and what she said to her old man,

and what he said to her—and her own ailments—over and over again.

It's a wonder it didn't drive Mary mad!—I know I could never listen to that woman more than an hour. Mary's sister said,—

"Now if Mary had a comfortable buggy, she could drive

in with the children oftener. Then she wouldn't feel the loneliness so much."

I said "Good night" then and turned in. There was no getting away from that buggy. Whenever Mary's sister started hinting about a buggy, I reckoned it was a put-up job between them.

III.—THE GHOST OF MARY'S SACRIFICE.

When I got to Cudgeegong I stopped at Galletly's coach-shop to leave the cart. The Galletlys were good fellows: there were two brothers—one was a saddler and harness-maker. Big brown-bearded men—the biggest men in the district, 'twas said.

Their old man had died lately and left them some money; they had men, and only worked in their shops when they felt inclined, or there was a special work to do; they were both first-class tradesmen. I went into the painters' shop to have a look at a double buggy that Galletly had built for a man who couldn't pay cash for it when it was finished—and Galletly wouldn't trust him.

There it stood, behind a calico screen that the coach-painters used to keep out the dust when they were varnishing. It was a first-class piece of work—pole, shafts, cushions, whip, lamps, and all complete. If you only wanted to drive one horse you could take out the pole and put in the shafts, and there you were. There was a tilt over the front seat: if you only wanted the

buggy to carry two, you could fold down the back seat, and there you had a handsome, roomy, single buggy. It would go near fifty pounds.

While I was looking at it, Bill Galletly came in, and slapped me on the back.

"Now, there's a chance for you, Joe!" he said. "I saw you rubbing your head round that buggy the last time you were in. You wouldn't get a better one in the colonies, and you won't see another like it in the district again in a hurry—for it doesn't pay to build 'em. Now you're a full-blown squatter, and it's time you took little Mary for a fly round in her own buggy now and then, instead of having her stuck out there in the scrub, or jolting through the dust in a cart like some old Mother Flour-bag."

He called her "little Mary" because the Galletly family had known her when she was a girl.

I rubbed my head and looked at the buggy again. It was a great temptation.

"Look here, Joe," said Bill Galletly in a quieter tone.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let *you* have the buggy. You can take it out and send along a bit of a cheque when you feel you can manage it, and the rest later on,—a year will do, or even two years. You've had a hard pull, and I'm not likely to be hard up for money in a hurry."

They were good fellows the Galletlys, but they knew their men. I happened to know that Bill Galletly wouldn't let the man he built the buggy for take it out of the shop without cash down, though he was a big-bug round there. But that didn't make it easier for me.

Just then Robert Galletly came into the shop. He was rather quieter than his brother, but the two were very much alike.

"Look here, Bob," said Bill; "here's a chance for you to get rid of your harness. Joe Wilson's going to take that buggy off my hands."

Bob Galletly put his foot up on a saw-stool, took one hand out of his pocket, rested his elbow on his knee and his chin on the palm of his hand, and bunched up his big beard with his fingers, as he always did when he was thinking. Presently he took his foot down, put his hand back in his pocket, and said to me, "Well, Joe, I've got a double set of harness made for the man who ordered that damned buggy, and if you like I'll let you have it. I suppose when Bill

there has squeezed all he can out of you I'll stand a show of getting something. He's a regular Shylock, he is."

I pushed my hat forward and rubbed the back of my head and stared at the buggy.

"Come across to the Royal, Joe," said Bob.

But I knew that a beer would settle the business, so I said I'd get the wool up to the station first and think it over, and have a drink when I came back.

I thought it over on the way to the station, but it didn't seem good enough. I wanted to get some more sheep, and there was the new run to be fenced in, and the instalments on the selections. I wanted lots of things that I couldn't well do without. Then, again, the farther I got away from debt and hard-upedness the greater the horror I had of it. I had two horses that would do; but I'd have to get another later on, and altogether the buggy would run me nearer a hundred than fifty pounds. Supposing a dry season threw me back with that buggy on my hands. Besides, I wanted a spell. If I got the buggy it would only mean an extra spell of hard graft¹ for me. No, I'd take Mary for a trip to Sydney, and she'd have to be satisfied with that.

I'd got it settled, and was just turning in through the big white gates to the goods-shed when young Black, the squatter, dashed past to the

¹ *Graft*, work. The term is now applied, in Australia, to all sorts of work, from bullock-driving to writing poetry.

colours and stephanotis climb up the pillars of the galleries, whilst at one end of the house is a fine old magnolia with a sweet-scented blossom like a large water-lily, and at the other a large solandra of great age, bearing yellowish trumpet-shaped flowers six and seven inches long.

It is indeed a gardener's paradise, where things grow under one's eyes, and on the plateau round the house are beds in which bloom innumerable rose-bushes surrounding oleanders, allamandas, and pomegranates; whilst cannas everywhere thrust up their spikes of yellow and red blossom, and hibiscus—scarlet, crimson, and variegated—and a giant variety of jasmine form the hedges, behind which glow the crimson stars of the poinsettias. Flowering trees, too, of all sorts are scattered about. The slopes are planted with bananas, fruit-trees, and vegetables, both English and Creole. Verdant fields of guinea-grass for the horses surround the gardens, and away towards the hills are many cabbage-palms or palmistes, some of which are at least 100 feet high to the topmost spike, whose dark fronds contrast well with the golden green of the rustling cocoa-palms below them. Gigantic silk cotton-trees mount guard over the house, trees which must have been in their prime when from this very spot, just one hundred years ago, Frenchman and Carib, the emissaries of Victor Hagues, allied with the savage in-

habitants of the island, were swarming over the adjacent hills, and pressing hard on the British troops and colonists who had been driven from the rest of the island and cooped up in the town below.

But it may well be asked how, with no agricultural interests to engage one, can occupation or amusement be found for each recurring day? The best answer to this question is to describe the course of any ordinary day in this month in which I write.

There is, as is well known, scarcely any twilight either in the morning or in the evening in the tropics, but about 5.45 A.M. one begins to be conscious that it will soon be daylight. Scarcely has one left one's bedroom when the notes of the birds begin to silence the musical chirping, if so it may be called, of the frogs, the lamp which has been lit may already be put out, the daylight comes on rapidly, and soon the sun appears over the hills. By this time, in all well-regulated establishments, the morning cup of coffee and toast should already have made their appearance from the kitchen outside, and a most agreeable portion of the day will have begun. The thermometer is probably at about 76° Fahrenheit, and the strong wind which has been blowing all night has gone down. At seven the outdoor workmen, gardeners, &c., who live outside the place, arrive, and for an hour or so there is enough to do in giving directions for the day's

work, which can be done even in pyjamas with no discomfort before the sun is high. By 8.30, however, the temperature has much increased, and a plunge in the swimming-bath and a leisurely toilet remind one of what Anthony Trollope said in his book on the West Indies—by far the best book on the West Indies, by the bye, that has ever been written, though now forty years old—that dressing in the tropics is necessarily a leisurely process.

The process, however, is at length completed, and breakfast is ready, and as by this time one has been up and going some four hours, one is ready for it. Then follows a period when nothing much is done until about eleven, when the custom is for the outdoor people to have their first meal, probably a survival from the time when the majority of the colonists were French; but it is noticeable that this practice is by no means extinct even now in the upper classes. Now is the time for the proprietor to go round and see what has been done, and when the breakfast-hour is over to give directions for the afternoon's work. By this time the true shade temperature will probably be about 82°, and a light luncheon, about 1.30, is often followed by something very like a siesta in a rocking-chair in the shaded verandah. And here it may be mentioned that there are practically no noxious insects about my house. Mosquito-curtains are indeed in common use at

night, but I have seldom seen a mosquito; and the Jack Spaniards, a breed of wasps of most terrifying appearance, which fly about the rooms and galleries, unless you interfere with their nests are perfectly harmless, and do not take that curious interest in the contents of your plate which characterises their cousins in England. By 3 o'clock comes a desire for exercise, the gardener and his men are hastily visited (they knock off work at 4), and clothes are changed either for a ride or for a walk until dark. It is of course hot when we first start, but even in riding one can choose the shady side of a valley, and a walk up the hills will bring one sooner into the shade of the woods than a ride along the roads. The roads are not the strong point of the island. Those for wheeled traffic appear to be no more than those shown in the surveys dated about 1773, given in Jefferies' Atlas of the West Indies, and to follow them far entails the fording of many small rivers; but bridle-paths and footpaths abound, and twenty minutes' walk from my house will take one into woods or "bush" which, if not actually primeval, is sufficiently thick to give interest to the scramble, where tree-ferns and all sorts of palms abound amongst the hardwood trees, and the crimson blossom of the wild ipomœa, beloved of humming-birds, runs from tree to tree. From 4 to 5, the sun is still hot; from 5 to 6 it is sometimes almost chilly, by comparison, in the shade of the

station in his big new wagonette, with his wife and a driver and a lot of portmantaus and rugs and things. They were going to do the grand in Sydney over Christmas. Now it was young Black who was so shook after Mary when she was in service with the Blacks before the old man died, and if I hadn't come along—and if girls never cared for vagabonds—Mary would have been mistress of Haviland homestead, with servants to wait on her; and she was far better fitted for it than the one that was there. She would have been going to Sydney every holiday and putting up at the old Royal, with every comfort that a woman could ask for, and seeing a play every night. And I'd have been knocking around amongst the big stations Out-Back, or maybe drinking myself to death at the shanties.

The Blacks didn't see me as I went by, ragged and dusty, and with an old nearly black cabbage-tree hat drawn over my eyes. I didn't care a damn for them, or any one else, at most times, but I had moods when I felt things.

One of Black's big wool teams was just coming away from the shed, and the driver, a big, dark, rough fellow, with some foreign blood in him, didn't seem inclined to wheel his team an inch out of the middle of the road. I stopped my horses and waited. He looked at me and I looked at him—hard. Then he wheeled off, scowling, and swearing at his horses. I'd

given him a hiding, six or seven years before, and he hadn't forgotten it. And I felt then as if I wouldn't mind trying to give some one a hiding.

The goods clerk must have thought that Joe Wilson was pretty grumpy that day. I was thinking of Mary, out there in a lonely hut on a barren creek in the bush—for it was little better—with no one to speak to except a haggard, worn-out bushwoman or two, that came to see her on Sunday. I thought of the hardships she went through in the first year—that I haven't told you about yet; of the time she was ill, and I away, and no one to understand; of the time she was alone with James and Jim sick; and of the loneliness she fought through out there. I thought of Mary, outside in the blazing heat, with an old print dress and a felt hat, and pair of 'lastic-siders of mine on, doing the work of a station manager as well as that of a housewife and mother. And her cheeks were getting thin, and her colour was going: I thought of the gaunt, brick-brown, saw-file voiced, hopeless and spiritless bushwomen I knew—and some of them not much older than Mary.

When I went back down into the town, I had a drink with Bill Galletly at the Royal, and that settled the buggy: then Bob shouted, and I took the harness. Then I shouted, to wet the bargain. When I was going, Bob said, "Send in that young scamp of a brother of Mary's with the horses: if the

collars don't fit I'll fix up a pair of makeshifts, and alter the others." I thought they both gripped my hand harder than usual, but that might have been the beer.

IV.—THE BUGGY COMES HOME.

I "whipped the cat" a bit, the first twenty miles or so, but then, I thought, what did it matter? What was the use of grinding to save money until we were too old to enjoy it. If we had to go down in the world again, we might as well fall out of a buggy as out of a dray—there'd be some talk about it, anyway, and perhaps a little sympathy. When Mary had the buggy she wouldn't be tied down so much to that wretched hole in the bush; and the Sydney trips needn't be off either. I could drive down to Wallerawang on the main line, where Mary had some people, and leave the buggy and horses there, and take the train to Sydney; or go right on, by the old coach-road, over the Blue Mountains: it would be a grand drive. I thought best to tell Mary's sister at Gulgong about the buggy; I told her I'd keep it dark from Mary till the buggy came home. She entered into the spirit of the thing, and said she'd give the world to be able to go out with the buggy, if only to see Mary open her eyes when she saw it; but she couldn't go, on account of a new baby she had. I was rather glad she couldn't, for it would spoil the surprise a little, I thought. I wanted that all to myself.

I got home about sunset next

day, and, after tea, when I'd finished telling Mary all the news, and a few lies as to why I didn't bring the cart back, and one or two other things, I sat with James, out on a log of the wood-heap, where we generally had our smokes and interviews, and told him all about the buggy. He whistled, then he said—

"But what do you want to make it such a bush-ranging business for? Why can't you tell Mary now? It will cheer her up. She's been pretty miserable since you've been away this trip."

"I want it to be a surprise," I said.

"Well, I've got nothing to say against a surprise, out in a hole like this; but it 'ud take a lot to surprise me. What am I to say to Mary about taking the two horses in? I'll only want one to bring the cart out, and she's sure to ask."

"Tell her you're going to get yours shod."

"But she had a set of 'slippers' only the other day. She knows as much about horses as we do. I don't mind telling a lie so long as a chap has only got to tell a straight lie and be done with it. But Mary asks so many questions."

"Well, drive the other horse up the creek early, and pick him up as you go."

"Yes. And she'll want to know what I want with two bridles. But I'll fix her—you needn't worry."

"And, James," I said, "get a chamois leather and sponge—we'll want 'em anyway—and you might give the buggy a wash down in the creek, coming home. It's sure to be covered with dust."

"Oh!—or right."

"And if you can, time yourself to get here in the cool of the evening, or just about sunset."

"What for?"

I'd thought it would be better to have the buggy there in the cool of the evening, when Mary would have time to get excited and get over it—better than in the blazing hot morning, when the sun rose as hot as at noon, and we'd have the long broiling day before us.

"What do you want me to come at sunset for?" asked James. "Do you want me to camp out in the scrub and turn up like a blooming sun-downer?"

"Oh well," I said, "get here at midnight if you like."

We didn't say anything for a while—just sat and puffed at our pipes. Then I said,—

"Well, what are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking it's time you got a new hat, the sun seems to get in through your old one too much," and he got out of my reach and went to see about penning the calves. Before we turned in he said,—

"Well, what am I to get out of the job, Joe?"

He had his eye on a double-

barrel gun that Franca the gunsmith in Cudgeegong had—one barrel shot, and the other rifle; so I said,—

"How much does Franca want for that gun?"

"Five-ten; but I think he'd take my single barrel off it. Anyway, I can squeeze a couple of quid out of Fred Spencer for the single barrel." (Fred was his bosom chum.)

"All right," I said. "Make the best bargain you can."

He got his own breakfast and made an early start next morning, to get clear of any instructions or messages that Mary might have forgotten to give him overnight. He took his gun with him.

I'd always thought that a man was a fool who couldn't keep a secret from his wife—that there was something womanish about him. I found out. Those three days waiting for the buggy were about the longest I ever spent in my life. It made me scotty with every one and everything; and poor Mary had to suffer for it. I put in the time patching up the harness and mending the stockyard and the roof, and, the third morning, I rode up the ridges to look for trees for fencing-timber. I remember I hurried home that afternoon because I thought the buggy might get there before me.

At tea-time I got Mary on to the buggy business.

"What's the good of a single buggy to you, Mary?" I asked.

"There's only room for two, and what are you going to do with the children when we go out together?"

"We can put them on the floor at our feet, like other people do. I can always fold up a blanket or 'possum rug for them to sit on."

But she didn't take half so much interest in buggy talk as she would have at any other time, when I didn't want her to. Women are aggravating that way. But the poor girl was tired and not very well, and both the children were cross. She did look knocked up.

"We'll give the buggy a rest, Joe," she said. (I thought I heard it coming then.) "It seems as far off as ever. I don't know why you want to harp on it to-day. Now, don't look so cross, Joe—I didn't mean to hurt you. We'll wait until we can get a double buggy, since you're so set on it. There'll be plenty of time when we're better off."

After tea, when the youngsters were in bed, and she'd washed up, we sat outside on the edge of the verandah floor, Mary sewing, and I smoking and watching the track up the creek.

"Why don't you talk, Joe?" asked Mary. "You scarcely ever speak to me now: it's like drawing blood out of a stone to get a word from you. What makes you so cross, Joe?"

"Well, I've got nothing to say."

"But you should find something. Think of me—it's very miserable for me. Have you anything on your mind? Is there any new trouble? Better tell me, no matter what it is, and not go worrying and

brooding and making both our lives miserable. If you never tell me anything, how can you expect me to understand?"

I said there was nothing the matter.

"But there must be, to make you so unbearable. Have you been drinking, Joe—or gambling?"

I asked her what she'd accuse me of next.

"And another thing I want to speak to you about," she went on. "Now, don't knit up your forehead like that, Joe, and get impatient——"

"Well, what is it?"

"I wish you wouldn't swear in the hearing of the children. Now, little Jim to-day, he was trying to fix his little go-cart and it wouldn't run right, and——and——"

"Well, what did he say?"

"He—he" (she seemed a little hysterical, trying not to laugh) —"he said 'damn it!'"

I had to laugh: Mary tried to keep serious, but it was no use.

"Never mind, old woman," I said, putting an arm round her, for her mouth was trembling, and she was crying more than laughing. "It won't be always like this. Just wait till we're a bit better off."

Just then a black boy we had (I must tell you about him some other time) came sidling along by the wall, as if he were afraid somebody was going to hit him—poor little devil! I never did.

"What is it, Harry?" said Mary.

"Buggy comin', I bin think-it."

"Where?"

He pointed up the creek.

"Sure it's a buggy?"

"Yes, missus."

"How many horses?"

"One—two."

We knew that he could hear and see things long before we could. Mary went and perched on the wood-heap, and shaded her eyes—though the sun had gone—and peered through between the eternal grey trunks of the stunted trees on the flat across the creek. Presently she jumped down and came running in.

"There's some one coming in a buggy, Joe!" she cried, excitedly. "And both my white tablecloths are rough dry. Harry! put two flat-irons down to the fire, quick, and put on some more wood. It's lucky I kept those new sheets packed away. Get up out of that, Joe! What are you sitting grinning like that for? Go and get on another shirt. Hurry—Why! It's only James—by himself."

She stared at me, and I sat there, grinning like a fool.

"Joe!" she said, "whose buggy is that?"

"Well, I suppose it's yours," I said.

She caught her breath, and stared at the buggy and then at me again. James drove down out of sight into the crossing, and came up close to the house.

"Oh, Joe! what have you done?" cried Mary. "Why, it's a new double buggy!" Then she rushed at me and hugged my head. "Why didn't you tell me, Joe? You poor old boy!—and I've been nag-

ging at you all day!" and she hugged me again.

James got down and started taking the horses out—as if it was an everyday occurrence. I saw the double-barrel gun sticking out from under the seat. He'd stopped to wash the buggy, and I suppose that's what made him grumpy. Mary stood on the verandah, with her eyes twice as big as usual, and breathing hard—taking the buggy in.

James skimmed the harness off, and the horses shook themselves and went down to the dam for a drink. "You'd better look under the seats," growled James, as he took his gun out with great care.

Mary dived for the buggy. There was a dozen of lemonade and ginger-beer in a candle-box, from Galletly—James said that Galletly's men had a gallon of beer, and they cheered him, James (I suppose he meant they cheered the buggy), as he drove off; there was a "little bit of a ham" from Pat Murphy, the storekeeper at Home Rule, that he'd "cured himself"—it was the biggest I ever saw; there were three loaves of baker's bread, a cake, and a dozen yards of something "to make up for the children," from aunt Gertrude at Gulgong; there was a fresh-water cod, that long Dave Regan had caught the night before in the Macquarrie river, and sent out packed in salt in a box; there was a holland suit for the black boy, with red braid to trim it; and there was a jar of preserved ginger, and some "lolies" (sweets) ("for the lil' boy"), and

a rum-looking Chinese doll and a rattle ("for the lil' girl") from Sun Tong Lee, our store-keeper at Gulgong—James was chummy with Sun Tong Lee, and got his powder and shot and caps there on tick when he was short of money. And James said that the people would have loaded the buggy with "rubbish" if he'd waited. They all seemed glad to see Joe Wilson getting on—and these things did me good.

We got the things inside, and I don't think either of us knew what we were saying or doing for the next half-hour. Then James put his head in and said, in a very injured tone,—

"What about my tea? I ain't had anything to speak of since I left Cudgeegong. I want some grub."

Then Mary pulled herself together.

"You'll have your tea directly," she said. "Pick up that harness at once, and hang it on the pegs in the skillion; and you, Joe, back that buggy under the end of the verandah, the dew will be on it presently—and we'll put wet bags up in front of it to-morrow, to keep the sun off. And James will have to go back to Cudgeegong for the cart,—we can't have that buggy to knock about in."

"All right," said James — "anything! Only get me some grub."

Mary fried the fish, in case it wouldn't keep till the morning, and rubbed over the table-cloths, now the irons were hot—James growling all the time—and got out some crockery she had packed away that had belonged to her mother, and set the table in a style that made James uncomfortable.

"I want some grub—not a blooming banquet!" he said. And he growled a lot because Mary wanted him to eat his fish without a knife, "and that sort of Tommy-rot." When he'd finished he took his gun, and the black boy, and the dogs, and went out 'possum-shooting.

When we were alone Mary climbed into the buggy to try the seat, and made me get up alongside her. We hadn't had such a comfortable seat for years; but we soon got down, in case any one came by, for we began to feel like a pair of fools up there.

Then we sat, side by side, on the edge of the verandah, and talked more than we'd done for years—and I think we got to understand each other better that night.

And at last Mary said, "Do you know, Joe, why, I feel to-night just—just like I did the day we were married."

And somehow I had that strange, shy sort of feeling too.

MY HOUSE IN THE WEST INDIES.

IT is perched on a spur projecting into a deep glen which opens out on the Caribbean Sea, and as I write I look down over the town into the harbour, and far away out to the countless islands of the Grenadines in the dim distance. At this moment a small boy is throwing down ripe cocoa-nuts from a tree not ten yards from the window, and the murmur of running water in the glen below me is constantly in my ears. It is a pleasant place to the eye this island, which I may call by the typical name of *St Saccharissa*, and a pleasant place to live in, if one is not dependent upon the fruits of the earth for the means of subsistence.

The surroundings of the house are all that can be desired in the way of scenery. Three hundred feet below is the principal town, containing some 4000 inhabitants, just far enough off to gain picturesqueness: the mouth of the glen is flanked by two hills nearly 1000 feet high, crowned by the mouldering remains of large forts and barracks, for the cost of which the British taxpayer still has the privilege of paying as a legacy from the great French war; but the earthen ramparts of one are all but effaced by the well-cultivated provision-grounds of the negroes, and from the more substantial embrasures of the other we hear but the evening gun, as

even the saluting battery has been removed to a more convenient spot. These two hills are but the outposts of two lines of hills of rugged contour which meet about two miles higher up in the slopes of a great mountain, nearly 3000 feet high, which again is but an outlying spur of the great mountain-ridge which runs down the centre of the island. Inland or seaward, whichever way the eye turns, one is struck by the likeness of the scenery to that of the Western Highlands and islands of Scotland. The hills are as rugged in their outline as those of Skye and Ardnamurchan, the coast-line as deeply indented, and the infinite variety in the conformation of the smaller islands as remarkable, as of those which border the coasts of Argyle, Inverness, and Ross. But with the outline the likeness ends, for instead of the scanty growth of birch and scrub-oak on the lower slopes, and heather and stones above, all these hills, and most of the islands round me, are clothed with cultivation below and luxuriant tropical vegetation above. Much damage, no doubt, was done by recent hurricanes, and in the high woods much, if not all, of the finest timber was destroyed. But this is not apparent from a distance, for a luxuriant undergrowth is fast clothing with verdure the gaunt skeletons of the giants which remain as evidence of the

force of the wind on such occasions, and especially on that awful September night in 1898.

But now, as perhaps few people know what a West Indian house is like — there are many in these days, it is to be feared, who do not know their 'Tom Cringle' — it may be well to begin by saying that doors and windows — that is, glass windows — are not much used in the West Indies. The large room in which I am writing is a sort of annexe to the main building, and is built of timber supported on brick pillars over the porch, with a high-pitched open roof, two glazed windows on the windward side and open *jalousies* on the other three sides. On my right hand is a deep gorge, in which lies the fine Botanical Garden, now a centre of experiment and instruction, in which it is hoped that a new period of much-desired prosperity may have its birth; before me is the harbour, often visited by men-of-war, but frequented mostly by coasting sloops and occasional tramp steamers, — a placid scene, except on mail-days; on my left is the main glen, with its river and luxuriant provision-grounds; and less than two miles behind me rises the great peak, from which blows on us all the night, and most of the day, the refreshing trade-wind, which is here a land wind.

Space and air are the characteristics of a West Indian house, and in these advantages my house is not wanting: the main building, rather more than

forty feet square, is built of thick masonry and surrounded by timber galleries eight feet wide, closed in by shifting green *jalousies* on the upper floor. On the ground-floor is a dining-room forty feet long, looking out on the glen, and also ample store-rooms, cellarage, pantry, and housekeeper's room; on the upper floor a spacious drawing-room running the whole length of the house, opening out on to the verandah, with a high-pitched open roof, and also two large bedrooms, similar in design, with dressing-rooms opening off them. The floors are polished pitch-pine; the walls and open roof and rafters are painted white, but all glare is prevented by the green *jalousies* without. And where, it will be asked, are the necessary offices and servants' quarters? These in the West Indies are always separate from the house, and if you will look from the windows of the room in which I am writing you will see close by a tiny kitchen with a covered way to the backdoor, and farther away a row of servants' quarters, stables, and coach-house hidden in a fold of the hill, whilst just on the edge of the slope is a covered plunge-bath about thirty feet long, with the necessary dressing-rooms attached. Everything at present is radiant with fresh paint, as the recent hurricanes have necessitated extensive repairs to an old house which had been long uninhabited, but the workmen have spared the creepers on the walls: *ipomæas* of various

colours and stephanotis climb up the pillars of the galleries, whilst at one end of the house is a fine old magnolia with a sweet-scented blossom like a large water-lily, and at the other a large solandra of great age, bearing yellowish trumpet-shaped flowers six and seven inches long.

It is indeed a gardener's paradise, where things grow under one's eyes, and on the plateau round the house are beds in which bloom innumerable rose-bushes surrounding oleanders, allamandas, and pomegranates; whilst cannas everywhere thrust up their spikes of yellow and red blossom, and hibiscus—scarlet, crimson, and variegated—and a giant variety of jasmine form the hedges, behind which glow the crimson stars of the poinsettias. Flowering trees, too, of all sorts are scattered about. The slopes are planted with bananas, fruit-trees, and vegetables, both English and Creole. Verdant fields of guinea-grass for the horses surround the gardens, and away towards the hills are many cabbage-palms or palmistes, some of which are at least 100 feet high to the topmost spike, whose dark fronds contrast well with the golden green of the rustling cocoa-palms below them. Gigantic silk cotton-trees mount guard over the house, trees which must have been in their prime when from this very spot, just one hundred years ago, Frenchman and Carib, the emissaries of Victor Hagues, allied with the savage in-

habitants of the island, were swarming over the adjacent hills, and pressing hard on the British troops and colonists who had been driven from the rest of the island and cooped up in the town below.

But it may well be asked how, with no agricultural interests to engage one, can occupation or amusement be found for each recurring day? The best answer to this question is to describe the course of any ordinary day in this month in which I write.

There is, as is well known, scarcely any twilight either in the morning or in the evening in the tropics, but about 5.45 A.M. one begins to be conscious that it will soon be daylight. Scarcely has one left one's bedroom when the notes of the birds begin to silence the musical chirping, if so it may be called, of the frogs, the lamp which has been lit may already be put out, the daylight comes on rapidly, and soon the sun appears over the hills. By this time, in all well-regulated establishments, the morning cup of coffee and toast should already have made their appearance from the kitchen outside, and a most agreeable portion of the day will have begun. The thermometer is probably at about 76° Fahrenheit, and the strong wind which has been blowing all night has gone down. At seven the outdoor workmen, gardeners, &c., who live outside the place, arrive, and for an hour or so there is enough to do in giving directions for the day's

work, which can be done even in pyjamas with no discomfort before the sun is high. By 8.30, however, the temperature has much increased, and a plunge in the swimming-bath and a leisurely toilet remind one of what Anthony Trollope said in his book on the West Indies—by far the best book on the West Indies, by the bye, that has ever been written, though now forty years old—that dressing in the tropics is necessarily a leisurely process.

The process, however, is at length completed, and breakfast is ready, and as by this time one has been up and going some four hours, one is ready for it. Then follows a period when nothing much is done until about eleven, when the custom is for the outdoor people to have their first meal, probably a survival from the time when the majority of the colonists were French; but it is noticeable that this practice is by no means extinct even now in the upper classes. Now is the time for the proprietor to go round and see what has been done, and when the breakfast-hour is over to give directions for the afternoon's work. By this time the true shade temperature will probably be about 82°, and a light luncheon, about 1.30, is often followed by something very like a siesta in a rocking-chair in the shaded verandah. And here it may be mentioned that there are practically no noxious insects about my house. Mosquito-curtains are indeed in common use at

night, but I have seldom seen a mosquito; and the Jack Spaniards, a breed of wasps of most terrifying appearance, which fly about the rooms and galleries, unless you interfere with their nests are perfectly harmless, and do not take that curious interest in the contents of your plate which characterises their cousins in England. By 3 o'clock comes a desire for exercise, the gardener and his men are hastily visited (they knock off work at 4), and clothes are changed either for a ride or for a walk until dark. It is of course hot when we first start, but even in riding one can choose the shady side of a valley, and a walk up the hills will bring one sooner into the shade of the woods than a ride along the roads. The roads are not the strong point of the island. Those for wheeled traffic appear to be no more than those shown in the surveys dated about 1773, given in Jefferies' Atlas of the West Indies, and to follow them far entails the fording of many small rivers; but bridle-paths and footpaths abound, and twenty minutes' walk from my house will take one into woods or "bush" which, if not actually primeval, is sufficiently thick to give interest to the scramble, where tree-ferns and all sorts of palms abound amongst the hardwood trees, and the crimson blossom of the wild ipomæa, beloved of humming-birds, runs from tree to tree. From 4 to 5, the sun is still hot; from 5 to 6 it is sometimes almost chilly, by comparison, in the shade of the

hills; and by 6.30 it is well to be within sight of home, as darkness sets in suddenly, and bush-paths are bad going after dark. Then comes, perhaps, the pleasantest hour of the day: the nightly chorus of crickets and musical frogs commences, the fireflies flit around, and in a long chair in the verandah the deftly mixed and well-earned cocktail is assimilated before dressing for dinner. This meal may indeed well be described as the finish of the day in the West Indies. Forty years ago Trollope could only find one fault with the ladies of Jamaica—and that was, that they would go to bed at nine; and indeed by that hour, or soon after, those who have been up and going since 6 A.M.—not shut up in a dark room, as in India, for hours in the middle of the day—may well be excused for being ready to turn in. The fact is that the heat in the West Indies, in the winter at least, is not so great as to keep a white man indoors during any part of the day, and there is no doubt that the heat is not felt so much when one is taking exercise as when one is doing nothing. Over-exertion and subsequent chills are of course dangerous, but, with proper clothing, physical exercise, such as riding or walking, is possible throughout the day, and does not, as has been erroneously supposed, engender that thirst which wrecks so many constitutions in the tropics.

The charm of the island, so far as the winter visitor is concerned, may be estimated from

what has been written above; but there is another side to the shield, and from this point of view the prospect is by no means so pleasing.

There are some 40,000 inhabitants in the island, and there is no employment for the great majority of these 40,000. The cause of this appalling situation is not far to seek, and may be briefly stated. Sugar has been superseded by arrowroot and cacao.

Now, however badly sugar may be manufactured, the cane itself requires much and fairly continuous labour throughout the year, whereas the manioc or arrowroot plant will go on bearing an annual crop for five, six, or even seven years after it has been first planted, all that is required in the way of labour being to go over it with a hoe three times a-year, and to replace some of the tubers at the crop-time. All this means but a very few days of unskilled labour instead of the constant attention required by sugar-canes. Under these circumstances it may perhaps be unnecessary to explain why planters under present conditions prefer arrow-root to sugar-canes.

The estates in St Saccharissa which are still held by the descendants of the old proprietors are so few, that they need not be taken into consideration in forming a general estimate of the conditions which govern the economic condition of the colony. Some few estates belong to the representatives of those who bought

them from the original proprietors, when, broken-hearted by the effects of emancipation and the abolition of protection against slave-grown sugar, they withdrew from the struggle. These estates, often bought by the overseers who had managed in the absence of the proprietors, were paid for with the traditional "old song," and in most cases the "old song" absorbed all the capital of the purchaser, or even had to be borrowed, the result being that at the best there was no working capital to carry on the cultivation, and that the future crop had to be mortgaged, perforce, to pay the labour bill incurred in planting and tending it. Such a state of things leads but too surely to slovenly cultivation and a necessary inability to adopt improved methods of manufacture, and the result has been a series of increased burdens and declining profits. For, when all is said and done, the only sugar that has ever been made in St Saccharissa is brown or Muscovado¹ sugar, and now at least bad brown sugar at that, such as no one in England would allow to be used in his kitchen. It cannot be wondered, then, that these new proprietors, with no capital to introduce the new machinery which was necessary to enable them to compete with the enterprise and science adopted by other sugar-producing communities, should have given up the

struggle, and taken to arrowroot or cacao in despair.

The great majority of the estates in the island, however, have come into two or three hands—that is to say, of the mortgagees, or representatives of the mortgagees, who have squeezed out the old proprietors. With regard to some few of these properties the present owners are just keeping them going, planting a few canes from year to year, but doing nothing to improve the methods of manufacture, whilst in other cases cacao is being planted, a crop which will no doubt in time be remunerative to the proprietor, though the initial expense in labour may be heavier than in the case of arrowroot, as the cost of running a cacao-plantation in full bearing as compared with a sugar-plantation is as that of a sheep-walk to an arable farm. The majority, however, of these escheated estates, if one may use such a term, belong to one company or combination of proprietors, and on them the guiding principle has always been not to throw good money after bad. The estates came in as bad debts: very well, run them as cheaply as possible, don't spend money in restoring ruined sugar-works, plant arrowroot where it will pay, and where it won't pay do nothing! This is the principle on which one-half of the best land in the island is managed, the result being that, owing to the apathy

¹ A name of Spanish origin, dating from Elizabethan times, still in use for unrefined sugar.

or inability of the present proprietors, some of the most fertile islands in the West Indies, more suitable for the growth of sugar than of any other agricultural product, are at present in a state of collapse.

It is quite true that the negro dislikes continuous work; but what he does like is an opportunity of doing, say, three days' work in a week, so that he may have the means to pay for a few luxuries which he requires—necessities for those in a higher state of civilisation—beyond the produce of his provision-grounds, and, what is still more important, the means of paying the rent for this provision-ground, without which he must starve.

And this brings us to the crux of the whole question. All up the glen below my house well-cultivated provision-grounds can be seen clothing the steep sides of the hills with various crops—yams, taniers, pigeon-peas, bananas, and sugar-canes; even the earthen ramparts of the old fort, nearly 1000 feet above the valley, are almost obliterated by the smiling crops which grow all over them. The steepest inclines, accessible only by the most difficult paths, are cultivated by men, women, and children, who have to come out as much as three miles from their homes each day, and to carry their produce back on their heads; and for these holdings they have to pay at the rate of £2 to £2, 10s. an acre. No wonder that the proprietors find this more profitable than the cultivation of sugar! The

result is that I can see from my windows in the glen below no less than three estates with sugar-works still standing, but the rare smoke from the chimneys of two of them only appears when canes are crushed and syrup boiled, for a consideration, for the domestic use of the small tenants; and in the yard of the third, which is situated towards the mouth of the glen, and should be the central factory for the whole district, lie the rusty boiling-pans which were wont to be used to produce sugar, the dreary work of washing and drying the crop of some ten or fifteen acres of arrowroot replacing the busy scenes in and around the boiling-house with which those acquainted with old West Indian life are familiar. Yes: to this have we now narrowed it down. These few acres of arrowroot represent the only means of earning wages in the whole valley, and it becomes a matter of some political importance to consider how the rents of the provision-grounds on which the black population are dependent for their livelihood can be paid in future,—a pressing question which has, by the accident of the recent hurricanes, only been postponed in consequence of the distribution of the relief funds. With only, on the average, about six weeks' work in the year at, say, 3s. a-week, how is the negro to pay a rent of £2 an acre for his provision-ground? He cannot sell his produce, for, *ex hypothesi*, his neighbours neither can afford to have their own provision-

grounds nor have any money to pay the rent for them or to buy from him.

No doubt when the present Government scheme of peasant proprietors, who are to grow fruit, is fully established and the fruit-trees are in full bearing, it may be found profitable to run fruit-steamers to the smaller islands to transport their crops to distant markets; but how are we to tide over the interval, during which a great portion of the population will be reduced to the alternatives of starvation, poor relief, or what is dignified in the recent report of the Royal Commission by the name of "predial larceny," which means in plain words that those who have no holdings will steal the crops of those who have?

This is a bad prospect, and I

see no hope of improvement, as things are going from bad to worse. The only thing which can save the islands is the influx of new blood and new capital,—not winter residents like myself, but young men with enough money, after paying for their estates (which may be had now cheaply enough), to work a small sugar-plantation up to the first crop without borrowed money. Such men would not make a fortune, but would make a good living in the most charming climate and the most beautiful scenery in the world; for in every island in the West Indies a man who works his own estate with his own money, even with antiquated machinery, can hold his head above water, live with all tropical luxury, and put by a little money.

ERISKAY AND PRINCE CHARLES.

SOME UNWRITTEN MEMORIES OF THE '45.

"In our hearts is Charlie, Charlie,
While a spark of life remains."

—ALASDAIR MACMHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

"THERE are red cheeks," says a proverb of the Outer Hebrides, "before the tailor and the fulling women," their visits being the two occasions when the public is admitted into the intimate domestic life of the family. The tailor is peripatetic, and as he visits from house to house he carries with him the gossip of the neighbourhood. He knows when the meal-tub is getting low, and when the whisky-bottle is withheld from the guest. So, too, when the cloth is being dressed after it is taken out of the loom. It needs eight or ten women to do the work, and as many as the house will hold to look on. None may refuse an invitation to a fulling, and as it requires skilled labour, and the work is voluntary, it is an opportunity for the exercise of all possible hospitality: to give less than the best would be, indeed, an occasion for scandal and "red cheeks."

The "fulling" is a scene of the utmost friendliness: no stranger is admitted; the talk is intimate, and yet a certain ceremony and dignity are observed, and the customs, probably many centuries old, are adhered to rigidly. The songs which accompany the work

are preserved orally, and are of the deepest interest: some are love-ditties, some are religious, some political, all have a quaint picturesqueness of language, which, like many things in these islands, is almost oriental. One sees, on such occasions as these, something of the undercurrent of the life of the people; in the song one hears, as it were, the keynotes of the views and the faith which they have inherited. They are an emotional people, but so reticent that one who would know what traditions they still cherish has need of some such opportunity as this.

The scene is almost weird. It is an evening in the early autumn. The house is long and low, it has neither floor nor ceiling; but the walls are thick, and the thatch, of divots, or sods of grass, fastened on with heather ropes, is an excellent protection from cold and draught. A peat-fire burns in a hollow in the clay floor, and the smoke seeks escape through an opening in the roof. A kettle, singing gaily, is suspended from an iron chain, and round flat cakes, supported by stones, are arranged in a circle about the fire. The scant furniture of

the house has been cleared to one side, and three long planks, supported table-wise at either end, so as to slope towards the door, occupy the open space. Chairs are scarce, but forms and boxes are placed so as to seat the women who are to do the work of the evening. Ten big muscular young women they are, with bare arms, and long coarse aprons over their gowns. They take much heed to the right height and firmness of their seats, as indeed the violent exercise they are about to enter upon requires. The house is already well filled with humanity, and but ill-ventilated, while two or three smoking paraffin-lamps further subtract from the available oxygen. Later we learn to be thankful for the additional reek of peat and tobacco, for the climax of ill-savour is not reached till the hostess brings in the web of cloth freshly dipped in some nauseous compound which contends with its original smell of fish and hot sheep,—fish oil and tallow being the most fragrant of the various dressings applied to the wool, from which the process of fulling is to cleanse it.

Five to each side they sit, and the dripping cloth is passed from hand to hand, while the moisture runs down the sloping boards to the floor. The movements of the women, at first slow, are in perfect rhythm, and, like all co-ordinated movement in these islands, their direction is *dessil*—sunwards. It is only at first that we can observe the details of their

operations, for soon the process becomes so rapid that we can distinguish nothing but the swaying of their figures, and the rapid thud of the cloth, keeping time to the rhythm of their song.

And what strange singing it is! deep-toned and monotonous, the rhythm very marked, the thud of the wet cloth regular as the beat of a drum, the melody seldom extending beyond five notes, each syllable having its separate note, and no pause made from beginning to end of the song, which is necessarily in four time. The verses are couplets, and each is sung first by one woman alone, and then taken up by all.

The course of the web along the board describes a series of zigzags, each woman's movement forming the letter V, of which she herself is the base, and each point being marked by the loud thud of the cloth upon the board, always in four time. At *one* she receives the cloth from her neighbour on the right, leaning forward and throwing it down at arm's length; at *two* she draws herself upright and brings it down again immediately in front of her, twisting it as she does so; at *three* she passes it, again at arm's length, to her neighbour on the left; and at *four*, once more upright, she brings her hands again in front of her, still beating time, and is thus ready for *one, da capo*, for the rhythm is ceaseless.

Each song averages about eight minutes, and is about

fifty couplets in length. As each one is finished, the women throw down the web and their arms drop. They are exhausted and breathless, as well they may be, for to sing and work as they do, throwing themselves violently forward so that the cloth they are handling becomes absolutely hot in the process, is no light work.

In a minute or two they begin again. A "songless" web (*clobodaich*) is unlucky, and, without any pre-arrangement, another strikes up an air. Like the last, it is a love-song, its sentiment of the most florid description. After this we have another in which the rival merits of two adjacent islands are discussed, and then the women, having worked more than half an hour, examine the cloth. It is carefully measured: a piece of cloth must always be finished at a sitting, and in course of fulling it should shrink an inch to every foot of length. The women measure on the back of the hand, occasionally verifying their estimate on a half-yard wand—eight feet to the yard being the Highland measurement.

"It will take three or four songs more," they say, and the picturesque phrase seems in keeping with the scene about us.

While the work has gone on, more visitors have strolled in.

The hostess is moving about, now that the cessation of work makes movement possible in the cramped space. The dogs have clustered about the fire, relieved at the stopping of the singing. The hens are complaining on the beams overhead; the cat, who has climbed to the top of one of the cupboard beds, is expressing disgust as only a cat can. With every hair of her fur she protests against the crowd, the smell—above all, the noise; but it is better to bear the ills she has than to run the gauntlet of the dogs.

Now they begin again: the women are rested, and the singing becomes more vigorous,¹ the melody is marked and rapid, the aspirates of the Gaelic breathe an audible excitement. Four long and short syllables go to a line, and the accent this time is very definite, and the thud of the cloth takes on a sharper sound as the web dries. The very first couplet reveals why the song is one which they sing with especial gusto. *Morag* is the old secret name, in Gaelic, for Prince Charles.

"Morag of the flowing hair,
It is of thy love my thoughts are full.

If over seas thou hast gone from us,
May it be soon thou wilt return,

To take with thee a band of maidens
Who will full the red cloth with vigour.

.

¹ Pennant, describing a similar scene, 1790, writes: "As by this time they grow very earnest in their labours, the fury of the song rises; at length it arrives to such a pitch that without breach of charity you would imagine a troop of female demoniacs to have been assembled." He found then, as now, that "the subjects of the songs . . . are sometimes love, sometimes panegyric, and often a rehearsal of the deeds of the antient heroes."

O ! I would not let thee to the cattle-
fold,
Lest the soil should be on thy raiment.

What ! is it thou should be tending
the cattle ?

It is for the rough lassies to do that.

Pretty is Morag, my maid,
She of the fair ringlets ;

Clustering, curling, wreathing
Are the ringlets of the winsome maid.

Thy tresses are bright as the peacock's
neck ;

"Twould blind nobles to see their sheen."

Four more couplets describe
their colour and luxuriance, and
the song continues,—

"Far we wandered in the land we
knew,

And far in a land unknown.

I would follow thee through the world
If thou shouldst but ask it of me.

Many a lover has Morag
Between Annan and Morar.

There is many a gay warrior of a Gaul
Who would not shun taking sides with
Morag ;

Who would go with sword and shield
Boldly to the cannon's mouth."

Much else would he do, this
warrior, here and in Dun Edin,
but above all else,—

"There is who would rise with thee,
Thy own Captain Mac ic Ailein !"

It is of their own former
chieftain, young Clanranald,
they are boasting, and the sad
dreary present under the rule
of proprietors alien in blood and
faith is forgotten, and a century
and a half rolls back as their
voices ring out loud and clear :—

"He drew near thee ere now before all
the rest,
And again would he do it didst thou
return.

Every man that is in Moidart and in
Uist,
And in dark blue Arisaig of the birches ;

In Canna and Eigg and Morar
Foremost were ever the men of Ailein's
race,

Spirits¹ of terror to the Southrons
In the days of Montrose and Alasdair."

The yellow hair, worn *au naturel*, recalls the familiar por-
traits of Prince Charlie, and
the miniatures of him seem to
be before us as the women con-
tinue :—

"Thy eyes, kindly and level,
Full-round and playful, are upon me.

Many a youth took joy in thee
Between Man and Orkney.

In the day of Inverlochy was it felt
Who they were that were sweeping
with the blades.

In Perth and Kilsyth and Auldearn
Dead and soulless lay the rebels."

And as the song of triumph
rings out, one forgets for the
moment all the sad story of loss
and failure so little looked for.
The song is one of their own
bard's, Alasdair Macdonald, and
he, says Professor Blackie, was
to the '45 what Körner and
Arndt were to the liberation
war of the Germans in 1813.
Even here and now we catch
something of the warmth which
he kindled then. Morag is a
part of their own story, per-
sonal and living, and their love
for him means the traditional
hatred of a Protestant succe-
sion. "In the Highlands," says
J. R. Green, with a perception
of facts one should be a High-
lander to appreciate—"In the
Highlands nothing was known
of English government or mis-

¹ Literally *bòcans*, bogies.

government: all that the Restoration meant to a Highlander was the restoration of the House of Argyle. . . . They were as ready to join Dundee in fighting their old oppressors the Campbells, and the Government which upheld them, as they had been ready to join Montrose in the same cause fifty years before."

All the Highland chiefs would muster, says the song,—

"Big Alasdair of Glencoe
And the fierce brigade of Glengarry,

As also the chiefs of Sleat,
Though he himself were but a child."

There are several more verses descriptive of the Prince's adherents; then the melody changes a little—the thud, thud of the cloth becomes more rapid, and the women more breathless and shrill, as they continue:—

"Ten thousand of them sat at the
fulling-table
In the wars of King Charles who lives
not.

On many a cloth they raised the pile
Between Sutherland and Annan.

Others there were who fulled not for
thee,
But they gathered the people in bands.

O King, good too was their handiwork,
When they came to the drawing of
blades.

They too handled the cloth for you,
And stiff it was they left it.

Tight, thick, strong, woven, fulled,
Dyed red of the hue of blood.

Haste across with thy fulling-women,
And the maidens here will go with
thee."

The song is finished, and the women, exhausted, lean forward on the table. The sudden cessation of sound and movement is almost painful. The discon-

tented cat shakes a disgusted paw, the dogs look hopefully towards the door. The fulling is over, the cloth lies reeking on the table.

We are once more in the sixty-second year of Victoria; but remembering time, we also remember place, and the place, of all in her Majesty's dominions, is the island of Eriskay, where Prince Charlie first set foot in the kingdom of his fathers.

The ceremonial is not yet ended. Two of the women stand up and roll the cloth from opposite ends till they meet in the middle, and then, still keeping time, four of them fall upon the roll and proceed to pat it violently, straightening out the creases, and those unemployed strike up another song, this time of different metre. This finished, one standing up calls out, "The rhymes, the rhymes!" And those who have been working reply,—

"Three rhymes, four rhymes, five and
a half rhymes."

This is very mysterious—probably the last remains of some forgotten ceremony.

Then the cloth is unwound, and again very carefully rolled up, this time into one firm bale, and then all rise and stand in reverent silence while the leader of the fulling-women pronounces the quaint, old-world grace with which their work concludes. Laying one hand on the cloth, she says:—

"Let not the Evil Eye afflict, let not
be mangled
The man about whom thou goest, for
ever.

When he goes into battle or combat
The protection of the Lord be with
him."

And then some man of the party—it would not be etiquette for a woman—turns to the owner and says with emphasis,—

"May you possess it and wear it."

And the cloth is fulfilled.

Whisky of course follows—the merest taste for each; but there is much drinking of healths, with pretty formal speeches which seem to belong to other days. The woman who has led the fulling begins. "Your own health," she says to her hostess, and then turning to us, she bows and adds, "And the health of the noble ladies, and may they long remain at the top of the Ru Bàn."

The Ru Bàn—the White Point—where stands the Presbytery in which we are guests, seems to us for the moment a place in which to spend the rest of our lives, where common things become dramatic, and hard labour is set to music, and our emotions are attuned to the hopes and longings of a century and a half ago.

Even the next morning hardly restores the light of common day. The grey islet, treeless, sea-worn, can look little different this September morning from what it showed to Prince Charlie that 23rd of July 1745. Thanks to Lowland "sportsmen" and alien proprietors, no eagles hover over the Long Island to-day as the king of birds hovered over the Doutelle

to welcome home his royal master; and starving refugees evicted from other islands have perhaps added somewhat to the population of Eriskay. Now, however, as then, one sees little on landing but bare grey rock, rising 500 feet in height, and sloping gently away from the white sands which surround it. A little bay, outlined with broken rocks, and facing north-west, is known as the Prince's Bay, and here one finds, still growing luxuriantly, the delicate purple and white blossoms of the *Convolvulus maritimus*, said to have been planted by the Prince on landing. Some years ago one of the Stewarts of Ensay (Harris), who claim royal descent through the Stewarts of Garth, built a low wall for its protection, and to mark the Prince's landing-place, but little is left of it now. We proposed to have a brief inscription carved upon one of the rocks, but were begged to do nothing that might attract the tourist,—though how the tourist is to get there, or to get food or shelter if he does, is not easy to say.

Now, as then, a few rough stone huts lie in a little hollow just above the bay, scarcely distinguishable from the rocks about them, and among them still stands the hut in which the Prince is said to have sheltered.

"Is not this Prince Charlie's house?" we ask of a man who stands in the doorway. He laughs at the form of our question. "It's mine now in any case," he answers, hospitably standing aside that we

may enter. It is just like a score more within a stone's throw, and has probably changed little in a century and a half. An iron pot is boiling over the peat-fire in the middle of the clay floor, the roof is black with smoke, the family beds are in cupboards concealed by dimity curtains; hens are clucking to call attention to the eggs they have deposited in corners; wooden trunks are ranged along the wall containing all possessions not in actual use, and a bench made of a plank supported on rocks is the most noticeable article of furniture. A small dresser, adorned with gay crockery, speaks of relations with the mainland, visits probably to the east-coast fishing, and is the only article which could not have been present when Prince Charlie stood here, coughing at the peat-smoke, as we do to-day. "You must be proud of the house in which the Prince slept," we suggest. "Oh ay, I'm proud of it whatever," replies our friend. His handsome dark face makes it clear that he is a Barra man, and no descendant of the Prince's host, the principal tacksman of the island.

Across a narrow strait, a little to the north-east, on the opposite coast of South Uist, stands Kilbride, the home of Boisdale, brother of Clanranald, one of the chiefs of the clan Macdonald, who were among Prince Charlie's most faithful adherents, although, in common prudence, they at first attempted to dissuade him from

his wild attempt. When they met the morning after the Prince's arrival, Boisdale advised him to go home. "I am *come* home, sir," said the Prince, looking across these wild grey waters. "I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me." The people of Eriskay tell that the Prince's foot slipt as he landed on the Kilbride shore, and that he fell on the treacherous seaweed-covered rocks—an ill omen, it was felt, in this land of omen and presentiment.

We are fortunate enough to find some still living who claim kindred with those who served the Prince. There are descendants of one Angus, son of Murdoch, whom history has forgotten, but Eriskay folk remember as the man who carried the Prince ashore from the boat. In a neighbouring island, even more remote and inaccessible than Eriskay, we chance to find the proud descendant of a faithful adherent. The story comes as a matter of fact from the mainland, but we listen to it in especially appropriate surroundings, for here, in hollows and caves, among lofty cliffs, there are still pointed out the hiding-places of fugitives after the 'Forty-five.

Our informant is descended on the mother's side from the Macraes of Kintail, one of whom, "sure to be a Gilchrist or a Farquhar by his first name," served as guide to the Prince at some period of his wanderings,—it may be during that unhappy time in July 1746, after his parting from

Flora Macdonald and return to the mainland.

The Prince, with his guide and a dog, were resting on a ledge overhanging a mountain pass, screened from below by a projecting rock. "You may fancy it just there," says our friend, pointing to just such a spot on the hill above. "Suddenly, and never a word, the man—he that was of my kin—took the dog by the throat and laid him strangled on the ground, dead. The Prince was sore afraid, for it seemed to him the man was mad, till he pointed below to where the men of the red army were passing by, just at their feet. And the Prince's eyes filled with tears."

Well they might! for he, the fugitive upon whose head was set a great price, had been long enough in the Highlands to know the tie between man and dog, and the worth of such a sacrifice!

It is in Eriskay, however, that we find a wonderful old woman, Maigheraid Mhor—big Margaret—so old that we could almost believe that her stories of the last century were contemporaneous. She comes of a long-lived family, and declares that her father's great-great-grandfather was murdered in the massacre of Glencoe. He was not a Macdonald, but a MacEachan from Morar ("Morar" being in the islands a generic term for the mainland), and was there only

by accident. "He went to see a friend," she says, "and he hasn't come back yet." Another friend who paid a later visit came back not long since. He had stayed in the house of some Campbells. "Why didn't you get up in the night and murder them?" big Margaret had asked. "*Some* Campbells may be innocent," the friend had replied—a suggestion which she offers to us with an air of conscious tolerance.

Prince Charlie remembered Glencoe, she tells us. When he was in Glen Corrodale, in South Uist, he asked a man his name. "Campbell," said he. "Oh, confound you for a scoundrel!" said the Prince. "That was because of Glencoe," Margaret explains; but she has the honesty to add that the man Campbell "ferried him about, all the same."¹

Margaret can speak no word of English, and has never been farther from Eriskay than the island of South Uist, where she was born, in a glen near to Corrodale, at the back of Ben More, the highest point of the mountain range of the Outer Hebrides, where the grass grows sweet, and there is a bonnie loch, and it is sheltered from the south-west, whence have come all floods and storms from the time of Noah, and such a spot, in the eyes of proprietors, was too good for any but sheep. So Margaret and many another were evicted, and, wandering south, took up their abode on

¹ Donald Campbell, in Scalpa, gave the Prince hospitality, and resisted the Rev. Aulay Macaulay, who came to win the reward on the Prince's head. (Blaikie, *'Itinerary,'* p. 48.)

the southern shore of the island. When a few years of hard work had shown that even here a little grass and corn might be raised, they were again evicted, and as there was nothing beyond them but the sea, they crossed it and came to Eriskay. Margaret still speaks affectionately of Corrodale. "When Prince Charlie was there," she tells us, "he took a drink at the delicious spring which flows there. 'This is the Well of the Rock of Wine,' he said. It is called that still, and," she adds with conviction, "it will be." Later we found our way up to Glen Corrodale and identified the nook in the rock where the Prince sheltered, and possibly the well, "Tober nan chreag an Fhiona."

Seeing our interest in the subject, Margaret sings us a quaint lullaby, with a refrain about Prince Charlie, dandling an imaginary baby the while, and beating time with her feet. The air is monotonous, but, considering her great age, the musician is wonderfully accurate in time and tune. We try to write down the words, but not even one or two islanders whose aid we invoke can make much of them. Either the sense has been lost, or they are baby-nonsense rhymes pure and simple.

From Prince Charlie to Flora Macdonald is not a far step, and having once lifted up her voice, Margaret proceeds to give us a fulling song, swaying herself backwards and forwards

the while as if actually at work, beating time with her feet, and getting terribly out of breath with her efforts. It is quite usual, we are told, for those able to do so to extemporise songs at a fulling (which possibly accounts for the custom of having each couplet sung first by one woman alone), and Margaret's story is of a certain occasion when Flora Macdonald came back to Uist from Skye, on a visit after her marriage. Entering a house where a fulling was in progress, she improvised as she stood by, watching the workers:—

"My father¹ sent me to the place of
falsehood
The night that he made the marriage
for me.

Is it not sad, O God, that it was not
the funeral feast,
That they did not bring the red pine
for me?"

Margaret stops at this point to remark, "That does not look as if she were very happy?" and wanders off into a story of Flora Macdonald's husband—a very fat man, she asserts. On one occasion, having to cross Ben More, and his dimensions not being adapted for climbing, he engaged a sedan-chair, and "loud was the cursing," says Margaret—his at the jolting, and his bearers' at the weight of the burden.

We recall her to the song, and she continues. The rhythm is now somewhat changed, and though she is perhaps describing the wanderings of the

¹ Her father, Margaret explained, was "the man of Airidh Mhouillin"—his property in Uist.

Prince, we think it probable that some stanzas from a different song have crept in:—

“I was at mass in the yellow wood
with thee;
I was in ——¹ and I was in Uist with
thee;
I was in Kildonan of the pine with
thee;
I was in the land of the black nuns
with thee.”

After a few verses of this kind she reverts to the original, and sings with serious air and without any accompanying movement,—

“I would not give thee to gentle
Mary,
Though she should come, and her hand
stretched out;
If I did I would ask thee back again.
I would not give thee to Jesus Christ.”

“It was never Flora Macdonald that composed that,” she says with an air of horror.

“There’s no knowing what creature it might be, but she was impertinent and she was ignorant.”

The thought is too much for her; Margaret will tell us no more to-day, though on other days she tells us many things, —stories of fairies and enchantments, spells and divinations, and of what Pennant calls “the antient heroes.”

We learnt to know the island well, we photographed it a score of times, we classified its flora, surprisingly varied in a spot so bare and bleak, learnt its songs and its traditions, and we came to love its simple folk; but no familiarity could banish from our minds the ever-present sense that here were written the opening lines of some of the saddest chapters of our country’s history.

A. GOODRICH-FREER.

¹ Margaret is too deaf to converse with, and we fail to recover the missing word. “The land of the black nuns” might conceivably mean South Uist, where, as in the next island of Benbecula, there is the tradition of a nunnery.

DOOM CASTLE: A ROMANCE.¹

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XVI.—OLIVIA.

It was a trying position in which Olivia found herself when first she sat at the same table with the stranger whose sense of humour, as she must always think, was bound to be vastly entertained by her ridiculous story. Yet she carried off the situation with that triumph that ever awaits on a frank eye, a good honest heart, and an unflinching trust in the ultimate sympathy of one's fellow-creatures. There was no *mauvaise honte* there, Count Victor saw, and more than ever he admired, if that were possible. It was the cruel father of the piece who was uneasy. He it was who must busy himself with the feeding of an appetite whose like he had not manifested before, either silent altogether or joining in the conversation with the briefest sentences.

There was never a Montaiglon who would lose such a good occasion, and Count Victor made the most of it. He was gentle, but not too gentle—for this was a lady to resent the easy self-effacement with which so many of her sex are deceived and flattered; he was not unmindful of the more honest compliments, yet he had the shrewdness to eschew the mere

meaningless *blague* that no one could better employ with the creatures of Versailles, who liked their olives well oiled, or the Jeannetons and Mimis of the Italian comedy and the playhouse. Under his genial and shining influence Olivia soon forgot the ignominy of these recent days, and it was something gained in that direction that already she looked upon him as a confederate.

"I am so glad you like our country, Count Victor," she said, no way dubious about his praise of her home hills, those loud impetuous cataracts, and that alluring coast. "It rains—oh! it rains——"

"*Parfaitement*, mademoiselle, but when it shines!" and up went his hands in an admiration wherefor words were too little eloquent: at that moment he was convinced truly that the sun shone nowhere else than in the Scottish hills.

"Yes, yes, when it shines, as you say, it is the dear land! Then the woods—the woods gleam and tremble, I always think, like a girl who has tears in her eyes, the tears of gladness. The hills—let my father tell you of the hills, Count Victor; I think he must love them more than he loves his

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own Olivia—is that not cruel of a man with an only child? He would die, I am sure, if he could not be seeing them when he liked; but I cannot be considering the hills so beautiful as my own glens, my own little glens, that no one, I'll be fancying, is acquainted with to the heart but me and the red-deer, and maybe a hunter or two. Of course we have the big glens too, and I would like if I could show you Shira Glen——”

“The best of it was once our own,” said Doom, black at brow.

“—That once was ours, as father says, and is mine yet so long as I can walk there and be thinking my own thoughts in it when the wood is green, and the wild ducks are plashing in the lake.”

Doom gave a significant exclamation: he was recalling that rumour had Shira Glen for his daughter's favourite trysting-place.

“Rain or shine,” said Count Victor, delighting in such whole-souled rapture, delighting in that bright unwearied eye, that curious turn of phrase that made her in English half a foreigner like himself—“Rain or shine, it is a country of many charms.”

“But now you are too large in your praise,” she said, not quite so warmly. “I do not expect you to think it is a perfect countryside at any time and all times; and it is but natural that you should love the country of France, that I have been told is a brave and beautiful country, and a country I am sometimes loving myself

because of its hospitality to folk that we know. I know it is a country of brave men, and sometimes I am wondering if it is the same for beautiful women. Tell me!” and she leaned on an arm that shone warm, soft, and thrilling from the short sleeve of her gown, and put the sweetest of chins upon a hand for the wringing of hearts.

Montaiglon looked into those eyes so frank and yet profound, and straight became a rebel. “Mademoiselle Olivia,” said he indifferently (oh, Cecile! oh, Cecile!), “they are considered not unpleasing; but for myself, perhaps acquaintance has spoiled the illusion.”

She did not like that at all: her eyes grew proud and unbelieving.

“When I was speaking of the brave men of France,” said she, “I fancied perhaps they would tell what they really thought—even to a woman.” And he felt very much ashamed of himself.

“Ah! well, to tell the truth, mademoiselle,” he confessed, “I have known very beautiful ones among them, and many that I liked, and still must think of with affection. *Mort de ma vie!* am I not the very slave of your sex, that for all the charms, the goodness, the kindnesses and purities is a continual reproach to mine? In the least perfect of them I have never failed to find something to remind me of my little mother.”

“And now I think that is much better,” said Olivia heartily, her eyes sparkling at that

concluding filial note. "I would not care at all for a man to come from his own land and pretend to me that he had no mind for the beautiful women and the good women he had seen there. No; it would not deceive me, that: it would not give me any pleasure. We have a proverb in the Highlands, that Annapla will often be saying, that the rook thinks the pigeon hen would be bonny if her wings were black; and that is a *sean-fhacal*—that is, an old-word that is true."

"If I seemed to forget France and what I have seen there of Youth and Beauty," said Count Victor, "it is, I swear it is—it is——"

"It is because you would be pleasant to a simple Highland girl," said Olivia, with just a hint of laughter in her eyes.

"No, no, *par ma foi!* not wholly that. But yes, I love my country—ah! the happy days I have known there, the sunny weather, the friends so good, the comradeship so true. Your land is beautiful,—it is even more beautiful than the exiles in Paris told me; but I was not born here, and there are times when your mountains seem to crush my heart."

"Is it so indeed?" said Doom. "As for me, I would not change the bleakest of them for the province of Champagne." And he beat an impulsive hand upon the table.

"Yes, yes, I understand that," cried Olivia. "I understand it very well. It is the sorrow of the hills and woods you mean; ah! do I not know it too? It is only in my

own little wee glens among the rowans that I can feel careless like the birds, and sing: when I walk the woods or stand upon the shore and see the hills without a tree or tenant, when the land is white with the snow and the mist is trailing, Olivia Lamond is not very cheery. What it is I do not know—that influence of my country; it is sad, but it is good and wholesome, I can tell you: it is then I think that the bards make songs, and those who are not bards, like poor myself, must just be feeling the songs there are no words for."

At this did Doom sit mighty pleased and humming to himself a bar of minstrelsy.

"Look at my father there!" said Olivia; "he would like you to be thinking that he does not care a great deal for the Highlands of Scotland."

"Indeed and that is not fair, Olivia; I never made pretence of that," said Doom. "Never to such as understand; Montaignon knows the Highlands are at my heart, and that the look of the hills is my evening prayer."

"Isn't that a father, Count Victor!" cried Olivia, quite proud of the confession. "But he is the strange father, too, that will be pretending that he has forgotten the old times and the old customs of our dear people. We are the children of the hills and of the mists; the hills make no change, the mists are always coming back, and the deer is in the corrie yet, and when you will hear one that is of the Highland blood say he does not care any more

for the old times, and preferring the English tongue to his own, and making a boast of his patience when the Government of England robs him of his plaid, you must be watchful of that man, Count Victor. For there is something wrong. Is it not true that I am saying, father?" She turned a questioning gaze to Doom, who had no answer but a sigh.

"You will have perhaps heard my father miscall the *breacan*, miscall the tartan and——"

"Not at all!" cried the Baron. "There is a great difference between condemning and showing an indifference."

"I think, father," said Olivia, "we are among friends. Count Victor, as you say, could understand about our fancies for the hills, and it would be droll indeed if he smiled at us for making a treasure of the tartan. Whatever my father, the stupid man, the darling, may be telling you of the tartan and the sword, Count Victor, do not believe that we are such poor souls as to forget them. Though we must be wearing the Saxon in our clothes and in our speech, there are many like me—and my dear father there—who will not forget."

It was a curious speech all that, not without a problem as well as the charm of the unexpected and the novel to Count Victor. For somehow or other there seemed to be an *arrière pensée* in the words: Olivia was engaged upon the womanly task—he thought—of lecturing some one. If he had any doubt about that, there was Mungo

behind the Baron's chair, his face just showing over his shoulder, seamed with smiles that spoke of some common understanding between him and the daughter of his master; and once, when she thrust more directly at her father, the little servitor deliberately winked to the back of his master's head—a very gnome of slyness.

"But you have not told me about the ladies of France," said she. "Stay! you will be telling me that again; it is not likely my father would be caring to hear about them so much as about the folk we know that have gone there from Scotland. They are telling me that many good brave men are there wearing their hearts out, and that is the sore enough trial."

Count Victor thought of Barisdale and his cousin-german, young Glengarry, gambling in that frouziest boozing-ken in the Rue Tarane—the Café de la Paix—without credit for a *louis d'or*; he thought of James Mor Drummond and the day he came to him behind the Tuileries stable clad in rags of tartan to beg a loan: none of these was the picturesque figure of loyalty in exile that he should care to paint for this young woman.

But he remembered also Cameron, Macleod, Traquair, a score of gallant hearts, of handsome gentlemen, and Lochiel, true chevalier—perhaps a better than his king!

It was of these Count Victor spoke,—of their faith, their valiancies, their shifts of penury and pride. He had used often to consort with them at Cam-

mercy, and later on in Paris. If the truth were to be told, they had made a man of him, and now he was generous enough to confess it.

"I owe them much, your exiles, Mademoiselle Olivia," said he. "When first I met with them I was a man without an ideal or an aim, without a scrap of faith or a cause to quarrel for. It is not good for the young, that, Baron, is it? To be passing the days in an *ennui* and the nights below the lamps. Well, I met your Scots after Dettingen, renewed the old acquaintance I had made at Cammercy, and found the later exiles better than the first—than the Balhaldies, the Glengarries, Murrays, and Sullivans. They were different, *ces gens-là*. Ordinarily they rendezvoused in the Taverne Tourtel of St Germain, and that gloomy palace shared their devotion with Scotland, whence they came and of which they were eternally talking like men in a nostalgia. James and his Jacquette were within these walls, often indifferent enough, I fear, about the cause our friends were exiled there for; and Charles, between Luneville and Liège or Poland and London, was not at the time an inspiring object of veneration, if you will permit me to say so, M. le Baron. But what does it matter? the cause was there, an image to keep the good hearts strong, unselfish, and expectant. Ah! the songs they sang, so full of that hopeful melancholy of the glens you speak of, mademoiselle; the stories they told of Tearlach's

Year; the hopes that bound them in a brotherhood—and binds them yet, praise *le bon Dieu!* That was good for me. Yes; I like your exiled compatriots very much, Mademoiselle Olivia. And yet there was a *maraud* or two among them; no fate could be too hard for the spies who would betray them."

For the first time in many hours Count Victor remembered that he had an object in Scotland, but with it somehow Cecile was not associated.

"Mungo has been telling me about the spy, Count Victor. Oh, the wickedness of it! I feel black burning shame that one with a Highland name and a Highland mother would take a part like yon. I would not think there could be men in the world so bad. They must have wicked mothers to make such sons; the ghost of a good mother would cry from her grave to check her child in such a villainy." Olivia spoke with intense feeling, her eyes lambent and her lips quivering.

"Drimdarroch's mother must have been a rock," said Count Victor.

"And to take what was my father's name!" cried Olivia; "Mungo has been telling me that. Though I am a woman, I could be killing him myself."

"And here we're in our flights sure enough!" broke in the father, as he left them with a humorous pretence at terror.

"Now you must tell me about the women of France," said Olivia. "I have a friend who was there once and tells me, like you, he was indifferent;

but I am doubting that he must have seen some there that were worth his fancy."

"Is it there sits the wind?" thought Montaiglon. "Our serene angel is not immune from the customary passions." An unreasonable envy of the

diplomatist who had been indifferent to the ladies of France took possession of him: still, he might have gratified her curiosity about his fair compatriots had not Doom returned, and then Olivia's interest in the subject oddly ceased.

CHAPTER XVII.—A SENTIMENTAL SECRET.

"Good night," said Olivia at last, and straightway Count Victor felt the glory of the evening eclipse. He opened the door to let her pass through.

"I go back to my cell quiet enough," she said in low tones, with a smiling frown upon her countenance.

"Happy prisoner!" said he, "to be condemned to no worse than your own company."

"Ah! it is often a very dull and pitiful company that, Count Victor," said Olivia, with a sigh.

It was not long till he too sought his couch, and the Baron of Doom was left alone.

Doom sat long looking at his crumbling walls, and the flaming fortunes, the blush, the heat-white and the dead grey ash of the peat-fire. He sighed now and then with infinite despondency; once or twice he pshawed his melancholy vapours, took a pace back and forward on the oaken floor, with a bent head, a bereaved countenance, and sat down again, indulging the passionate void that comes to a bosom reft of its joys, its hopes, and loves, and only mournful recollection left. A done man! Not an old man; not even an elderly, but

a done man none the less, with the heart out of him, and all the inspiration clean gone!

Count Victor's advent in the castle had brought its own bitterness, for it was not often now that Doom had the chance to see anything of the big brave outer world of heat and enterprise. This gallant revived ungovernably the remembrances he for ever sought to stifle—all he had been and all he had seen, now past and gone for ever, as Annapla did not scruple to tell him when the demands of her Gift or a short temper compelled her. His boyhood in the dear woods, by the reedy river-banks, in the hill-clefts where stags harboured, on a shore for ever sounding with the enchanting sea—oh, sorrow! how these things came before him. The gentle mother with the wan beautiful face, the eager father looking ardent out to sea—they were plain to view. And then St Andrews, when he was a bejant of St Leonard's, roys-tering with his fellows, living the life of youth with gusto, but failing lamentably at the end; then the despondency of those scanty acres and decayed walls; his marriage with the dearest

woman in the world, Death at the fireside, the bairn crying at night in the arms of her fosterer; his journeys abroad, the short hour of glory and forgetfulness with Saxe at Fontenoy and Laffeldt, to be followed only by these weary years of spoliation by law, of oppression by the usurping Hanoverian.

A done man! Only a poor done man of middle age, and the fact made all the plainer to himself by contrast with his guest, alert and even gay upon a fiery embassy of retribution.

It was exactly the hour of midnight by a clock upon the mantel; a single candle, by which he had made a show of reading, was guttering all to a side and an ungracious end in a draught that came from some cranny in the ill-seamed ingle-walls, for all that the night seemed windless. A profound stillness wrapped all; the night was huge outside, with the sea dead-flat to moon and pulsing star.

He shook off his vapours vexatiously, and, as he had done on the first night of Count Victor's coming, he went to his curious orisons at the door—the orisons of the sentimentalist, the home-lover. Back he drew the bars softly, and looked at the world that ever filled him with yearning and apprehension, at the draggled garden, at the sea with its roadway strewn with golden sand all shimmering, at the mounts—Ben Ime, Ardno, and Ben Artair, haughty in the night.

Then he shut the doors reluctantly, stood hesitating—

more the done man than ever—in the darkness of the entrance, finally hurried to save the guttering candle. He lit a new one at its expiring flame and left the *salle*. He went, not to his bed-chamber but to the foot of the stair that led to the upper flats, to his daughter's room, to the room of his guest, and to the ancient chapel. With infinite caution he crept round and round on the narrow corkscrew stair, at any step it might have been a Catacomb cell.

He listened at the narrow corridor leading to his Olivia's room and that adjoining of her umquhile warder Annapla; he paused, too, for a second, at Montaiglon's door. None gave sign of life. He went up higher.

A storey over the stage on which Count Victor slumbered, the stair ended abruptly at an oaken door, which he opened with a key. As he entered, a wild flurry of wings disturbed the interior, and by the light of the candle and some venturing rays of the moon a flock of bats or birds were to be seen in precipitous flight through unglazed windows and a broken roof.

Doom placed his candle in a niche of the wall and went over to an ancient *armoire* or chest, which seemed to be the only furniture of what had apparently once been the chapel of the castle, to judge from its size and the situation of an altar-like structure at the east end.

He unlocked the heavy lid, threw it open, looked down with a sigh at its contents, that seemed, in the light of

the candle, nothing wonderful. But a suit of Highland clothes and some of the more martial appurtenances of the lost Highland state, including the dirk that had roused Montaignon's suspicion.

He drew them out hurriedly upon the floor, but yet with an affectionate tenderness, as if they were the relics of a sacristy, and with eagerness substituted the gay tartan for his dull mulberry Saxon habiliments. It was like the creation of a man from a lay-figure. The jerk at the kilt-belt buckle somehow seemed to brace the sluggish spirit; his shoulders found their old square set above a well-curved back, his feet—his knees—by an instinct took a graceful poise they had never learned in the mean immersement of breeches and Linlithgow boots. As he fastened his buckled brogues, he hummed the words of MacMhaister Allister's song:

"Oh! the black-cloth of the Saxon,
Dearer far's the Gaelic tartan!"

"Hugh Bethune's content with the waistcoat, is he?" he said to himself. "He is no Gael to be so easily pleased, and him with a freeman's liberty! And yet—and yet—I would be content myself to have the old stuff only above my heart."

He assumed the doublet and plaid, drew down upon his brow a bonnet with an eagle plume; turned him to the weapons. The knife—the pistols—the dirk, went to their places, and last he put his hand upon the hilt of a

sword—not a claymore, but the weapon he had worn in the foreign field. As foolish a piece of masquerade as ever a child had found entertainment in, and yet, if one could see it, with some great element of pathos and of dignity. For with every item of the discarded and degraded costume of his race he seemed to put on a grace not there before, a manliness, a spirit that had lain in abeyance with the clothes in that moth-chest. It was no done man who eagerly trod the floor of the ruined chapel, no lack-lustre failure of life, but one complete, commingling action with his sentiment. He felt the world spacious about him again; a summons to ample fields beyond the rotting woods and the sonorous shore of Doom. The blood of his folk, that had somehow seemed to stay about his heart in indolent clots, began to course to every extremity, and gave his brain a tingling clarity, a wholesome intoxication of the perfect man.

He drew the sword from its scabbard, joying hugely in the lisp of the steel, at its gleam in the candle-light, and he felt anew the wonder of one who had drunk the wine of life and venture to its lees.

He made with the weapon an airy academic salute *à la Gerard* and the new school of fence, thrust swift in tierce like a sun-flash in forest after rain, followed with a parade, and felt an expert's ecstasy. The blood tingled to his veins; his eyes grew large and flashing; a flush came to that cheek, for ordinary so wan. Over and

over again he sheathed the sword, and as often withdrew it from its scabbard. Then he handled the dirk with the pleasure of a child. But always back to the sword, handled with beauty and aplomb, always

back to the sword, and he had it before him, a beam of fatal light, when something startled him as one struck unexpectedly by a whip.

There was a furious rapping at the outer door!

CHAPTER XVIII.—“LOCH SLOY!”

The rap that startled Doom in the midst of his masquerade in the chapel of his house, came like the morning beat of drums to his guest a storey lower. Count Victor sprang up with a certainty that trouble brewed, dressed with speed, and yet with the *sang froid* of one who has heard alarms on menaced frontiers; took his sword in hand, hesitated, remembered Olivia, and laid it down again; then descended that dark stair that seemed the very pit of hazards.

A perturbing silence had succeeded the noisy summons on the oak, and Mungo, with a bold aspect well essayed, but in no accord with the tremor of his knees and the pallor of his countenance, stood, in dragging pantaloons and the gaudy Kilmarnock cap cocked upon his bald head, at the stair-foot with a flambeau in his hand. He seemed hugely relieved to have the company of Count Victor.

“Noo, wha the deevil can we hae here at sic an unearthly oor o’ nicht,” said he, trying a querulous tone befitting an irate sentinel; but the sentence trailed off unconvincingly, because his answer came too promptly in another peremptory summons from without.

“Lord keep’s!” whispered the little man, no longer studying to sustain his martial rôle. He looked nervously at Count Victor standing silently by, with some amusement at the perturbation of the garrison and a natural curiosity as to what so untimely a visit might portend. It was apparent that Mungo was for once willing to delegate his duty as keeper of the bartizan to the first substitute who offered, but here was no move to help him out of his quandary.

“It’s gey gash this!” whispered the little man. “And the tide in, too! And the oor sae late!”

These sinister circumstances seemed to pile upon his brain till his knees bent below the weight of accumulated terror, and Montaiglon must smile at fears not all unreasonable, as he felt himself.

“Oh! better late than never — is not that the proverb, Master Mungo?” said he. “Though, indeed, it is not particularly consoling to a widow’s husband.”

“I’d gie a pound Scots to ken wha chaps,” said Mungo, deaf to every humour.

“Might I suggest your asking? It is, I have heard, the

customary proceeding," said Count Victor.

"Wha's there?" cried Mungo, with an ear to the wood that appeared to have nothing human outside, for now for a little there was absolute stillness. Then an answer as from a wraith—the humble request of some one for admission.

"Noo, that's mighty droll," said Mungo, his face losing its alarm and taking on a look of some astonishment. "Haud that," and he thrust the torch in the Frenchman's hand. Without another word he drew back the bars, opened the door, and put out his head. He was caught by the throat and plucked forth into the darkness.

Count Victor could not have drawn a weapon had he had one ere the door fell in thundering on the walls. He got one glimpse of the *sans culottes*, appealed again to the De Chenier macer in his ancestry, and flung the flambeau at the first who entered.

The light went out; he dropped at a boy's intuition upon a knee and lowered his head. Over him in the darkness poured his assailants, too close upon each other in their eagerness, and while they struggled at the stair-foot he drew softly back. Out in the night Mungo wailed lugubrious in the hands of some of his captors; within there was a wonderful silence for a little, the baffled visitors recovering themselves with no waste of words, and mounting the stair in pursuit of the gentleman they presumed to have preceded

them. When they were well up, he went to the door and made it fast again, leaving Mungo to the fate his stupidity deserved.

Doom's sleeping-chamber lay behind; he passed along the corridor quickly, knocked at the door, got no answer, and entered.

It was as he had fancied—his host was gone, his couch had not been occupied. A storm of passion swept through him; he felt himself that contemptible thing, a man of the world betrayed by a wickedness that ought to be transparent. They were in the plot then, master and man, perhaps even—but no, that was a thought to quell on the moment of its waking; she at least was innocent of all these machinations, and upstairs now, she shared, without a doubt, the alarms of Annapla. That familiar of shades and witches, that student of the fates, was a noisy poltroon when it was the material world that threatened; she was shrieking again.

"Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!" now rose the voices overhead, surely the maddest place in the world for a Gaelic slogan: it gave him a sense of unspeakable savagery and antique, for it was two hundred years since his own family had cried "Cammercy!" on stricken fields.

He paused a moment, irresolute.

A veritable farce! he thought. It would have been so much easier for his host to hand him over without these play-house preliminaries.

But Olivia! but Olivia!

He felt the good impulse of love and anger, the old ichor of his folk surged through his veins, and without a weapon he went upstairs, trusting to his wits to deal best with whatever he would there encounter.

It seemed an hour since they had entered; in truth it was but a minute or two, and they were still in the bewildering blackness of the stair, one behind another in its narrow coils, and seemingly wisely dubious of too precipitate an advance. He estimated that they numbered less than half-a-dozen when he came upon the rear-most of the *queue*.

"Loch Sloy!" cried out the leader, somewhat too theatrically for illusion.

"Cammercy for me!" thought Montaiglon: he was upon the tail, and clutched to drag the last man down. Fate was kind, she gave the bare knees of the enemy to his hand, and behold! here was his instrument—in the customary knife stuck in the man's stocking. It was Count Victor's at a flash: he stood a step higher, threw his arm over the shoulder of the man, pulled him backward into the pit of the stair and stabbed at him as he fell.

"Un!" said he as the wretch collapsed upon himself, and the knife seemed now unnecessary. He clutched the second man, who could not guess the tragedy behind, for the night's business was all in front, and surely only friends were in the rear—he clutched the second lower, and threw him backward over his head.

"Deux!" said Count Victor,

as the man fell limp behind him upon his unconscious confederate.

The third in front turned like a viper when Count Victor's clutch came on his waist, and drove out with his feet. The act was his own undoing. It met with no resistance, and the impetus of his kick carried him off the balance and threw him on the top of his confederates below.

"Trois!" said Montaiglon. "Pulling corks is the most excellent training for such a warfare," and he set himself almost cheerfully to number four.

But number four was not in the neck of the bottle: this ferment behind propelled him out upon the stairhead, and Montaiglon, who had thrown himself upon him, fell with him on the floor. Both men recovered their feet at a spring. A moment's pause was noisy with the cries of the domestic in her room, then the Frenchman felt a hand pass rapidly over his habiliments and seek hurriedly for his throat, as on a sudden inspiration. What that preluded was too obvious: he fancied he could feel the poignard already plunging in his ribs, and he swiftly tried a fall with his opponent.

It was a wrestler's grip he sought but a wrestler he found, for arms of a gigantic strength went round him, clasping his own to his side and rendering his knife futile; a Gaelic malediction hissed in his ear; he felt breath hot and panting; his own failed miserably, and his blood sang in his head with the pressure of those tremen-

dous arms that caught him to a chest like a cuirass of steel. But if his hands were bound, his feet were free: he placed one behind his enemy and flung his weight upon him, so that they fell together. This time Count Victor was uppermost. His hands were free of a sudden; he raised the knife to stab at the breast heaving under him, but he heard as from another world—as from a world of calm and angels—the voice of Olivia in her room crying for her father, and a revulsion seized him, so that he hesitated at his ugly task. It was less than a second's slackness, yet it was enough, for his enemy rolled free and plunged for the stair. Montaignon seized him as he fled; the skirt of his coat dragged through his hands, and left him with a button. He drop-

ped it with a cry, and turned in the darkness to find himself more frightfully menaced than before.

This time the plunge of the dirk was actual; he felt it sear his side like a hot iron, and caught the wrist that held it, only in time to check a second blow. His fingers slipped, his head swam; a moment more, and a Montaignon was dead very far from his pleasant land of France, in a phantom castle upon a shadowy sea among savage ghosts.

"Father! father!"

It was Olivia's voice; a light was thrown upon the scene, for she stood beside the combatants with a candle in her hand.

They drew back at a mutual spasm, and Montaignon saw that his antagonist was the Baron of Doom!

CHAPTER XIX.—REVELATION.

Doom, astounded, threw the dagger from him with an exclamation. His eyes, large and burning yet with passion, were wholly for Count Victor, though his daughter, Olivia, stood there at his side holding the light that had revealed the furies to each other, her hair in dark brown cataracts on her shoulders, and eddying in bewitching curls upon her ears and temples, that gleamed below like the foam of mountain pools.

"Father, father! what does this mean?" she cried. "There is some fearful mistake here."

"That is not to exaggerate

the position at all events," thought Count Victor, breathing hard, putting the knife unobserved behind him. He smiled to this vision, and shrugged his shoulders. He left the elucidation of the mystery to the other gentleman, this counsellor of forgiveness and peace, clad head to foot in the garb he contemned, and capable of some excellent practice with daggers in the darkness.

"I'll never be able to say how much I regret this, Count Victor," said Doom. "Good God! your hands were going, and in a second or two more——"

"For so hurried a farce," said Count Victor, "the lowered light was something of a mistake, *n'est ce pas?* I—I—I just missed the point of the joke," and he glanced at the dagger glittering sinister in the corner of the stair.

"I have known your mistake all along," cried Olivia. "Oh! it is a stupid thing this. I will tell you! It is my father should have told you before."

The clangour of the outer door closing recalled that there was danger still below. Olivia put a frightened hand on her father's arm. "A thousand pardons, Montaiglon," cried he; "but here's a task to finish." And without a word more of excuse or explanation he plunged downstairs.

Count Victor looked dubiously after him, and made no move to follow.

"Surely you will not be leaving him alone there," said Olivia. "Oh! you have not your sword. I will get your sword." And before he could reply she had flown to his room. She returned with the weapon. Her hand was all trembling as she held it out to him. He took it slowly; there seemed no need for haste below now, for all was silent except the voices of Doom and Mungo.

"It is very good of you, Mademoiselle Olivia," said he. "I thank you, but—but—you find me in a quandary. Am I to consider M. le Baron as ally or—or—or—" He hesitated to put the brutal alternative to the daughter.

Olivia stamped her foot impetuously, her visage disturbed

by emotions of anxiety, vexation, and shame.

"Oh, go! go!" she cried. "You will not, surely, be taking my father for a traitor to his own house—for a murderer."

"I desire to make the least of a pleasantry I am incapable of comprehending, yet his dagger was uncomfortably close to my ribs a minute or two ago," said Count Victor, reflectively.

"Oh!" she cried. "Is not this a coil? I must even go myself," and she made to descend.

"Nay, nay," said Count Victor softly, holding her back. "Nay, nay; I will go if your whole ancestry were ranked at the foot."

"It is the most stupid thing," she cried, as he left her; "I will explain when you come up. My father is a Highland gentleman."

"So, by the way, was Drimdarroch," said Montaiglon, but that was to himself. He smiled back into the illumination of the lady's candle, then descended into the darkness with a brow tense and frowning, and his weapon prepared for anything.

The stair was vacant, so was the *salle*, so was the corridor. The outer door was open; the sound of the sea came in faint murmurs, the mingled odours of pine and wrack came with it. Out in the heavens a moon swung among her stars most queenly and sedate, careless altogether of this mortal world of strife and terrors; the sea had the golden path of the kings of fancy that ends in the

night of time. A lantern light bobbed on the outer edge of the rock, shining through Olivia's bower like a will-o'-the-wisp, and he could hear in low tones the voices of Doom and his servant. Out at sea, but invisible, for beyond the moon's influence, a boat was being rowed fast: the beat of the oars on the thole-pins came distinctly. And in the wood behind, now cut off from them by the riding waves, owls called incessantly.

It was like a night in a dream, like some vast wheeling chimera of fever—that plangent sea before, those terrors fleeing, and behind, a maiden left with her duenna in a castle demoniac.

Doom and Mungo came back from the rock edge, silently almost, brooding over a mystery, and the three looked at each other.

"Well, they are gone," said the Baron at last, showing the way to his guest.

"What, gone!" said Montaignon, incapable of restraining his irony. "Not all of them?"

"O Lord! but this is the night!" cried the little servant who carried the lantern. "I might hae bided a' my days in Fife and never kent what war was. The only thing that daunts me is that I should hae missed my chance o' a whup at them, for they had me trussed like a cock before I put my feet below me when they pu'd me oot."

He drew the bars with nervous fingers, and seemed to dread his master as much as he had done the enemy. Olivia

had come down to the corridor; aloft Annapla had renewed her lamentations; the four of them stood clustered in the narrow passage at the stair-foot.

"What for did ye open the door, Mungo?" asked Doom,—not the Doom of doleful days, of melancholy evenings of study and of sour memories, not the done man, but one alert and eager, a soldier, in the poise of his body, the set of his limbs, the spirit of his eye.

"Here's a new man!" thought Montaignon, silently regarding him. "Devilry appears to have a marvellous power of stimulation."

"I opened the door," said Mungo, much perturbed.

"For what?" said Doom shortly.

"There was a knock."

"I heard it. The knock was obvious; it dirled the very roof of the house. But it was not necessary to open at a knock at this time of morning; ye must have had a reason. Hospitality like that to half-a-dozen rogues from Arroquhar, who had already made a warm night for ye, was surely stretched a little too far. What did ye open for?"

Mungo seemed to range his mind for a reply. He looked to Montaignon, but got no answer in the Frenchman's face; he looked over Montaignon's shoulder at Olivia, standing yet in the tremor of her fears, and his eye lingered. It was no wonder, thought Count Victor, that it lingered there.

"Come, come, I'm waiting my answer!" cried Doom, in a

voice that might have stirred a corps in the battlefield.

"I thought there wasna mair than ane," said Mungo.

"But even one! At this time of morning! And is it your custom to open to a summons of that kind without finding out who calls?"

"I thought I kent the voice," said Mungo, furtively looking again at Olivia.

"And whose was it, this voice that could command so ready and foolish an acquiescence on the part of my honest sentinel Mungo Boyd?" asked Doom incredulously.

"Ye can ask that!" replied the servant desperately; "it's mair than I can tell. All I ken is that I thought the voice fair-spoken, and I alloo it was a daft-like thing to do, but I pu'ed the bar. I had nae sooner dune't nor I was gripped by the thrapple and kep' doon by a couple o' the blackguards that held me a' the time the ither three or four were——"

Doom caught him by the collar and shook him angrily.

"Ye lie, ye Fife cat; I see't in your face!"

"I can speak as to the single voice and its humility, and to the sudden plucking forth of this gentleman," said Count Victor quietly, at sea over this examination. But for the presence of the woman he would have cried out at the mockery of the thing.

"You must hear my explanation, Montaiglon," said Doom. "If you will come to the hall, I will give it. Olivia, you will come too. I should have taken your hints of yesterday morn-

ing, and the explanation of this might have been unnecessary."

Doom and his guest went to the *salle*; Olivia lingered a moment behind.

"Who was it, Mungo?" said she, whisperingly to the servant. "I know by the face of you that you are keeping something from my father."

"Am I?" said he. "Humph! It's Fife very soon for Mungo Boyd, I'm tellin' ye."

"But who was it?" she persisted.

"The Arroquhar men," said he curtly; "and that's all I ken about it," and he turned to leave her.

"And that is not the truth, Mungo," said Olivia, with great dignity. "I think with my father that you are telling what is not the true word," and she said no more, but followed to the *salle*.

On the stairway Count Victor had trod upon the button he had drawn from the skirts of his assailant; he picked it up without a word, to keep it as a souvenir. Doom preceded him into the room, lit some candles hurriedly at the smouldering fire, and turned to offer him a chair.

"Our—our friends are gone," said he. "You seem to have badly wounded one of them, for the others carried him bleeding to the water-side, as we have seen from his blood-marks on the rock: they have gone, as they apparently must have come, by boat, and they have taken the unnecessary trouble of taking our boat also, to prevent pursuit. Sit down, Olivia."

His daughter had entered. She had hurriedly coiled her hair up, and the happy carelessness of it pleased Montaignon's eye like a picture.

Still he said nothing; he could not trust himself to speak, facing, as he fancied yet he did, a traitor.

"I see from your face you must still be dubious of me," said Doom. He waited for no reply, but paced up and down the room excitedly, the pleats of his kilt and the thongs of his purse swinging to his movements: a pretty figure, as Montaignon could not but confess. "I am still shattered at the nerve to think that I had almost taken your life there in a fool's blunder. You must wonder to see me in this—in this costume."

He could not even yet come to his explanation, and Olivia must help him.

"What my father would tell you, if he was not in such a trouble, Count Victor, is what I did my best to let you know last night. It is just that he breaks the law of George the king in this small affair of our Highland tartan. It is a fancy of his to be wearing it in an evening, and the bats in the chapel upstairs are too blind to know what a rebel it is that must be play-acting old days and old styles among them."

A faint light came suddenly to Count Victor.

"Ah!" said he, "it is not, mademoiselle, that the bats alone are blind; here is a very blind Montaignon. I implore your pardon, M. le Baron. It

is good to be frank, though it is sometimes unpleasant, and I must plead guilty to an imbecile misapprehension."

Doom flushed, and took the proffered hand.

"My good Montaignon," said he, "I'm the most shame-faced man this day in the shire of Argyle. Need I be telling you that I have all Olivia's sentiment and none of her honest courage?"

"My dear father!" cried Olivia fondly, looking with melting eyes at her parent; and Count Victor, too, thought this mummer no inadmirable figure.

"It is nothing more than my indulgence in the tartan that makes your host look sometimes scarcely trustworthy; and my secret got its right punishment this night. I will not be able to wear a kilt with an easy conscience for some time to come."

"My faith! Baron, that were a penance out of all proportion!" said Count Victor, laughing. "If you nearly gave me the key of the Olympian meadows there, 'tis I that have brought these outlaws about your ears."

"What beats me is that they should make so much ado about a trifle."

"A trifle!" said Count Victor. "True, in a sense. The wretch but died. We must all die; we all know it, though none of us believe it."

"I am glad to say that after all you only wounded yon Macfarlane; so Petullo learned but yesterday, and I clean forgot to tell you sooner."

Montaiglon looked mightily relieved.

"So!" said he; "I shall give a score of the best candles to St Deny's—if I remember when I get home again. You could not have told me such good tidings a moment too soon, dear M. le Baron, though of course a small affair like that would naturally escape one's memory."

"He was as good as dead, by all rumour; but being a thief and an Arroquhar man, he naturally recovered: and now it's the oddest thing in the world that an accident of the nature, that is all, as Black Andy well must know, in the ordinary way of business, should bring about so much *fracas*."

"It was part of my delusion," said Count Victor, "to fancy Mungo not entirely innocent. As you observed, he opened the door with an excess of hospitality."

"Yes, that was droll," confessed Doom, reflectively. "That was droll, indeed; but Mungo hates the very name of Arroquhar, and all that comes from it."

"Except our Annapla," suggested Olivia, smiling.

"Oh, except Annapla, of course!" said her father. "He's to marry her to avert her Evil Eye."

"And is she a Macfarlane?" asked Montaiglon, surprised.

"No less," replied Doom. "She's a cousin of Andy's; but there's little love lost between them."

"Speaking of bats," thought Count Victor, but he did not hint at his new conclusions. "Well, I am glad," said he; "they left me but remorse last time; this time here's a souvenir," and he showed the button.

It was a silver chamfered lozenge, conspicuous and unforgettable.

"Stolen gear, doubtless," guessed the Baron, looking at it with indifference. "Silver buttons are not rife between here and the pass of Balmaha."

"Let me see it, please?" said Olivia.

She took it in her hand but for a moment, turned slightly aside to look more closely at it in the sconce-light, paled with some emotion, and gave it back with slightly trembling fingers.

"I have a headache," she said suddenly. "I am not so brave as I thought I was; you will let me say Good night?"

She smiled to Count Victor with a face most wan.

"My dear, you are like a ghost," said her father, and as she left the room he looked after her affectionately.

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE RETURN OF LORD ROBERTS — THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CROWD —
A DIGNIFIED RECEPTION — AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION — HYSTERICAL
REFORMS — THE NEGLECT OF MODERN LANGUAGES — THE PLACE OF
FRENCH AND GERMAN IN OUR EDUCATION — THE EXCLUSIVENESS OF
UNIVERSITIES — A MASTERPIECE OF SCHOLARSHIP.

To all such as are interested in the demeanour of the crowd, the triumphal return of Lord Roberts to London must have seemed a bewildering spectacle. The experience of the past year might have persuaded us that the British mob was uncontrollable. Our foreign critics especially—they are many and malicious—censured the riotous joy which the people so riotously expressed when the Imperial Volunteers came marching back to their native city. And the censure was in a measure deserved. Only they let their satisfaction get the better of them—these foreign critics. After their invariable fashion, they hastily skipped from the particular to the general. "Look at the base English," they shouted, "who, not content with sending out their soldiers soddened with gin, can devise no better welcome for their favourites than a drunken orgie!" So the wish being father to the thought, they fasten together a dozen links in the chain of argument. England is losing her restraint, said they, and since she has lived for centuries upon the reputation of an estimable coldness, she is rushing headlong to ruin. But the arrival of Lord

Roberts not only gave the lie to our amiable critics, but also solved a difficult problem. When the City Volunteers entered London, they faced a mob of equals and fellow-townsmen. The enthusiasm which they provoked was none too deeply tinged with respect; and the men on the pavement broke the ranks, interrupting the procession, because the "citizen-soldiers" were (or might have been) their familiar friends. The *fête* was for London an affair of the hearth, and London behaved as she might behave beneath the secrecy of her own roof, when she thought nobody was looking on. But the reception of Lord Roberts was marked by a sober dignity which instantly corrects the foreign generalisation. The enthusiasm of the crowd was tempered by respect; even the cheers were subdued by a grateful and serious admiration. "Here is the great strategist," the crowd seemed to murmur, "who captured Cronje on Majuba Day, who kept his word to Mafeking, and who left the Union-Jack flying over Pretoria." And in his presence the crowd doffed its cap and lowered its voice.

There was no trace of the noisy, impertinent familiarity which warmed the hearts of our enemies a few months ago: the crowd dared and did no more than salute in proud humility the veteran who has served the Empire, and repelled the invader from a British colony.

Throughout the line of march, then, the Field-Marshal was greeted by a mob which neither said nor did anything inconsonant to a great occasion, and when the philosophy of the crowd comes to be written, the philosopher may argue from the experience of the past year that the crowd shouts inversely to the grandeur of its purpose. And the sympathy between the people and its hero was so profound that the hero's pleasure was cordially expressed. Yet he has neither the aspect nor the qualities which inspire a quick popularity. He does not bluster nor make a parade. He is all untouched by the bravado of the *miles gloriosus*. His manner is quiet, for all its alertness, and he returns to London with the simple satisfaction due to a great task greatly accomplished. But perhaps it was within the quadrangle of Buckingham Palace that he received the tribute most proper to his achievement. The few there gathered together raised no cheer, uttered no cry. They merely stood with hats off in respectful silence, and even though we heard from without the faint echo of a thousand "hurrahs," we realised that they best honour the brave who refrain in his presence from idle acclamation.

And though the impatient grumble that the last shot has not yet been fired in Africa, though Lord Roberts prefers to postpone the City's demonstration until "happier times," the Empire may congratulate itself without vanity or afterthought. The past year has not only been witness of a campaign whose unparalleled difficulties of transport and progression have been successfully overcome; it has also seen the peaceful accomplishment of Australian Federation. To those critics who pray for England's ruin, the foundation of a new empire across the seas may appear a trivial incident. But our history records no event of greater import, and if only a consistent policy be pursued, we need never deplore our splendid isolation. Of what use is a Continental alliance to a State which has the support of vaster colonies than ever gave an allegiance to Rome? And not merely are our colonies vast in wealth and extent, they are bound to us by the chains of loyalty which they themselves have forged. Free to come or go, they prefer to remain under the flag; masters of their own hearths, they are still proud of the mother-State which sent them forth. Never again shall we repeat the blunder of George III. and Lord North; never again shall we attempt to shackle a free and liberally governed colony with the chains of pedantry. But we shall rejoice in the friendship of Canada and Australasia, because it is established on the sure foundation

of blood and language. Moreover, sentiment and interest are for once united, and our colonies will reciprocate the aid which we give them, because in seeking our advantage they find their own. Nor is the help which Canada and Australasia have rendered us in South Africa the expression of a vague friendship. It is a clear proof, given by democratic colonists, that Australians and Canadians hate the corrupt oligarchy of Kruger as bitterly as they resent the mean rebellion of the Cape Dutch. No better instance of imperial solidarity could be found than the demeanour of the Australians, who kept the rebels in check at the Worcester Conference. So anxious were they to show their sympathy with England, to demonstrate their dislike of sedition, that their commanding officer (it is said) had the utmost difficulty in controlling their temper. At the slightest warning, their Maxims would have been turned upon the conference of revolt, and we should have witnessed the spectacle of free and democratic colonists firing upon insurgent colleagues in the name of the mother country.

Wherefore we have every reason to be proud of our colonies, and to look with a contented curiosity to the achievement of Australia's federal Parliament. The richest country in the world still owes us a willing allegiance, and during the last year the bonds have been solidly strengthened. In other words, the branches are growing out from the parent stem as they list; but there is no talk of

lopping them off, and the old trunk can still bear the burden of shade and leafage imposed upon it. But the croakers are never satisfied, and, despite our good fortune, complaints are heard at every corner. England is in decay, we are told. Her trains are slower than anybody else's; her trade is gone; she cannot compete with the newer markets of the world; she is ceasing to bear sons, and her population before long will decrease as rapidly as the population of France. And lastly, says a monger of statistics, even her death-rate is low! Think of that final tragedy, and tremble! Englishmen are born with difficulty, and once they come into the world they cannot get out of it with a proper despatch. Now, what is the meaning of these figures and prophecies we do not know. They are chiefly concocted in order that the citizen, used to a daily sensation, may tremble at his breakfast-table, and may amuse himself in the train or omnibus which hustles him to the city, by propounding remedies for imagined evils. It is, no doubt, a pleasant game to play; but in the end it will prove more dangerous than football. If we are falling behind in the race, it were well to recognise it, and provide remedies. But it is not the purpose of the morning papers to improve the country. All these "organs" are concerned to contrive is a hasty misinformed panic, and we believe that a panic-stricken populace is a greater danger to a State than a declining

trade. To revive a trade is not impossible; it is far more difficult to bring back to reason a crazy mob that has lost its head. Nor are our halfpenny wiseacres at a loss for a remedy. A dozen fresh ones are suggested every day, until we begin to fear an attack of hysteria. Not long since the French nation woke up to believe in what it termed the Anglo-Saxon superiority, and M. Démolins, among others, asked excitedly whence the superiority was derived. A hasty journey to England convinced him at once. England was superior to France, because two wholly obscure schools were hidden away somewhere in the country. He did not remember, this excellent Frenchman, that England had held her own for some centuries, that many of her great men had been educated at such places as Eton, where the methods of Mr Squeers ("win, win, der, der—winder,—now go and clean 'em") are not followed. No; the Frenchman pitched on a piece of folly which his own countrymen know not, and said cheerfully that he had discovered the secret of Anglo-Saxon superiority. So it is that our critics are seeking to explain the defeat they suppose inflicted upon England by Franco-German ingenuity. And one gentleman is quite sure that all our woes are due to the neglect of modern languages. Wherefore he has taken up his pen and written to the 'Times'—inspired, of course, by Lord Rosebery, who is haunted by more bogeys than any living statesman. Now, Lord Rosebery, having already seen in his mind's eye a French invasion of England, suddenly discovered at Glasgow that our ignorance of French and German is "a source of real danger to the nation." Well, if that be so, by all means let as many as are destined for the pursuit of commerce learn the magic tongues which are to save the country. The acquisition of modern languages is not impossible; and though their importance may be overrated, though England is not yet perishing for lack of them, there is no reason why those who have the chance of improving their value should neglect it. But there is no reason for panic. Ollendorf never yet turned the current of the world's history, and the fervent gentlemen who rushed hurriedly into print might first of all have fortified their case (if any) by a modest inquiry. To begin with, English boys have already as sound an opportunity of learning foreign languages as the French and Germans, who are supposed by Lord Rosebery to be our daily threat. Every boy who goes to a public school is compelled to smatter his brain with French; and if he elect to go upon the modern side, he may add to his attainment a few scraps of German. In this respect he is as fortunate as the youngsters of Paris or Berlin. We have never known a Frenchman—and we have known many—who had picked up as much English at school as would enable him to pur-

chase a packet of cigarettes; and the Germans, whose omnipotence seems to make all Europe shudder, are sensible enough to learn their English in London. Moreover, as the English tongue still dominates commerce, we have less cause than the others to travel beyond the bounds of our own speech; and we cannot approve the energy of those who would find in French and German a panacea for our imagined woes. In the first place, modern languages must be studied *in situ*. Their acquisition is a matter not of the intelligence but of the ear. Put a boy down in France, force him to ask for what he wants, let him accustom himself all day long to the sound of French words, and he will speak the language as he speaks his own, expressively perhaps, correctly maybe, but without any relation to its grammatical structure. Of all the Englishmen we have ever heard speak French, by far the most accomplished was a native of Bethnal Green, who probably could not read or write a page of intelligible English. But he was gifted with a true ear and a quick instinct, so that he had but to wander up and down the street to learn the language, a knowledge of which, Lord Rosebery says, is to save us from a national peril. Is he one of our saviours, then, or should we give him a place below the professor of medieval philology who knows the history and structure of all the Romance languages, and yet cannot converse with fluency in any

tongue save his own? Conversation is well enough, but we imagine that in order to avert the national danger conversation must express something more than the faculty of speech. The mind that can acquire foreign languages is obviously none of the finest; yet if the correspondents of the 'Times' are to be believed, the porter of a foreign hotel is superior in worth to Charles Dickens (let us say) or Benjamin Disraeli.

For the learning of foreign languages, then, two things are necessary—a correct ear and a sojourn abroad. Now, the boy whose ear is dull to sound might as well stay at home; and what parents are they who deem that a knowledge of French or German is sufficient atonement for a foreign education? But, say the enthusiasts, a boy may stay at home and yet learn to talk French, if the proper system be followed. We doubt it: the experiment has had a fair trial and failed; and though every boy may learn a few words at school, we believe that a proper knowledge of foreign languages must be left to private enterprise. However, there are many who still insist upon "corporate efforts." They appeal to county councils, chambers of commerce, trade-guilds, and finally to our universities. Now, if such bodies as the chambers of commerce believe the project to be practical, by all means let them do their utmost. They know the solid value of French and German

far better than the amateurs, who air their fads in the newspaper; and maybe an interchange of clerks between the countries might be successful. But we must jealously guard our universities against the encroachment of new and useful studies. In the first place, it is not the business of our universities to avert national perils. It is not their business to help the commercial gentleman to fill his pocket. They stand high above the practical pursuits of buying and selling and money-getting. "The universities should not delay any longer," says an enthusiast, "to take their full share in this necessary reform. It is to them we look for guidance and encouragement." The enthusiasts will look, we trust, in vain. The universities exist to pursue knowledge for its own sake, or to provide such training to mind and intelligence as will allow their *alumni* to learn whatever is serviceable to their after-career. They do not exist to fit their pupils for that hideous performance known as "the struggle for life," and despite chairs of agriculture and mechanics, the universities still do their best work in the domain of pure scholarship. But, say the apologists of modern languages, French and German are as valuable instruments of "culture" as Greek and Latin. That depends upon the meaning given to "culture"; but if that odious word denotes anything better than a facility of tea-table conversation, we cannot agree with the apologists. As we have said, French

and German must be acquired by the ear rather than by the intelligence. The structure of the languages being similar to the structure of our own, the grammar follows the vocabulary without difficulty, and the best linguists are generally those who do not analyse the result which their facility produces. The study of Greek and Latin is valuable, not only for the splendid literature to which it is the key; it is valuable also because it accustoms the brain to understand the essence and not the mere words of a sentence; and the student who has mastered the grammar of the so-called dead languages will find his brain trained to any enterprise. An intelligent boy can learn to read French in a few months, while a brief stay in a foreign land will teach him to speak it. Is the accident of travel comparable as an instrument of culture to the systematic study of so beautiful a language as Greek, or the understanding of so logical a means of expression as Latin?

But when the apologists of modern languages unmask their batteries, it is quite clear that their attack is directed against Greek and Latin. Here are the steps in their argument: (1) It is a good thing to learn foreign languages; (2) The universities cannot teach them; (3) Therefore let us abolish Greek. The learned gentlemen whose desire it is to tinker our universities do not see the lapses in the argument. They are so profoundly convinced of their

own infallibility that they display a blind rage against the poor dead languages. The Modern Language Association, which met recently, was careful to conceal the object of its attack, but its very cunning renders its purpose the more dangerous. Mr Milner-Barry, in demanding that "one modern language should be included as a compulsory subject in every university matriculation," declared that he expressly sought to avoid reopening the Greek question. Professor Skeat had less scruple; yet even his courage was tempered by a transparent ingenuity. He moved as an amendment "that a modern language should be substituted for a classical language." He pointed out with justice that every new subject was a severe burden on the student, and if a new subject was imposed some part of the old burden should be removed. "They could avoid offence," he added, "by not specifying Greek; they all knew what was meant." Happily offence is not so easily avoided, and the fact that all know what he means will, let us hope, put some at least on their guard.

This attack upon Greek is but a part of the democratisation of our universities, and as such should be repelled with energy. The universities, says the practical man, can only justify their existence on the ground of utility. The rich merchant who sends his son to Oxford or Cambridge complains, when the boy comes home, that he is useless in the

counting-house, and instead of blaming himself for his own vain folly, he declares that the university has not given him his money's worth. With as much justice he might grumble that Sandhurst was not a proper avenue for the Church, or that barristers did not come forth from Cooper's Hill fully equipped. And the dissatisfied merchant forgets this other truth, that the universities do not seek to please their customers; on the contrary, they are the councils which should make the laws of education and exact obedience to those laws. The greedy parent combines with the anxious reformer to demand that our universities should instruct the young in French and bookkeeping. The universities can only make one reply to the greedy parent, Send your son elsewhere, and leave us to do our duty in peace.

For the highest quality of our universities should be their uselessness. They should guard the privilege of impracticability with reverence. The lamp which has been handed to them from the past, which they will hand presently to a younger generation, burns most brightly when it is least diffused. Even if their *alumni* go forth to the world with their market value decreased, that fact throws no discredit on their teaching. Our colleges have most ably discharged their duty if they have given their pupils a brief insight into the humanities, and have so trained their brains that they may use them intelligently in the enterprises

of life. For this purpose the so-called dead languages, with mathematics, are the best instruments possible. The making of scholars is a worthy task which should need no defence. And as for the average boy, who for some reason or other is the pampered favourite of the reformers—he is none the worse if, for once in his life, he is perforce confronted with the most splendid language, the most delicate literature, that human ears have ever listened to. Now, it is obvious that all the boys who go up to our universities cannot grow into scholars. The potter finds broken bits of clay among his pots. And we have known many Englishmen who devoted years to the learning of French and came away from the task with the fine and free accent of Stratford. For the making of one success, indeed, many failures may be necessary, though to fail in the classics is an inestimable privilege; and even Porson and Bentley owed something to the system which it is proposed to abolish. Therefore every encroachment of French and German is a direct attack upon scholarship.

The truth is, that if once the modern languages get foothold in our universities, Greek and Latin will be in danger. We have seen enough of reformers, especially of university reformers, to doubt their good faith. To-day they ask that French shall be part of the Little-Go. To-morrow they will explain that their favourite study, if study it may be called, is discouraged, and they

will fiercely demand that the highest honours in the university be granted to modern languages. Then we shall have schools and triposes in which marks shall be given, not for sound learning and elegant scholarship, but for facile declamation and the hasty expression of false taste. Papers will be set in Dumas fils, and Heine's influence upon European thought will be discussed by students ill prepared to take a general survey. Even our best scholars may travel along the line of least resistance, and find the easy method of obtaining honours the better suited to their indolence.

But, say the champions of French, the average undergraduate learns no Greek and little Latin. Why, then, keep up the farce? Why, indeed? If the average undergraduate be so stupid that the Greek grammar appals him, let him travel from place to place, and give himself the training appropriate to a *garçon de café*. Let him not use his brain at all; let him be content to patter a foreign tongue, as a parrot learns to swear, by listening to the patter of others. Such a man has as little need of a university as a university has of him. But we do not despair of the average undergraduate as we know him. He may not be profoundly learned; he need not have the keenest appreciation of letters. But under the present system he is efficiently drilled, and at any rate he touches the hem of learning's garment. If he but read one

play of Sophocles, if he but scamper through half the 'Æneid,' he may have gained an insight into literature which no modern language could give him; and if he forgets the words, and even the characters, of Greek, which to the democrat are so blatant an offence, he has wandered a year or two in the groves of useless learning.

At present Greek only is in danger, but if Greek be sacrificed, what hope is there for Latin? "Tunc tua res agitur, paries quum proximus ardet," wrote Dr Mayor, the witty professor of Latin, when the study of Greek was vigorously attacked. And with the best intention in the world, we do not trust the honesty of those who would sacrifice Greek, and yet hold Latin the foundation of all learning. Wherein is Latin more valuable than Greek? Is it because the chemist and druggist reads his prescriptions in dog-Latin, or because the man of science has invented a hideous jargon, which bears a false resemblance to the language which Tacitus wrote? Surely these reasons are insufficient even for the British parent, who wants to see an instant return of 10 per cent on the money spent upon his son's education. And if one or other of the ancient languages must go, we would throw Latin overboard with less regret. For Greek, the more beautiful tongue, expresses the more beautiful thoughts. If the understanding of literature and history bear any part in the study of language, then Greek should be strong enough to

resist all attacks. For among the Greeks literature first became a fine art. There is no prose, no poetry, that was not invented by the most marvellous people that ever struck a lyre, or went forth to battle in the panoply of youth. Homer devised and perfected the epic; Sophocles made the perfect mould of tragedy and broke it; Aristophanes evoked laughter from the clouds, as the savage king draws rain by his enchantment; Thucydides revealed the true grandeur of history's muse. Whatever the Romans wrote or thought, they wrote or thought in mimicry, and happily the genius of the moderns cannot cut itself adrift from the great tradition. Why, then, to please the apothecary, should Greek be sacrificed to Latin, as it is to be sacrificed to French, to please the commercial traveller? No; Latin and Greek must stand or fall together, and since our universities have nought to do either with commercial travellers or apothecaries, we may still be of good hope that the ancients will win another victory over the moderns.

But the champions of French are more ingenious than fair-minded. Having declared that their hero, the average boy, cannot understand the rudiments of literature, they instantly turn about and declare that French and German are as fine instruments of culture as Latin or Greek. Their position of course is untenable, and their argument wholly disingenuous. Is Villon

a better study for the school-boy than Virgil? Will the youth who is not fit to read Cæsar and Plato profit his soul by construing the splendid page of Pascal or Rabelais? Will he understand the satire of La Bruyère or the reactionary logic of Joseph de Maistre? Even if he could unravel the secret of these masters, it would do him but little good. For they do not teach the great lesson of simplicity, which taught by the classics is a lifelong, if unconscious, reward. And the youth who is set to study French will speedily desert the academic writers for the blameless amusement of Jules Verne, or the less innocent curiosity of the furtive novel. In conclusion, the acquisition of modern languages is a graceful and may be (as we are told) a very useful accomplishment. But it is not the business of universities to teach them. If they are to be a discipline, they must be taught on a system, and as Mr J. Rees, an examiner in modern languages, and a firm believer in the divine right of Latin and Greek, says, "to teach modern languages as these classical tongues are taught is as foolish as to isolate an infant in a tower to see if his first word will be 'Bekos.'" Our scholars may very well be left to learn French and German in their hours of ease, and as for the commercial gents, they must be encouraged by the County Councils and sent to sojourn

abroad. Then and then only will they be able to avert what Lord Rosebery's amiable pessimism describes as a "national danger," a near companion of General Mercier's phantom fleet. But once French and German, under Professor Skeat's wily auspices, are established firmly in Cambridge and Oxford, the so-called dead languages will be threatened by the last death, and that shall make them dead indeed.

It is pleasant to turn from the foes of learning to so noble a monument of fearless scholarship as Mr Frazer's 'Golden Bough,'¹ in which the lore of the ancients is happily blended with the beliefs of living savages. Mr Frazer has elevated folk-lore, that once was the casual collection of fairy-stories and customs, into a marvellous science, which may reveal the most secret workings of the human mind. To speak of his knowledge, wide as it is profound, is superfluous at this time. But before we discuss his thesis we would point out that he is not merely a man of science,—he is an artist as well. In all the literature of thought it would be impossible to discover a more beautifully composed treatise than the 'Golden Bough.' Not one of its fifteen hundred pages is dull or obscure. The countless facts, which are used to support the steps of the argument, are marshalled with so fine a simplicity, so curious a variety of expression, that they are never tedious. Add to this

¹ The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion. By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. Second edition. London: Macmillan & Co.

that Mr Frazer is the accomplished master of a picturesque style, and you will understand that the 'Golden Bough' is not a book for the season, the recreation of an idle hour, but a possession for all time. If Mr Frazer never wrote another line, he might still be content with the reflection that his monument was imperishable. How many men of science can see clearly, or write with elegance? Mr Frazer's clarity shines on every page, and our single complaint against him is that his writing is sometimes too fine—that he does not always avoid the purple patch.

Thus it comes from his love of the picturesque that he calls his "study in Magic and Religion" the 'Golden Bough.' For the truth is, that what seems the main purpose of the book, the priest and murderer of Aricia, is in reality an excuse. In other words, the proof is more important than the thing proved. The cult chosen is of course curious and interesting; but the reader finds a still greater interest in Mr Frazer's profound observations on magic and religion, his discussion of taboos, and his luminous explanation of totems. His thesis we will state in his own words, because we know not how better to give the reader a clear notion of his style. "In the sacred grove of Aricia," he says, "there grew a certain tree, round which at any time of the day, and probably far into the night, a grim figure might be seen to prowl. In his hand he carried a drawn sword, and he kept peering warily about him as if

every instant he expected to be set upon by an enemy. He was a priest and a murderer, and the man for whom he looked was sooner or later to murder him, and hold the priesthood in his stead. Such was the rule of the sanctuary. A candidate for the priesthood could only succeed to office by slaying the priest, and having slain him, he retained office till he was himself slain by a stronger or a craftier." So the book asks and answers two questions: Why had the priest to slay his predecessor? and why, before he slew him, had he to pluck the golden bough?

The answer to the first question is to be found in the curious superstition of sympathetic magic. "The priest of Aricia"—again we quote Mr Frazer—"embodied in himself the spirit, primarily, of the woods, and, secondarily, of vegetable life in general. Hence, according as he was well or ill, the woods, the flowers, and the fields were believed to flourish or fade; and if he were to die of sickness or old age, the plant would, it was supposed, simultaneously perish. Therefore it was necessary that this priest of the woodlands, this sylvan deity incarnate in a man, should be put to death while he was still in the full bloom of his divine manhood, in order that his sacred life, transmitted in unabated force to his successor, might renew its youth, and thus by successive transmissions through a perpetual line of vigorous incarnations might remain eternally fresh and young, a pledge and security

that the buds and blossoms of spring, the verdure of summer woods, and the mellow glories of autumn, would never fail." Such is the answer to the first question; the second may be more shortly answered: the murderer had first to pluck the golden bough because it contained the life of the reigning priest,—because, in other words, it was his totem.

But, as we have said, more remarkable than the main arguments are the steps which lead up to it. The analyses of imitative and sympathetic magic are masterly. Nor is the aspect of these strange processes merely scientific. The magic practised in ancient times and by living savages, who are still ancient in their arrested development, has always had, and still preserves, a curious influence. Sir Kenelm Digby's powder of sympathy might have found a place in Mr Frazer's book; and the *envoûtements*, which have lately been popular in Paris, differ in no way from the fierce rites of the South Seas. Not many years since, when the Black Canon of Lyons, celebrated by M. Huysmans, was dying, he signed a paper to the effect that his death was due not to natural causes, but to the magic of Colonel Rochas; and though he had passed eighty years of turbulent life, he got many people to believe him. But nothing could be clearer than Mr Frazer's discrimination between Magic and Religion. The Magic which assumes "that in nature one event follows another necessarily and

inevitably without the intervention of any spiritual or personal agency" is fundamentally different from the Religion which in Mr Frazer's phrase is "a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man which are believed to direct and control the course of nature and of human life." So Mr Frazer marshals his facts and draws his conclusions, until at the last he is tempted to draw a lesson of hope from the melancholy record of human error; and he may justly draw a lesson, because he has proved most clearly the uniformity of the human mind. Mankind has invariably and independently seen the same visions and practised the same rites. The ingenious worship of Nemi does not seem obvious to us, yet in its essence it is universal—of every age and of every clime. And Mr Frazer is amply justified in declaring that everywhere the progress of man has been from magic through religion to science. Whether science will fulfil the wants of man is uncertain: it is not uncertain that its most fiercely dogmatic utterances may be confuted. And we cannot lay Mr Frazer's book aside without reflecting that science, for all its achievements, is more nearly allied to magic than to religion. Magic, says Mr Frazer, in an excellent passage, is the bastard sister of science; and science, were it modest, might claim to be no more than the wise, true, and fruitful brother of that "mistaken association of contiguous ideas which we call magic."

LAND PURCHASE.

LAND purchase is a polite term for forced sale of land by the owner to his tenants at a price to be fixed by Government. It is a cry of the demagogue, not the proposal of a statesman; but a cry which appeals to an ignorant peasantry, whose one desire is to obtain complete possession of the agricultural and pastoral lands of Ireland. It is the result of what has been done of late for the amelioration of the tenants' position: for as in 1881 the credit for the Land Bill was attributed to Mr Parnell, so now the Irish party is intent on obtaining credit for the measures that have been taken of recent years for relieving the more congested parts of the island from their overcrowded and destitute populations; and on forcing other measures of a hasty and ill-considered nature. Home Rule, which to the politician was the road to power, was to the populace merely a means to an end—namely, to possession of the land. The lower classes in Ireland probably never wished or hoped for an Irish Parliament, and by common consent the question is now allowed to sleep, while the real object of their ambition is openly put to the front.

Many changes have occurred in Ireland during the last few years, and others are now taking place. The landed class as a whole are despondent, and bitter against a Government which has introduced county

councils and deprived the grand juries of their power. The trading class are sick of politics, and desire chiefly material improvements, such as that of railway transport—to remove the obstructions due to the jealousies and quarrels of some thirty small companies. The well-to-do farmers, who are able to acquire land at reasonable rates, have taken advantage of the existing laws, and have given a good name to Land Purchase by the regular payment of the instalments of purchase-money due. The country has made substantial progress through private enterprise, and the main grievance of the county councils is found in restrictions which oblige them—as in England or Scotland—to obtain bills in Parliament for certain expenditure. New industries and new manufactures have sprung up, and much employment has been given in poor districts by the extension of the railway system.

Yet it must not be supposed that Ireland is contented, for the land-hunger still exists; and if Irish parties were able to stay the feuds by which they are yet divided, the Land Purchase movement might still become the basis of a new and dangerous agitation. In the recent elections the people were, it would seem, at once less interested and more independent than of old. The polls were less heavy than those for county council elections, but

the power of the priests to return their candidates was also less than on former occasions. In the election of 1895 the peasantry voted for the Anti-Parnellite candidate as the priest's nominee. In that of 1900 the priests themselves were divided, and in one case a bishop advocated the cause of Mr O'Brien's faction, while the bishop of the next Roman Catholic diocese was equally ardent in favour of Mr Healy. Even in so remote and priest-ruled a district as North Mayo, the people in the recent election brought in their own chosen delegate in defiance of the priests. In all cases the mandate was the same. The member (whether reckoned as Nationalist or Unionist) might be excused any action in favour of Home Rule—against which, however, he is not to vote—but was imperatively called on to urge Land Purchase in the Imperial Parliament.

The present rents affected by the Land Acts are said to amount to some six millions sterling per annum. The extreme Nationalist demand is that the Imperial Government should find one hundred and twenty millions, which should be paid to the landlords, and repaid to Government by the tenants in half a century. This modest request assumes that the land is worth at least twenty years' purchase, independent of anything payable by the tenants of the larger holdings; but even if the money were forthcoming at a

time when war charges are pressing heavily on the whole community, it remains to be considered whether such action would be for the benefit, not only of the United Kingdom, but yet more of Ireland itself. That the security for repayment is not good may be judged from the fact that no private capital is invested, to any large amount, in lending to tenants for such purchase. Government is asked to become for a time the general landlord of the country, and to incur all the loss and odium due to eviction in cases of non-payment of the instalments. No distinction is made between the thrifty and honest tenant and the dishonest lazy one, who has no more intention of paying Government than of paying his present landlord's rent. No mention is made of any such distinction, and indeed the action of the Land Courts is resented in cases where inquiry into the solvency of peasant purchasers is made. No security appears to be provided against the subdivision of the holding, thus purchased, by its new peasant proprietor, or against the "adding of field to field" in future, when the thriftless are bought out by the more prosperous. The village shopkeeper might become the mortgagee of a large number of such freeholds, and a new class of landlords would in time be created, as rapacious as any who preceded them. To say nothing of the ruin of a large proportion of existing landlords, the scheme, when considered on its merits, appears

likely in future to bring yet greater troubles on Ireland than those from which she is now slowly escaping. In the interests of all classes alike it should—if ever seriously pressed—be resisted by any thoughtful statesman.

Nothing can be more desirable than the creation of a real yeoman class of independent owners in Ireland. It is in accord with the general tendency in free countries at the present time, and is especially to be valued in a land which depends mainly on agriculture, and amid a peasantry so sturdy, and so devoted to tillage. But such a class cannot be brought into being by heroic legislation, which makes no distinction between those who would build up and those who would desolate and ruin the lands. Government interference in the free contract between owners and buyers is unsound in principle, as is evidenced by its results. It can only be justified as a police measure, to keep the peace between an unjust landlord and a violent tenant. The result of the Land Acts, while giving very substantial relief to the peasantry at the expense of the owners, has been to entail very heavy legal expenses on both classes, so that in the case of peasants who now pay two or three sovereigns annually as rent, the expense of applying for further reduction would swallow up any gain from such a decrease of rent. Hence agreement between the two parties has begun once more to take its natural place in land settlement, and the

peasantry, who once regarded the courts with intense suspicion, and then almost unanimously invoked their aid, begin now to look to other means for acquiring a free permanent enjoyment of their holdings.

The present condition of dual ownership is bad for the land and for the community. The landlord has neither means nor reasons for expending money on his property. The tenant still fears that improved cultivation will lead to increase of rent, and often deliberately allows his fields to run to waste towards the termination of his fifteen years' tenancy, in the expectation of obtaining further decrease of rent from the court. Extravagant sums are paid for the tenant-interest; and tenants' improvements—perhaps a few lines of wire on rough posts in a corner of the field—are valued far beyond their cost. It can hardly be doubted that the peasant proprietor, if genuinely intent on making a living from the land, would materially improve his own property, which he will not do as long as he continues to be liable for rent. But such changes, if they are to be of real value to the community, must either be brought about by individual exertions, or by a method which will select the thrifty and discard the scheming and thriftless tenant. Such methods have already been tried under existing laws, and without either compulsory legislation or extravagant and risky use of capital; and it is in these that the hope of the country lies. The proposals of Irish politicians are merely the travesties

of measures actually in force, and tend rather to promote personal popularity than to further the true progress of Ireland.

From the landlord's point of view the outlook is gloomy; and the proposals made by some of his own class are singularly wanting in any true grasp of the subject. The landed gentry have been deprived of half their rents, though these still represent perhaps five per cent on capital. They now fear that they will again lose something like half their remaining income. Their vote is no longer of value to any political party. Their power as members of the grand juries has been taken away; and they have hardly a representative on the county councils. It is, moreover, stated that about half the rental in Ireland is consumed by charges on the land. But the counter proposals, in face of the danger of forced sale, are singularly weak. In one case an advocate of counteraction proposes that Government should lend money to the tenants to enable them to purchase half the interest in the land. This practically means that Government would pay off the charges on the land; that the landlord's income would be thereby increased; and that the tenant would profit only at the end of fifty years, when his rent would be halved. The old evil of dual ownership would remain. In another case a landlord exhorts his fellows to sell all their agricultural lands to their tenants, and to live in peace on their places among them, respected and influential. Surely if it

were possible landlords would long ago have taken this method of escape from all their dangers and worries. The reason why they have not done so is that they are for the most part quite unable.

Take the case of a property which once represented a rental of £2000 per annum, and was mortgaged to the extent of £800 annual interest. The Land Court has reduced the rents to £1000, and the owner has to live on £200 per annum,—which is said to be often the case. Were he forced to sell to the tenants at about fifteen years' purchase, and to invest his small capital in safe securities at about 3 per cent, his income would again be reduced to about £100 per annum or less. How is he to keep up his "place" on this? It is evident that the house and grounds must also be sold, perhaps—as in one case in Limerick—to a rich American. Or again, supposing that a dower charge of £500 per annum is extant, the capital for which, in case of sale, must be invested in such securities as trustees may hold by law. The landlord would probably find himself not only without an income, but also called on to provide a capital sum to complete the £500 income chargeable. How can he be expected to sell of his own freewill under such circumstances as these?

In happier cases, where tenant and owner are willing to agree, and the former is able to buy, no difficulty arises; and respectable yeomen have taken up land to the general advantage. In others, where agree-

ment is reached, but the tenant has not the necessary capital, both parties can, by law, call on the Land Courts to fix the price, and to advance the money (or, in the case of larger holdings, half the money) to the purchaser. It is repayable in forty-nine years, and the new owner must be fairly prosperous if he is content to leave the benefit to his children. During the half-century his instalments, and the loss of interest on the capital he has sunk in the land, are about equal to his revised rent. It is stated that in some cases the courts have fixed a price lower than that which the tenant had offered, and that in others they decline to proceed until the tenant has paid down his share of the cost in cash. But such charges require to be investigated before they are accepted—especially in Ireland; and it is only by securing a really substantial class of farmers that the new yeomen can be gradually placed in possession, to the benefit of the land and of the nation.

In the case of poverty-stricken districts in the west, when the tenant pays less than £5 rent per annum and holds little more than a potato-garden and a patch of oats, the conditions are again very different. The tenant can perhaps remember that his father tilled fields which are now laid down in grass, and that with the rapid decay of corn-growing the family was driven into the bogs, where so many are now crowded on land quite unfit to support them. He sees the grass-lands at hand ready for tillage, and not unnaturally

regards it as a wrong that when he is able and willing to till he is not able either to purchase or to rent such lands. He knows nothing of the landlord's difficulties, or of the state of the corn-market. Such grass-lands, when they are not so poor as to be unfit for anything but pasture, are—as in England—mainly untilled because home agriculture cannot compete with American prices. The landlord would not, as a rule, be blind to his own interests if he could obtain the higher rent for such land; but in Great Britain land has to support three classes, while in America it only supports two—the farmer and the labourer; and this, indeed, is one main argument in favour of the gradual creation of small freeholds, which in time—as American home consumption increases—might lead to the revival of agriculture in both Great Britain and Ireland.

To these various and serious difficulties we may add the question of entail. Is it proposed to enforce sale in cases where the heir is a minor; or, at all events, is it possible to expect voluntary sale from an owner who cannot cut off the entail lawfully? Surely it must be apparent that the so-called Land Purchase scheme is ill-considered, unjust, and impracticable to the last degree. Some other method of getting the best out of the land, and of spreading more evenly the very poor but sturdy peasant population, now crowding in the western bogs and mountains, over better lands should be found; and there is

no doubt that the expert knowledge of the Irish Agricultural Board has led to the true solution of the question, for already there are signs of a success which, in time, should revolutionise agriculture, as local government has already been revolutionised with satisfactory results.

The recent tour of Mr Wyndham, as Chief Secretary, calls public attention to what has already been done. There are other classes besides the tillers of the soil in Ireland, and among all these substantial progress has been made in the last five years. The sea-fisheries have been materially improved; the river-fisheries are now being taken in hand; and there is hope for the naked and half-savage fishers of the south banks of the Shannon in Kerry. Small industries are growing up. Carpet manufacture begins to prosper in the north. Railways are being extended to remote corners of Donegal. The much-abused creameries are rapidly extending, and are due to the enterprise of Scottish, English, and Irish private firms. Population in Ireland is kept down not only by emigration, but by the high death-rate due to typhoid. The Dublin rate of 26·7 per thousand is very high for a civilised city, but the new drainage may do much to decrease it. The creameries will do still more, for the milk is sterilised, and typhoid germs, due to the filthy state of the cabins and cowhouses, are killed. The cry raised that the breed of calves is being

injured by creameries is extremely foolish, for good milk can still be bought in all parts of Ireland, and no one is forced to starve his calves on separated milk. The greedy who take all their supply to the creamery will soon find their mistake when no milch-cows remain to them.

But all these improvements are grumbled at by the backward or interested classes, who have always opposed change and progress. The local shopkeeper predicts ruin due to the new railway; the priest objects not only to emigration, but also to the migration into another parish of those on whose contributions he lives. No schemes for a Roman Catholic university, or for endowing the Roman Church in Ireland, will ever make her priests loyal to a Protestant Government. They will serve rather to bind upon the people a yoke from which they are slowly but surely shaking themselves free. From all petty tyrants—from the shopkeeper and the priest even more than from the squire's or the absentee landlord's agent—the action of successive generations of British statesmen is gradually setting free the poor.

South of Swinford in East Mayo lies one of the most hopelessly poor and congested districts in Ireland. Yet here, without any compulsory power, or any gigantic outlay of capital, the Congested Districts Board has found a means of relief. The Dillon estate, divided among 4500 tenants, has a rental of £20,000, and has been purchased

for £200,000. The grass-farms are here to be divided among suitable tenants, and perhaps 1000 acres may thus again come into cultivation. Drainage in other parts of this immense tract, including so many poor villages whose inhabitants depend solely on harvest-work in England and Scotland, will also materially improve the state of the people.

Farther west again, between Castlebar and Westport, 300 acres have been bought, and on the Lucan estate the crowded and destitute peasantry hard by will obtain holdings of 25 acres, and new cottages with separate dairies and cowsheds. The building of such cottages proceeds apace in many parts of Ireland, and is one of the greatest boons yet bestowed, not only because the rent is very low, but also because modern ideas of cleanliness and health can be enforced, as they cannot be in the older cabins where man and beast dwell together still. For about £120 such a cottage can be built, and let for about £4 per annum; and the county councils, under direction of the Local Government Board, are taking up this movement. In another most destitute region, north-west of Lough Mask, similar arrangements are being made to set free a congested and poverty-stricken peasantry, and to instal them as Government tenants on better lands. Clare Island, off the west coast of Galway, was thus acquired by the Board some six years ago, and the experiment has apparently encouraged the Irish Administra-

tion in the extended operations which tap the worst centres of poverty, and which have become possible through the establishment of the Agricultural Department.

Of all these beneficial doings Irish agitators are no doubt well aware; and the attempt to frustrate such progress, by clamour and insensate demands, stamps them as not less criminal than Mr Forster held their predecessors to have been when in 1881 they succeeded for a time in frustrating his designs for the good of Ireland.

The old difficulty still remains, that among an ignorant and suspicious peasantry, who are for the most part timid, a few bullies exert an influence which leads to their crimes being shielded from punishment. In the Maamtrasna district, notorious for its five sets of murders in 1881, including the massacre of a whole family, the outrages ceased when "Rory of the Hills" was captured; and the case is typical of all outrages in the west of Ireland. The surest way of depriving such men of power is to turn the mass of their neighbours against them. The purse has great power in these poor districts, and what was done in 1895 could be done again. No beneficial schemes should be inaugurated in any vicinity where boycotting and outrage prevail, but only among the law-abiding and peaceable. It would soon then be understood that attempts at intimidation would lead to the loss of privileges which near neighbours, of good behaviour, were already enjoy-

ing, and the trade of the agitator would in time prove unprofitable. But the way is long, and patience is sorely needed, for statesmen must proceed in face of constant calumny, and without any expectation of gratitude on the part of those who are helped. Home Rule and Irish discontent cannot be killed by kindness, but only by firm, just rule, which in time will leave no substantial cause for agitation at all.

Such is the action taken in the poorest regions. In other parts the county councils are doing their work better than might perhaps have been expected. Electric trams are extending in Dublin with wonderful rapidity. Electric lighting begins to penetrate to country towns where the competition of gas companies does not exist. Everywhere there are signs of increased progress and prosperity, and it is to be hoped that the dissensions of Irish political factions may weaken any attempt on their part to interfere with such advance. But if to all these improvements the creation of a yeoman class is to be added, it can only be brought about by very slow and cautious action. There must be security on the one hand that the new owners are of the right class. There must be safeguards against constant subdivision of the holdings, and against the improvidence which would mortgage all to the village shopkeeper. There should, again, be safeguards to prevent the formation of new estates let to

new tenants—a danger which is obviated by the State in America; and probably it would be necessary to bar the purchase of adjoining fields, in cases where the owner had as much as he could cultivate by his own labour and that of his family.

In addition to such precautions, the transfer of land should be made cheap and easy, and the heavy expenses of the Land Court should be avoided. The gentle class are not to be ruined or driven from the land, but should be encouraged to take their part in the movement, and made to feel that they are not in danger of future experiments at their expense. There are many who are backward and foolish among the landed class, who are now often paying the price of the folly and extravagance of their forebears. These, by sullen resistance, foolish talk, and oppression of the poor, have given a bad name to their order; but no one can live in Ireland without knowing that among its upper classes are quite as many men perhaps who are able, kind-hearted, and educated, and who are willing as far as they can to foster the true interests of their native land. The unjust ruin of such men would be as great a crime as would be the indiscriminate division of the spoils among those who had won the fight by intimidation and outrage.

We are, it may be hoped, in no danger of such a development of Land Purchase becoming really possible while a strong central Government is in power.

FOREIGN UNDESIRABLES.

THE present Government, contrary to recent rule, have been returned to power quite unincommoded by domestic promises. The elections purported to vindicate the South African war, and the electors voted with a single eye to that issue, except in the few constituencies where Church discipline made a pother. The war, too, has inexorably laid upon Parliament, as the chief work of the approaching session, a searching reform of the army. To fill up some spare evenings, the assiduous Mr Ritchie keeps, no doubt, a Factory Bill in readiness. With that and other legislative oddments the Government can spend the greater part of their time usefully and honourably enough. But besides?

The tendency will be, of course, to produce measures for the social amelioration (honeyed phrase!) of the working classes, and for them the middle-class ratepayers will have to provide. Upon one such, the housing of the poor, Lord Salisbury, in his speech to the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, touched last December in a manner reminiscent of Mr Gladstone when he felt that a question had attained "ripeness." The Prime Minister's remark, however, that remedies must not be neglected, because they may be made "a cover or pretence for attacks upon property or other insti-

tutions," need mean nothing more than the consolidation and strengthening of the existing sanitary laws against the owners of fever-haunted slums. We have good reason for believing him to have spoken in that sense. There is besides Mr Chaplin's Act, passed only last year, which affords relief for congestion—the other aspect of the housing problem—by permitting municipal councils to acquire sites for building purposes beyond their own areas. Does not that experiment deserve a trial before Parliament claps others on top of it which one class will enjoy and another will subsidise?

The truth is, that those who write emotionally about the slums allow their impulses to run away with them. It is absurd to suggest, for example, that in London or any other dense centre of population most working families are compelled to live in filthy hovels for which they pay extortionate rents. Skilled artisans, even common labourers in regular employment, have little difficulty in securing healthy house-room at a reasonable price, and within compassable distance of their daily occupation. Through the competition in the building trade the owners of "models" and so-called flats have, in London at any rate, far more sets to let than reputable tenants to fill them. Casual British labour and its belongings do, nevertheless, dwell closely

packed together, and that for several reasons. They inevitably gravitate to the meanest streets, because the holders of the less mean properties will not take them; they migrate, almost tribally, to the temporary job; last but not least, they find themselves elbowed into the craziest alleys by the immigrant alien. Can any legislation hope to reach the very poor, if a perennial invasion of indigent foreigners bids against our own people for the worst rookery's worst room, and struggles against them to some extent in the worst-paid industries? It really looks as if we were taking up this housing question, in so far as it is a genuine social danger and scandal, by the wrong end.

With the blessings of Toynbee Hall, a book appeared the other day entitled 'The Jew in London.'¹ It consists of two essays, prepared for the trustees of that soulful institution by Mr Russell, a young Oxford man, and Mr Lewis, a Jew and a Cambridge graduate. Much of their subject-matter does not concern this article—speculations, namely, upon the degree in which the Hebrew race are capable of assimilating with Englishmen. Enough that Mr Lewis argues, with some cogency, that they are bound to remain a peculiar people, even if they relax the full rigour of their religious

observances. The real value of the publication consists, however, less in its nebulous dissertations upon the capacity of the Jew for evolution into a new brand of Dissenter than in its very practical exposition of his hold upon the East End. Mr Russell's description of that invasion is illustrated by a map, the work of Mr Arkell, one of Mr Charles Booth's assistants in the preparation of that masterly treatise, 'The Life and Labour of London,' and therefore an unprejudiced authority. Mr Russell reckons the Jewish population in London at 110,000, of whom about 100,000 live in the East End, and out of these something like 60,000 have been born abroad. "Overflowing the boundaries of Whitechapel, they are spreading northward and eastward into Bethnal Green and Mile End, and northward into St George's-in-the-East; while farther away in Hackney and Shoreditch to the north, and Stepney Limehouse and Bow to the east, a rather more prosperous and less foreign element has established itself and formed new centres for the growth of the community." Add compact Ghettos in Dalston and Hackney; a recent incursion into Soho,² and even into the lately built-over parts of Essex, and you get some idea of the extent of Judaised London. Add thereto the 20,000 Jews

¹ The Jew in London. By C. Russell, B.A., and H. S. Lewis, M.A. With an Introduction by Canon Barnett and a Preface by the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P. London: Fisher Unwin.

² A stroll through Soho will reveal Broad Street in particular to be full of Jewish shops and Jewish industries.

in Manchester, the 8000 or more in Leeds—figures necessarily conjectural in the absence of a religious census—and you perceive that the alien terror, even though it has been much exaggerated, is something of a reality.

Jews, unlike other foreign immigrants, must bring their Ghettos with them. They herd together, as strangers in a strange land, and because they must live in the neighbourhood of their places of worship and “Kosher” butchers. Industrial conditions, the growth of typically Jewish trades, fix them down in certain spots with additional firmness. The quantity of human saturation of which those areas are capable, before the increase of a naturally prolific race and the influx of fresh arrivals by every German emigrant-ship flow over into a new Ghetto hard by, almost passes belief. Indifferent to overcrowding, because inured to dirt and suffocation, these new inhabitants meet the abnormally high rents wrung from them by landlords, Jew and Gentile, by the simple process of taking in lodgers. The custom of carrying tailoring home brings it about that the “sweater”—a slave-driver who works, in justice be it said of him, quite as hard as his four or five slaves—lives together, eats together, and sleeps together in the same room with his men. And under what conditions! Sanitary inspection is set at absolute defiance. The inspector for Whitechapel, Mr R. S. Wrack, in his evidence before the Select Com-

mittee of the House of Commons on Foreign Immigration, had no hesitation in asserting that the habits of the Polish and Russian Jews were much worse than those of the poor class of English. “They do not appear to understand cleanliness at all: it seems to be quite contrary to their nature to be clean.” He added some details that it is unnecessary to reproduce, admitting, however, in answer to Sir Samuel Montagu, that once a-year, before the Passover holidays, their dwellings underwent a thorough purification. At other times the rooms are all stuffy and unwholesome; they object to work with open windows, they choke the drains with refuse. Yet Mr Wrack denied that the neglect of sanitary laws materially harmed these people, though they slept five or six in a room. On the contrary, “the district of Whitechapel, I may say, is very healthy.”

The poorest English and the Irishry cannot compete against the Jews, wherever they choose to establish themselves. How are they to make a stand against a system of rack-renting maintained by overcrowding? It produces an unwholesome rivalry for house-room, that radiates outwards from the central Ghetto. Nor can we deceive ourselves that philanthropic building enterprise has benefited our own indigents, where the Jew has been at hand to take possession. Let us take two instances: the first from Mr Wrack’s evidence, the second from Mr Russell’s and Mr Lewis’s book. Went-

worth Street Buildings and Booth Street Buildings, holding 1032 and 700 persons respectively, took the place of Whitechapel slums early in the eighties: they were both filled with foreigners.¹ Last year the London County Council dwellings at Shoreditch were opened with a prodigious blast of the humanitarian trumpet, on the site of Mr Arthur Morrison's "Jago." London Irish used to live in the old hovels: the present palaces are occupied in some blocks by a population that is more than half Jewish. Is that the way to house the urban poor of these islands? The inhabitants of the ancient Jago, except an extremely small percentage, have mostly dispersed into the neighbouring courts; some must have been driven down into Poplar, others into the remoter parts of Bethnal Green. And everywhere the Jew creeps after them, selecting the line of least resistance, as Mr Askell acutely observes. "They move along the great highways, especially Whitechapel Road and Commercial Road, and into the streets immediately off these thoroughfares. In streets not directly connected with the main roads, and not readily reached, the influx has been slow and comparatively recent." It is into these back alleys that the London very poor retreat. The police of Whitechapel and St George's-in-the-East may rejoice over the decrease of crimes

of violence, though not of pilfering and unblushing perjury before the magistrate. The social reformer must confess that his schemes end too often in helping the alien at the expense of his fellow-countrymen. From the standpoint of the public health merely, immigrant Jewry may not damage itself by its mode of life, but it unmistakably inconveniences its neighbours. Mr Wrack has to deal with complaints arising from its bad drainage, and bad smells created from its filthy yards and rooms.

Here let us pause to deal with the objection that we are preaching rank anti-Semitism. We admit it, in the sense that the foreign undesirables, apart from anarchists and criminals, really resolve themselves, for the most part, into Polish and Russian Jews. There are, of course, those unnecessary Italians, Neapolitans to a man, who grind organs and purvey poisonous condiments styled ice-creams. Their dirt, their brutality towards their poor boy- and girl-slaves, their readiness with the knife, make them a pestilent addition to our city populations, whether they lurk in Clerkenwell or elsewhere. Their fellow-countrymen engaged in the restaurant business are, however, an admirably conducted set, and instances abound in which the proprietor watches over the morals of his waiters as if they were his own children. The French colonies,

¹ The Booth Street Buildings are of evil repute for the filthy habits of their occupants. The Jewish Board of Guardians admits their sanitary condition to be "most unsatisfactory."

again, are beyond reproach, notably that engaged in the jewellery and watch-making trade, which has renamed the neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square "La Petite France." The German clerk is a model of application, and proficient in languages; the German baker and the German haircutter adapt themselves readily to our customs, and frequently end by marrying Englishwomen. Besides, all these races scatter, more or less, over the great towns, and, except perhaps in the clubs, are not an unmixable element. Not so the species of Jewry that has been shot on to these shores since 1882 or thereabouts. Every European country except our own has the Hebrew it deserves, but we get them all in turn. The Jewish aristocracy, the Sephardim of Portugal and Spain, who gave us a Disraeli in the third generation, have ceased to arrive. The Dutch Jews, with their long pedigrees, are stationary. Even the more plebeian German Jews are fast giving place to the outcasts of Russia and Poland—the wild, hunted-looking creatures, with fur caps and baggy, greasy clothes, who may be seen gaping about them most days at the London Docks. It is a proverb that the nearer the East a Jew dwells the more degraded he is. Small wonder, then, that the Jewish Board of Guardians should regard the cases of the Russo-Turkish Jews from Salonica as "the most troublesome," and should congratulate itself on their diminution. But the ordinary

victims of the Tsar's police are, in all conscience, poorish specimens of humanity. Feeble in physique, they seldom bring with them a marketable trade. They will sometimes keep themselves alive on a daily herring and cup of coffee during those miserable weeks in which they are mastering the cheap tailor's or shoemaker's business as "greeners," accepting the most miserable pittance for their sixteen hours' toil. They may not be technically paupers, since, thanks to the foresight of their co-religionists, they rarely come on the rates; but they cannot, even by the slopiest of philanthropists, be called additions to the industrial strength of the nation.

The "Polak" invasion began in 1881, when Russian mobs helped famine and the Russian police in rendering life unendurable for the unfortunate Hebrews within their gates. The years 1885 and 1886, in which Bismarck Germanised Prussian Poland by copious expulsions, witnessed the advent of another wave. The full force of the immigration from Russia was not felt, however, until 1891; it has continued, though with sensible abatement, ever since. Unfortunately, no materials exist for a trustworthy estimate of those who come to stay. They are mostly, it should be remembered, the weaker brethren who have collapsed in the journey to the United States, either from want of money or because they have been robbed of what little they had by rascally "runners" at the docks. Lord Salisbury

immoral work-girls of any trade in London, should be monopolised by them. But that by the way. The charge against Jewish tailors and shoemakers amounts rather to an absurdly docile acquiescence in the more or less inevitable, than to the theft of the bread from the Englishman's mouth. They have precipitated the home-work system in tailoring by the submissiveness with which they will herd together in any den. They have, on the contrary, postponed the erection of factories for the boot and shoe trade by the inexhaustible zeal with which they will toil away with their hands at "lasting" and "finishing" and the "sew-round" or slipper-business. They have hastened the debasement of the industry by their addiction to "team" work—an arrangement by which the fairly skilled laster takes the materials from the warehouse, and gets them made up by the help of the less skilled in his employ, and which is analogous to "sweating" in tailoring. Still, even in the "sew-round" branch, the better and middling quality of work has been retained by English people, the Jews making the inferior classes of slippers. In the busy season their hours are from about 7 A.M. to 10 P.M.; their wages vary from 15s. to 10s. a-week.

Enough about the details of a highly specialised occupation. The point to be made once more is that rapid production through minute subdivision of labour forms rather a stage in the evolution of employments to which Jews naturally gravitate

than an evil of their creation. If all the Ghettos in England were purged of their inhabitants to-morrow, it would be impossible to revive the skilled handicraftsman, with a pride in his calling, right through any trade. Machinery has debauched the ordinary consumer, and the tailor who scorns its use will become a rarity, maintained by the well-dressed few. Mrs Sidney Webb, in her chapter on the tailoring trade in 'Life and Labour of the People,' has argued that, if Jews and poor English women could be eliminated, the production of balloon clothes and soaped-up garments of shoddy cloths would cease. It would simply go to Germany.

We may be accused of weakening our argument because we cannot admit the likelihood that the Londoner or Manchester man will ever be starved out by the immigrant alien. But the case is quite strong enough without needing the impressment into it of unreal alarms. The Russian and Polish Jews bring with them un-English squalor and congestion. Their "Anglicisation" is retarded by the swarms of their co-religionists that press on their slipshod heels. But for "greener" labour, wages in the lower grades of the tailoring and shoemaking trades might be levelled up to a reasonable standard: as things are, there is a cut-throat competition between raw hands, who become the ready victims of the sweater during their informal apprenticeship. Having scraped together a few pounds,

the best of them promptly turn sweaters themselves, thanks to the demoralising, though not pauperising, ease with which the Jewish Board of Guardians makes advances in money. Thus the foreign-born Hebrews, recruited by the constant stream of new arrivals, and using as additional serfs the gamblers and the weaklings, are a self-contained Yddish-speaking community, impermeable by outside influences. Check the inrush, and their isolation would cease. The English-born Jew mixes readily with his British fellow-citizens, among whom he is a fairly popular character, from his florid accessibility of manner and love of display and pleasure. The rapidity with which they become Anglicised up to a certain point is remarkable. A Warsaw doctor once went round the Castle Street board school in Whitechapel, and only found one child out of 4500 that understood Polish. With an English education comes a healthy desire to be quit of the Ghetto, except for business purposes, and a not altogether healthy scorn for the foreign immigrant, who regards the English Jew in turn as a fellow of shamelessly lax faith. The imported Jew, in fact, has no friends at all. The British working classes cordially dislike and despise him: signs are not wanting, indeed, despite their tolerance and faith in the traditions of a free country, that they may rise up for reprisals, and reproduce, though with self-respecting abatement, the *Judenhetze* of the Continent.

And the remedy? It is simple, and Lord Salisbury its patentee. With stupendous events just behind us, even meticulous students of parliamentary debates may have forgotten the bill which, as a private member of the House of Lords, he produced in July 1894. It was directed partly against Anarchists, such as the wretch Caserio who had just murdered President Carnot, but chiefly against the penniless beggary of Russia and Poland. The leader of the Opposition, as he then was, had evidently been much impressed with the Report of the Foreign Immigration Committee, contemplating legislation against pauper aliens as a necessity of the near future, not to mention the lamentations of the Whitechapel Guardians over the substitution of a foreign for an English population throughout the district. He perceived that our cities might be inundated not only by the onward wave from north-eastern Europe, but by an ebb-tide from America, if the United States kept out indigent Jewry with the same rigour as they had used in shutting the door on the Chinese; or, as he put it, with one of his not uncommon descents into the familiar, "we were in the position of being half-way down the drain." So he went to an American model, and borrowed from an American Act a clause enjoining upon the inspectors of the Board of Trade to examine and prohibit from landing "any alien who is either an idiot, insane, a pauper, a person likely to become a public charge, or a person suffering from dangerous or infectious

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disease." Lord Salisbury, that is, would have reproduced the Castle Garden regulations, which have recently restored to his native land the notorious "Skin-the-Goat," accomplice in the Phoenix Park murders, and which return some 700 weaklings upon the steamship companies in the course of a twelve-month. A more stringent definition of a pauper is justified, however, for an over-populated country like ours, than for the United States, where the labour-demand still exceeds the supply. He should mean, not merely one likely to come upon the community for his support, but one bringing with him an unnational conception of manners and life. "England for the English," as Mr Charles Booth has somewhere observed, is the logical basis from which to legislate against the indigent and anæmic alien.

Lord Salisbury, as we have already mentioned, most wisely covered another class of immigrant undesirable in his bill by reviving the powers granted to the Secretary of State in 1848, under which he could eject all foreigners whose presence in this country was either dangerous to the public peace here, or who were likely to promote crime elsewhere. If they refused to go, they were to be imprisoned for a month in the first instance, and a year in the second. It was on a chance statement of his that the debate chiefly turned. The temporary Premier, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Kimberley were aghast at their political opponent's contention, that Eng-

land was the centre from which the anarchist operations were conducted and the laboratory in which all their contrivances were perfected: it would create difficulties for the Foreign Office throughout Europe. Lord Salisbury, in fact, was wrong in the particular instance: no proof was forthcoming that Caserio had ever favoured these shores with his presence. Still, anarchists do come and go at their pleasure: they can, if so disposed, conspire here. Only the other day, the sinister Malatesta condoned, in a reported lecture, the assassination of the King of Italy, and then retired, unarrested, to the tranquil seclusion of Islington. Malatesta is an acknowledged leader in the universal murder-plot, and the presumption must be that his public or semi-public speech observes a reticence quite absent from his private confabulations. Why grant rights of asylum to such a creature? Why should this country be a general dunghill for any political refuse that the foreign Governments choose to reject? Because we once sheltered Paoli or Mazzini, we need not open our arms to the enemies of social humanity. The right of asylum is an outworn tradition since anarchism came into preaching.

The Prime Minister, then, may be urged to employ his comparative leisure in strengthening and enlarging his bill with an eye to its prompt reproduction. In enlarging it certainly; since a third kind of foreign undesirable seems likely to follow upon the pauper and

the anarchist. A batch of Chinese were imported into London not long since as laundrymen. What if that handful prove the forerunners of a substantial immigration which, first making itself acceptable in domestic service, spreads ultimately into the poor quarters of London or Glasgow or Manchester? Imagine a struggle for existence in the tailoring trade between Polish Jew and Chinaman: the forty per cent of British who still keep their ground would go under, whichever of the other two might survive. Think if the slums were to bring to birth a slit-eyed mongrel, as Mr Arnold White, whose sincerity in this cause needs no praise on our part, foreboded the other day. The United States fought off their Yellow Peril only just in time, so did Australia. Our turn may come

next; let us, therefore, be fore-armed. The United States Government, by imposing a poll-tax on Chinese immigrants in 1882, at once reduced the flood from 40,000 to under 1500; it has dwindled since, on the Act becoming understood in China. A similar provision in Lord Salisbury's bill would be a justifiable precaution, even if the Yellow Peril turns aside from us altogether. "England for the English" may convey an exaggerated idea of the dangers contingent on the unchecked entrance of alien labour. "The East-ends (or their equivalents) for the East-ends" does not. Our Imperial position is not so secure that we can afford to take in the rejected of Eastern Europe, and possibly the superfluity of Asia, to the displacement always of our well-conducted, if unthrifty, working classes.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

"MOST GREATLY LIVED
THIS STAR OF ENGLAND."

—*King Henry V.*, v. 2.

THE burst of world-wide sorrow which has thrilled the hearts of all the civilised races of mankind at the death of QUEEN VICTORIA is unique in human history. The generation which has shared in it may not improbably stand alone in its experience. A glance at the limitation of human faculties, not merely in primeval times but at the dawn and even at a comparatively advanced stage of civilisation, will convince us of the stupendous moral and physical triumphs which the race must have achieved before the phenomenon is possible. There must be the control over the forces of nature which enables the incidents of death to be instantaneously flashed round the world. There must be the striking human personality which can from inherent qualities, natural and acquired, command the reverence and affection of all classes and of diverse races. There must also be the prolonged career during which those qualities may be manifested on a scale which arrests the attention of the world, and may be maintained with such undeviating consistency that nothing has occurred to check the enthusiasm or impair the universality of the sentiment which it inspired. All these things have combined. The result is one which has never happened before, and may never happen again,—that the whole civilised world has been hushed in sorrow and solemnity by the side of a single deathbed, and all the civilised races of mankind, in Great Britain, in Europe, in America, in the Colonies, in India, and in scattered islands and territories everywhere, have been for the time bound together in the same sentiment of sorrow, sympathy, and grateful reverence.

What are those qualities which the whole world has with rare unanimity and persistency revered and admired in the career and character of QUEEN VICTORIA? No one claims for her exceptional brilliancy of intellectual powers, or even exceptional practical ability. Her strength and the secret of her uninterrupted success lay in the possession of well-balanced and well-blended qualities of head and heart, dominated by a unique devotion to duty, whether as wife, mother, or sovereign. The insight which is born of sympathy and sane judgment was hers from the first. Prolonged converse and association with the foremost statesmen of her own realm, and with the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe, must have proved at first a school of wisdom and experience, then a means of exerting influence and

authority, and finally a road to the establishment of a conspicuous personal ascendancy. And thus it came to pass that every development of national policy and destiny was controlled by her influence and judgment; and at the same time her own character as a constitutional sovereign, careful of her rights and mindful of her duties, was steadily matured. A marked feature in her history was that she never seemed to make a mistake, either personal or political. The right thing was done, the right word was spoken, at the right moment. The result was that, although the sentiment of loyalty and of devotion to monarchy was nearly at its lowest ebb at the time of her accession, at the close of her reign loyalty is at its highest point, and new life seems to have been given to the throne and to the monarchical principle both at home and abroad.

No grander outburst of enthusiastic loyalty to the throne and of personal devotion to its occupant can be imagined than that which occurred during the Jubilee of 1897, and more especially in front of St Paul's Cathedral. It was the culminating-point of her reign, and must have brought home to her inmost heart that her life of duty done and of devotion to the vast interests intrusted to her care had been thoroughly appreciated. The sound instinctive judgment of all classes of her contemporaries passed upon her whole reign the verdict of enthusiastic approval, and was gladdened by the opportunity of manifesting it. The balanced judgment of those who have studied the records of the earlier years of her reign ratifies and confirms that verdict. There is an assured belief that when, in due course, we, or our posterity, are admitted behind the scenes of its later years, we shall find that in the fulness of her ascendancy and experience she has powerfully aided in maintaining peace and removing international difficulties.

It must be a grateful reflection to all of us that the Queen reaped during her life not merely the reward that awaits conscious success, but also the scarcely less enviable one of its full appreciation by those for whom she laboured. Those who have lived throughout her reign have lived during a happy and prosperous time; and they had the proud satisfaction of letting their Sovereign know how much they felt was due to her virtues, her labours, and her wise and prudent exercise of influence and authority. It has been a most eventful reign. Two generations of men have crowded into the space of sixty-three years enough of achievement and of change to have occupied centuries of time. The British Empire has grown enormously in extent. Abroad it has vastly increased its responsibilities; at home it has redistributed political power, and has successfully resisted a powerful attempt to disintegrate it; has quelled a vast rebellion in India; and both in the Soudan and in South Africa has retraced at enormous cost the path which led to the abandonment of duty. Twice it has taken a leading

part in great European arrangements, in 1856 and in 1878. There have been at home also great legislative changes, and considerable political differences and discussions. Contrast the India of the Mutiny in 1857-58 with the India of to-day, when the great feudatories vie with one another in loyalty to the Empire of which they feel themselves to be a part, and lead its component races in devotion to the memory of their Empress. That is the greatest triumph of the reign, and the Queen's personality was a powerful factor in achieving it. All must feel that the reign has been long and difficult: its duties have required unintermitting labour, with no cessation, either at the moment or in prospect, of its burdens and anxiety.

And then came the time when age brought weakened powers; while overwhelming necessity brought war, at first disastrous, in the end successful, though throughout perplexing and exasperating. The Queen's health began to fail, but the duties imposed on her by this war were fulfilled to the very last. It must be a great satisfaction to all of us that she lived to see the triumph of her army, and to receive and reward its successful general. Yet the strain must have been very great upon fast failing powers. Arrived

"in quella parte
Di mia età, dove ciascun dovrebbe
Calar le vele e raccoglièr le sarte"—

there was no chance of either lowering sails or gathering in ropes. The Queen remained at the post of duty, but carefully veiled her increasing infirmities from the public eye till the last moment, so as to prevent public inconvenience arising from prolonged suspense. It suddenly dawned upon her people that the hour had come when their beloved Queen, engrossed for more than sixty years in world-wide cares and duties, must by an inexorable decree quit them all and go,—lay down alike the splendour of her position and the heavy burdens of her life. The consternation was universal and genuine. The Queen's career was ended, and she was meeting death with the same tranquil dignity and consideration for others which had marked her life. In such a death there is no bitterness. It is the universal lot, and no reasonable being, in existing conditions, would wish to escape it. The moment was one of deep emotion, sorrow, and sympathy; but all must feel that the Queen's death was worthy of her life, and that, *felix opportunitate mortis*, she has descended to the grave amid the blessings and the reverent homage of countless numbers of her fellow-creatures. She will live for many generations in the grateful memory of mankind.

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THE MAKING OF MODERN SCOTLAND.

It is strange that the century which is especially responsible for the Scotland of to-day, which saw the birth of our Scottish schools of thought, and the genesis of most of our reputed characteristics as a people, should have been so much neglected by the native-born historian. Pictish barbarism and feudal chaos have found ten students where the ways of eighteenth-century Scotland have found one. Mr Hill Burton has skimmed its surface, the Jacobite wars have been well chronicled, and Mr Grey Graham has written one masterly treatise on its social life; but, as a rule, its history, for the ordinary man, is confined to the chapters in which Lord Stanhope or Mr Buckle or Mr Lecky turns for a little to a perfunctory survey of the North. One reason for the neglect lies, doubtless, in the difficulty of the subject. Apart from the '15 and the '45, there are few incidents to record. Certain decisions in civil or ecclesiastical courts, a few Acts of Parliament, the succession of Lord Advocates, Deans of Faculty, and Moderators of Assembly are all the milestones we get to help us on the road. The vigorous strife of English party politics is heard in Scotland only as an echo, for after the first few decades the land becomes extraordinarily self-contained, working out her own problem in a kind of proud isolation. And that problem was sufficiently intricate to demand all her powers. She had, in the first place, to change, to conform to modern fashions, to cultivate her own art and letters, to find the ways of commercial prosperity. She had to compress into a

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short time the progress of centuries, and yet, in the second place, she had to preserve her dearly loved nationality. It would have been easy to advance with a slavish imitation of French and English models, and sink into the position of a thriving and intelligent northern English county. But to wrestle with cyclic changes, and yet show to the world the character of a distinctive people, was a task almost too great for human energies. Hence the history of the century which Sir Henry Craik¹ has written is a history less of events than of the progress of ideas and the growth of manners. In this lies its lasting and serious interest; but it has besides the charm of a gallery of good Raeburns, for never did the Scots nature flower into a more entertaining variety of types. If there are few sounding deeds, after Jacobitism is given its death-blow, the advance of culture is illustrated by many remarkable figures of men and by a rich and varied social life. Sir Henry Craik has brought to the work an enthusiasm and a knowledge for which we have the highest admiration. He has the scholar's grasp of principles and something more than the scholar's insight into the tangled problems of the period. It is hard for a man to write without prejudice on the many matters he treats of, for the history comes down to within

living memory, and some of these old questions divide men in our own day. But every reader must admit the writer's sincere and scrupulous fairness, and his sympathy with opposing ideals of character and conduct, which is rarer than the academically judicious temper. And with it all he has the more purely literary merits of a vivid style, an eye for the picturesque, and a gift of vigorous portraiture. He is to be congratulated on having wrought out of refractory materials a notable historical work, which will long stand as the ablest contribution to the study of our later Scotland.

The difficulties of the Revolution Settlement, so far as Scotland was concerned, have been imperfectly understood, but its defects were only too conspicuous. The epoch of reconstruction, as Sir Henry Craik points out, was fixed not by Scottish but by English exigencies, and the smaller country had to deal summarily with questions of her own which were not ripe for settlement. The result was to bring into bold relief the elements of independence and separation. Loyalty to the Stuarts was not a long-descended sentiment, for at the Restoration Scotland was moved to no enthusiasm; it was essentially a late seventeenth-century product, and it owed its strength to its fortuitous alliance with

¹ *A Century of Scottish History, from the Days before the '45 to those within Living Memory.* By Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B., M.A., LL.D. 2 vols. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

the old clan loyalty and with the cause of nationalism. Jacobitism was born of this union of contradictories—the patriotism of men who, if they had any party politics, were Whigs, or, like Fletcher of Saltoun, republicans, and the half-religious, half-sentimental legitimism of the Highlands and the Episcopal Kirk. A common hatred to the Union made of it a strong party, which at first had no need to appeal to force. It was only when parliamentary methods failed and decay set in that the extreme course was adopted, and the standard of rebellion raised. A cause which even in its decadence claimed Lochiel and the two Keiths was not an ignoble one, and at its best its supporters set before themselves a very logical ideal of government. It failed because it was confronted with other forces more permanent and stubborn than even loyalty and nationalism. The seventeenth-century religious wars had not been fought for nothing. Out of the struggle a Kirk had emerged which was to use its enormous popular influence entirely on the Government side. A second was that old rock of stumbling, which had alternately vexed the kings and the commons of Scotland, the aristocracy. There might be union elsewhere, but in that pleasant company there was always discord. Queensberry, Hamilton, Athole, Tweeddale,—so long as such men were in power the land would be split into Jacobites, Whigs, and Patriots, and squander its ener-

gies in the minor warfare of party. Add to this ferment a harsh Government in England, great national poverty, bitter national grievances, and the melancholy picture of Scotland at this epoch is almost complete. It is the starting-point of the three great lines of development in later Scottish history, the political, ecclesiastical, and social; but like most troubled periods it seemed to the spectator to hold no promise in its discords, but rather to be the end of the “auld sang,” which was Scottish national life.

Repeal of the Union was at first the patriotic nostrum; but the thing had become so entirely a matter of party tactics that men began to see that constitutional experiments were no cure for the diseases of the land. The Whigs, who had brought the Union about in 1707, were perfectly ready to repeal it in 1713 by way of embarrassing the Tory Government. The history of these years is the history of the vain attempt to find remedies from without for Scottish distress. The Malt-tax riots and the Porteous Mob show how keenly the economic crisis, joined to the unsympathetic attitude of the English Government, was felt by all classes in the nation. And the various Jacobite attempts, from the fiasco of 1708 down to the final conflict of 1745, aided or connived at by men of the most different characters and creeds, show that some external remedy—severance from England, alliance with one or other of the English parties, restoration

of the Stuarts — was the accepted way of salvation. It was only when all such hopes had vanished, and the country was flung back upon her own resources, that a solution of the problem was found. Of the many figures in these dreary years no one stands conspicuously above his fellows. Hamilton was an able and subtle diplomat, perhaps the ablest till Lovat came on the scene; but he was an unstable schemer, and Lord Mohun's sword was soon to end his work. Lockhart of Carnwath is a dazzling figure, and in better times might have found a great career. But the wrangling of the Scottish Estates was no field for his talents, and his unselfishness and courage were wasted in a life of underground intrigue. Queensberry, the head of the house of Douglas, was the most prominent of Scots statesmen, and the Union remains to show how one resolute man may force a measure on an unwilling people. But he, too, fought in a hopeless war, where defeat had no alleviation, and success brought little honour. It is one of the merits of the Jacobite wars that they cleared the air, showed men where they stood, and, though founded on intrigue, yet by their appeal to the sword caused a healthy wind to blow away the cobwebs of this pseudo-statesmanship. They convinced one party that its tactics were hopeless, and showed the other that in spite of sentimental qualms the English Government was the better alternative, and in leaving to the defeated a heroic

memory, and to the winners a clear policy, they did much for the union of Scotland.

Sir Henry Craik passes rapidly over the '15, but he enters with great care into the details of the '45. He has wisely woven its history round the lives of the actors, and it is in a series of character-studies that we see the meaning of the Rising. The author has the habit, which seems inseparable from eighteenth-century histories, of analysing character in sets of elaborate and nicely balanced antitheses. The result is sometimes a blurred impression, for the opposing attributes are not always focussed into a coherent picture, but it relieves the author from any suspicion of bias. We see Argyle, Walpole's Scottish aide-de-camp, who, after the Porteous Riots, in answer to Queen Caroline's anger, made one of the most dramatic retorts ever made by a subject to a sovereign. On the same side was the excellent and whimsical Duncan Forbes of Culloden, a pragmatic Lowlander whom chance settled beyond the Highland line, a statesman so far-seeing that he anticipated Pitt's scheme for Highland regiments, and a Whig so stout that he alone made Culloden possible, and yet with it all a noted *bon vivant*, a lover of good claret, and a resolute opponent of the introduction of tea. Of the miserable Hawley, Sir Henry Craik has drawn a dark picture, and has, perhaps unnecessarily, allowed the reputation of this low bully to blacken the finer character of his master, Cumberland.

On Murray of Broughton, too, he is unduly hard; for, in spite of his treachery, candour must admit some shreds of quality in this shadow which slinks about the background of the eighteenth century. But the great figures of the time stand out with admirable clearness. The stainless Lochiel meets with full justice, and the rousing tale of Balmerino's death is told with the simplicity which it deserves. That great-hearted gentleman had little to learn in bearing from any of the Elizabethans. He dressed himself for the scaffold as for a bridal, he hailed the block as his "pillow of rest"; and in giving the usual *douceur* to the headsman, he apologised for its scantiness. "I wish it were more, but it is all I have; I never had much money." In that one scene one may find the essence of all that is most lasting in Jacobite romance. And then, on the other side, we have the gross figure of Lovat, with his leering, inscrutable face, and his diabolical cleverness. "True moral reflections," he once wrote, "are no more but a play of our intellectuals, by which the author caresses his own genius by false ideas that can never be put in practice." It was precisely his creed, and he had a ready smile, a pious wish, and a black deed for every cause he fell in with. He committed every known treachery and sin, but comparatively few of the ordinary follies, till he at last overreached himself, and died for the blunder. Both sides received the inestimable blessing of his prayers; and if he

deceived most men, it is possible that he also deceived himself. He set down his misfortunes to "having loved righteousness and hated iniquity," which is scarcely the conventional view; but his hypocrisy was so colossal, that it becomes almost a misguided form of sincerity. "I have charity for all mankind," were among his last words; "and I believe every sincere honest man bids fair for heaven, let his profession be what it will;" and it is more than likely that he believed himself sincere and honest.

Sir Henry Craik has re-cut the old lines of the Jacobite story with much skill, and he has given us the Rising, not torn from its setting as something inexplicable and accidental, but as part of the logical development of the country. The value of invasion is, that when a people is prepared for change it gives the necessary impetus. But Scotland was not prepared; change had to come slowly from within, and the enterprise was doomed from the start. With it disappears for the moment certain racial characteristics, which were to revive afterwards when occasion arose. The old lawless Scotland had to yield to the dogmatic law-abiding Lowlands, since in the long-run Jacob will always oust Esau, and Andrew Fair-service outlast the Dougal Creature and become an elder of the Kirk, when Dougal, honest fellow, is hanged. The future lay with the party of law and order; but the creed of sentiment survived as at least

an element in manners and an affectation in letters. The country, tired of foreign allies, disillusioned of both Whigs and Tories, turned seriously to looking after its own business.

The '45 saw the end of the old Scotland and the beginning of the new. In 1747 tenure by wardship and hereditary jurisdictions were abolished, and feudalism had gone beyond the seas with the Prince. "With a certain proud tenacity and a self-centred rigidity of purpose," says Sir Henry Craik, "Scotland turned to her own affairs; and the years which succeed the Jacobite rebellion show her . . . deliberately shaping new conditions in her own fashion, and building up for herself on peculiar lines a literature, a philosophy, an ecclesiastical, municipal, and economical system." She had the dual task before her of hammering the many warring elements in her bounds into some kind of unity, and at the same time preserving her national distinctiveness. The eighteenth century in England was a time of vigorous party strife and of stirring foreign policies; in Scotland it was a period of slow, unseen, but portentous change. The events which excited her are all economic or legal, from the Ayr Company or the Douglas Case down to the Meal Riots and the trials of the Radicals. The outlines of the two political camps, the Whigs and Tories, are more or less evident; but at times they grow very faint, and they perpetually vary their character. While England was held in a

universal Whig domination, and men chose their party purely by its leader, there remained something of the old logical Toryism in the North, the creed of Strafford and Clarendon and Bolingbroke, which saw in the throne the first security of law, and desired to strengthen it against the caprice of mobs and aristocracies. Lord Mansfield in England held such a doctrine, but he was a solitary voice in his class; whereas in Scotland it became the accepted principle of the Jacobite remnant and others who had no sentiment for the exiles. The one Scotsman who dominated English politics at the time was of this school of thought; and Bute, in spite of the flood of calumny which has swept over his name, had many of the merits of a statesman. "It would have been better," said Dr Johnson, "if Bute had never been a Minister, or had never resigned," meaning, so runs Sir Henry Craik's interpretation, "that the ideal which stood in a shadowy way behind his Ministry, the ideal of a nation united under the Crown, and content to forget the separation and distinctions either of nationality or of party, was a desirable one, if only it could have been made permanent or real." Rightly or wrongly, Whiggism in Scotland came to mean factiousness, since there was no Whig oligarchy of great families to patronise it, or genuine political theory to give it reasons. The real Whigs were yet to be born; and in the meantime Scotland was unanimously Tory, as the statesmen

at Westminster understood the word. The career of Bute, and the abuse of his countrymen which attended it, strengthened this natural disposition. From the venom of a Churchill to the more decorous depreciation of Horace Walpole, the literature of the day is full of hatred and contempt for the hotbed of unrest, the nursery of slaves, and the school of tyrants. In these strange names Scotsmen recognised themselves, and were more amused than insulted. They could afford indeed to laugh at the popular rage, for, if the English people rarely showed to finer advantage than at this time, the English mobs consistently throughout the century were too wholly contemptible for words. Vulgar, illiterate and emotional, surfeited with nonsense about their liberties, and led by vapid creatures like Beckford, their whole history, as shown by their capricious treatment of Chatham and their worship of such leaden images as Sacheverel, Wilkes, and Lord George Gordon, is little more than a record of anarchy. If Whiggism meant the deification of such a crowd, we need not wonder that the cult did not flourish in the North.

Scotland, then, was practically of one way of thinking, whether we call her politics Tory or Revolution Whig. Of doctrinaire theories she had the intolerance natural to a nation which was busy working out her own very real reforms. But there were temperamental distinctions beneath the unanimity, and Lord Melville and Macqueen of Braxfield may be

taken as two different types of Scots Conservatism. The fine Roman hand of Henry Dundas dominated Scotland at the close of the century, and for long, in conjunction with Pitt, had the management of the destinies of the empire. A scion of a great legal family, a Moderate, a lover of good-fellowship, he was by birth and sympathies connected with so many different creeds and sentiments that he may fairly stand as the representative Scotsman of this epoch. He had insight enough to detect the genius of Pitt and support his party from the first, and to the end he was the Great Commoner's closest friend. He was as much a Whig as Burke, and something less of a Tory than Mansfield; but, indeed, he was less the leader of a party than of a nation. The story of his private life, with his love of children and warm affection for his friends, reveals to us one of the most attractive, as assuredly he was one of the most masculine, Scotsmen of his day. At one time he had schemes of far-reaching reform, and but for the French Revolution he might have stood as the precursor of the Conservatism of Canning and Disraeli. As it is, he has come down to us only as the great administrator who saw his ideals perish in the smoke of foreign anarchy, and was content to govern a people from day to day. A very different figure was Robert Macqueen, the Lord Braxfield who launched the thunderbolts of the law against the mild Edinburgh Radicals. The son of a

country writer, he made no pretensions to gentility of birth or manners. Coarse as sack-cloth, brutal to the weak as well as the strong, a scorner of all literature save legal text-books, his merits, such as they were, seem almost as forbidding as his vices. But merits he had, and it was the pure law that he administered so fiercely and impartially. He was probably the greatest Scots lawyer of his day, and to a bad temper he added a whinstone common-sense and a massive understanding. It was his duty, he believed, to maintain the ancient order of things, to nip sedition in the bud, and to preserve justice from the taint of effeminacy; and his worst enemy had to grant that he performed his thankless task with unhesitating courage.

The French Revolution brought to Scottish as to English politics a new dividing-line and the genuine opposition of theories. The history of Whiggism, in its modern sense, falls into two epochs, in the first of which it is a vague creed fostered by the party opposed to the Dundas influence, and with small following in the nation. The events in France checked all tendency to moderate reform, and in creating a more stolid Toryism gave a chance of forming a new party to young men of good talents and vagrant ambitions. The political Whigs had no connection with bodies like the Whig Club of Dundee, who voted addresses to the National Assembly. At first they walked very warily, and, save for a certain liberality of

speech, existed chiefly as a counterfoil to the Dundases. A few amiable visionaries were browbeaten by Braxfield and transported, and the barbarity of the sentences gave the Opposition a cue. But the official Whigs had no dealings with the windy theorist of the cause-way, and a man like Henry Erskine was Whig only in his wider sympathies. It was an unfortunate accident that made him appear an opponent of the French War, and he would probably have joined with his brother, Lord Buchan, in kicking the later 'Edinburgh Review' from his door. He refused to hear of any scheme of parliamentary reform, and he declined to join the Society of the Friends of the People. But he was at all times the exponent of kindness, generosity, and good manners, at once the "poor man's advocate" and an incomparable aristocrat. Sir Henry Craik has drawn a pleasing portrait of this type of a well-bred Opposition:—

"Erskine gave to his profession only what he could spare from music and poetry and genial interest in all the varied affairs of men. . . . Beside the coarse and uncouth, but massive personality of Braxfield, the quaint oddities of Monboddo, the farcical absurdity by which Eskgrove furnished endless mirth to the mimics of the Bar, he seemed like a denizen of another world. . . . He formed a new fashion and began a new school of forensic eloquence, and that, combined with his irresistible personal fascination, made his name, and, long after, his memory, things to conjure with. It was the combination of high birth, of strong attachment to fashions which were waning, of graceful and genial social gifts, with opinions of a democratic and revolutionary caste,

that made of him a personality so attractive. . . . His interest in the popular movements of the day was genuine enough, but was combined largely with something of the graceful condescension of one who was an aristocrat by birth and taste."

But Erskine's genial wisdom was soon to be exchanged for the shrill cleverness of a new school of young Whigs, who formed a more compact, if less dignified, opposition. Francis Jeffrey, Brougham, Sydney Smith, Horner, Clerk of Eldin, Cockburn, and Moncrieff form the links in the succession. They had many merits, some of them new enough in Scottish politics—wit, sprightliness, a great taste for letters, open minds, and many honest enthusiasms. But they had the faults incident to all parties which seek to argue questions abstractly, and scorn to consider national conditions. Too often their arguments were, in Sir Henry Craik's words, the "pragmatic reiteration of a few threadbare political principles." In their desire to prove that they were not provincial, they sometimes forgot to be national, and, as Lord Holland said of Jeffrey, "lost their broad Scotch and only gained the narrow English." The 'Edinburgh Review,' their official organ, reproduced the dregs of the sceptical philosophy in a habit of minor criticism, a too facile smartness, and a crude rationalism. They did a good work in their way; but it was as well that they were met by a robust Conservatism. In 1817 'Maga' was started, and in Lockhart the dapper young Whigs found

a critic who returned their blows with interest. The newer Toryism, the creed of Scott, took its stand upon national character, defended tradition, and poured contempt upon paper reforms and the sentiments of the crowd. But it, too, had its fatal defects. If it rebuked flippancy it defended prejudice, it was too often parochial in its aims, and it resisted reasonable change with the selfishness of a narrow and privileged class. The Revolution had made the reforming Conservatism of Pitt and Dundas impossible for the moment, and all that the party of reaction could do was to crush out Whiggism from the upper classes. But Whiggism found another home, and a passion for reform began to show itself more and more among the lower ranks of society, and, to quote Sir Henry Craik, "seemed to gather to itself some of the enthusiasm of the older Covenanters, and to appeal to impulses in the heart of the nation which were the strongest and most enduring." The witticisms of Jeffrey were exchanged for passionate convictions. "If you *unscotch* us," Scott had once written to Croker, "you will find us damned mischievous Englishmen;" yet the new Radicals were not Whig cosmopolitans, but as national as the Jacobites themselves. And so the two parties remain, slowly leavening each other, till of a sudden the centre of gravity is shifted from politics to the Kirk, and an ecclesiastical event absorbs Scottish interests, and creates that predominant Whiggism

which has endured to our own day.

So far we have traced the course of secular affairs, but we must return and discover the condition of the Kirk. Presbytery, as we have seen, had ranged itself under the Government banner, partly from a conviction of its interests, largely because its old rival, Episcopacy, was bound by doctrine to the other side. The Scottish Kirk, to the eyes of the ordinary Englishman, is an "impregnable wall of orthodox Calvinism"; but this aspect, so far as it exists, is in the main a modern thing, and as much English as Scottish in its origin. In the eighteenth century the Kirk was a more Laodicean institution, inspired with a healthy secular spirit, though it had always its fringe of extremists. Its rule, even at the century's end, as we gather from the Statistical Account, was not a severe one, and it was much more concerned with points in ecclesiastical law and etiquette than the grave things of dogma. For spiritual fervour we must look to the High-flyers, to whom the Moderates — "weary fa' them!" — were anathema, and to that Church which Pleydell adorned, "the persecuted Episcopal Kirk of Scotland." The heroism of the scattered Episcopal clergymen after Culloden is almost as notable as that of the older Cameronians. Such heroism, as Sir Henry Craik well says, was "not confined to one section or to one generation — still less to one form of religious belief. It burned as

brightly on the rocky coast of Angus and Mearns and in the mountain glens of Inverness-shire as on the wild heaths and moorlands of Galloway and Ayrshire." The High-flyers, again, were of Lady Rachel Drummond's opinion, that a "new light must come in through a crack either in the brain or in the heart." They held fast to the pure doctrine of Calvinism, abjuring an uncovenanted State and the teachings of science falsely so called. In a solemn protest against the doctrine of Whitefield, they described themselves as the "suffering remnant of the anti-Popish, anti-Lutheran, anti-Prelatic, anti-Whitefieldian, anti-Erastian, anti-Sectarian, true Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland." The Erskines, who led the chief Secession, were high-minded and unselfish men; but, however we regret the necessity, it is absurd to lament the intolerance of the Church which drove them out. The Established Kirk had an ancient and logical theory of government, and to condone lawlessness, however estimable the lawbreaker, would have been a clear betrayal of duty. As it happened, the need of the age was not sectarian fervour, but a Church which should exert itself in smoothing the change from the old Scotland to the new. The Act restoring Patronage, passed shortly after the Union, made the Moderates possible, and with the Moderates lay the future of the country. Their ideal, in Sir Henry Craik's words, was a Church which,

"abandoning the fantastic theocratic notions of a previous age, should conceive its best independence to be based on the law. . . . The Church of Scotland was to embrace within herself much of that more expansive and more attractive phase of Scottish life which had formerly sought refuge within the more indulgent bosom of the Episcopal Church, but which was now only too ready to accept shelter in another haven."

The great ecclesiastics of that age were chiefly Moderates, and closely connected with the literary and philosophic circles of Edinburgh. Chief among them was Robertson the historian, who enjoyed a surprising reputation in his own day, and Dr Alexander Carlyle, who as a boy had seen Lovat in his cups, and lived to discuss the merits of the 'Anti-Jacobin.' The leader of the High-flying party was Dr Alexander Webster of the Tolbooth Church, the Dr *Magnum Bonum* of many tales, who had the bad taste to laugh at his followers, and lament the necessity of voting with fools while he drank with gentlemen. But his party was not without its distinguished adherents, including of all people in the world the philosophic Hutcheson. It is impossible not to admire the lasting work of the Moderates, and the great qualities of tolerance and common-sense of some of their leaders. But the new light was attended by not a little cant and foppery, and the result was sometimes a kind of pseudo - enlightenment which

was not Scottish. The giddy parson is one of the most contemptible of types, and the ministers who flocked after Mrs Siddons and made a parade of their little liberties have an indescribable air of naughty urchins.

The next epoch in Church life was of a very different character, and attended with far-reaching results. The pure, if shallow, inspiration of Moderatism soon ebbed away, and something of the old turbid current of High-flying dogma rolled back again upon the Kirk. The ancient irreconcilable pride of that body was to set itself stoutly against the law of the land and common-sense, on behalf of a noble and logical, if unwise, ideal of ecclesiastical polity. In some respects the Disruption is as strenuous an assertion of nationalism as the Jacobite Risings, and it is remarkable that the Highlands played the major part in 1843 as in 1745. The Free Church fought for a principle in no way wiser or truer than that of their opponents; but inasmuch as it represented a deep-rooted national feeling, they had a right to stand upon it. This Secession at least differed from most others in being based upon ideas higher than a trifling formalism. The passing of the Veto Act was the gauntlet flung to the civil power after a serious consideration of the consequences, and the battle was brought to a conclusion as dignified as its beginning. Above all, it has the interest of a movement dominated and con-

trolled by one mind of the highest quality. It is no false perspective which sees in Chalmers something of the masculine courage, the proud consistency, and the organising power of Luther and Knox. A fact less widely recognised, because it is to the interest of his followers to forget it, is the essentially Conservative quality of his nature. He was an individualist of the strictest sect, and at the same time a good deal of the Tory democrat. Radicalism was bound up in his eyes with Secularism and Moderatism and all the lacklustre creeds of the past. He identified political agitation with irreligious propagandism; he had his windows broken because he opposed the Reform Bill; and his economic writings were directed consistently against the Manchester School. He detested Voluntarism as a pernicious heresy. "Though we quit the Establishment," he said, "we go out on the Establishment principle; we quit a vitiated Establishment, we would rejoice in returning to a pure one." And he wrote thus of an attitude to which his followers have been often prone: "I will resist even to the death that alienation which goes but to swell the luxury of the higher ranks at the expense of the Christianity of the lower orders." Nor were these the principles of a single epoch, but of the whole of his strenuous life. But with such views he joined the kind of extreme logic which is common among great ecclesiastics, and because he found elements of

discord, forgot the elements of union. The world had travelled too far from the theocracy of which he dreamed, and instead of a kingdom of the saints, he found only a prosperous dissenting body. Much has been written of the heroism and self-sacrifice of those who for conscience' sake left the Church of their fathers, and let us by all means give the rank-and-file this praise. But the leaders of the movement knew that it was to be well endowed; they had secured their pledges, and their cause was the cause of the monied *nouveau riche* all over the land. In all the heroics there is this salutary providence, which made the Free Church finances a model in religious economics. And there is some credit to be given to the other side, who had often to hold their posts in the face of popular insults, and had none of the easy glory which comes from following the crowd. To them, as to the loyalists in the American War of Independence, history has been something less than just. The movement, indeed, has ended precisely where its opponents prophesied it would. The Free Church believed in Establishment, but rejected the only means by which Establishment was constitutionally possible. The Abolition of Patronage showed them that they had travelled far from their first moderation; an ugly cry for disendowment began to be heard, and soon Voluntarism became the accepted principle of the majority. Only the other day, in an elaborate

diet in Edinburgh, attended by Liberal peers and English Nonconformist divines, the Church of Chalmers celebrated its nuptials with Dissent.

Lockhart to Mr Fox Maule, Carstairs to Chalmers, the '45 to the '43—it is only a century in time, but it is a millennium in spirit. The devilries of Lady Stair, and the horrible tale of Queensberry's idiot son, would have sounded strange to men accustomed to the rationalism of the 'Edinburgh Review' and the genteel manners of the New Town. No part of Sir Henry Craik's narrative is better than his contribution to the industrial and social history of Scotland, which lay at the back of the war of Whig and Tory. As is natural, he writes luminously of that educational system which, in the Lowlands, made of dire poverty "a hardening experience and an unfailing impulse." The Lowland character became the dominant one, and, as it developed, wealth and industries arose in the land. Glasgow, which Defoe thought "one of the cleanliest, most beautiful, and best-built cities in Great Britain," and Burt praised as the "prettiest and most uniform town that I ever saw," became something neither pretty nor clean, but immensely prosperous. The Highlands, too, were gradually opened up from the time when Wade began his admirable attempts at road-making. Already in the early years of the century many of the chiefs had forsworn barbarism, and had taken to serving in foreign wars and learning the ways of Courts; at first

selling their swords to foreign causes, till old breaches were healed, and a Cameron of Fassiefern could die at Quatre Bras. The politeness of their class had always been famous, and soon on the native stock there were grafted the ordinary acquirements of civilisation. People took to travelling north of the Highland line, and found singular beauties in mountains which Burt could only think of as "a dirty purple, but most disagreeable when the heath is in bloom." Some of the old wildness, to be sure, still lingered in the people; and as late as 1820, at a parliamentary election in Elgin, the fiery cross was sent round, and Grants and Duffs fought pitched battles in the open street. The advance in refinement among the upper classes was as remarkable as the taming of the lower. A real Edinburgh society came into being, which was celebrated equally for its *littérateurs* and lawyers and its high-spirited dames. The salons of St James's at that time scarcely afford us a greater variety of types or more vivacious gossip. Jacobitism long remained among Scots gentlewomen as a gentle melancholy sentiment, a thing of brocades and lace and twilit windows; and indeed women like Lady Hamilton of Rosehall or Lady Sarah Bruce had a hereditary right both to the sentiment and the melancholy. In those days society was a comfortable local thing; London was far away, Edinburgh was only for the magnates, and each county town held houses

of the neighbouring gentry, who adjourned thither for the season. It was the age, too, of endless coteries — literary, philosophical, scientific; taste was at a premium, to be witty was to be fashionable, and a strenuous intellectual life lay at the back of the many affectations. Scotland had its modest school of letters as well as England, and if it would be hard to praise the false rhetoric of Beattie and Home, we must set against it the eternal charm of the 'Gentle Shepherd.' Edinburgh must have been a catholic resort, when among its lawyers and lairds and ecclesiastics we find David Hume a welcome guest, and Clerk of Penicuik and Hamilton of Bangour frequent attendants at its levées. The cold North, we are told, developed a passion for *Æsthetic*. Hutcheson, Stevenson, and Lord Kames dealt in arid theories of the beautiful, and Taste was the idol of every one with pretensions to intellect. And so in this busy world, where profundity rubbed shoulders with the smatterer, Scotland's greatest gifts to the eighteenth century were created — her

school of philosophy, some portion of the poetry of Burns, and the tradition which made possible Sir Walter Scott.

We close with regret Sir Henry Craik's two masterly volumes. He has been a wise and witty guide through a difficult period, where it is easy to write by formula. So many old stale catchwords, distorted pictures, and false characters cumber the stage, that there is a great temptation towards the second-hand. It is the foremost merit of the book that the author has taken nothing on trust, but has for himself re-cut the inscriptions, and given us the judgment of a keen and open mind. With unerring hand he has disentangled lines of policy and chains of causes; and at the same time he has not forgotten the picturesque details which give serious history the interest of romance. Some day we hope he will return to his task, and write the tale of that most recent Scotland of all which ends with the late century. We can imagine few more interesting labours, and no more competent hand to undertake it.

BRIDGE.

MAN is by nature a conservative animal—conservative in his eating and drinking, conservative in his methods of business, conservative in his very affectation of liberalism, conservative in his pastimes. Any one who, ten years since, had ventured to prophesy that, by the beginning of the twentieth century, whist would have disappeared from the card-room of almost every club in the country would have justly been considered a lunatic. Yet the prediction has proved as true as the vaticinations of Cassandra, and you may hunt Pall Mall and the parish of St James's for a whole afternoon together without discovering a single rubber of whist in progress. For the venerable game has been ousted by BRIDGE, a foreign importation, believed to have reached this country from the East seven years ago *vid* the Riviera and the Maritime Alps. A few stalwarts there may possibly still be, lurking in some old-fashioned club-house, who continue to resist the allurements of the new-comer. But their number diminishes day by day. Many who watched its beginnings in these islands with suspicion and distrust, merging gradually into interest and wonder, have become its enthusiastic partisans, and display not a little of the fanatical zeal proverbially attributed to converts. Nor can this be said to be surprising. Whatever its

merits and demerits may be in other respects, there can be no dispute that bridge is an uncommonly attractive game to look on at.

When, about a hundred years ago, short whist began to supersede long whist, there were probably much shaking of heads and perturbation of spirit on the part of those to whom the length of the old rubber was a recommendation rather than a drawback. We know that long whist was the form of the pastime that prevailed at Dingley Dell in or about the summer of 1828; and we are confident that old Mrs Wardle, to say nothing of Mr Miller and the man with the bald head, would have been at one with "Cavendish" in his preference for it. There is much to be said in support of this view. One of the weak spots in short whist is the excessive and disproportionate reward attached to holding honours; and even if the score for honours be reduced by a half, the injustice is still felt. One of the advantages of bridge is that, while honours count towards the "tottle of the whole," they do not assist towards making game. And not the least of its minor attractions, we may add, is that the score in honours and in tricks is carefully reckoned up in full conclave of the players at the end of each hand, and that in order to get the benefit of his honours no one has to rely upon the instantaneous

working of the treacherous or sluggish memory of himself or of his partner. But what has really killed short whist is the multiplication of rigid conventions, and the late Mr Jones (to employ a novel metaphor) may be said to have been the chief agent in forging the bolt which destroyed his favourite amusement. A certain amount of convention in a card-game is not only tolerable, but absolutely necessary. It is essential, for instance, to the harmonious and successful conduct of a game at bridge that there should be an accepted understanding as to what is meant by the playing of a needlessly high card: whether it is to signify, as in whist, a call for trumps, or, as others contend, a request to your partner to go on with the suit he is leading. Provided that the intellects of those who are in the habit of playing together have something like the same power of assimilation, a vast deal of convention may be permitted without crushing out all life and originality. Latterly, however, the reduction of whist to a cast-iron system had been overdone; the intricate and minute refinements imported from America had puzzled and fatigued the intelligence of the average player; and even the really skilled practitioner must have felt in the position of one who tries to dance a fandango with handcuffs on his wrists and fetters on his ankles. We have thus triumphantly demonstrated that the whist-playing world, despite outward appearances, was in the precise

psychological state for welcoming a change at the precise moment when the opportunity for change arrived. No historian or philosopher could have proved more, however profound his wisdom after the event (and no other is genuine). We therefore proceed with our task, fortified by the consciousness that we have followed the best precedents, and done our duty.

Bridge, then, had many attractions for the competent whist-player. It offered him a game in which his skill could not be wholly frustrated by mere good fortune on the other side; and it offered him a game from which accumulated experience had not banished the romance of adventure, and in which there were whole continents to explore, whole worlds to conquer. It is not so easy (be it said with all deference and respect) to guess what qualities in the game have captivated so many ladies who took little or no delight in whist. Ratiocination, whether inductive or deductive, has never been supposed to be the strong point of the fair sex; and, although intuition is by no means exiled from the realm of bridge, the faculty of reasoning, of drawing inferences, has far more scope there than in the game which has been supplanted. Yet the modern representatives of Lady Snuphanaph, Miss Bolo, and Mrs Colonel Wugsby play bridge with an enthusiasm which would have amazed their prototypes, and, we daresay, if their partner is as unsatisfactory as Mr Pickwick, return

home, after the last rubber, in tears and a cab, if not a sedan-chair.

Still less intelligible do we find the furore for bridge which has taken possession of many who, to employ a polite meiosis, were far from being "fliers" even at whist. They flock to the bridge-table resolved to do or die: proud in the determination never to wait until a ten ace of their own is led up to, always to lead through dummy's weak suit and up to his strong one, and at all costs to finesse against their partner. Their grandest *coup* of all they reserve for the occasions when it supplies the only possible means of losing the game: we mean the lead which depends for its success upon the hypothesis that both the opponents have secretly sworn to avert their gaze from dummy's hand. And in the accomplishment of these and the like masterly performances, they prolong the game far beyond its normal duration by fumbling with every card in their hand before they can select the wrong one to play. Many people, we believe, imagine that bridge is more of a gambling game than whist, and it is quite true that it affords moments of breathless excitement to which the other can never rise. There is something exquisitely poignant, for example, in the feeling of suspense with which, if you have made a light "no-trumper," the enemy being at 28, you await the disclosure of your partner's hand. But it is no less true that bridge is a game which makes much heavier

demands upon the memory and the reason than whist, and in which the odds are much more in favour of skill as opposed to mere luck. Hence, while even the mediocre whist-player is likely to be below mediocrity at bridge, the bad whist-player is almost certain to be *very* bad, and the pecuniary consequences of his mistakes are likely to be much more serious. Mr John Doe estimates that a really bad player at bridge makes six glaring errors a day. If he had written six glaring errors a rubber, we are not sure that he would have been beyond the mark. Yet even upon the more charitable basis of calculation, it is easy to see that, inasmuch as every trick counts for something in the score, and honours count for nothing in the game, the amount which a careless or incompetent player may drop in the course of a few months may be something appreciable, even at the rate of ten shillings a hundred, which is the nearest convenient equivalent to half-crown points at whist.

Let us endeavour briefly to sketch the distinctive features of bridge for the benefit of those of 'Maga's' readers who may not happen as yet to have made its acquaintance. The game, like whist, is played by four persons—two against two, the partners facing one another. Whichever side scores 30 points before the other, wins the game; and whichever side wins two games out of three, wins the rubber. The tricks are collected in the same way as at whist; and only the number of tricks made in excess of six

counts to the score. The preliminaries as to cutting, &c., are identical with those at whist, and the mode of dealing is the same, with the important exception that the fifty-second card of the pack is not turned up, but dealt face downwards to the dealer like any other card. The dealer, when he has finished dealing, must then look at his hand, and select a particular suit which is to be trumps, or else, at his option, leave it to his partner to do so. The importance of this right of choice will be apparent when it is explained that the value of a trick varies according to the suit which has been made trumps. Thus, with hearts declared trumps, every trick over and above the "book" counts 8, with diamonds 6, with clubs 4, and with spades 2. It follows, as the night the day, that, with hearts for trumps, four tricks will make game, with diamonds, five, while the utmost that can be made out of tricks in one hand with clubs for trumps is 28, and with spades 14. But the four suits do not exhaust the possibilities of the declaration, for the dealer (or his partner, if it be left to him by the dealer) may declare that there shall be "no trumps," in which event the value of every trick is 12, so that three tricks will win the game. With regard to scoring, we may add that any surplus points above 30 are not carried over to the next game, though they are included in the ultimate score; and that, in arriving at the goal of 30, tricks alone, as we have hinted, are

taken into the reckoning. Honours (into the details of which we need not enter save to note that the ten counts as a fifth in addition to the usual four, that their value also varies with the trump-suit, and that, with no trumps declared, three and four aces take their place) are scored in a separate compartment of the same column, and their value is included in the addition of points which takes place at the end of the rubber.

When trumps have been declared either by the dealer or by his partner, the leader (that is to say, the player on the dealer's left) either "doubles" the value of the trumps, or asks his partner if he may play. If he doubles, or if, on his requesting permission to play, his partner doubles, the dealer or his partner may redouble. The leader or his partner may then redouble again; and the process of doubling goes merrily on until one side or the other cries Content. To prevent excessive gambling, the conventional limit beyond which the value of a suit may not be raised by doubling and redoubling is fixed at 100. When doubling is finished, or when neither the leader nor his partner chooses to double, the leader proceeds to play, and, when he has led, the dealer's partner transforms himself into dummy by laying down and exposing his hand on the table, and it is thenceforward played by the dealer. Dummy is, indeed, permitted to collect the tricks for his partner, and to play to a trick the card which

the dealer announces that he desires to have played. Nay, more, he may interpose to prevent his partner (though not his opponents) from leading out of turn; and, most valuable privilege of all, he may save his partner from a revoke and its penalties by asking if he has no more of a suit to which he renounces. But in all other respects dummy's mouth is closed, and he retires from participation in the play. It is *ultra vires* for him to suggest, by word or gesture, what card shall be played from his hand; nor may he call attention to a revoke made by his opponents. So absolutely incapacitated does he become that he is forbidden to rise from his seat and look, out of curiosity, at his partner's hand or at those of his opponents (rule 65). This prohibition is sometimes, we venture to think, unfortunately, more honoured in the breach than the observance. As regards the general question of dummy's disabilities, we believe the opinion is gaining ground that he should be either bound to call his partner's attention to the fact that he is leading from the wrong hand, or entirely debarred from doing so. The latter alternative is unquestionably the simpler and more workable.

It will be gathered from what has now been said, scanty as our explanation may appear, that bridge opens up many avenues which were closed at whist, and abounds in novel and great possibilities. Those who are ambitious of embarking on the new venture will find no lack of more or less trustworthy guides.¹ If in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, the diligent student of bridge literature ought without doubt to be superlatively wise. Some there be who altogether despise the assistance of books in these matters, trusting to the native acuteness and vigour of their intellect; but they are not, as a rule, ideal partners, and the light of nature which they profess to depend upon too often proves to be a sad Will-o'-the-wisp. Mere book-learning, to be sure, is of little avail, and a course of study, if too prolonged and severe, may prove a hindrance instead of a help. Principles are worse than useless in bridge, as in other matters, unless the secret of their application has been mastered. But a little steady reading of some good manual or other ought to be of considerable service to the tyro; and certainly he can get nothing but the most salutary advice from the work of Mr John Doe,

¹ The Bridge Manual. By John Doe. London: Warne, 1900.

The Laws of Bridge. Sixth edition. London: De la Rue, 1899.

Foster's Bridge. By R. F. Foster. London: Lawrence & Bullen, 1901.

Bridge Whist: Its Whys and Wherefores. By C. J. Melrose. London: Gill, 1900.

Bridge, and How to Play It. By Archibald Dunn. Sixth edition. London: Routledge, 1901.

Pons Asinorum; or, Bridge for Beginners. By A. G. Hulme-Beaman. London: Methuen, 1900.

which heads our list, and deserves to do so. The work published by Messrs De la Rue is, indeed, indispensable, for it alone contains the authoritative rules of the game. But the hints which are appended to them are very meagre. Mr Foster's handbook, again, is ingenious and thorough, like his works on whist. But, from the point of view of a Britisher at any rate, it is disfigured by its numerous Americanisms. To "go over" does not strike one as a happy synonym for to double, or to "go back" for to redouble; and though it may economise both time and space to call the leader's partner the "pone," the word does not impress us as either graceful or significant. The other volumes are not without their merits; but, upon the whole, we award the palm to Mr Doe without any hesitation. He is original and far-sighted in his views; his boldness is duly attempered by prudence; and he expresses himself in a style which, if it occasionally errs on the side of flippancy, is pointed and vivacious. In the few observations which we propose to offer upon the game, we shall not scruple to draw when necessary upon Mr Doe's resources.

There is a preliminary matter, belonging rather to the region of etiquette, upon which it is impossible to insist too strongly. A player should diligently cultivate an absolutely imperturbable demeanour. Even at whist undue hesitation or precipitancy, a muttered expression of disgust, or an ill-concealed gesture of annoyance, may con-

vey information. Much more so at bridge. To reflect for any length of time before passing a queen is a pretty broad hint as to the whereabouts of her royal consort. To pause for two or three minutes before deciding not to double is as good as an invitation to your partner to lead you a trump, or, if "no trumps" has been declared, to lead you his weakest suit. Particular pains should be taken that the formula in which the declaration is made or passed should be always the same. H'ming and hawing should be avoided, and so should any inflections or intonations of the voice which betoken exultation or despair. The dealer should never "think we'll make it hearts" or be "afraid he must make it spades." (The word "must" in this connection is a trap into which even the scrupulous have been known to fall.) His partner, when the declaration is left to him, should not fetch a deep sigh as he makes spades, nor should the dealer respond by emitting a sepulchral, or even a superb, groan. Simple and obvious as such maxims are, they are too often neglected. It is all very well to say that players who know one another intimately and play together every day can afford not to stand upon punctilio. The "rigour of the game" should be every one's motto as well as Mrs Battle's, and a strict observance even of minute and trivial points (which these are not) is the best possible security for things going smoothly. It is super-

fluous. to say that in playing with strangers such matters should be attended to with tenfold vigilance; for with "strangers" the prudent man, the *bonus paterfamilias*, never plays bridge at all.

The capital feature in bridge is undoubtedly the declaration. Bad play may, of course, throw many tricks away, but it will never work so much mischief as consistently unsound declaring. Here we see that the bridge-table is, after all, but a microcosm, an epitome of the world. Here every type of character displays itself: the rash, the pusillanimous, the impulsive, the careful. Here shall you see opportunities flung away never to return, or boldly grasped and made the most of. The prize, as in life, goes to the man who steers most deftly between undue enterprise and undue timidity, who is not unduly elated by prosperity nor unduly depressed by reverses, and who, let us venture to add, makes the fewest mistakes. It is absolutely essential to keep one's head. To be flustered at bridge is to be undone. Hence, apart from the obligations of politeness, it is to every one's interest to be civil to his partner. Only so can you get any good work out of him. The provocation to upbraid is often strong. It requires immense force of will to watch one's partner massacring a fine pair of hands, and not to give vent to some sign of disapprobation. But the temptation should be manfully resisted, or your partner will only play the worse.

The difficulty of the declara-

tion is much enhanced by the imperative necessity of playing to the score, and the score includes the state of the rubber as well as of the game, which is sometimes forgotten. You do not, standing at 28, or even with the game at love-all, declare "no trumps" upon a hand on which you might be bound to make such a declaration with your opponents standing at 28 and you at love. When one trick in the least expensive suit will get your opponents out, there is nothing to be gained by declaring spades for protective purposes. If the game is to be pulled out of the fire, a supreme effort must be made, and, if that effort is destined to failure, you may as well, in Mr Doe's sagacious words, be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. On the other hand, if your opponents are standing at 24, you will not make hearts or diamonds trumps unless you have great strength in them, for the loss of the odd trick will mean the loss of the game. Nor will you double spades when the adversaries are at 24, unless you have an absolutely overwhelming hand, and your own score is such that four or five tricks in spades doubled will take you out. Mr Doe, by the bye, is extremely conservative and cautious with regard to doubling, but we are not prepared to say that he is wrong. Much depends upon your position relatively to the hand from which the declaration comes. If you are on its left, you may double with much greater confidence than if you are on its right. An extremely

neat and interesting point arises on the doubling of no trumps. You are not supposed to double unless you have a long suit, good for seven certain tricks, or for six certain tricks, with another ace in your hand. When you have doubled, it becomes your partner's duty (contrary to the rules of no-trump play) to lead you his weakest instead of his strongest suit, the probability being that his weakest suit will turn out to be your strong one. It is highly desirable, however, before you double no trumps on this principle, to make sure that your partner is acquainted with the convention, otherwise serious results will ensue. In America, the rule is that no one doubles trumps unless he has seven certain tricks in hearts, and accordingly the partner of the player who doubles leads a heart. But this convention is purely arbitrary, and lacks the refinement of the one which prevails in this country. At the same time, it must be admitted that the expediency even of the latter may be questioned, for it seems to preclude doubling no trumps on a really good all-round hand, with which you may be sitting comfortably over the player who made the declaration, and who has probably "gone light" in a desperate attempt to win the game. Such a manoeuvre as doubling no trumps in these circumstances (which would arise very seldom) seems to be perfectly natural and legitimate, and it will be for consideration some day whether the rule at present accepted ought not to be re-

vised. Be that as it may, doubling should not be indulged in recklessly, without a sense of responsibility or without a careful reckoning of the consequences which may result if redoubling takes place. We have seen spades rattled up to the 100 limit in less than no time upon hands which afforded absolutely no justification for such a course. It is quite true that it is better for the dealer to "go light" or to redouble than for dummy to do so. The opposite side naturally "funks" the concealed more than the exposed hand. But, except in so far as the recollection of this truth may carry one, mere "bluffing" has no part or lot in bridge, for every card must sooner or later be "seen." As for the players who double spades "on principle" merely because a trick in spades counts a wretched 2, the less said about them the better.

Unless, perhaps, his score stands at 28, the first question which a dealer or his partner should ask himself at any state of the game is, Can I make "no trumps" on my hand? Mr Doe insists strongly upon this, and goes so far as to say that the man who has never made "no trumps" and lost three tricks in them has not made "no trumps" often enough. When you have four aces in your hand, it requires no great access of courage to make the declaration, for that circumstance alone entitles you to score 100 by way of honours, and 100 is exactly the amount of the rubber points. Nor with three aces and anything to back

them up is there much room for dubiety. It is as we gradually descend the scale of strength that the decision becomes a matter of difficulty. Mr Doe states very clearly and concisely the rules at which his experience and observation have enabled him to arrive, and we are satisfied that they are thoroughly trustworthy guides in the main. But we will not vouch for the correctness of the reasoning by which he attains his results. We have been blessed with practically no aptitude for mathematical problems, and to work out whether a given hand contains "half-a-trick-making card" above the average would probably involve the postponement of our declaration for at least a quarter of an hour. We daresay they are all right, and we are quite prepared to accept them on trust; but Mr Doe's calculations, though presented in the most straightforward and unpedantic manner possible, remind us somewhat of the elaborate series of figures by which Hoyle sought to justify his conclusions, and which (as the reader of "Cavendish's" historical chapter doubtless remembers) were received with scepticism and ridicule by contemporary pamphleteers. In one other matter with regard to the declaration we conceive Mr Doe to be absolutely sound,—we mean the prophylactic or precautionary declaration of spades. When the dealer has a hand which does not hold out the possibility, or even the likelihood, of a single trick, he should declare spades

himself, instead of leaving the declaration to his partner, as he naturally would. The object of so doing is to avert the disaster which would certainly attend the declaration of "no trumps" by his partner on a light hand. It is rather distressing to obey this rule with a feeling of pride at your superior play and then discover your partner with a strong no-trumper, or seven hearts to the ace, king, queen; but one example to the contrary does not disprove a principle, and in nine cases out of ten we believe that the rule will prove salutary. Assuming the score to be love-all, the very worst that can befall the dealer who observes it is the loss of seven tricks in spades doubled.

We cannot examine in detail the principles which Mr Doe lays down for the declaration when "no trumps" is out of the question. It must suffice to note that they are all based upon common-sense, and that he is by no means wedded to views which may often be heard confidently expressed at the bridge-table. On the contrary, he seems thoroughly able and willing to form his own opinion on all questions whether debatable or not. Some of the doctrines he enunciates are not very recondite. Few, except the flighty or the inexperienced, would hesitate to believe that, with four honours in hearts, that suit should invariably be made trumps, unless you happen also to hold four aces, when of course "no trumps" should be declared. A very

good specimen of Mr Doe's candour and intelligence will be found in his discussion of the much more difficult question of what should be done when you have four honours in diamonds in your hand, and that hand a possible no-trumper. Mr Doe's view briefly is that you should declare diamonds, unless you happen also to have three aces, when the possibility of making more by tricks will outweigh the superior value of the honours in diamonds. Mr Doe, again, will by no means accept the very common view that a black suit should never be declared by the dealer. Certain combinations may occur which make such a declaration eminently advisable; and with a very strong hand in spades or clubs the chances are that you will do better in either than if your partner makes a red suit trumps on a light hand, which in the circumstances he may quite well be tempted to do. One of the most ingenious, though at first sight paradoxical, propositions laid down by our Mentor is, that if you hold a doubtful no-trumper with marked weakness in spades you should declare no trumps, whereas if you are strong in spades you should leave it to your partner. Conversely, the dealer's partner, if the declaration is left to him and he holds a hand of the same character, should make "no trumps" if he is very weak in spades, and spades if he has strength in that suit. We leave it to our

readers to work out for themselves the reasoning on which this advice is founded; but we are quite clear that Mr Doe has proved his case.

On the subject of leaving the declaration, which is, of course, merely a branch of the main question, we have no fault to find with Mr Doe. And we think he is particularly wise in calling attention to an element which no rules can attempt to provide for, nor any theories to neutralise. Something in declaring or leaving must depend on the idiosyncrasy of your partner. If he knows his partner to be habitually rash in his declarations, it may be wise for the dealer at a critical juncture of the game to stretch a point and make the declaration himself rather than leave it in accordance with Cocker. Similarly, if the dealer has left it to dummy, the latter should think twice before declaring "no trumps" upon a hand which it will obviously require a good deal of nerve and skill to make the most of, if he is aware that the play of the cards is not the dealer's strong point. It is, perhaps, one of the charms of bridge that the personal factor can never be wholly eliminated. It would be absurd to attach too much importance to it, but equally foolish to disregard it. Its presence is one of the facts, though by no means the only one, which entitle us to sum up the whole discussion by saying that, however valuable the most carefully devised rules and systems of calculation may be, the declaration must, in the ultimate resort, be very largely

a matter of impression. How is it that some men succeed in business while others fail? How is it that some men are in all the "good things," while others have the knack of getting into all the bad things at top prices? Industry may count for much, and so may ability in the narrower sense of the word. But the quality which the successful men possess and the unsuccessful lack is a species of instinct which defies analysis—a nose for what is likely to turn out well, a subtle power of forecasting the future, which can by no possibility be codified and digested into rules. Even so is it with bridge. The best and most successful player is he who, albeit thoroughly versed in the theory of the game, is able by a sort of intuition correctly to estimate the chances both for and against him, and to regulate his action accordingly.

The play of bridge with a suit declared trumps is identical with that of dummy-whist, except that the first card has to be led before dummy's hand is exposed, and that the declaration, or the leaving of the declaration, affords some information as to the strength of the dealer's hand. With no trumps, the principles of play are materially different, and the establishment of the long suit becomes the object to which everything else must be subordinated. True, the object of whist is generally the same, as "Cavendish" has taught us; but many things may occur in the course of a whist hand to divert the energies of the players to an attempt to

win the game by other means—*e.g.*, by a double ruff. In bridge with no trumps, that is, of course, an impossibility; and hence the immediate return of a partner's original lead (which should be from his longest suit) is a duty which can only be neglected, under pain of heavy censure, for extremely urgent reasons, such as the possession of a long and established suit in your own hand. Thus it is imperative in playing to no trumps to forget much that one has learned at whist; and so it is also when playing to a trump suit. Dummy play at whist is obviously different from the play of the four-handed game; and most whist-players are naturally more familiar with the latter than with the former. They are therefore apt to import into bridge a number of practices which are wholly out of place, and which they cannot make too much haste to abandon. Other rules there are which should be adhered to even more scrupulously than at whist. Among such is the lead from the fourth best, than which nothing is more valuable in conveying information to your partner. False cards are almost always inexcusable in playing against dummy; but the dealer, who plays dummy's hand, may indulge in them freely to considerable advantage.

The lead of a singleton may often be extremely profitable, especially if your partner be an old enough hand to make a shrewd guess, from what he himself holds and from the cards exposed on the table, that you desire a ruff. As a rule, at

bridge, you should have very little diffidence in forcing your partner although you happen to be weak in trumps; and we have seen at least as many rubbers lost as saved, even at whist, by a pedantic observance of the prohibition against doing so. But if a singleton lead is frequently successful, we agree with Mr Doe in holding that the lead from two cards, whether in the hope of a ruff in the third round, or from any other motive, is almost invariably a bad one. There is one variety of it which is especially objectionable and dangerous. The dealer, we shall say, holds ace and two small diamonds, and dummy holds queen and one small diamond. The dealer, having just grasped the advantages of leading a strengthening card through to a winner in the partner's hand, leads dummy's queen of diamonds. The player on dummy's left puts up the king, if he has it and any common-sense, the dealer is compelled to take the king with his ace, and thus the whole diamond suit is cleared for the adversaries at one blow. Nor is the dealer much better off if the king happens to lie in the fourth hand; and therefore such a combination of cards as we have figured had best be left severely alone. One other lesson may be learned from our example—viz., the expediency of covering a high card. How often have we seen a king twice guarded held up second in hand when a queen was led, with the result that it ultimately fell to the ace, and that the ten in a partner's hand, which would otherwise infallibly

have made, is involved in a common ruin! No doubt the judicious and well-reasoned holding up of a winning card is a most important element in the play. But then, it is extremely difficult to be sure that your holding up is judicious and reasonable. For every instance of brilliant and successful holding up, we have observed half-a-dozen in which the only result of the operation has been to present the other side with an additional trick, which perhaps meant the difference of the game. Therefore our advice to the aspirant would be, to abstain from holding up merely with the vague idea of retaining the command of the adversaries' suit. Unless he has a well-defined aim in view, which there is a reasonable prospect of his attaining by this "little manoeuvre," he had better play the commonplace and straightforward game, and make his winner without delay.

To attempt to describe with anything like exhaustiveness the subtleties in play of which bridge is capable in really skilful hands would demand at least a whole number of 'Maga.' But we trust that enough has been said to justify the view that the game has boundless potentialities, and that so far from being only a medium for speculation, it is in truth a far higher test of the mental powers than almost any other card game regularly played in this country. To watch bridge as played by a quartette of good players is a high intellectual treat; to be permitted to join them is a

privilege which can only atone for the painful sense of inferiority it entails if it be, in the language of the theologians, diligently "improved." As in golf, so in bridge: the only road to proficiency is to play with others who are better than oneself. In this way alone can one hope to acquire something of that clear and comprehensive vision which, almost from the very beginning of a hand, seems to realise how the game is to go. The mere "reading of a hand" is an achievement which to the novice seems as mysterious as Chinese, but to the expert is simply the result of instantaneous inference applied to the record of accurate observation. It is hard to attain perfection if one plays with people who, from the beginning to the end of a game, have no conception of the true drift of events, who never mark the fall of the cards, for whom their partner's discard has no significance, and who, with four tierce majors in their hand, would contrive some means of not making even little slam. Yet the ideal player, though he carefully prepares his scheme of campaign, is never so absorbed in his plans for the future as to take his eyes off the table. He is ever on the alert; his thoughts are never concentrated upon his own hand; his head is never among the clouds. It is the laudable effort to look ahead which leads to revoking; and revokes are not only much more numerous at bridge than at whist, but are much less

frequently remarked. Whether the penalty for revoking is not, at present, too severe, may be doubted: it seems to have been borrowed from the whist code without much consideration. Probably, too, there are other weak places in the rules for which time and experience will suggest remedies. Meanwhile, the rules are good enough to go on with. It may be that whist is at present undergoing merely a suspension, and not a total extinction, of vitality, and that bridge will shortly retire into the comparative obscurity whence it emerged. For our own part, we are disposed to think otherwise. The better it is known, the better it seems to be liked. The length of time that a rubber may occupy, which seemed likely to militate against its popularity, has not turned out to be so serious a drawback as was expected, for as men get accustomed to the game they learn to play quicker. Its extreme difficulty will not act as an obstacle to its triumphant march. Those who are destined always to be bad players will never appreciate how difficult it is; to those who aspire to better things, its difficulty will but supply an additional stimulus to exertion. And, finally, we conceive the best guarantee for the permanence of an intensely fascinating game to lie in this, that generations, if not centuries, must elapse before the elements of initiative and individuality are crushed out of the play by a hide-bound code of written or conventional law.

ARMY SHOOTING, AND ITS IMPROVEMENT.

BY AN INFANTRY OFFICER.

THE revolutions in modern warfare produced by the numerous improvements in firearms make it more than ever essential that each individual soldier should be a reliable marksman—able to pick out an object to fire at, and be certain of hitting it. The days of firing into the “brown” on the off-chance of winging one of the covey are over, and it is no longer sufficient to pump in lead without taking aim. The lead-pumping can be done much more effectively nowadays with such things as Maxims and pom-poms, and the soldier in the fighting line will in the future have to husband his ammunition, for only under exceptional circumstances can he expect, when once he has entered the zone of fire, to have his ammunition replenished during his advance. The new method of training the soldier is tending towards inculcating habits of self-reliance and independence of action; the private soldier is to become a human being capable of thinking and acting for himself, and not, as he has too often hitherto been, a mere machine. The machine was good enough in the days of the old “Brown Bess,” when troops could be manoeuvred in close formation to within 300 yards of the enemy; but now that it is necessary to shake out into a

series of thin and often widely extended lines at 1000 yards, it is obvious that men who may find themselves 10 or 20 yards away from a comrade, and perhaps 100 yards from a section commander, must to a certain extent “play the game off their own bats.” A sportsman who has indulged in big-game shooting will appreciate what this means better than any one else, more especially if he has done his own stalking without being dry-nursed by a gillie; and I may here remark that were it possible to give every British soldier a month’s deer-stalking in the year, we should have the finest field-service shots in the world. But this can never be, and all that we can hope to do is to train on such artificial lines as shall as nearly as possible approach the real, and this training is what I propose discussing.

Every man whose eyesight is not defective can, if he is properly instructed and if he gives his mind to it, become a thoroughly good shot at a fixed mark, and there should be no men in the army with defective eyesight, by which I imply that the soldier’s eyesight should be periodically tested by specialists, and that a high standard of vision should be demanded—not only ordinary “acuteness of vision,” but also “alertness of vision.”

Formerly there was a certain amount of difficulty in inducing recruits not to "funk" their rifles: both the Snider and the Martini had a considerable recoil, which was a great trial to the novice, and which some men could never get over. With the present rifle this is entirely absent, the "kick" being quite inappreciable, so that the nerves of the recruit are no longer a factor in his instruction. It is of course necessary to walk before you can run, and consequently the fixed-target practice must be carried out thoroughly before going on to practice under what may be termed battlefield conditions, though I admit that there are occasionally to be found men who are indifferent shots at a fixed target but almost brilliant ones at anything on the move. They are, however, few and far between; but the knowledge that such men do exist makes it necessary, in my opinion, to give even the worst fixed-target shots a trial at a moving object. Better shooting also, I think, might be got out of the service rifles, if something could be done in the way of fitting the stocks to the length of arm, &c., of the men using them.

In criticising the musketry training of the army, I do not in any way claim superior knowledge, or infallibility in my ideas, which have been formed simply out of practical experience both in teaching rifle-shooting and in stalking; and in any suggestions that I

offer I disregard such things as expense, paucity of officers, battalions under strength, nights in bed, and the like, under the impression that the nation in the future intends to have a home army untrammelled by drawbacks of this nature. My principal complaint against the authorities is the absurdly small number of rounds that the soldier is, as a rule, compelled to fire in the year—viz., for infantry 200 rounds, and for cavalry 150, with the addition of a few more rounds per man for field-firing. To imagine that a man can be anything of a shot with so small an expenditure of ammunition is ridiculous. Moreover, he fires off all his rounds in ten days, and, unless he visits the range for his own amusement, does not fire off his rifle again for a year. Under such circumstances it cannot be expected that the average shot can be converted into a brilliant one. The fact is, that musketry has usually been regarded as an inconvenient and unpleasant necessity. The general grudges the time during which the regiments of his brigade are broken up for their musketry course, and the colonel and the adjutant have similar regrets at not being able to get the battalion together for drill; while to the majority of company officers the range is, to say the least, an irksome and disagreeable nuisance. The civilian will doubtless consider this a serious indictment; but if he knew what a course of

musketry very frequently entails, he would no longer wonder at the distaste which many officers have for the range. In many home stations the range is situated three or four miles from barracks—at least an hour's march: there is no excitement about the practice; the bulk of the men take no interest in it, and the one thought is how long it will be before every one has fired off his rounds and the company will be able to march home. All this is radically wrong, and some means should be devised to make rifle-shooting not only less distasteful but even popular. The prizes and badges for good shooting appeal to the few only; the majority go through their course much in the same spirit as the convict on the treadmill; what is wanted is either an impetus to rouse the enthusiasm of the laggards or more compulsory practice. Before going into this matter, however, I will say something as to the present course of instruction.

The recruits are instructed by the assistant-adjutant (a modern title for the instructor of musketry), who is usually selected because he is known to be an enthusiast about everything connected with shooting. The course commences with eight days' preliminary drill, which includes lectures and practical instruction in the care and description of arms and ammunition, theoretical principles, firing exercise, aiming drill, and judging distance. After this the twenty-

seven range practices at fixed targets take place. These consist of sixteen "deliberate individual" practices (of seven rounds each) at distances between 200 and 800 yards, standing, kneeling, and lying down, according to the distance. Then follow four "rapid individual" practices, and lastly seven practices in volleys and independent firing (rapid and deliberate). The grand total of rounds thus expended amounts to 189, though an additional eleven rounds per man are allowed for the purpose of giving further practice to bad or indifferent shots. There is little fault to be found with this course, and as the assistant-adjutant has the power of putting back a recruit for further practice whenever he likes, the required standard (not particularly high) is eventually reached by all. The recruits generally are interested in their shooting, but chiefly for the reason that if they fail to get the qualifying number of points, they will be longer at it.

Now comes the annual course of the trained soldier. During the year he has to attend at least eight (*i.e.*, he probably attends exactly eight) drills in firing exercise, aiming, and fire discipline, and eight judging distance practices; then immediately before starting his course he has two days' preliminary drill, similar to that which he went through as a recruit. The range-practice rounds are expended as follows: 42 rounds "deliberate

individual," 200 to 800 yards; 56 rounds "volleys and independent"; and 20 rounds "attack practice"; the remaining 81 rounds being fired, at the discretion of the company and battalion commanders, in "field" practices (at moving and vanishing targets, &c.) As far as it goes, the trained soldier's course is a fairly practical one,—it starts with brushing up his "pot-shot" firing, and goes on to battlefield work in section formation; but something more than all this is wanted to make the soldier a really good shot. To produce good results, every soldier in every regiment should be educated to consider that unless he can shoot straight, he is an encumbrance to an army in the field; that he is no better than a dummy figure—and much more expensive—and that in the eyes of the nation he is an absolute fraud.

As matters stand, more than fifty per cent of the officers and men of the army look on musketry as a drudgery, though it is unfair to imagine that all regiments are alike in this respect. Some regiments—generally those in which *esprit de corps* is carefully fostered—are exceedingly keen about their *figure of merit*, and are to be found always near the top of the list,—a result brought about, not by the expenditure of the annual 200 rounds, but, strange as it may seem, by the private enterprise of the regimental rifle club in the men's leisure time. It comes to this, then, that the good shooting of the army

depends chiefly on the voluntary practice of each regiment, which again depends on the enthusiasm of the officers of the regiment, and on the proximity of the range to barracks. Without enthusiastic officers and an accessible range, the men will do nothing—and small wonder.

The range question is a difficult one, and is being well thought out by the authorities, who are fully alive to the importance of the matter; but in the majority of cases full-sized ranges will never be possible within three miles or so of barracks, and very frequently they must remain at a much greater distance, necessitating the formation, as now, of musketry camps. But in these days of electric trams and light railways, it should be feasible, when the range is within four miles of barracks, to get the men on to it in a quarter of an hour. One cannot expect men to spend their spare time and money in rifle-shooting when they have to march three miles to the range properly dressed and accoutred, and then probably only have time to fire off a dozen rounds. There are some stations with a range within a stone's-throw of barracks, where the men can lounge on to the range in any kit they please, and I know from personal experience that this means an enormous increase in interest in shooting: hundreds join the regimental rifle club in place of tens, and competitions two or three times a-week fill to overflowing. The

regiments in these favoured stations pile on points to their *figure of merit*, only, however, to drop them again as soon as the time comes to move on to rangeless quarters. It is all-important, therefore, to provide accessible ranges, so far as possible, for all stations; and where this cannot be done, miniature ranges for Morris-tube practice should be established on a large scale in barracks. They should be open at all times of the day, and should be lighted with electric light and kept open until tattoo. If these miniature ranges were in the vicinity of the recreation-room, and if an element of sport were allowed to enter into them, there is no reason why the soldier should not prefer amusement of this kind to loafing or sitting in the canteen. A service rifle fitted with a Morris-tube and adapted sights is an excellent substitute for a rook-rifle, and there can be no better practice than shooting at small moving and vanishing figures, such as were to be seen in the "jungle" shooting-galleries at many of the London Exhibitions a few years ago.

With regard to the keenness of officers there is much to be said: every one is aware that if the officer gives him a lead the British soldier will do anything, and what can be done in a regiment by an officer keen on shooting is frequently noticeable when the command of a company changes hands and the next annual course is fired. So is it also with the higher

ranks: if a general's hobby is known to be musketry, the commanding officers of regiments in his command evince an extraordinary enthusiasm for rifle practice, which quickly descends to all the officers of the regiments and to the men. But this enthusiasm should be natural to all officers, and should not require the spur of the fear of an adverse confidential report to bring it into existence. A wise order issued some few years since made it compulsory for subalterns to go through the annual course with their companies, and there is no doubt that this has done a deal of good, as most officers have sufficient *amour propre* to wish to shoot better than their men, and consequently train themselves for the event by regular private practice. The men, seeing their officers going down to the range in their spare time, will with a very little encouragement do the same.

Now for suggestions for improving the shooting. In the first place, I would have every officer more or less of an expert both in the theory of musketry and in practice: he should go through the Hythe course either just before he joins his regiment or as soon after he joins as possible—the former for choice; he should then fire a recruits' course with the recruits of his regiment, and afterwards the annual course with his company. The number of points made in his course might be entered in the officers' confidential report,

with a special remark by the commanding officer on his zeal in the matter of musketry. As a stimulus I suggest that officers who are marksmen should wear a distinguishing badge like the men, which would probably touch the *esprit de corps* of the regiment, and induce all officers to practise regularly in order to be able to wear the distinctive badge. Furthermore, I would require a last-course marksman's certificate from every officer going up for examination for promotion.

As far as the men's training is concerned, the allowance of ammunition must be vastly increased—in fact, must be practically unstinted—before much improvement can be expected: then, with miniature ranges and shooting-galleries, as I have already advocated, some solid results might be forthcoming. As soon as the recruit has learned to handle his rifle he should be carefully instructed with the Morris-tube, firing at a fixed target a certain number of rounds each day up to the time for the commencement of his preliminary drills. While performing these drills the number of daily rounds should be increased, and until the result of this practice proves that he knows how to aim, the recruit should not commence his actual course of shooting. The twenty-seven practices can then be performed under conditions as at present, though all second-class shots should be given further instruction with the Morris-tube, and bad shots put through

another recruits' course. Before, however, deciding on this latter expedient, the instructor should give his indifferent shots a trial, in the "jungle" gallery, at moving and vanishing objects; for if a man shows himself to possess the qualities that make a smart "snap" shot, he will be as valuable on active service as any one. This style of shooting is a knack, art, gift, or whatever you like to call it; and the recruit who can bowl over running and vanishing figures has in him something out of the ordinary. It is a matter of rapid or alert vision, a quick brain, judgment, and hand and eye working in unison—qualities of the highest value to the soldier on the modern battlefield, but seldom found to be inborn in the British recruit. The reason for this is, I believe, that country lads are slow thinkers, though their vision is wide; and that the recruits that come from the towns are sharp-witted, but with narrow vision, since the surroundings in which they are brought up are confined.

But to return to the recruits' course, with which I have not yet done. After he has concluded the above-mentioned fixed-target practices, he may be said to have passed the first stage—he has learned to walk; he has now to be taught to run. This is certainly a difficult part of his instruction; but I think I am right in saying that, with patience, most men can be made good "snap" shots. Hitherto no attempt has been made to train the individual recruit in

this style of shooting, though trained soldiers are instructed collectively (*i.e.*, in sections), and occasionally individually, in firing at moving and vanishing targets. I propose that in future every recruit shall be put through a course of individual field practices of such a nature as will fit him to depend solely on his own ability to pick off the enemy who is trying to pick off him. In making this proposal, I am fully aware that the assistant-adjutant will declare that he has no time to undertake it. If this be so, then let there be a deputy-assistant-adjutant; or, better still, let the company officers train their own recruits. The great point is that it has to be done. It is absurd to train men to skirmish at wide intervals, and to tell them that they must learn to rely on their own resources, if they have never been taught to shoot for themselves.

These are my suggestions for the second part of the recruits' course. Six days' practice in the "jungle" gallery (firing at least 50 rounds a-day), followed by another 200 rounds on the range. The range practices should be all individual ones, and should be made as realistic and interesting as possible. Modern ranges are fitted with appliances for vanishing and moving targets, and of course the targets can be made of any size or shape required; but it should always be assumed that the target is firing at the firer, and the latter should advance to the firing-point as if he were

actually under fire, and he should deliver his fire from behind some species of cover, which can easily be improvised out of sacks stuffed with straw, old boxes, &c. It is a most important feature of the practice; and the instructor, standing behind the recruit, should carefully correct each man's position, so that he may learn to fire without exposing his body more than is absolutely necessary. A man who has been accustomed to fire only from an open firing-point finds considerable difficulty in shooting from behind cover, and all this should be taught beforehand, and not left to be discovered on the battlefield. If the man has to learn anything in time of war, he has not been properly trained in time of peace. I need not enter into the details of these practices, except merely to suggest what they might include. Known and unknown distances; running man, advancing, retiring, and passing across the front both ways; vanishing head and shoulders, appearing at uncertain spots in front and on the flanks; cavalry at the gallop, and a score of other things, would all be useful, and would require very little ingenuity to devise.

When the recruit has thus expended his full allowance of, say, 400 rounds satisfactorily, he will be fit to take his place in the ranks and go through the trained soldiers' course with his company. The first part of this course I would leave much as now performed, adding to it

another 250 rounds, to be expended under conditions very similar to those suggested for the second part of the recruits' course. The whole of this annual course should be got through in about a fortnight, firing both morning and afternoon, and it should be regarded as an examination or test of the year's musketry training of the men, not as the course is now—viz., the sole training that they get in the year. One great drawback to really useful practices in the United Kingdom is the confined nature of the ranges, and of ground generally: in India, Egypt, South Africa, and other foreign stations matters are different, and any amount of variable ground is available. Where this is the case, the individual practices in the second part of the men's course should be carried out on ground which the men have never been on before, and on which all distances have to be estimated by the firer. Pits or a trench dug on a wide arc could hold the vanishing targets, which could thus be made to appear suddenly in various places, necessitating the firer keeping his eyes open. Similarly, targets to appear at unknown distances from the firer could be with little trouble arranged. And in all these practices it is absolutely essential that the men be drilled into taking advantage of the natural cover to be found on the ground, and taught to work as if on the actual battlefield. Men thus trained would in war-time save the country millions

of rounds of ammunition, and it would no longer take the proverbial ton of lead to kill one of the enemy. Surely it is wiser to spend money freely on ammunition in peace-time, with the prospect of doing deadly execution when war breaks out, and thus bringing it to a rapid close, than to stint the ammunition and send into the field partially trained men, incapable of making the best use of their weapons. Our present policy is, to say the least, a "penny-wise-and-pound-foolish" one, which, however, the nation has probably already discovered.

More ammunition, therefore, must be granted for practice,—not twice as much, but certainly four times as much, as now. *Eight hundred rounds per man* is, in my opinion, the minimum that should be expended in the twelve months: half of that would be devoted to the annual course, the outlines of which I have sketched above, and the remainder throughout the year. Now, as to this all-the-year-round practice. It is useless a man spending a fortnight at musketry and then lying fallow for the rest of the year; he must be at it regularly, and every soldier should fire thirty-five rounds each month. This would be no very arduous undertaking, as it would only mean two days in the month on the range for each company. Of course, every one would grumble, from the commanding officer downwards; but this need not be taken into consideration: there will be plenty of grumbling when the

different contemplated reforms take place in the army. Besides the range practices, much good can be done in barracks by constant practice with the Morris-tube, especially in the "jungle" gallery, and it is here that the many wet days unavailable for parades should be spent.

There is another matter to which I should like to refer—viz., regimental rifle clubs, which, as I have said elsewhere, have been so far mainly responsible for the shooting of the army. Every regiment, and in some regiments every company, has its rifle club, supported by the subscriptions of the officers and men, and assisted by Government, in so far as a certain amount of ammunition can be purchased by the clubs at a slight reduction. These clubs hold periodical rifle meetings for their members, and give prizes; while they also defray the expenses of teams competing at the larger rifle meetings. As the backbone of army shooting they are excellent institutions, but the weak point about them is that they fail to draw the bad shots; for if a man has got it into his head that he cannot shoot, and is not likely to win a prize, he will not join the rifle club. This may in a measure be overcome, as many regiments have realised, by having handicaps and class competitions—for marksmen, for second-class shots, for third-class shots, and so on. However, in spite of every inducement, and under the most favourable circumstances as to

the situation of the range, I doubt very much if a regimental rifle club ever has more than 75 per cent of the men of the regiment on the roll of members; while if the range is two or three miles from barracks, the club practically ceases to exist. More encouragement should be given to these rifle clubs, and they should be able to draw an unlimited amount of ammunition free of all charge, on certain conditions—*e.g.*, that 90 per cent of the men of the regiment were members, that meetings were held twice a month, and that all members fired with fair regularity. If something of this kind were done, it might be advisable to modify the extended course of instruction that I recommended for the trained soldier, though members of the club who had not fired a given number of rounds in any month, as well as non-members, would have to receive regular instruction.

No scheme for the improvement of army shooting can be complete unless it deals with some sort of regular training for the men of the Reserve; but the best means of carrying this out can be left to the authorities to decide. That the reserve-man must be kept up to the mark is certain, and it would be quite possible to make his pay dependent on regular monthly practice under the local volunteer sergeant-instructor.

In conclusion, let me sum up the main points of my argument. The present conditions of warfare necessitate an im-

provement in rifle - shooting, and consequently an improved method of training, for which more time, more ammunition, and better ranges are required. Leaving the details to be worked out by those in authority, I offer the following suggestions for raising the standard of the shooting of the army:—

1. The number of rounds to be expended by each man during the year to be at least 800.
2. Thirty-five rounds per man to be fired in each of the twelve months.
3. Three hundred and eighty to 400 rounds per man to be fired in the annual course, which is to be divided into three parts—viz., individual fixed-

target practices as now; sectional practices much as now, with careful training in fire-discipline, &c.; and individual battlefield practices.

4. Miniature galleries in barracks to be improved and enlarged.
5. More support and encouragement to be given by Government to regimental rifle clubs.
6. All officers to be impressed with the idea that the issue of modern battles depends on the straight shooting of the infantry soldier, and consequently on the zeal and energy displayed by officers in the peace-training of their men.

OXFORD IN THE VICTORIAN AGE.

THERE is much for which we have reason to be grateful in the volume of 'Reminiscences of Oxford' with which Canon Tuckwell has recently presented us. The publication in which these first appeared is not of a character to prejudice us in their favour; but it is to Canon Tuckwell's credit—let us hope, also to our own—that a distasteful origin has not sufficed to blind us to their considerable merits. On the contrary, we are inclined to look with some leniency on what seem to us occasional faults of taste, ascribing them, in all charity, less to the good Canon himself than to the exigencies of the company in which he was unfortunate enough to appear.

Canon Tuckwell has cast his net widely. His 'Reminiscences' cover a period of more than fifty years. They begin with the childish recollections of his unbreeched days—which are by no means without their interest—and they embrace anecdotes concerning men who must have been many generations younger than the Canon—as we reckon generations in Oxford. He will attract the attention and win the sympathy of a wide audience, and none the less that his 'Reminiscences' are told with a studied neglect of arrangement, and that he asserts for himself a wide liberty of discursiveness. He has a deft ready pen. He knows how to draw a portrait in a few graphic lines. He has a

treasury of old stories and a library of traditional epigrams. The mint-mark of such a treasury, the quality of such a library, depend, as Canon Tuckwell knows, above all upon their genuine accuracy, and we have rarely detected him in a serious error. He is always genial, and even when he dips his pen in the gall-pot, it is never with a malicious aim. As to facts, he is not always quite so accurate. He points an argument by ascribing to Mr Freeman a Double First—of which the historian of the Norman Conquest was guiltless. He talks of Fitzjames Stephens as secretary of a Commission—apparently unconscious that the name connotes a great judge, whose achievements throw those of many of the Canon's notables into the shade. Other slips might be noted; but they do not detract from the entertainment which Canon Tuckwell provides for us. There is a fine confusion about his recollections that rather enhances their charm, and the very *lacunæ* have their piquancy. To have written of Oxford from the 'Forties to the 'Seventies, with no word of Provost Hawkins—of Dean Mansel—of Bullock-Marsham—of Warden Leighton—of Plumtre of University—of Matthew Wilson—of Ben Symons of Wadham, and of Macbride of Magdalen Hall—of Bonamy and of Bartholomew Price—of Henry Smith of

Balliol—of Archdeacons Clarke and Palmer,—this is, in itself, no little of an achievement. The achievement is all the greater when we add, as we are bound to do, that the picture he gives us, sketchy as it is, is not only living, but true. We do not always agree with Canon Tuckwell's appreciations; we draw from his account lessons very different from those that he draws. But we do not hesitate to accept it as a picturesque and suggestive presentation. And we admit to the full its transparent honesty of purpose. Where we feel that the Canon errs, we are sensible that he errs from an overmastering sense of duty. If he allowed his own sympathies free play, we fancy that his conclusions and ours would often not be so very far apart. With him—when he speaks from the fulness of his heart rather than as the partisan of a party—we are in entire accord. We lament with him the vanishing of pleasant customs and of picturesque landmarks. We grieve over the decay of college life, and we abhor—with him—the growth of the married Fellow and of the villadom of the Parks, with all its petty cliques and coteries. We would rather have even the hideous monstrosities of the Ifley Road than the spruce symmetry of Oxford's northern suburb.

Only occasionally does Canon Tuckwell feel himself bound to write in the more bitter spirit of a partisan. But this is a dangerous taint, and something of that spirit unfortunately colours

all his view of Victorian Oxford. He speaks from first to last as a devout adherent of what posed as the chosen army of scientific truth in the university. We would be the last to decry the great achievements of science during the last fifty years of the century that has just closed; nor would we seek to depreciate the vast intellectual effort to which these achievements were due. But we fear that, with all respect, we cannot ascribe much of these achievements to the representatives of science at Oxford. From the accident of their circumstances these gentlemen were overspread with something of the mildew of dilettantism. With all reverence be it spoken, the Daubenys, the Westwoods, the Aclands—even the Bucklands of Oxford—were not amongst the most powerful pioneers of science. They caught something of its spirit, but they never could aspire to be its leaders. They chafed against the older learning. They fancied themselves the champions of a new light. They grasped at the emoluments which they thought the older school unduly absorbed. They led the university into lavish expenditure, for which the return has so far been miserably inadequate. And yet they ungratefully ascribed to the *alma mater* a want of generosity which certainly rested, not on any lack of munificence on the part of an indulgent university, but was suggested rather by the scantiness of their own achievement. We make bold to say that in

no other sphere has such lavish expenditure been made at Oxford during the last forty years as in its schools of science, and that nowhere has it met with so small appreciable return of intellectual effort or of practical result. Canon Tuckwell quotes, as irrefragable authority, the angry denunciations of university niggardliness by Dr Ray Lankester. We wait for some more unbiassed and more balanced judgments on the facts before accepting the theories which the Canon accepts from his educational and political preceptors with such touching and implicit obedience.

Canon Tuckwell admits that the abundant expenditure and the increased attention paid to science during the epoch of which he writes ran counter to the weight of university opinion. "Conservatism hated it as novel, Orthodoxy feared it as emancipating: even men like Jowett"—Canon Tuckwell thinks all real Liberals must lie on a Procrustean bed, that admits of no variation—"proclaimed war against it on behalf of the ancient studies." With Canon Tuckwell and his party Conservatism and Orthodoxy, of course, count for nothing. We cannot expect them to rouse anything but the contempt of such superior persons. But we have companions in our misfortune, it appears, even amongst the select of the Canon's political creed, and for them he does not spare the rod. That any man calling himself Liberal should doubt the supreme importance of insectology to the ordinary under-

graduate moves his special wrath. All these opinions, however, he lightly dismisses. They were "curiously unaware that their own avowed ignorance of its nature, subjects, tendencies, precluded them from forming, much more expressing, an opinion." The Canon here speaks with all the well-known and graceful modesty of the self-chosen champions of science. His argument amounts simply to this, that no man is entitled to express an opinion as to the best instruments of education, except those who are avowed adherents of the theory that science must be the predominant one. We bow to the rebuke; but we fear that our contumacy in presuming to have an opinion will not be entirely crushed.

As a factor—probably of increased force and influence—in mental training, the pursuit of physical science will continue to assert its place with eager and well-grounded assurance. The expansion of human interest, the increasing diversity of human employment, the multiplication of human requirements, will probably develop this assertiveness with progressive pertinacity until the leeway has been made up, and until the methods of science have learned to take their place alongside of other intellectual effort, and fall naturally and easily into that general intellectual equipment which is the common possession of all educated men. That some glimmering of this penetrated to Oxford about the middle of last century is matter not of regret but of

congratulation. But its first advocates were not men who could win the battle, or make themselves masters of this commanding post. They were superficial in their own subject; it was not given to them to wield the weapons of protagonists. They were unattractive in their methods. They were imbued with an almost pharisaical complacency as to their own eminent superiority. They were familiar terrors of our youthful days; not keeping their pursuits for the recesses of the study, and not subjecting them to the accurate tests of the laboratory, but obtruding them on the long-suffering patience of popular audiences, and content with that measure of scientific accuracy which such audiences encouraged. It was a phase that must pass away after it has bored the world sufficiently through the instrumentality of various Annual Associations. But in Oxford it found a congenial soil, and those who could not hold their own in other intellectual fields, and from whom the *arcana* of higher scientific truths were hidden, found their opportunity in these new pursuits, and compelled the university to turn an indulgent, but often wearied, ear to their self-assertion. Then, in alliance with a passing whim of the artistic faddists, they forced her to perpetrate that abiding incongruity, the Natural History Museum—to jar for ever on the quaint and characteristic harmony of her gardens and quadrangles. When that was done, they sounded a great

pæan of victory,—and for its fruits we are still waiting.

This aspect of Canon Tuckwell's book culminates in his recital of the well-known encounter between Wilberforce and Huxley at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1860, when the theories propounded in Darwin's 'Origin of Species' formed the subject of a Homeric contest. By a curious coincidence that contest has been recalled in several books which have recently appeared. Each narrator has his own picture to give, and most of them have coloured the picture according to their own bias. It is all to Canon Tuckwell's credit that, strong as his scientific sympathies are, he is too faithful a historian to give the spoils of victory to his own side. From him we gather that, at least according to contemporary opinion in Oxford, Huxley did not carry off the honours of the fight. For ourselves, we think the varying impressions are of almost infinitesimal importance, and that the incident will be regretted at once by those who venerate the memory of the scientist and that of the divine. Fortunately men have learned during these forty years that grave issues in science and philosophy are not to be settled in the rough and tumble of a verbal contest before an audience of prigs and busybodies. The result was only what any man of prudence would have predicted—both combatants descended to trivialities, and lost credit by the fight. Wilberforce made what was at best

a sorry rhetorical point as to his "disquietude" in having a venerable ape pointed out as his ancestress; Huxley retorted in no better taste and with a glaring *petitio principii*, "that he would rather be descended from an ape than from a divine who employed authority to stifle truth." *Quod erat demonstrandum*, Mr Huxley. Huxley did not pledge himself to the full acceptance of Darwin's hypothesis. He only said that on a roadless common in a dark night he would accept any lantern—presumably even that of a Will-o'-the-wisp! We had best draw a curtain over the unpleasant scene, and with the reverence due to two great men try to forget it for ever. It was one of the worst phases of science playing to the gallery. The gallery craves burlesque.

Such is one phase of Oxford life in the mid-century which is recalled by Canon Tuckwell's pages. There are other phases of that life, in which the university was much more distinctly the centre of a great national movement, of which the Canon gives us a somewhat superficial account. By one occupied chiefly with the somewhat flimsy beginnings of science teaching at Oxford it was perhaps to be expected that the full significance of the Tractarian movement should not be appreciated. He sees it only in the personal aspect presented by the individuals who were its Oxford leaders. In regard to many of these he gives us some details of graphic interest, and their personality becomes all the more vivid when

we see them as they walked and moved amongst the little Oxford society who were half attracted, half repelled, by their enthusiasm and audacity, and who forgot, perhaps, the larger tendencies which were involved in their teaching. With Pusey Canon Tuckwell had the advantage of familiar and long-standing acquaintance, and he has given to us some touches and repeated some *obiter dicta* of that strange and not always attractive recluse which reveal important phases of his personality and of his modes of thought. Of Newman he presents to us a side which careless and indiscriminate eulogy—that most careless and indiscriminate of all eulogy, which prides itself on its ignoring of fundamental differences as a proof of liberality of feeling, and lavishes its praises where they would be least appreciated—has been in the habit of forgetting. That baneful influence of our own day—the journalistic biographer—has formed to himself a conception of Newman as a gentle and reposeful figure, innocent of the world, patient under misrepresentation, a sort of combination of the puritan and the medieval saint. The impatience, the intellectual arrogance, the sardonic humour, the reckless pushing of dogma to extremities, the haughty contempt for common opinion,—these are traits in the late Cardinal which Canon Tuckwell's observation has caught with unerring accuracy, and which shine through almost every line of what he has written about Newman, and make those lines

convey to us a faithful picture of the vicar of St Mary's as he appeared to the outside but familiar circle that watched him from day to day. But of the real intellectual force and influence of Newman, Canon Tuckwell has what, to our mind, is a ridiculously inadequate conception. He estimates him not as the born leader, guiding for good or ill a great impulse of human thought, but as an inconvenient member of a little Oxford clique. His passing over to the Roman Catholic faith was not, according to Canon Tuckwell, a blow which made the Church reel and stagger, but only an uncomfortable dislocation of an Oxford clique. And it might have been prevented, according to Canon Tuckwell, by the continued residence in Oxford of Dr Arnold, who would easily have dissipated all Newman's intellectual influence! We do not wish to minimise the sound and healthy work of that popular schoolmaster; but to place him in the same scale with the mind-compelling force of Newman as an intellectual power seems to us a miracle of miscalculation which it would be hard to beat. But it is run hard by the estimate which reckons Cardinal Manning, with his socialistic escapades, a greater figure than Newman, and deems Mr Thomas Hughes to be "the pilot of a beneficent future"!

We have said that Canon Tuckwell only rarely dips his pen in gall. That a man should belong to what is vaguely called the orthodox party, that he

should be opposed to Liberal politics, that he should be out of sympathy with those who think that the only instrument of intellectual regeneration is to be found in the physical sciences,—all this is a severe tax upon Canon Tuckwell's benevolence. But we make due allowance for what is, after all, only amiable prejudice, and do not count this bias to him for malevolence. When occasion calls for it, he can draw a picture even of a Liberal partisan which employs no flattering colours, but which tells no more than the rigid truth, as in the unpleasing but only too faithful portrait of Mr Mark Pattison, the rector of Lincoln—that *rudis indigestaque moles* of amorphous learning, who conclusively proved, if proof were required, that intellectual eminence might be united with singular littleness of moral character, and with singular ugliness of personal traits. In one instance only we are inclined to accuse Canon Tuckwell of being deliberately unfair, and then it is perhaps out of undue deference to a common Oxford tradition. In his account of Balliol he carefully belittles Scott, who was Master of the college for the sixteen years which comprised its greatest eminence. He grudges to him—what Scott's coadjutor would have been the last to grudge—his fair share in the monumental dictionary; and he does so on the authority, it would appear, of—*Mr Augustus Hare*! His election as Master, Canon Tuckwell would ascribe, not to the deliberate

choice of tutors as eminent as any that Oxford could show, but to the merest accident. He recalls with apparent admiration what Jowett's best friends would willingly have forgotten, his pertinacious caballing against Scott's influence. Such want of generosity, to which Jowett was not always superior, was one of those qualities, unfortunately to be ascribed to him, which well might be allowed to pass into oblivion. Canon Tuckwell unfortunately accentuates the trait by quoting Jowett's words about our present Archbishop—that "Temple had suffered from Episcopacy." We well remember one occasion when condemnation of that pettiness was marked by a burst of spontaneous feeling. It was at the dinner to celebrate the opening of the new Balliol Hall in 1882. Jowett had made a long speech recounting the achievements of Balliol, and dealing in detail with the events of Jenkyns' Mastership and of his own, studiously avoiding any mention of Scott. The company was a large one, the senior member present being the late Marquis of Londonderry, and the youngest the present Viceroy of India. But the large majority of the company were those who had known Balliol under the headship of Scott. For the moment they bore the omission with patience; but when the late Archbishop of Canterbury (Tait), in a subsequent speech, made special mention of the worth and achievements of Scott, the effect was electrical. His

words were received with cheers, repeated again and again with increasing enthusiasm, and with very small thought of the condemnation which they implied of the singular lack of generosity displayed by Jowett. The great majority of those who cheered were Jowett's enthusiastic friends and admirers, but they did not hesitate to show their irritation at a trait which unquestionably detracted from his character.

But Canon Tuckwell's book tempts us to some further generalising upon the Oxford which he portrays, upon the phases through which it has passed, and upon the future that lies before it. We are no blind admirers of the times gone by. We have no wish to revert to the lethargic Oxford of the eighteenth century. The old bones required to be stirred, and the efforts after a higher intellectual ideal with which the nineteenth century opened were not useful merely, but absolutely necessary if the university were not to sink into the torpor of decay. As these efforts ripened they led to marvellous results, and we doubt whether the university ever exercised a more powerful influence over the weightier intellects of the country than she did in the earlier years of the Victorian epoch. With the 'Fifties a new movement of reform began. The endowments were made more available to intellectual effort, new studies were introduced, and a more active spirit breathed its influence through the univer-

sity. For the most part, the results were entirely good. The intellectual atmosphere became clearer, a fresh breeze stirred in dust-covered corners, and the best of those who were fated to shape the nation's destiny were taught to feel that their career must be based upon active intellectual effort. For a time all went well. But the changes had their accompanying dangers. The evil influence of competition penetrated far too largely into the spirit of the university. More and more the race for prizes and fellowships tended to absorb her interests and her life, and of those who thronged to her, many came to seek, not the advantages of a broad culture and a liberal education, and looked not to a future of a public life, but sought rather for the emoluments which her endowments had to offer, and narrowed their aspirations to the career towards which these endowments naturally pointed—that of tutors, of schoolmasters, of professors. The keenness of the race, the eagerness of emulation, the narrowness of the groups amongst whom the contest lay, made men's minds “all cabined, cribb'd, confined,” and threatened to lower the university, from being the training-school for all the varying services that the nation required, into the professional nursery of pedagogues. As the pedagogues grew stronger, they worked their will more ruthlessly upon the very life of the university. Absorbed in the race for prizes and for honours, they madly

deemed that these were the touchstones of all merit and of all intellectual eminence. The elaborate machinery by which these honours and prizes were to be adjudged must be rigorously adjusted to suit their varying whims and fancies, and must be recast and re-formed with every term. A wide and general training was no longer to be the object of the university, but a minute and operose specialising, which might acquaint her *alumni* with the tools of the professional workshop, and might make them into recruits for the vastly overstocked business of pedagogues and professors. By-and-by, with amazing impudence, this tutorial arrogance imposed itself upon the nation, and demanded that all their pupils should join in the mad race for honours, and should either forgo the advantages of the university or submit to become tools by which this or that college might advertise itself as the winner of so many places on the Honours list. How long will the parents of Great Britain submit to this professional insolence, and permit those who are paid to do the nation's work to dictate the terms upon which their services are to be available for that work? Already, we are glad to recognise, the value of their honours is depreciated. Men reckon little of their estimate, and the healthy independence of the best of our young men is beginning to assert itself, valuing the university chiefly for the aggregate influence to which they themselves in no small measure contribute, and

recking little of the place assigned to them in the feverish contests of a professional clique. It is to the growth of such a spirit that we chiefly look for the recovery by the university of her function of training citizens and statesmen, and for the development of a larger character, a more liberal spirit, and a learning at once more comprehensive and more profound, amongst those who devote themselves to her special service as teachers and professors. We want from them, as credentials of their scholarship and literary achievement, something more than an ever-flowing stream of annotated school-books, fitted for the use of the tyro, and showing little more than the tyro's work.

But the university must first repent of many of her present ways and purge herself of the evil humours bred by the fads of latter-day reformers. Then, and then only, may she once more become a great nursery of good citizens, a great centre of solid and broad-based national influence, a dignified citadel of sound and comprehensive learning—proud of her traditions, expanding upon her own proper lines, and not seeking a pinchbeck popularity by competing with agencies from which her work is essentially distinct.

It was not only in academical matters that this narrowness of spirit prevailed towards the close of the period of which Canon Tuckwell writes. It imposed at the same time a rigid dogmatism of Liberal politics, which was galling to all independent opinion, and which

measured men's abilities by their adherence to the then dominant phase of middle-class—and mediocre—political thought. To pretend to any serious intellectual interest, or even to any high ethical standard, and yet not own allegiance to that creed, was deemed to be a presumptuous inversion of the natural order of things. That such a state of things should provoke a reaction was only natural and inevitable. But the phase is amusing to recall. To take the pedants of this little clique at their own valuation, one would have thought that a gibe or a smart epigram by one of their would-be wits was a decisive touchstone of the character, conduct, and utterances of any public man. This complacent self-satisfaction is reflected in Canon Tuckwell's pages. According to him, Lord Derby and Lord Beaconsfield must have groaned in spirit and trembled for their fame, at the echoes of some obscure concocter of Latin verses of which they probably remained in blissful ignorance, and whose efforts would at most have afforded them a moment's contemptuous amusement.

Canon Tuckwell has a word of protest to utter against the modern prevalence of athleticism. We do not know that the instances he adduces of his earlier associates who disdained physical exercise always prove that the ante-athletic days produced sound minds in sound bodies, and that some of the snarling pettinesses which he records might not have been dispelled by something more of

exercise and fresh air. But admitting the possibility of excess, we are not sure that some of its evils are not due to the contagion of the competitive mania, which spread from the intellectual into the corporeal domain. Is it not possible that the bodily faculties, no less than those of the mind, have been injured by the insane effort to beat the record, and so to develop something of the professional instinct in athletics as well as in mental training? If a nation is to make the best of its manhood, it must be by sound training of all, not by the abnormal prowess of a few. It is thus, and thus only, that the great majority of our youth may be trained as healthy and helpful citizens—with that abnegation of self, and that abiding sense of comradeship and discipline,

which will make them the bulwark of the nation. We rejoice to learn that the events of last year have given a happy impetus to the Volunteer movement in the universities. Whether conscription be in front of us or not, there can be no question that henceforward it will be an imperious necessity that our young men shall, each and all, have some knowledge of military training, and come under the influence of military discipline. If the university does not recognise this necessity, she may find her halls deserted, and may drive young men of the class which has hitherto provided her best recruits to other resorts, where they shall receive a training from which that element is not omitted, but rather placed in the very forefront of their equipment for life.

DOOM CASTLE: A ROMANCE.¹

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XX.—AN EVENING'S MELODY IN THE
BOAR'S HEAD INN.

THE Boar's Head Inn, for all its fine cognomen, was little better than any of the numerous taverns that kept discreet half-open doors to the wynds and closes of the Duke's burgh town, but custom made it a preserve of the upper class in the community. There it was the writers met their clients and cozened them into costly law pleas over the genial jug or chopine; the through-going stranger took his pack there and dwelt cheaply in the attics that looked upon the bay and on the little harbour where traffic dozed upon the swinging tide, waiting the goodwill of mariners in no hurry to leave a port so alluring; in its smoke-grimed public-room skippers frequented, full of loud tales of roving, and even the retinue of MacCailein was not averse from an evening's merriment in a company where no restraint of the castle was expected, and his Grace was mentioned but vaguely as a personal pronoun.

There was in the inn a *sanctum sanctorum* where only were allowed the bailies of the burgh, a tacksman of position, perhaps, from the landward part, or the like of the Duke's Chamberlain, who was no bacchanal, but loved the company of honest men in their hours of manumission.

Here the bottle was of the best, and the conversation most genteel—otherwise there had been no Sim MacTaggart in the company where he reigned the king. It was a state that called for shrewd deportment. One must not be too free, for an excess of freedom cheapened the affability, and yet one must be hail fellow with magistrate—and even an odd master mariner—with no touch of condescension for the Highland among them who could scent the same like *aqua vitæ* and resent it like a push of the hand.

He came not often, but ever was he welcome, those nights the more glorious for his qualities of humour and generosity, his tales that stirred like the brassy cry of trumpets, his tolerance of the fool and his folly, his fatalist excuse for any sin except the scurviest. And there was the flageolet! You will hear the echo of it yet in that burgh town where he frequented; its charm lingers in melodies hummed or piped by old folks of winter nights, its magic has been made the stuff of myth, so that as children we have heard the sound of Simon's instrument in the spring woods when we went there white hay-gathering, or for fagots for the schoolhouse fire.

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A few nights after that thundering canter from the spider's den where Kate Petullo sat amid her coils, the Chamberlain went to wander care among easy hearts. It was a season of mild weather though on the eve of winter; even yet the perfume of the stubble-field and of fruitage in forest and plantation breathed all about the land of MacCailein Mor. Before the windows of the inn the bay lay warm and placid, and Dunchuach, mantled in wood, and the hills beyond vague and remote and haunted all by story, seemed to swim in a benign air, and the outer world drew the souls of these men in a tavern into a brief acquaintanceship. The window of the large room they sat in looked out upon this world new lit by the tender moon that hung on Strone. A magistrate made to shutter it and bring the hour of Bacchus all the faster.

"Steady there, Bailie!" said the Chamberlain. "Good God! Let us have as long as we can of a night so clean and wholesome."

It needed but a hint of that nature from this creature of romance and curious destiny to silence their unprofitable discourse over herds and session discipline, and for a space they sat about the window, surrendered to the beauty of the night. So still that outer world, so vacant of living creature, that it might have been a picture. In the midst of their half circle the Chamberlain lay back in his chair and drank the vision in by gloating eyes.

"Upon my word," said he at

last in a voice soft, rich, imbued with feeling—"upon my word, we are the undeserving dogs!" and at an impulse he took his flageolet and played a Highland air. It had the proper spirit of the hour—the rapturous pipe of evening birds in dewy thickets, serene yet touched by melancholy; there was no man there among them who did not in his breast hum its words that have been heard for generations in hillside milking-folds where women put their ruddy cheeks against the kine and look wistfully up the valleys, singing softly to the accompaniment of the gushing pail.

He held his audience by a chain of gold: perhaps he knew it, perhaps he joyed in it, but his half-shut eyes revealed no more than that he still saw the beauty and peace of the night and thus rendered an oblation.

His melody ceased as abruptly as it began. Up he got hastily and stamped his foot and turned to the table where the bottle lay and cried loud out for lights, as one might do ashamed of a weakness, and it is the Highland heart that his friends should like him all the more for that display of sentiment and shyness to confess it.

"By the Lord, Factor, and it's you have the skill of it!" said the Provost, in tones of lofty admiration.

"Is't the bit reed?" said the Chamberlain, indifferently. "Your boy Davie could learn to play better than I in a month's lessons."

"It's no' altogether the play-

ing though," said the Provost slowly, ruminating as on a problem; "it's that too, but it's more than that; it's the seizing of the time to play. I'm no great musicianer myself, though I have tried the trumpet; but there the now—with the night like that, and us like this, and all the rest of it—that lilt of yours—oh, damn! pass the bottle; what for should man be melancholy?" He poured some wine and gulped it hurriedly.

"Never heard the beat of it!" said the others. "Give us a rant, Factor," and round the table they gathered, the candles were being lit, the ambrosial night was to begin.

Simon MacTaggart looked round his company—at some with the maudlin tear of sentiment still on their cheeks, at others eager to escape this soft moment and make the beaker clink.

"My sorrow!" thought he, "what a corps to entertain! Is it the same stuff as myself? Is this the best that Sim MacTaggart can be doing? And still I must be liking them."

"Rants!" he cried, and stood among them tall and straight, and handsome, lowering dark brows, and his face more pale than they had known it customarily,—“a little less rant would be the better for us. Take my word for it, the canty quiet lilt in the evening, and the lights low, and calm and honest thoughts with us, is better than all the rant and chorus. But heaven forbid that Sim MacTaggart

should turn to preaching in his middle age."

"Faith! and it's very true what you say, Factor," acquiesced some sycophant.

The Chamberlain looked at him half in pity, half in amusement. "How do *you* ken, Bailie?" said he; "what are yearlings at Fa'kirk Tryst?" And then, waiting no answer to what indeed demanded none, he put the flageolet to his lips again and began to play a strathspey to which the company in the true bucolic style beat time with feet below the table. He changed to the tune of a minuet, then essayed at a melody more sweet and haunting than them all but broken ere its finish.

"A hole in the ballant," commented the Provost. "Have another skelp at it, Factor."

"Later on perhaps," said Sim MacTaggart. "The end of it aye escapes my memory. Rather a taking tune, I think,—don't you? Just a little—just a little too much of the psalm in it perhaps for common everyday use, but man! it grips me curiously;" and then on a hint from one at his shoulder he played "The Devil in the Kitchen," a dance that might have charmed the imps of Hallowe'en.

He was in the midst of it when the door of the room opened and a beggar looked in—a starven character of the neighbouring parish, all bedecked with cheap brooches and babs of ribbon, leading by the hand the little child of his daughter wronged and dead. He said never a word but stood just

within the door expectant—a reproach to cleanliness, content, good clothes, the well fed, and all who make believe to love their fellows.

“Go away, Baldy!” cried the Bailies sharply, vexed by this intrusion on their moments of carouse: no one of them had a friendly eye for the old wanderer in his blue coat, and dumb but for his beggar’s badge and the child that clung to his hand.

It was the child that Sim MacTaggart saw. He thought of many things as he looked at the little one, white-haired, bare-footed, large-eyed.

“Come here, my dear!” said he, quite tenderly, smiling upon her.

She would have been afraid but for the manifest kindness of that dark commanding stranger; it was only shyness that kept her from obeying.

The Chamberlain rose and went over to the door and cried upon the landlord. “You will have a chopine of ale, Baldy,” said he to the old wreck; “sometimes it’s all the difference between starvation and content, and—for God’s sake buy the bairn a pair of boots!” As he spoke he slipped, by a motion studiously concealed from the company, some silver into the beggar’s poke.

The ale came in, the beggar drank for a moment, the Chamberlain took the child upon his knee, his face made

sweet and noble by some fine human sentiment, and he kissed her ere she went, upon the brow.

For a space the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Boar’s Head Inn was ill at ease. This sort of thing—so common in Sim MacTaggart, who made friends with every gangrel he met—was like a week-day sermon, and they considered the Sunday homilies of Dr Macivor quite enough. They much preferred their Simon in his more common mood of wild devilry, and nobody knew it better than the gentleman himself.

“Oh, damn the lousy tribe of them!” cried he; “what’s Long Davie the Dempster thinking of to be letting such folk come sorning here?”

“I’ll warrant they get more encouragement here than they do in Lorn,” said the Provost, shrewdly, for he had seen the glint of coin and knew his man. “You beat all, Factor! If I lived a hundred years you would be more than I could fathom. Well, well, pass the bottle, and ye might have another skelp at yon tune if it’s your pleasure.”

The Chamberlain most willingly complied: it was the easiest retort to the Provost’s vague allusion.

He played the tune again, once more its conclusion baffled him, and as he tried a futile repetition Count Victor stood listening in the lobby of the Boar’s Head Inn.

CHAPTER XXI.—COUNT VICTOR CHANGES HIS QUARTERS.

Count Victor had said *Au revoir* to Doom Castle that afternoon.

Mungo had rowed him down by boat to the harbour and left him with his valise at the inn, pleased mightily that his cares as garrison were to be relieved by the departure of one who so much attracted the unpleasant attentions of nocturnal foes, and returned home with the easiest mind he had enjoyed since the fateful day the Frenchman waded to the rock. As for Count Victor, his feelings were mingled. He had left Doom from a double sense of duty, and yet had he been another man he would have bided for love. After last evening's uproar, plain decency demanded that Jonah should obviate a repetition by removing himself elsewhere. There was also another consideration as pregnant, yet more delicate: the traditions of his class and family as well as his natural sense of honour dictated his separation from the fascinating influence of the ingenuous woman whose affections were pledged in another quarter. In a couple of days he had fallen desperately in love with Olivia—a precipitation that might seem ridiculous in any man of the world who was not a Montaignon satiated by acquaintance with scores of Dame Stratagems, fair *intrigueuses* and puppets without hearts below their modish bodices. Olivia charmed by her freshness, and the simple

frankness of her nature, with its deep emotions, gave him infinitely more surprise and thrill than any woman he had met before. "Wisdom wanting absolute honesty," as he told himself, "is only craft: I discover that a good deal of cleverness I have seen in her sex was only another kind of cosmetic daubed on with a sponge."

And then, too, Olivia that morning seemed to have become all of a sudden very cold to him. He was piqued at her silence, he was more than piqued to discover that she too, like Mungo, obviously considered his removal a relief.

Behold him, then, with his quarters taken in the Boar's Head Inn, whence by good luck the legal gang of Edinburgh had some hours before departed, standing in the entrance feeling himself more the foreigner than ever, with the vexing reflection that he had not made any progress in the object of his embassy, but, on the contrary, had lost no little degree of his zest therein.

The sound of the flageolet was at once a blow and a salute. That unaccomplished air had helped to woo Olivia in her bower, but yet it gave a link with her, the solace of the thought that here was one she knew. Was it not something of good fortune that it should lead him to identify and meet one whose very name was still unknown to him, but with whom he was, in a faint mea-

sure, on slight terms of confederacy through the confession of Olivia and the confidence of Mungo Boyd?

"*Toujours l'audace!*" thought he, and he asked for the innkeeper's introduction to the performer. "If it may be permitted, and the gentleman is not too pressingly engaged."

"Indeed," said the innkeeper—a jovial rosy gentleman, typical of his kind—"indeed, and it may very well be permitted, and it would not be altogether to my disadvantage that his lordship should be out of there, for the Bailies cannot very well be drinking deep and listening to Mr Simon MacTaggart's songs, as I have experienced afore. The name?"

"He never heard it," said Count Victor, "but it happens to be Montaignon, and I was till this moment in the odd position of not knowing his, though we have a common friend."

A few minutes later the Chamberlain stood before him with the end of the flageolet sticking from the breast of his coat.

As they met in the narrow confine of the lobby—on either hand of them closed rooms noisy with clink of drinking-ware, with laugh and jest and all that rumour of carouse—Montaignon's first impression was exceeding favourable. This Chamberlain pleased his eye to start with; his manner was fine-bred in spite of a second's confusion; his accent was cordial, and the flageolet, displayed with no attempt at concealment, captured the heart of the Frenchman, who had

been long enough in these isles to weary of a national character that dare not surrender itself to any unbusiness-like frisking in the meadows.

But now that he was face to face with Olivia's lover, he discovered that he had not the slightest excuse for referring to her who was the only association between them! The lady herself and Mungo Boyd had conveyed a sense of very close conspiracy between all four, but from neither the lady nor any one else in Doom had he any passport to the friendship of this gentleman. It was only for a moment the difficulties of the situation mastered him.

"I have permitted myself, monsieur, to intrude upon you upon an excuse that must seem scandalously inadequate," said he. "My name is Montaignon——"

"With the particle, I think?" hinted Sim MacTaggart.

Count Victor started slightly.

"But, yes," said he, "it is so, though I never travel with much baggage, and a De to a traveller is like a second hat. It is, then, that it is perhaps unnecessary to say more of myself?"

The Chamberlain with much *bonhomie* grasped his hand.

"M. Montaignon," said he, "I am very proud to meet you. I fancy a certain lady and I owe something to your consideration, and Simon MacTaggart stands upon no ceremony."

Count Victor winced slightly at the conjunction, but otherwise he was delighted.

"I am ravished, monsieur!" said he. "Ceremony is like

some people's assumption of dignity — the false bottoms they put in their boots to conceal the fact that they are under the average height, is it not?"

Arm in arm they went out in front of the inn and walked along the bay, and the Provost and the Bailies were left mourning for their king.

"You must not fancy the name and reputation of the gentlemen of Cammercy unknown in these parts," said the Chamberlain. "When the lady—who need not be more specifically mentioned—told me you had come to Doom, it was like the over-come of a song at first that I had heard of you before. And now that I see you, I mind the story went, when I was at Dunquerque some years ago, that Count Victor Jean, if all his other natural gifts had failed him, might have made a noble fortune as a *maître d'escrime*. Sir, I am an indifferent hand with the rapier myself, but I aye liked to see a man who was its master."

"You are very good," said Montaiglon; "and yet such a reputation, exaggerated as I fear it may be, is not, by my faith! the one I should desire under the circumstances that, as you have doubtless further heard, bring me here."

"About that, M. Montaiglon, it is perhaps as well that the Duke of Argyll's Chamberlain should know nothing at all. You are a wild lot you Jacob-

ites"—he laughed softly as he spoke. "Between ourselves I have been friends with some lovable persons on your side of the house, and you will be good enough to consider Simon Mac-Taggart no politician, though the Duke's Chamberlain *ex officio* is bound to be enemy to every man who will not swear King George the best of monarchs."

"From what I know of affairs in Europe now," said Count Victor, "his Majesty is like to remain in undisputed possession, and you may take my word for it, no affair of high politics is responsible for my being here. Monsieur himself has doubtless had affairs. I am seeking but for one man——"

"Drimdarroch," said the Chamberlain. "So the lady told me. Our Drimdarroch will not provide very much interest for a *maître d'escrime*," and he laughed as he pictured Petullo the writer shivering before a flash of steel.

"Ah! you speak of the lawyer: Doom told me of him, and as he was good enough to interest himself in my lodging in this place, I must make him my compliments at the earliest and tell him I have settled down for myself in the *auberge*."

"To that much at least I can help you, though in the other affair I'm neutral in spite of my interest in any ploy of the kind. There's Petullo's house across the way; I'm on certain terms with him; if you care, we could see him now."

CHAPTER XXII.—THE LONELY LADY.

When Petullo's work was done of an evening it was his practice to sit with his wife in their huge and draughty parlour, practising the good husband and the domestic virtues in an upright zealous manner, such as one may read of in the books. A noble thing to do, but what's the good of it when hearts are miles apart and the practitioner is a man of rags? Yet there he sat, strewing himself with snuff to keep himself awake, blinking at her with dim eyes, wondering for ever at her inscrutable nature, conversing improvingly upon his cases in the courts, or upon his growing fortune that he computed nightly like a miser. Sometimes, in spite of his drenchings of macabaw, sleep compelled him, and, humped in his lug-chair, he would forget his duty, yet waken at her every yawn. And she—she just looked at him as he slept! She looked—and loathed herself, that she—so clean, so graceful, so sweet in spite of all her sin—should be allied with a dead man. The evenings passed for her on fettered hours; but for the window she had died from her incubus, or at least stood up and shrieked and ran into the street.

But for the window, I say. From there she saw the hill Dunchuach, so tranquil, and the bosky deeps of Shira Glen that she knew so well in dusky evenings and in moonlight, and must ever tenant, in her fancy, with the man she used to meet there.

Often would she turn her back upon that wizened atomy of quirks and false ideals, and let her bosom pant to think to-night!—to-night!—to-night!

When the Chamberlain and Montaiglon were announced she could have cried aloud with joy. It was not hard in that moment of her elation to understand why once the Chamberlain had loved her; beside the man she was bound to she seemed a vision of beauty none the worse for being a little ripened.

"Come awa' in!" cried the lawyer with effusion. "You'll find the mistress and me our lones, and nearly tiring o' each other's company."

The Chamberlain was disappointed. It was one of the evenings when Mrs Petullo was used to seek him in the woods, and he had thought to find her husband by himself.

"A perfect picture of a happy hearth, eh?" said he. "I'm sweared to spoil it, but I'm bound to lose no time in bringing to you my good friend M. Montaiglon, who has taken up his quarters at the Boar's Head. Madam, may I have the pleasure of introducing to you M. Montaiglon?" and Sim MacTaggart looked in her eyes with some impatience, for she hung just a second too long upon his fingers, and pinched ere she released them.

She was delighted to make monsieur's acquaintance. Her husband had told her monsieur was staying farther up the coast and intended to come

to town. Monsieur was in business; she feared times were not what they were for business in Argyll, but the air was bracing—and much to the same effect, which sent the pseudo wine merchant gladly into the hands of her husband.

As for Petullo, he was lukewarm. He saw no prospects of profit from this dubious foreigner thrust upon his attentions by his well-squeezed client the Baron of Doom. Yet something of style, some sign of race, in the stranger thawed him out of his suspicious reserve, and he was kind enough to be condescending to his visitor while cursing the man who sent him there and the man who guided him. They sat together at the window, and meanwhile in the inner end of the room a lonely lady made shameful love.

"Oh, Sim!" she whispered, sitting beside him on the couch and placing the candlestick on a table behind them; "this is just like old times—the dear darling old times, isn't it?"

She referred to the first of their *liaison*, when they made their love in that same room under the very nose of a purblind husband.

The Chamberlain toyed with his silver box and found it easiest to get out of a response by a sigh that might mean anything.

"You have the loveliest hand," she went on, looking at his fingers, that certainly were shapely enough, as no one knew better than Simon MacTaggart. "I don't say you are in any way handsome,"—her eyes betrayed her real thought,— "but I'll

admit to the hands,—they're dear pets, Sim."

He thrust them in his pockets.

"Heavens! Kate," he protested in a low tone, and assuming a quite unnecessary look of vacuity for the benefit of the husband, who gazed across the dim-lit room at them, "don't behave like an idiot; faithful wives never let their husbands see them looking like that at another man's fingers. What do you think of our monsher? He's a pretty enough fellow, if you'll not give me the credit."

"Oh, he's good enough, I daresay," she answered without looking aside a moment. "I would think him much better if he was an inch or two taller, a shade blacker, and Hielan' to boot. But tell me this, Sim; where has your lordship been for three whole days? Three whole days, Simon MacTaggart, and not a word of explanation. Are you not ashamed of yourself, sir? Do you know that I was along the riverside every night this week? Can you fancy what I felt to hear your flageolet playing for tipsy fools in Ludovic's room? Very well, I said: let him! I have pride of my own, and I was so angry to-night that I said I would never go again to meet you. You cannot blame me if I was not there to-night, Sim. But there!—seeing you have rued your cruelty to me and made an excuse to see me even before him—there, I'll forgive you."

"Oh! well," drawled the Chamberlain ambiguously.

"But I can't make another excuse this week. He sits in here every night, and has a new

daft notion for late suppers. Blame yourself for it, Sim, but there can be no trysts this week."

"I'm a most singularly unlucky person," said the Chamberlain, in a tone that deaf love alone could fail to take alarm at.

"I heard a story to-day that frightened me, Sim," she went on, taking up some fine knitting and bending over it while she spoke rapidly, always in tones too low to carry across the room. "It was that you have been hanging about that girl of Doom's you met here."

The Chamberlain damned internally.

"Don't believe all you hear, Kate," said he. "And even if it was the case,"—he broke off in a faint laugh.

"Even if what?" she repeated, looking up.

"Even if—even if there was anything in the story, who's to blame? Your goodman's not the ass he sometimes looks."

"You mean that he was the first to put her in your way, and that he had his own reasons?"

The Chamberlain nodded.

Mrs Petullo's fingers rushed the life out of her knitting. "If I thought—if I thought," she said, leaving the sentence unfinished. No more was necessary; Sim MacTaggart thanked heaven he was not mated irrevocably.

"Is it true?" she asked. "Is it true of you, Sim, who did your best to make me push Petullo to Doom's ruin?"

"Now, my dear, you talk the damndest nonsense!" said Simon MacTaggart firmly. "I pushed in no way; the fool

dropped into your husband's hands like a ripe plum. I have plenty of shortcomings of my own to answer for without getting the blame of others."

"Don't lie like that, Sim, dear," said Mrs Petullo, decidedly. "My memory is not gone yet, though you seem to think me getting old. Oh yes! I have all my faculties about me still."

"I wish to the Lord you had prudence; old Vellum's cocking his lugs."

"Oh, I don't care if he is; you make me desperate, Sim." Her needles thrust like poignards, her bosom heaved. "You may deny it if you like, but who pressed me to urge him on to take Drimdarroch? Who said it might be so happy a home for us when—when—my goodman there—when I was free?"

"Heavens! what a hangman's notion!" thought the Chamberlain to himself, with a swift side glance at this termagant, and a single thought of Olivia.

"You have nothing to say to that, Sim, I see. It's just too late in the day for you to be virtuous, laddie; your Kate knows you, and she likes you better as you are than as you think you would like to be. We were so happy, Sim, we were so happy!" A tear dropped on her lap.

"Now Heaven forgive me for my infernal folly!" cried out the soul of Sim MacTaggart; but never a word did he say aloud.

Count Victor, at the other end of the room, listening to Petullo upon wines he was sup-

posed to sell and Petullo was supposed to be connoisseur of, though as a fact his honest taste was butter-milk—Count Victor became interested in the other pair. He saw what it took younger eyes, and a different experience from those of the husband, to observe.

"Cognac"—this to M. le Connoisseur with the rheumy eye—"but yes, it is good; your taste in that must be a national affair, is it not? Our best, the La Rochelle, has the name of a Scot—I think of Fife—upon the cask;" but to himself, with a glance again at the tragic comedy in the corner of the couch, "*Fi donc!* Mungo had reason; my gentleman of the dark eye is suspiciously like *cavalière servante*."

The Chamberlain began to speak fast upon topics of no moment, dreading the consequence of this surrender on the woman's part: she heard nothing as she thrust furiously and blindly with her needles, her eyes suffused with tears courageously restrained. At last she checked him.

"All that means, Sim, that it's true about the girl," said she. "I tried to think it was a lie when I heard it, but now you compel me to believe you are a brute. You are a brute, Sim, do you hear that? Oh God! oh God! that ever I saw you! That ever I believed you! What is wrong with me, Sim? tell me, Sim. What is wrong with me? Am I different in any way from what I was last spring? Surely I'm not so old as all that; not a grey hair in my head, not a wrinkle on my

face. I could keep like that for twenty years yet, just for love of Sim MacTaggart. Sim, say something, for the love of Heaven! Say it's a lie. Laugh at the story, Sim! Oh Sim! Sim!"

The knitting-needles clicked upon each other in her trembling hands, like fairy castanets.

"Who will say that man's fate is in his own fingers?" the Chamberlain asked himself, at the very end of patience. "From the day I breathed I got no chance. A clean and decent road's before me and a comrade for it, and I'm in the mood to take it, and here's the glaur about my feet! I wonder what monsieur there would do in a plight like mine. Lord! I envy him to be sitting there, and never a skeleton tugging at his sleeve."

Mrs Petullo gulped a sob, and gave a single glance into his face as he stared across the room.

"Why do you hate that man?" she asked suddenly.

"Who?" said he smiling, and glad that the wild rush of reproach was checked. "Is it monsher? I hate nobody, my dear Kate, except sometimes myself for sin and folly."

"And still and on you hate that man," said she convinced. "Oh no! not with that face, with the face you had a second ago. I think—oh! I can guess the reason; he has been up in Doom Castle; has he been getting round Miss Milk-and-Water? If he has, he's far more like her than you are. You made me pauperise her father, Sim; I'm sorry it was not worse. I'll see

that Petullo has them roused from the door."

"Adorable Kate!" said the Chamberlain, ironically.

Her face flamed, she pressed her hand on her side.

"I'll not forget that, Sim," said she with a voice of marvellous calm, bracing herself to look indifferently across the room at her husband. "I'll not forget many things, Sim. I thought the man I was to raise from the lackey that you were ten years ago would have some gratitude. No, no, no, Sim; I do not mean that, forgive me. Don't look at me like that. Where are you to be to-morrow night, Sim? I could meet you at the bridge; I'll make some excuse, and I want you to see my new gown—such a gown, Sim! I know what you're thinking, it would be too dark to see it; but you could strike a light, sweetheart, and look. Do you mind when you did that over and over again the first time, to see my eyes? I'm not going to say another word about—about Miss Milk-and-Water, if that's what angers you. She could never understand my Sim, or love the very worm he tramps on as I do. Now look at me smiling; amn't I brave? Would any one know to see me that my heart was sore? Be kind to me, Sim, oh! be kind to me; you should be kind to me, with all you promised!"

"Madame is smiling into a mist; alas! poor M. Petullo!" thought Count Victor, seeing the lady standing up and looking across the room.

"Kate," said the Chamberlain

in a whisper, pulling unobserved at her gown, "I have something to say to you."

She sat down again in a transport, her cheeks reddening, her eyes dancing; poor soul! she was glad nowadays of the very crumbs of affection from Sim MacTaggart's table.

"I know you are going to say Yes for to-morrow night, Sim," said she triumphant. "Oh, you are my own darling! For that I'll forgive you everything."

"There's to be no more nonsense of this kind, Kate," said the Chamberlain. "We have been fools—I see that quite plainly—and I'm not going to carry it on any longer."

"That is very kind of you," said Mrs Petullo, with the ring of metal in her accent and her eyes on fire. "Do you feel a great deal of remorse about it?"

"I do," said he, wondering what she was to be at next.

"Poor man! I was aye sure your conscience would be the death of you some day. And it's to be the pretext for throwing over unhappy Kate Cameron, is it?"

"Not Kate Cameron—her I loved—but Mrs Petullo."

"Whom you only made-believe to? That is spoken like a true Highland gentleman, Sim. I'm to be dismissed with just that amount of politeness that will save my feelings. I thought you knew me better, Sim. I thought you could make a more plausible excuse than that for the dirty transaction when it had to be done, as they say it must be done some time with all who are in our position. As sure as death I prefer the old

country style that's in the songs, where he laughs and rides away. But I'm no fool, Sim; what about Miss Milk-and-Water? Has she been hearing about me, I wonder, and finding fault with her new jo? The Lord help her if she trusts him as I did!"

"I want you to give me a chance, Kate," said the Chamberlain desperately. Petullo and the Count were still intently talking; the tragedy was in the poor light of a guttering candle.

"A chance?" she repeated vaguely, her eyes in vacancy, a broken heart shown in the corners of her mouth, the sudden aging of her countenance.

"That's it, Kate; you understand, don't you? A chance. I'm a boy no longer. I want to be a better man——" The sentence trailed off, for the Chamberlain could not but see himself in the most contemptible of lights.

"A better man!" said she, her knitting and her hands drowned in her lap, her countenance hollow and wan. "Lord keep me, a better man! And am I to be any the better woman when my old lover is turned righteous? Have you no' a thought at all for me when I'm to be left with him that's not my actual husband, left without love, hope, or self-respect? God help poor women! It's Milk-and-Water then; that's settled, and I'm to see you at the kirk with her for a lifetime of Sundays after this, an honest woman, and me what I am for you that have forgot me—forgot me! I was as good as she when you knew

me first, Sim; I was not bad, and oh, God! but I loved you, Sim MacTaggart!"

"Of all that's damnable," said the Chamberlain to himself, "there's nothing beats a whining woman!" He was in a mortal terror that her transports could be heard across the room, and that would be to spoil all with a vengeance.

"God pity women!" she went on. "It's a lesson. I was so happy sometimes that it frightened me, and now I know I was right."

"What do you say, my dear?" cried out Petullo across the room, suspiciously. He fancied he had heard an over-eager accent in her last words, that were louder spoken than all that had gone before. Fortunately he could not make out her face as he looked, otherwise he would have seen, as Montaignon did with some surprise, a mask of Tragedy.

"I'm giving Mr MacTaggart my congratulations on his coming marriage," said she quickly, with a miraculous effort at a little laugh, and the Chamberlain cursed internally.

"Oh! it's that length, is it?" said Petullo with a tone of gratification. "Did I no' tell you, Kate? You would deny't, and now you have the best authority. Well, well, it's the way we a' maun gang, as the auld blin' woman said, and here's wishing you the best o' luck."

He came across to shake hands, but the Chamberlain checked him hurriedly.

"Psha!" said he. "Madame's just a little premature,

Mr Petullo; there must be no word o' this just now."

"Is it that way?" said Petullo. "Likely the Baron's thrawn. Man, he hasna a roost, and he should be glad —" He stopped on reflection that the Frenchman was an intimate of the family he spoke of, and hastily returned to his side without seeing the pallor of his wife.

"And so it was old Vellum who clyped to you," said the Chamberlain to the lady.

"I see it all plainly now," said she. "He brought her here just to put her in your way and punish me. Oh, heavens, I'll make him rue for that! And do you fancy I'm going to let you go so easily as all that, Sim? Will Miss Mim-mou' not be shocked if I tell her the truth about her sweetheart?"

"You would not dare," said the Chamberlain.

"Oh! would I not?" Mrs Petullo smiled in a fashion that showed she appreciated the triumph of her argument. "What would I not do for my Sim?"

"Well, it's all by, anyway," said he shortly.

"What, with her?" said Mrs Petullo, but with no note of hope.

"No, with you," said he brutally. "Let us be friends, good friends, Kate," he went on, fearing this should too seriously arouse her. "I'll be the best friend you have in the world, my dear, if you'll let me, only —"

"Only you will never kiss me again," said she with a sob.

"There can be no friendship

after you, Sim, and you know it. You are but lying again. Oh, God! oh, God! I wish I were dead! You have done your worst, Simon MacTaggart; and if all tales be true —"

"I'm saying not a word of what I might say in my own defence," he protested.

"What *could* you say in your own defence? There is not the ghost of an excuse for you. What *could* you say?"

"Oh! I could be pushed to an obvious enough retort," he said, losing patience, for now it was plain that they were outraging every etiquette by so long talking together while others were in the room. "I was to blame, Heaven knows! I'm not denying that, but you — but you —" And his fingers nervously sought in his coat for the flageolet.

Mrs Petullo's face flamed. "Oh, you hound!" she hissed, "you hound!" and then she laughed softly, hysterically. "That is the gentleman for you! The seed of kings, no less! What a brag it was! That is the gentleman for you! — to put the blame on me. No, Sim; no, Sim; I will not betray you to Miss Mim-mou', you need not be feared of that; I'll let her find you out for herself and then it will be too late. And, oh! I hate her! hate her! hate her!"

"Thank God for that!" said the Chamberlain with a sudden memory of the purity she envied, and at these words Mrs Petullo fell in a swoon upon the floor.

"Lord, what's the matter?"

cried her husband, running to her side, then crying for the maid.

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Sim MacTaggart. "But she looked ill from the first," and once more he inwardly

cursed his fate that constantly embroiled him in such affairs.

Ten minutes later he and the Count were told the lady had come round, and with expressions of deep sympathy they left Petullo's house.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A MAN OF NOBLE SENTIMENT.

There was a silence between the two for a little after they came out from Petullo's distracted household. With a chilling sentiment towards his new acquaintance, whom he judged the cause of the unhappy woman's state, Count Victor waited for the excuse he knew inevitable. He could not see the Chamberlain's face, for the night was dark now; the tide, unseen, was running up on the beach of the bay, lights were burning in the dwellings of the little town.

"M. Montaignon," at last said the Chamberlain in a curious voice where feelings the most deep appeared to strive together, "yon's a tragedy, if you like."

"*Comment?*" said the Count. He was not prepared for an opening quite like this.

"Well," said the Chamberlain, "you saw it for yourself; you are not a mole like Petullo the husband. By God! I would be that brute's death if he were thirty years younger, and made of anything else than sawdust. It's a tragedy in there, and look at this burgh!—like the grave but for the lights of it; rural, plodding, unambitious, ignorant—and the last place on earth you might seek in for

a story so peetiful as that in there. My heart's wae, wae for that woman; I saw her face was like a corp when we went in first, though she put a fair front on to us. A woman in a hundred; a brave woman, few like her, let me tell you, M. Montaignon, and heartbroken by that rat she's married on. I could greet to think on all her trials. You saw she was raised somewhat; you saw I have some influence in that quarter?"

For his life Count Victor could make no reply, so troubled was his mind with warring thoughts of Olivia betrayed, perhaps, to a debauchee *sans* heart and common pot-house decency; of whether in truth this was the debauchee to such depths as he suggested, or a man in a false position through the stress of things around him.

The Chamberlain went on as in a meditation. "Poor Kate! poor Kate! We were bairns together, M. Montaignon, innocent bairns, and happy, twenty years syne, and I will not say but what in her maidenhood there was some warmth between us, so that I know her well. She was compelled by her relatives to marriage with our parchment friend yonder,

and there you have the start of what has been hell on earth for her. The man has not the soul of a louse, and as for her, she's the finest gold! You would see that I was the cause of her swoond?"

"Unhappy creature!" said Montaiglon, beginning to fear he had wronged this good gentleman.

"You may well say it, M. Montaiglon. It is improper, perhaps, that I should expose to a stranger the skeleton of that house, but I'm feeling what happened just now too much to heed a convention." He sighed profoundly. "I have had influence with the good woman, as you would see; for years I've had it, because I was her only link with the gay world she was born to be an ornament in, and the only one free to be trusted with the tale of her misery. Well, you know—you are a man of the world, M. Montaiglon—you know the dangers of such a correspondence between a person of my reputation, that is none of the best, because I have been less a hypocrite than most, and a lady in her position. It's a gossiping community this, long-lugged and scandal-loving like all communities of its size; it is not the Faubourg St Honoré, where intrigues go on behind fans and never an eye cocked or a word said about it; and I'll not deny but there have been scandalous and cruel things said about the lady and myself. Now, as God's my judge——"

"Pardon, monsieur," said the Count, eager to save this protesting gentleman another

bêtise; "I quite understand, I think,—the lady finds you a discreet friend. Naturally her illness has unmanned you. The scandal of the world need never trouble a good man."

"But a merely middling-good man, M. Montaiglon," cried the Chamberlain; "you'll allow that's a difference. Lord knows I lay no claim to a crystal virtue! In this matter I have no regard for my own reputation, but just for that very reason I'm anxious about the lady's. What happened in that room there was that I've had to do an ill thing and make an end of an auld sang. I'm rarely discreet in my own interest, M. Montaiglon, but it had to be shown this time, and as sure as death I feel like to greet at the havoc I have wrought with that good woman's mind!"

He stopped suddenly; a lump was in his throat. In the beam of light that came through the hole in a shutter of a house they passed, Montaiglon saw that his companion's face was all wrought with wretchedness, and a tear was on his cheek.

The discovery took him a-back. He had ungenerously deemed the strained voice in the darkness beside him a mere piece of play-acting, but here was proof of genuine feeling, all the more convincing because the Chamberlain suddenly brisked up and coughed and assumed a new tone, as if ashamed of his surrender to a sentiment.

"I have been compelled to be cruel to-night to a woman, M. Montaiglon," said he, "and that is not my nature. And—to

come to another consideration that weighed as much with me as any—this unpleasant duty of mine that still sticks in my throat like funeral-cake was partly forced by consideration for another lady—the sweetest and the best—who would be the last I should care to have hear any ill of me, even in a libel.”

A protest rose to Montaiglon's throat; a fury stirred him at the *gaucherie* that should bring Olivia's name upon the top of such a subject. He could not trust himself to speak with calmness, and it was to his great relief the Chamberlain changed the topic—broadened it, at least, and spoke of women in the general, almost cheerfully, as if he delighted to put an unpleasant topic behind him. It was done so adroitly, too, that Count Victor was compelled to believe it prompted by a courteous desire on the part of the Chamberlain not too vividly to illuminate his happiness in the affection of Olivia.

“I'm an older man than you, M. Montaiglon,” said the Chamberlain, “and I may be allowed to give some of my own conclusions upon the fair. I have known good, ill, and merely middling among them, the cunning and the simple, the learned and the utterly ignorant, and by the Holy Iron! honesty and faith are the best virtues in the lot of them. They all like flattery, I know——”

“A dead man and a stupid woman are the only ones who don't,” said Montaiglon.

“Faith, and that's very

true,” consented the Chamberlain, laughing softly. “I take it not amiss myself if it's proffered in the right way—which is to say, for the qualities I know I have, and not for the imaginary ones. As I was saying, give me the simple heart and honesty; they're not very rife in our own sex, and——”

“Even there, monsieur, I can be generous enough,” said Montaiglon. “I can always retain my regard for human nature, because I have learned never to expect too much from it.”

“Well said!” cried the Chamberlain. “Do you know that in your manner of rejoinder you recall one Dumont I met once at the Jesuits' College when I was in France years ago?”

“Ah, you have passed some time in my country, then?” said the Count with awakened interest, a little glad of a topic scarce so abstruse as sex.

“I have been in every part of Europe,” said the Chamberlain; “and it must have been by the oddest of mischances I have not been at Cammercy itself, for well I knew your uncle's friends, though, as it happened, we were of a different complexion of politics. I lived for months one time in the Hôtel de Transylvania, Rue Condé, and kept my *carrosse de remise*, and gambled like every other ass of my kind in Paris till I had not a louis to my credit. Lord! the old days, the old days! I should be penitent I daresay, M. Montaiglon, but I'm putting that off till I find that a sober life

has compensations for the entertainment of a life of liberty."

"Did you know Balhaldie?"

"Do I know the inside of my own pocket! I've played piquet wi' the old rogue a score of times in the Sun tavern of Rotterdam. Pardon me speaking that way of one that may be an intimate of your own, but to be quite honest, the Scots gentlemen living on the Scots Fund in France in these days were what I call the scourgings of the Hielan's. There were good and bad among them, of course, but I was there in the *entourage* of one who was no politician, which was just my own case, and I saw but the convivial of my exiled countrymen in their convivial hours. Politics! In these days I would scunner at the very word, if you know what that means, M. Montaiglon. I was too throng with gaiety to trouble my head about such trifles; my time was too much taken up in buckling my hair, in admiring the cut of my laced *jabot*, and the Mechlin of my wrist-bands."

They were walking close upon the sea-wall with leisurely steps, preoccupied, the head of the little town, it seemed, wholly surrendered to themselves alone. Into the Chamberlain's voice had come an accent of the utmost friendliness and flattering irrestraint; he seemed to be leaving his heart bare to the Frenchman. Count Victor was by these last words transported to his native city, and his own far-off days of galliard. Why, in the name of Heaven! was

he here listening to hackneyed tales of domestic tragedy and a stranger's reminiscences? Why did his mind continually linger round the rock of Doom, so noisy on its promontory, so sad, so stern, so like an ancient saga in its spirit? Cecile—he was amazed at it, but Cecile, and the Jacobite cause he had come here to avenge with a youth's ardour, had both fallen, as it were, into a dusk of memory!

"By the way, monsieur, you did not happen to have come upon any one remotely suggesting my Drimdarroch in the course of your travels?"

"Oh, come!" cried Sim Mac-Taggart; "if I did, was I like to mention it here and now?" He laughed at the idea. "You have not grasped the clannishness of us yet if you fancy——"

"But in an affair of strict honour, monsieur," broke in Count Victor eagerly. "Figure a woman basely betrayed; your admirable sentiments regarding the sex must compel you to admit there is here something more than clannishness can condone. It is true there is the political element—but not much of it—in my quest, still——"

"Not a word of that, M. Montaiglon!" cried the Chamberlain: "there you address yourself to his Grace's faithful servant; but I cannot be denying some sympathy with the other half of your object. If I had known this by-named Drimdarroch you look for, I might have swithered to confess it, but as it is, I have never had the honour. I've seen scores of dubious cattle round the walls of Ludovico

Rex, but which might be Drimdarroch and which might be decent honest men, I could not at this time guess. We have here among us others who had a closer touch with affairs in France than I."

"So?" said Count Victor. "Our friend the Baron of Doom suggested that for that very reason my search was for the proverbial needle in the haystack. I find myself in pressing need of a judicious friend at court, I see. Have you ever found your resolution quit you—not an oozing courage, I mean, but purely by the lapse of time and the distractions on the way to its execution? It is my case at the moment. My thirst for the blood of this *inconnu* has modified considerably in the past few days. I begin to wish myself home again, and might set out incontinent if the object of my coming here at all had not been so well known to those I left behind. You would be doing a brilliant service—and perhaps but little harm to Drimdarroch after all—if you could arrange a meeting at the earliest."

He laughed as he said so.

"Man! I'm touched by the issue," said the Chamberlain; "I must cast an eye about. Drimdarroch, of course, is Doom, or was, if a lawyer's sheep-skins had not been more powerful nowadays than the sword; but"—he paused a moment as if reluctant to give words to the innuendo—"though Doom himself has been in France to some good purpose in his time, and though, for God knows what,

he is no friend of mine, I would be the first to proclaim him free of any suspicion."

"That, monsieur, goes without saying! I was stupid enough to misunderstand some of his eccentricities myself, but have learned in our brief acquaintanceship to respect in him the man of genuine heart."

"Just so, just so!" cried the Chamberlain, and cleared his throat. "I but mentioned his name to make it plain that his claim to the old title in no way implicated him. A man of great heart, as you say, though with a reputation for oddity. If I were not the well-wisher of his house, I could make some trouble about his devotion to the dress and arms forbidden here to all but those in the king's service, as I am myself, being major of the local Fencibles. And—by the Lord! here's MacCailein!"

They had by this time entered the policies of the Duke. A figure walked alone in the obscurity, with arms in a characteristic fashion behind its back, going in the direction they themselves were taking. For a second or two the Chamberlain hesitated, then formed his resolution.

"I shall introduce you," he said to Count Victor. "It may be of some service afterwards."

The Duke turned his face in the darkness, and, as they came alongside, recognised his Chamberlain.

"Good evening, good evening!" he cried cheerfully. "'Art a late bird, as usual, and I am at that pestilent task the rehearsal of a speech."

"Your Grace's industry is a

reproach to your Grace's Chamberlain," said the latter. "I have been at the speech-making myself, partly to a lady."

"Ah, Mr MacTaggart!" cried the Duke in a comical expostulation.

"And partly to this unfortunate friend of mine, who must fancy us a singularly garrulous race this side of the German Ocean. May I introduce M. Montaignon, who is at the inn below, and whom it has been my good fortune to meet for the first time to-night?"

Argyll was most cordial to the stranger, who, however, took the earliest opportunity to plead fatigue and return to his inn. He had no sooner retired than the Duke expressed some natural curiosity.

"It cannot be the person you desired for the furnishing of our tolbooth the other day, Sim?" said he.

"No less," frankly responded the Chamberlain. "Your Grace saved me a *faux pas* there, for Montaignon is not what I fancied at all."

"You were ever the dubious gentleman, Sim," laughed his Grace. "And what—if I may take the liberty—seeks our excellent and impeccable Gaul so far west?"

"He's a wine merchant," said the Chamberlain, and at that the Duke laughed.

"What, man!" he cried at last, shaking with his merriment, "is our ancient Jules from Oporto to be ousted with the aid of Sim MacTaggart from the ducal cellars in favour of one Montaignon?" He stopped, caught his Chamberlain by

the arm, and stood close in an endeavour to perceive his countenance. "Sim," said he, "I wonder what Modene would say to find his cousin hawking vile claret round Argyll. Your friend's incognito is scarcely complete enough even in the dark. Why, the man's Born! I could tell it in his first sentence, and it's a swordsman's hand, not a cellarer's fingers, he gave me a moment ago. That itself would betray him even if I did not happen to know that the Montaignons have the *particule*."

"It's quite as you say," confessed the Chamberlain with some chagrin at his position, "but I'm giving the man's tale as he desires to have it known here. He's no less than the Count de Montaignon, and a rather decent specimen of the kind, so far as I can judge."

"But why the *alias*, good Sim?" asked the Duke. "I like not your *aliases*, though they have been, now and then—ahem!—useful."

"Your Grace has travelled before now as Baron Sundridge," said the Chamberlain.

"True! true! and saved very little either in inn charges or in the pother of State by the device. And if I remember correctly, I made no pretence at wine-selling on these occasions. Honestly now, what the devil does the Comte de Montaignon do here—and with Sim MacTaggart?"

"The matter is capable of the easiest explanation. He's here on what he is pleased to call an affair of honour, in which there is implicated the usual girl and

another gentleman, who, it appears, is some one, still unknown, about your Grace's castle." And the story in its entirety was speedily his Grace's.

"H'm," ejaculated Argyll at last when he had heard all. "And you fancy the quest as

hopeless as it is quixotic? Now I read our French friend, even in the dark, quite differently. He had little to say there, but little as it was 'twas enough to show by its manner that he's just the one who will find his man even in my crowded corridors."

CHAPTER XXIV.—A BROKEN TRYST.

The Chamberlain's quarters were in the eastern turret, and there he went so soon as he could leave his Grace, who quickly forgot the Frenchman and his story, practising upon Simon the speech he had prepared in his evening walk, alternated with praise extravagant—youthfully rapturous almost—of his duchess, who might, from all his chafing at her absence, have been that night at the other end of the world, instead of merely in the next county on a few days' visit.

"Ah! you are smiling, Sim!" said he. "Old whinstone! You fancy Argyll an imbecile of uxoriousness. Well, well, my friend, you are at liberty; Lord knows, it's not a common disease among dukes! Eh, Sim? But then women like my Jean are not common either or marriages were less fashious. Upon my word, I could saddle Jock and ride this very night to Luss, just to have the fun of throwing pebbles at her window in the morning, and see her wonder and pleasure at finding me there. Do you know what, cousin? I am going to give a ball when she comes home.

We'll have just the neighbours, and I'll ask M. Soi-disant, who'll give us the very latest step. I like the fellow's voice, it rings the sterling metal. . . . And now, my lords, this action on the part of the Government . . . Oh, the devil fly away with politics! I must go and have a look at the bairns sleeping," and off for the nursery set MacCailein Mor, the noble, the august, the man of silk and steel, whom 'twas Sim Mac-Taggart's one steadfast ambition in life to resemble even in a remote degree.

And then we have the Chamberlain in his turret room, envious of that blissful married man, and warmed to a sympathetic glow with Olivia floating through the images that rose before him.

He drew the curtains of his window and looked in that direction where Doom, of course, was not for material eyes, finding a vague pleasure in building up the picture of the recluse tower, dark upon its promontory. It was ten o'clock. It had been arranged at their last meeting that without the usual signal he should go to her to-night before twelve.

Already his heart beat quickly ; his face was warm and tingling with pleasant excitation, he felt a good man.

"By God!" he cried. "If it was not for the old glaur! What for does heaven—or hell—send the worst of its temptations to the young and ignorant? If I had met her twenty years ago! Twenty years ago! H'm! 'Clack!' goes the weaver's shuttle! Twenty years ago it was her mother, and Sim MacTaggart without a hair on his face trying to kiss the good lady of Doom, and her, perhaps no' half unwilling. I'm glad—I'm glad."

He put on a pair of spurs, his fingers trembling as those of a lad dressing for his first ball, and the girl a fairy in white, with her neck pink and soft and her eyes shy like little fawns in the wood.

"And how near I was to missing it!" he thought. "But for the scheming of a fool I would never have seen her. It's not too late, thank the Lord for that! No more of yon for Sim MacTaggart, I've cut with the last of it, and now my face is to the stars."

His hands were spotless white, but he poured some water in a basin and washed them carefully, shrugging his shoulders with a momentary comprehension of how laughable must that sacrament be in the eyes of the worldly Sim MacTaggart. He splashed the water on his lips, drew on a cloak, blew out the light, and went softly downstairs and out at a side door for which he had

a pass-key. The night was still, except for the melancholy sound of the river running over its cascades and echoing under the two bridges; odours of decaying leaves surrounded him, and the air of the night touched him on his hot face like a benediction. A heavy dew clogged the grass of Cairnbaan as he made for the stables, where a man stood out in the yard waiting with a black horse saddled. Without a word he mounted and rode, the hoofs thudding dull on the grass. He left behind him the castle, quite dark and looming in its nest below the sentinel hill; he turned the bay; the town revealed a light or two; a bird screamed on the ebb shore. Something of all he saw and heard touched a fine man in his cloak, touched a decent love in him; his heart was full with wholesome joyous ichor; and he sang softly to the creaking saddle, sang an air of good and clean old Gaelic sentiment that haunted his lips until he came opposite the very walls of Doom.

He fastened his horse to a young hazel and crossed the sandy interval between the mainland and the rock, seawrack bladders bursting under his feet, and the smells of seaweed dominant over the odours of the winter wood. The tower was pitch dark. He went into the bower, sat on the rotten seat among the damp bedraggled strands of climbing flowers, and took his flageolet from his pocket.

He played softly, breathing in his instrument the very

pang of love. It might have been a psalm and this forsaken dew-drenched bower a great cathedral, so rapt, so devoted, his spirit as he sought to utter the very deepest ecstasy. Into the reed he poured remembrance and regret; the gathered nights of riot and folly lived and sorrowed for; the ideals cherished and surrendered; the remorseful sinner, the awakened soul.

No one paid any heed in Castle Doom.

That struck him suddenly with wonder, as he ceased his playing for a moment and looked through the broken trellis to see the building black below the starry sky. There ought, at least, to be a light in the window of Olivia's room. She had made the tryst herself, and never before had she failed to keep it. Perhaps she had not heard him. And so to his flageolet again, finding a consolation in the sweetness of his own performance.

"Ah!" said he to himself, pausing to admire—"Ah! there's no doubt I finger it decently well—better than most—better than any I've heard, and what's the wonder at that? for it's all in what you feel, and the most of people are made of green wood. There's no green timber here; I'm cursed if I'm not the very ancient stuff of fiddles."

He had never felt happier in all his life. The past?—he wiped that off his recollection as with a sponge; now he was a new man with his feet out of the mire and a clean road all the rest of the

way, with a clean sweet soul for his companion. He loved her to his very heart of hearts; he had, honestly, for her but the rendered passion of passion—why! what kept her?

He rammed the flageolet impatiently into his waistcoat, threw back his cloak, and stepped out into the garden. Doom Castle rose over him black, high and low, without a glimmer. A terrific apprehension took possession of him. He raised his head and gave the signal call, so natural that it drew an answer almost like an echo from an actual bird far off in some thicket at Achnatra. And oh! felicity; here she was at last!

The bolts of the door slid back softly; the door opened; a little figure came out. Forward swept the lover all impatient fires—to find himself before Mungo Boyd!

He caught him by the collar of his coat as if he would shake him.

"What game is this? what game is this?" he furiously demanded. "Where is she?"

"Canny, man, canny!" said the little servitor, releasing himself with difficulty from the grasp of this impetuous lover. "Faith! it's anither warnin' this no' to parley at nicht wi' onything less than twa or three inch o' oak dale atween ye and herm."

"Cut clavers and tell me what ails your mistress!"

"Oh, weel; she hisna come oot the nicht," said Mungo, waving his arms to bring the whole neighbourhood as witness of the obvious fact.

The Chamberlain thrust at his chest and nearly threw him over.

"Ye dull-witted Lowland brock!" said he; "have I no' the use of my own eyes? Give me another word but what I want and I'll slash ye smaller than ye are already with my Ferrara."

"Oh, I'm no' that wee!" said Mungo. "If ye wad jist bide cool——"

"'Cool,' quo' he! Man! I'm up to the neck in fire. Where is she?"

"Whaur ony decent lass should be at this 'oor o' the nicht—in her naked bed."

"Say that again, you foul-mouthed hog o' Fife, and I'll gralloch you like a deer!" cried the Chamberlain, his face tingling.

"Losh! the body's cracked," said Mungo Boyd, astounded at this nicety.

"I was to meet her to-night; does she know I'm here?"

"I rapped at her door mysel' to mak' sure she did."

"And what said she?"

"She tauld me to gae awa'. I said it was you, and she said it didna maitter."

"Didna maitter!" repeated the Chamberlain, viciously,

mimicking the eastland accent. "What ails her?"

"Ye ought to ken that best yoursel'. It was the last thing I daur ask her," said Mungo Boyd, preparing to retreat, but his precaution was not called for, he had stunned his man.

The Chamberlain drew his cloak about him, cold with a contemptuous rebuff. His mouth parched; violent emotions wrought in him, but he recovered in a moment, and did his best to hide his sense of ignominy.

"Oh, well!" said he, "it's a woman's way, Mungo."

"You'll likely ken," said Mungo; "I've had sma' troke wi' them mysel'."

"Lucky man! And now that I mind right, I think it was not to-night I was to come, after all; I must have made a mistake. If you have a chance in the morn's morning you can tell her I wasted a tune or two o' the flageolet on a wheen stars. It is a pleasant thing in stars, Mungo, that ye aye ken where to find them when ye want them!"

He left the rock, and took to horse again, and home. All through the dark ride he fervently cursed Count Victor, a prey of an idiotic jealousy.

(To be continued.)

"A WANDERER AND A GATHERER."

JOB owned a matter of seven thousand sheep and one thousand oxen, with of other bestial some four thousand head; yet this man was the richest of the sons of the East. There died the other day, in his eightieth year, the best known of Australian pastoralists, who left an estate worth, it is true, in stock, improvements, and securities, little more than two and a half millions sterling; but his leaseholds were of a vast extent, and the whole of Job's possessions would not have stocked the least of his many stations. The State of Queensland has been suing his executors on a disputed balance of succession duty; and the evidence given in the case, the hearing of which took several weeks, is of extraordinary interest to the student of colonial character. It was set up by the defence that the deceased, though a member of the Legislature, was never domiciled in Queensland, because he had no home. "Home," he had said to one witness, "is where night finds me. I am a wanderer and a gatherer." He had made no will, because he had no friends. He had looked on all the works that his hand had wrought, and on all the labour that he had laboured to do. All was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

James Tyson, or Hungry Tyson, as he was usually called,

was no predatory or outlaw millionaire of the American type. He was not unpopular in Australia. The wage-earning class, in particular, rather spoke of him, I think, with admiration, as a hard worker and a "hard case"; dour but not unhuman, uncivilised, or de-civilised, but in that, too, representative;—the shadowy projection, perhaps, of the national ideal. South of Suez, on the outgoing mail-steamers, when the talk begins to quit old-world topics, and men turn their thoughts once more to shafts and dams, freezing-works and smelting-works, grass and marsupials, wool and "stores,"—to the real business of life,—always in the end their yarn will come round to Hungry Tyson, the wandering incarnation of Australia, a lean man, burnt, upright, with no affections, squatter and sundowner too, the unacknowledgable, or never-to-be-canonised, patron saint of the bush. And everywhere, round the camp-fires at night, up-country, tales are told of the old wayfarer's sayings, his all but incredible rigours, his generosity; tales of sculduddery, often, but always true to an envisaged character, and informed by the quickening interest of the auditory, which made him a legend twenty years before he died.

Early in 1894 I walked from Burracoppin, then the head of the railway line, to Coolgardie. It was in the first days of the

rush, before the Boulder mines had been started, or ever the chimneys of Kalgoorlie were hot. It was my first experience of the Australian people, and I found it good. Our party was about a hundred strong, swampers and teamsters; and we swampers paid thirty shillings apiece to have our swags carried up by the flour- and fodder-laden waggons alongside which we tramped. I remember now the unappeasable track—red and dusty, two chains wide, stretching endlessly eastward, up hill and down, dividing the dull immensity of twisted gums—straight as the first traffic had cut it, and nearly as straight as the railway over which the bagman now clatters comfortably to the Fields. Once or twice in the day's march we would come to the bald flattened domes of rock, acres wide, which fed the wells of the route. Twenty miles as a minimum was our daily measure, though if water gave out at any of the wells the teams had to push on for another stage, and we with them. But indeed twenty miles were scarcely enough to fill up the time for us footmen, for, the caravan getting under way soon after dawn, and never out-spanning till dark, we straggled at will all the long blazing hours over miles of country, for gathering, yarning, and smoking; each with his water-bag, and I, for a day or two, with a book. What a walk it was,—some ten days of it: and how singularly little one wanted to eat or drink! Some of us crossed the great Eighteen-Mile sand-plain, I

recollect, with empty water-bags—just to show that it could be done. The book I put away before long; my company grew too interesting. All classes were there, artisans and sailor-men, boys from good homes, and white-haired veterans who had been on Ballarat in '52 and in every rush since. One oldish fellow, a grizzled sugar-planter from Queensland, who had "gone under" in the bank smash, was walking up to better his fortunes, and to provide for his ailing wife. I have not known a worse run of luck than his was to be, poor man!—for I saw him now and again for years to come. He never, I believe, saw his wife again. But her death, and that of child after child in his distant home, did not perceptibly break him. He "pegged on" to the south end of the Londonderry; just failed to sell before the crash came; battled along—and, for all I know, is still battling. He groaned by nights in the next tent to mine, in the first weeks of my stay at Coolgardie, with aches of his loins; for shifting ballast in the digging of Bayley's dam, though it fetched ten shillings wages daily, was too hard "graft" for a man of his years. It was queer to see the letters, addressed "C—R—, Esq., J.P.," come to him when we stood in the queue outside the post-office for our Saturday mail. Sitting on a log by the road, waiting for a sight of the lagging caravan, or a sound of the whip, or of the creaking wheels, I told him (I remember) some scoffing story

I had heard on shipboard of Hungry Tyson's harshness: how he prohibited his managers from using loaf-sugar even at their own charges, maybe; or how he once ordered a manager's wife's cabbage-garden to be uprooted, allowing no such distractions as the growing of green-meat on his properties, sacred to the raising of sheep on an attenuated ration (for the shepherds) of mutton and flour. At that time I had never realised that in recounting his characteristics my Australian friends had meant to convey anything besides scorn for what seemed to me his purposeless meanness. "But, after all," said the old sugar-planter, "you should never speak ill of him before a Queenslander. Two years ago, when the Premier was in trouble about the issue of some Treasury Bills, Tyson walked into his office, and the Premier told him of the difficulty in which we found ourselves. The colony had great resources, but, for the moment, no credit. 'How much do you want?' asked Tyson. 'Half a million would do,' the Premier told him; and Tyson wrote his cheque and took up the issue at once."

On November 5, 1900, the suit of the Queen *v.* the Queensland Trustees, Ltd., came on for hearing in the Supreme Court at Brisbane, before his Honour the Chief-Justice. Defendants were sued, as administrators of the real and personal estate of the late James Tyson, for an amount of succession-duty alleged to be due to the Crown on the de-

ceased's personalty in New South Wales and Victoria. The Attorney-General, with three other counsel, instructed by the Crown Solicitor, appeared for the Crown; Mr Lilley, with Mr Feez and another, for the defendants. The statement of claim set forth that Mr Tyson had died intestate, at Felton Station, near Camboola, in 1898, possessed, *inter alia*, of considerable personal property in New South Wales and Victoria. Probate duty having been paid on the Queensland estate, and at the rate of 5 per cent in New South Wales, and 10 per cent in Victoria, on the estates in those colonies, the Government now claimed as a balance due on the whole, after deducting the duties paid in the other colonies, the sum of £68,625. The defence was that the deceased was not, at the time of his death, nor at any other time, domiciled in the colony of Queensland.

The attorney-general enumerated the properties affected: town-lands and pastoral property in New South Wales (£122,000 realty and £512,000 personalty); pastures and fixed deposits in Victoria (£102,000 realty, personalty £352,000); town-lands and eight large stations in Queensland, with extensive sugar-plantations on the Tully river (realty, £524,000, personalty, £750,000), giving a total, including station improvements, of £2,364,762. Mr Tyson was born at Cow Pasture, New South Wales, in 1819; acquired his first property in Queensland in 1868, and made his home, as the Government would show,

at Felton three years later. A man of methodical habits, he had kept a record of almost all his doings when away from Felton. All the letters he had ever received, and press copies of his answers (for though he wrote these, it would appear, on slates, his secretary copied them therefrom), had been found in bundles, together with his diaries, and with a multiplicity of records and deeds (seven hundred titles to land executed between 1870 and 1898), heaped on the floor of a private office, to which no one had access but himself. He was a member of the Legislative Council, as well as of the Union and Queensland Clubs; was "very fond of kangaroo-hunting"; "had two fruit-trees from his mother's place in New South Wales transplanted to Felton"; and, for the rest, "his time had been devoted to the making of money" after his own fashion—i.e., he had owned many stations in various parts of Australia, mostly in the remote interior, and had spent his life by the wayside, camping out with a single black attendant, and paying surprise visits to his managers. The case of the Crown was thus that, although a traveller, he always looked on Felton as his home. The case of the executors, on the contrary, was that he was a wanderer pure and simple, and had no home. The object of the Attorney-General, in short, was to display him as a worthy and public-spirited, if eccentric, citizen, with a full intention of domicile at Felton;

while that of his executors was to prove him to have been a vagrant, without human affections or any settled domicile. And both sides, stimulated perhaps by the keen public interest in the dead man's career, seem to have allowed the case to develop into a quaint sort of inquest on his peculiarities, rather than the ordinary proceedings on behalf of the Treasury. The first four days of the trial were occupied by the reading of the diaries, which contained little but the barest record of an endless peregrination. On the fifth day the real evidence begins, and from this point I propose to let the witnesses tell their own tale.

Henry Daniels, of Cambooya, the first witness, deposed that he met Tyson, on the Warrego, twenty-one years ago. He told witness he had bought Felton from a man he had lent money to, who "went travelling on the Continent with Lord This and Lord That and Lord knows who." Tyson gave him, in the end, thirty or forty thousand pounds more to clear out altogether. Tyson wanted witness to stay with him, but he declined, "as his motives might be misconstrued." On one occasion the deceased said to him, "I am very lonely. I have never injured a man knowingly in my life, and I am over seventy years of age, and haven't a friend in the world. I have any amount of relations, and I believe they want to know when I'll die, so that they can get the money." "You may be wronging them," witness rejoined; "I don't believe they are all that

way, for I know some of them myself." Tyson answered, "Well, it may be so, but I feel the only real friend I have is here" (patting his trouser-pocket). "All the same, Daniels," he added, "when you get old you feel you would like some one to pay you some slight regard. I get very lonely at times. I always have to get a lot of these" (drawing from his coat-pocket a bundle of penny magazines, 'Tit-Bits,' 'Scraps,' and suchlike illiterature) "to divert my thoughts."¹ Witness asked how he managed to keep a grasp of his affairs. "It's the simplest thing in the world," he replied. "I have never showed it to any one, but I'll show it to you." He then drew four pyramids on a leaf of his pocket-book. Three of these represented his properties in New South Wales, Queensland, and Victoria, and the largest represented himself, "Mr Stokes." He went on to explain: "I make my bank-managers do my book-keeping, and I don't have to pay for it. When I send sheep or cattle from one station to another, the station to which they are sent must pay a cheque to the other station for the current value of the sheep or cattle, and of course, when the cheque goes through the bank, the bank has to keep account. Sometimes, when, owing to improvements, droughts, &c., a station don't pay expenses, it has to borrow from 'Mr Stokes.' On the other hand, after the work-

ing expenses of each of these stations have been paid, all the surplus revenue is placed to the credit of 'Mr Stokes.' The banks have to keep record of all the transactions, and see that the amounts correspond with the accounts of the various stations."

The witness went on to relate how Tyson once, to save exchange, drew £80,000 in sovereigns from the Bank of New South Wales, and took it to Queensland by boat. Whereon the Chief-Justice remarked that a jury, in his recollection, once found, on oath, that a lady had carried 20,000 sovereigns in her belt for a lengthy period. Witness, continuing, said that Tyson used to draw £25 a-month for personal expenses; though once he confessed that he had been extravagant, having spent £20 over his allowance. He did not attend regularly to his legislative duties. On one occasion he was prevailed upon to make a speech about the marsupial pest. But while he was describing how the wallabies came hundreds of miles out of the scrub to eat his grass, an unsympathetic, probably a trades-unionist, member, Mr Perkins, ejaculated, "Do they bite the sheep?" Whereupon Mr Tyson sat down, disgusted, and never spoke in the House again.

The Home Secretary deposed that "five years ago, at the Queensland Club," Tyson told him that he had been offered

¹ A very Australian trait. I have seen a burly colonial mayor, the chief gombeen-man of his district, and generally quite otherwise than sentimental in his tendencies, reading 'Bow-Bells Novelettes' in his study.

£5 for his watch-guard, "which appeared to witness to be a boot-lace"; and that some one else had offered to pay £100 to be permitted to look at his books and ascertain his system of book-keeping. "The joke is," Tyson explained, "that I have no system of book-keeping. I make my bankers keep my books." But indeed the old gentleman seems to have taken pride in being hard on the banks, feeling himself, perhaps, commissioned to avenge in some measure the many wrongs his fellow-Australians are wont to suffer at their hands. It is a fact that on more than one occasion, having allowed a particular balance to mount up to over £100,000, he waited for the most inconvenient moment possible, and then successfully used the threat to transfer the whole sum forthwith to a rival institution to extort the concession of a higher rate of interest.

One Stewart, a coal-merchant, "formerly a steward on the Katoomba and other coastal steamers," deposed that early in the 'Eighties Tyson made several trips, "sometimes under the name of Smith, sometimes Walker, and sometimes Stokes." During one trip up from Sydney the chief engineer asked Tyson why he travelled under an assumed name, for "these assumed names greatly confused the ship's hands, who, knowing him as Tyson, could not find his allotted berth, and could not find the other fellow, Smith or Walker or Stokes." Tyson replied that it was to prevent his name from being

telegraphed ahead of him to warn his managers in the colony he was travelling to. "Tyson asked the chief engineer to have a drink, and the chief engineer called for ginger-ale. Tyson decided to have the same, but thought one bottle enough for the two of them, and split it. The engineer resented this and told Tyson to take the lot. Witness, who served the drink, charged Tyson one shilling, as for two drinks. Tyson loudly protested that he had been charged sixpence too much, and finished up by reporting the matter to the captain." On another occasion, coasting from Brisbane to the northward ports, the old man is said to have carried with him in his cabin a sackful of loaves of bread. At the end of the voyage, emerging from his crumbs, he demanded a rebate on his fare. But the company, on the contrary, alleging public notice given, charged him extra for having taken his meals in his cabin, and obtained a settlement on the advice of his lawyers.

Sir Hugh Nelson, K.C.M.G., President of the Legislative Council, deposed that he had known Tyson for twenty years. "In town deceased had the habit of visiting him at his house between six and seven in the morning." "In 1891 Tyson took up £200,000 worth of Treasury Bills." (The original, note, of my sugar-planter's story.) "When they fell due, he declined to take the money. Informed he must, he invested it in Savings Bank Stock."

Mr Lilley (counsel for execu-

tors). "It was a good investment for Tyson, was it not? What interest did he get on the Treasury Bills?"

Witness. "Four and a half per cent."

His Honour. "I know at the time it was considered a patriotic action on Mr Tyson's part."

Mr Lilley. "With people who did not know the rate of interest!" (To witness), "What was the interest on the Savings Bank Stock?"

Witness. "Three and a half per cent."

The Hon. W. H. Groom, M.L.A., newspaper proprietor, deposed that at the time of the Soudan Contingent Tyson showed him a cheque for £2000, which he was contributing to the Patriotic Fund, and spoke of equipping a mounted force of 200 men if Mr Dalley, the New South Wales Minister, would accept his offer. When Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith was in office, Tyson offered to buy a million acres of Tinnenburra run at 5s. an acre, and complained that he could not get the matter brought forward either by the Government or by the Opposition. "Witness told him that such a transaction was opposed to his political principles." So, also, the New Zealand Government, on Tyson's offering to acquire, upon almost equally easy terms, 100,000 acres of the best land in the North Island, declined to sanction the deal. "Long" Thomson was more fortunate. About 1882, the Christchurch Government, being pressed for repayment of an overdraft by its

bankers (say the Bank of Oceana), sold him 40,000 acres of "bottom" lands for less than £38,000. Whereon the Melbourne 'Argus' commented, "Lucky Mr Thomson! Necessitous Provincial Government! Opportunely importunate Bank of Oceana!" (The said bank, of course, chancing to be the particular one at which Mr Thomson kept his account.)

Mr M'Iver, stock expert, deposed that he was Tyson's guest in 1897. Deceased then wanted to sell three of his stations to Government at from £3, 10s. to £2, 10s. per acre. He was able to leave Felton, he stated, at two hours' notice. He was getting old, he went on, and wished to go back to the old home to be buried alongside of his old mother. He spoke of himself as "Poor fellow me." In 1895 witness said to him, "I thought you lived at Felton?" "Oh no," deceased replied; "Felton is only my principal Queensland address. I have no home in Queensland. I only come here on business."

Henry Bracker, grazier, deposed: "'Home,' he once heard Tyson say, 'is where night finds me. I am a wanderer and a gatherer.'"

The Under-Secretary for Lands was asked, "Did you ever hear him say, 'I'm off on the wallaby track again, following the same old star'?" Witness could not remember if he said that; but he had heard the deceased speak of a star—a star which he followed. Tyson was a peculiar man. When he started on a journey he never

turned to look behind. (Here the Attorney-General cited Dr Johnson's fad for touching posts.)

The Curator of Intestate Estates deposed to having burst open deceased's writing-desk. The diaries extended back to 1854. ("The records were brief and exceedingly prosaic; but in August 1895 the uninteresting tale of rounds was interrupted by several pages of poetry, which appeared to be a copy of Burns's 'Lament to Mary in Heaven.' The last diary was not so well kept as the others.") Letters in bundles were thrown into the corners of the room—thousands of them—and they came from all parts of the world.

His Honour. "The stamps should be a most valuable asset."

Mr Feez. "The stamps have gone, your honour."

His Honour, excitedly. "Then some one must have stolen them. Some of those stamps would be worth £5 or more apiece."

Mr Feez. "We gave the other side notice to produce the letters and envelopes, and they came without the stamps."

Another witness remembered Tyson's once saying that if he had married in his younger days "he would not have been so rich; but he might have been happier."

Mr Joseph Stirling, blacksmith, had known deceased for thirty years. By request once visited station. Tyson was absent, and the only living things in the whole homestead were a

girl, an old cook of eighty, and a cat. "Was not surprised, later on, to learn the girl drowned herself somewhere."

The place was enough to send one melancholy mad. When he mentioned his visit to Tyson, "the latter said pleasantly, 'Oh! I keep nothing on my establishments that does not earn its rations. Every dog has its own beat, and if it is not there, James Tyson must know the reason why.'"

By Mr Feez. He had frequently succeeded in tapping Tyson for subscriptions to military tournaments, churches, schools, &c.; but deceased would never allow his name to appear, preferring to be called "A Friend."

Mr C. H. Buzacott, M.L.C., newspaper proprietor, said he knew Tyson very fairly well. Obtained an interview with him for his paper in 1893. "Five or six weeks afterwards Tyson saw him, shook him cordially by the hand, and said, 'It's all right, mister! I believe it's done good. I believe it's done good.' Deceased had granted the interview reluctantly, and had appeared up to that time to avoid witness. *Tyson gave witness the impression of being a man who belonged to the whole of Australia.*"

Mr J. Porter, grazier, remembered, in 1894, discussing with Tyson the chance of his being found dead some morning by his black-fellow in the far interior of the colony.

Mr Donald Mackintosh, M.L.A., recollected on one occasion visiting Felton. On

the way up to the house Tyson dismounted, older man as he was, to open the gates. "You are my guest," he said, "and when any one goes home with me I always open the gates." He did not, witness thought, hate women. A good woman, to his mind, was one who patched her children's and her husband's clothes neatly. Once he offered a prize of £100 in a practical domestication competition, open to the young ladies of the district.

To one Davidson, grazier, haggling with him over the price of some steers, he had said he wished the country was as good for raising sheep as Davidson seemed to find it for raising children.

To Brown, cattle overseer, he had given a keyless watch as a reward for two years' sobriety as a drover, though doubting, he said, if the said Brown were a sensible man, or, having regard to the dust, he would have bought one for himself.

Isaac Henry, farmer and grazier, recalled conversations at various times and places with deceased. Tyson told him he had made preparations for burial near the place where he was born. Though he travelled thousands of miles, the place where he was born was always home to him. At another time he said, wherever he went he was at home. He had a home at each of his stations. Cobb & Co.'s coach was home to him during a great part of his time.

The Polynesian Inspector deposed that, as a guest at Felton, he was told by Tyson how he

managed his numerous properties by a system of surprise visits to his managers. At his first meal, his host told him, "You are welcome to Felton. Make yourself at home: and there is no starch." He gathered from Tyson's conversation that he was a wanderer. Tyson told him distinctly that his nephews and nieces were to inherit his money, and that if they derived as much pleasure from spending it as he had obtained in making it he would be satisfied. "Witness told him he might rest satisfied of that. (Laughter.)"

After the Soudan affair deceased was chary of subscribing to any fund in his own name, because that matter brought him sixty letters from England and elsewhere, from people claiming relationship. One letter, bearing an armorial embossment, set out that Tyson was the family name of the Duke of —, and that the writer was sure Tyson was a member of the duke's family. Another came from a Cumberland solicitor, praying for an opening in the way of colonial experience for his son. "Tyson was so struck by the modesty of this request that he wrote to have the boy sent along."

The husband of a niece of Tyson's was finally examined. Asked, "Tyson told you he wished to be buried in the vault at Campbelltown?" "Yes," he replied. "Don't you think it remarkable, then, that all you people who got money out of him did not take the trouble to remove his remains there in accordance with his wish?" "We

have not got all the money yet," was the man's reply—and the dead man's epitaph.

And there, in the disjected recollections of a few more or less willing witnesses, we have an idea of a man that shall live, a legend which goes to the making of the Australian people. It was a man whose sympathies and affections were stunted: like his country (almost) in being without much visible religion; reading illiterature; something squalid in his habits. Yet a just man, I think,—a decent, and a strong: dreary, but impregnable to fortune; independent of his wealth; using it, at least, for no evil ends. He was given, so far as we learn, to no vices. He chose work instead of life, that is all. He was a negation—or rather his nature was stripped to the bed-rock qualities on which his country

shall grow. Conscious he was, perhaps, of the respect of his fellows; and gratified by it, in his queer fashion: tireless, yet possibly, at times, a little sorry for himself, but incapable of changing his ways;—a man of indomitable desires, which he found barren; the nomadic pastoralist, made solitary by his banking account; the sun-downer-squatter; a wanderer and a gatherer.

The Court held that the estate was liable to the Crown for the duty claimed, and an order was made accordingly. Sixty-eight thousand pounds was the cost of giving Hungry Tyson a proven domicile, after his death: and—a wanderer even then—his bones, we may take it, will be removed, some day, to the vault in New South Wales, in accord with his wish.

HAROLD G. PARSONS.

THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It was 'Maga's' very pleasing duty in March 1900 to draw attention to the satisfactory provision that appeared to have been made for the care of England's disabled soldiers in South Africa, and to the admirable performance of duty by the Army Medical Service in the early part of the war. We all then believed that our military administration included at least one department which was absolutely without reproach, and that, amidst all the misery of a bloody campaign, everything humanly possible had been done to save life and relieve agony. We read the testimony of distinguished surgeons, who had spoken independently of the excellent work accomplished, with the highest gratification, and we felt that our countrymen who were fighting our battles were at least secure from every danger except such as must necessarily be a part of war.

It was with something of a shock, therefore, that we read one morning in the 'Times' a wholesale indictment of the medical arrangements for the care of our soldiers. It seemed incredible that the military department, to which of all others we had most firmly pinned our faith, should have been guilty of such grave lapses as were alleged to have been found in its operations; but it seemed hardly possible that a man on the spot, who presumably acted under some sense of responsi-

bility, should have made serious charges unless he was fully able to substantiate them. On the other hand, Lord Roberts had the established character of being the humanest of men, extremely careful of his soldiers' lives, and it could hardly be supposed that the state of the army hospitals was not perfectly well known to him and to the other officers in high authority. Travelling M.P.'s and irresponsible correspondents are not the only people who take an interest in our fighting men, and it was difficult to believe that the generals had utterly ignored a plain duty and had overlooked the sufferings of the men under their command.

As the news of the allegations made passed to South Africa, it became very evident, as we expected, that they only represented a one-sided view of the question. Lord Roberts requested a complete and independent inquiry into everything connected with the treatment of our sick and wounded soldiers. The Army Medical Service courted it in the fullest manner possible. We have now before us the report, the result of this inquiry. The evidence which was actually taken has been very voluminous, given by nearly 500 witnesses, of every position, rank, and sex, and representing every shade of experience and feeling. We may be satisfied that it has been very carefully weighed

in every detail, and that the opinions which are founded upon it may be received with full confidence in their correctness. Than this report nothing could be more cold, more judicial in tone. Every circumstance has been put into due perspective; nothing has been slurred over, nothing has had undue prominence. We have a finely balanced charge and summing-up, delivered to the great jury which is to give the verdict, the jury of the British people.

War is a terrible condition of human affairs at any time. It must, under any circumstances, entail almost inconceivable misery upon many individuals, and, at best, arrangements can only be made to relieve this misery in a very small degree. And in war it is often, nay, generally, the unexpected that happens. In the employment of strategy and tactics the most consummate generalship, the most perfect organisation, the most lavish supply of means, the utmost devotion, may all be made of no avail by some train of circumstances, possibly not altogether unforeseen, but taking some new form of development; and in the struggle to alleviate the sufferings of war it can, in like manner, never be certainly said that difficulties may not arise, and that such a stress may not make itself felt as will neutralise the best thought-out plans and projects of usefulness. The real questions that have come on for trial, and on which a verdict must be given, are—Did England in times past make

sufficient preparation for the military crisis that has arisen? and, whether her preparations were sufficient or not, Was she served loyally and well by the servants whom she had provided? It is evident in the report before us that the first question must be answered to a great extent in the negative, and the second unreservedly in the affirmative. There can be no doubt that our normal preparations for war were wholly inadequate to the struggle that we have been going through; and our army medical provision was, even with reference to the comparatively small efforts that we thought ourselves equal to, quite insufficient. It is evident that England has misconceived the military necessities of her imperial position, and has only been rescued from disaster by almost superhuman effort. The care of her army's sick and wounded has only been carried through without a breakdown by the extraordinary professional zeal of her Royal Army Medical Corps.

It has been said that we were all profoundly moved by a long statement in the 'Times,' giving such an account of the condition of hospitals in South Africa, and the administration and equipment of the medical service, as recalled the worst stories of Crimean maladministration. This was followed by a discussion in Parliament, in the course of which all that he had said in the 'Times' was repeated by the member for Westminster before the Commons of England, with the addition of several gruesome

details making the narrative still more impressive. The Ministers whose duty it was to speak were not, of course, prepared to answer every allegation that was made, for such could only be accomplished by the aid of very exhaustive inquiry; but, knowing as they did how much had been done by themselves to remedy previous national shortcomings, realising the tremendous difficulties of the war, and having full confidence in the supervision of commanders in the field, and in the zeal and capacity of the Army Medical Service, they were able to meet with confidence the sudden storm of criticism that had burst upon a part of their warlike administration, and further to indorse Lord Roberts' request, and to offer that part to the completest and most unbiassed scrutiny. It may be pardoned to some of the speakers if a shade of temper and annoyance was to be detected in their words. They felt that, though they could not offhand say that such and such statements were unfounded, they might reasonably feel irritation that one of their own party should give them grave embarrassment by publicly impeaching the conduct of a sufficiently critical war in one of its most important items, when he might just as well have said what he had to say in a private manner without disquieting the nation, without perilling the stability of the Government which he was bound in honour to support. They had full con-

viction that there was no basis strong enough to warrant the statements that had been made; but they felt that to prove this satisfactorily would be a matter of time, that during that time they and their agents would be under a cloud in the eyes of uninstructed people, and that public confidence was shaken.

The Commission of Inquiry demanded by Lord Roberts was unhesitatingly granted; but when its numbers and the names of its members were announced, again the Ministers were the objects of carping attack. It was objected that the medical element predominated too much in the group of three who were named; and that there might be no possible subsequent feeling that complete satisfaction had not been given, some influential politicians supported the objection. Two more names were added to the original three, but still the member for Westminster was dissatisfied. The Commission was only too unbiassed. There was no place found on it either for Mr Burdett-Coutts or any nominee of his, and having brought the charges, he doubtless thought that he should be invited to superintend the evidence which was to be taken. But neither was there named any soldier or man with a military cast of thought, nor any one representing the Army Medical Service. But still, though to men who only wanted to get at the plain truth there did not appear to be any qualification lacking to the Commission—judicial habits of mind, plain common-sense,

absolute integrity, with a sufficient addition of special knowledge—further exceptions were taken, and especially to the name of a distinguished scientist, who, from previous experience in like duties, had special gifts in the matter of sifting and co-ordinating facts. And why? Because he, having been an examiner of candidates for the Army Medical Service, was supposed to be prejudiced in its favour on account of the remuneration that he received. This was too absurd. A professor of world-wide reputation, a leading man in his noble profession, whose time was of the utmost monetary value (to use the meanest form of estimate), was to be considered prejudiced because he received £100 a-year from Government for using his great abilities in its service, a sum which barely would pay his out-of-pocket expenses during the time that he was employed on an all-important duty. As a matter of fact, the Government and the Army Medical Service lay under a heavy obligation to him for patriotic service. He was not bound by any obligation, and was unfettered by self-interest or by any sense of benefits either past or future. The ungenerous criticism, which in its tone had all the characteristics of a party attack, though it was led by a nominal adherent of Government, was for the time pushed aside; but warning has been given that it will be renewed, and it has been indicated by its authors that the finding of the Royal Commission will be by no means

held conclusive. It is to be hoped that they may not be so ill-advised.

The powers given to the Commission as to taking evidence were also, and as we think most unreasonably, alleged to be defective. Many, in fact practically all, of the individuals who had poured their complaints into Mr Burdett-Coutts's receptive ears had stipulated that their names were to be kept secret. This of itself was a suspicious circumstance as regards *bona fides*, but Mr Burdett-Coutts went still further in discrediting his grounds of complaint when he said that private soldiers and others would be deterred from stating all they knew from fear of personal consequences. In saying such a thing he showed either that he knew nothing of the British soldier, his manner of thought and manner of life, or he believed that the English people would, from ignorance, accept blindly a statement about the British soldier which to men intimately acquainted with our army was wildly and palpably inaccurate. Such as it was eventually constituted and authorised, it is, we may hope, unlikely that the Royal Commission will be generally regarded by its countrymen as being otherwise than a very perfect instrument for eliciting the truth about a very difficult subject.

In examining the report of the Commission we have first to see whether the state of things described by Mr Burdett-Coutts actually did exist, and if so, whether the responsibility for its existence lay with the

country as represented by its Ministers and financiers, with the various servants of the country who were actively employed at home or at the seat of war, or was to be divided between the two. There can be no doubt that Mr Burdett-Coutts did see at Bloemfontein and elsewhere an immense amount of human misery and pain. No man can follow in the track of war without encountering such an experience; but whether he saw much more of pain and misery than were inevitable to the circumstances seems to be very doubtful. The point to be kept specially in mind is, that no one ever anticipated, "when war became probable, that it would be of the magnitude that it has since attained." No one ever realised what enormous numbers of troops would be employed, and what sacrifices and efforts would be necessary in order to attain any measure of success. The limit of England's active military power was always supposed to be about two army corps, and making, as we supposed, due allowance for every possible contingency, it was believed that such a force, with perhaps the assistance of some colonial levies, would be sufficient to carry out our national purposes in South Africa. But the preconceived ideas which had more or less guided us for generations were quickly found to be incorrect. A new development of war had come about, and it was suddenly found that two army corps would be insufficient for the job in hand, and probably equally inefficient for any im-

portant job anywhere, under any conditions. It was this state of unpreparedness which has impeded every part of the army throughout the campaign, and if we say that the arrangements for the care of the sick and wounded have not been completely equal to the emergency, we only repeat what may be said of every other detail of our army, whether combatant or non-combatant. As a matter of fact, it may with every confidence be asserted that these arrangements compare most favourably with those of any other portion of our military system. And here the conclusion of the Royal Commission's report may be fitly quoted, a conclusion which should very completely restore the confidence that has been shaken by Mr Burdett-Coutts's statements:—

"In concluding our report, we desire to say that in our judgment, reviewing the campaign as a whole, it has not been one where it can properly be said that the medical and hospital arrangements have broken down. There has been nothing in the nature of a scandal with regard to the care of the sick and wounded; no general or widespread neglect of patients, or indifference to their suffering. And all witnesses of experience in other wars are practically unanimous in the view that, taking it all in all, in no campaign have the sick and wounded been so well looked after as they have been in this."

And where and why have the arrangements for the care of the sick and wounded not been all that could have been wished? First, most unquestionably the officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps were deficient in numbers, and, as a consequence,

to some extent in efficiency. Over and over again had successive director-generals urged upon the War Office authorities the necessity for an increase in the corps, but without avail; and this probably because it was feared that the necessary expenditure would not be countenanced by the country's parliamentary representatives. It had been proved to demonstration that it was only by the unceasing toil of the Royal Army Medical Corps that the sick of our army could be cared for even in time of peace. There was no margin of strength in the corps wherewith to meet any extra strain. So markedly was this the case that, whether ill or well, it was most difficult for a medical officer to obtain any leave of absence. If he had broken down on tropical service, his health was to be restored by placing him on duty elsewhere. He seldom had an opportunity of seeing his friends, and practically none for any relaxation. This, of course, made a service whose profits were not those of civil work little attractive to the medical profession. Let that consideration pass, however. The most crying evil attending the paucity of medical officers was that, when all were of necessity constantly employed in routine work, it became impossible to give opportunities for advanced study to any officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps. Now, it is well known that the arts of medicine and surgery do not stand still; they are always advancing. Moreover, however capable a man may be when he takes his

diploma, his knowledge must inevitably become somewhat rusty after years of commonplace military practice, and if it is to be kept at a high level, it should from time to time be refreshed and brightened. Well, neither for the purpose of studying developments of science or of brushing up his original proficiency could a medical officer ever be spared for any adequate period. Of course it was always contemplated that, if a time of great stress should come, civilian assistance would be largely employed, and that thus the lack of numbers in the Royal Army Medical Corps might be redeemed, though this was by no means a result that could be certainly reckoned upon; but nothing could restore to young and enthusiastic professional men the opportunities of self-improvement that had been lost through the nation's parsimony. That the Royal Army Medical Corps has passed through its present trials in such a manner as to merit the following judicial tribute shows how as a whole, before the war, they have been admirably organised, how careful has been their service training, and how their professional zeal has supported them in the face of constant discouragement:—

"Speaking of the officers as a whole, their conduct and capacity deserve great praise. Their devotion to their duties both at the front and in the fixed hospitals, and the unselfish way in which they have attended to the sick and wounded, often at the risk of life, have been recognised by all impartial witnesses. The number of those who have died during this war in discharge of their duty is unfortunately large."

It is to be candidly recognised, as it has been recognised in the report before us, that there were "a few exceptions to the general efficiency"; but is it reasonably to be expected that, even by the exercise of the greatest care and discrimination, the presence of some unfit members is not to be found in any large body of men, particularly when these men are tried to the uttermost in capacity, nerve, and physical endurance? Let any critic reflect for himself how many civil practitioners he has met in his own limited experience to whom he is somewhat loath to intrust the care of himself and his family. Among over 500 medical officers at the seat of war, it would be odd indeed if, under trying circumstances, some men were not found who had defects of manner, of diligence, even of professional competency. No body of men is perfect. The limit of human possibility is reached when it can be said, as can truly be said of the Royal Army Medical Corps, that its average of merit is very high indeed. It will be seen, then, that if the Royal Army Medical Corps was unable to stretch itself to cover easily all the work that lay before its members, if in some instances it did not touch the highest level of modern science, the fault does not lie with the many able, brave, and patriotic men who were zealously eager to represent their special calling in its utmost excellence, but with the long-continued national economy which had de-

nied to them ways, means, and numerical strength.

Subordinate to the medical officers, but of very essential importance in the care of war's human wreckage, the Royal Commission has very carefully considered the two classes of attendants in hospitals, the nurses and the orderlies. Much has been said in complaint that nurses were not present with the army hospitals at the front at the time of greatest stress, and that they were not sent up in sufficient numbers till much later in the year. It is certainly perfectly true that for a long time after Lord Roberts entered Bloemfontein there were practically no nurses, and this for a very good reason. The only hospitals that could follow the army in its rapid forward march were what are called field hospitals — *i.e.*, lightly equipped, extremely mobile organisations, which are able to accompany troops in movement. With regard to them the report says: "Of course they [nurses] could not be employed in field hospitals or at the front. No one knowing the conditions under which these hospitals have to work could suggest that they should be so employed." A proportion of nurses was provided for, and was always present with, the more completely fitted fixed general hospitals which were established at the base of operations, and as soon as communications were open for their conveyance, many were hurried forward to the front. "Before this war the employment of nurses was but slightly

recognised in the army." It was not that the matter had been overlooked, for by numberless committees, composed of most experienced and able men, it had been carefully considered in providing, as far as means would allow, for the organisation of medical attendance on troops in the field. It had, however, been decided that, as a rule, nursing should be done by trained male orderlies, and that nurses should be principally employed in superintendence. It may be granted that, though this view was completely justified by previous knowledge, before the vast modern changes in war and war's conditions had taken place, it would have been better if the extreme value of nurses and the possibility of their employment had been recognised earlier than has been the case, and that hospital attendance should have been more put into their hands: but this is one of the new lessons which all military nations, in common with ourselves, have had impressed upon them by our experience. No other nation has hitherto contemplated the use of nurses on a large scale, and it is in the very highest degree creditable to our administrators at home and abroad that they should have learned the lesson so quickly as they did, and acted upon its teaching. After it was realised that the Medical Department had not a sufficient amount of trained orderlies, "no efforts were spared on the part of the authorities to supply the nurses, and during all the latter

part of the campaign nurses were largely and freely employed." At the present moment between 800 and 900 nurses are employed in South Africa. And nobly have these ladies toiled. "The nurses employed in this war have shown great devotion, and many have lost their lives in the discharge of their duties."

With regard to the trained orderlies, again, we have to deplore the fact that the nation alone is responsible that there has been a degree of inefficiency. It has been often represented by the successive heads of the Army Medical Department that the number of non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps was far below what was absolutely necessary, but always their applications for an increased strength have been refused altogether, or only very partially granted. In the estimates for 1899-1900 an increase of 400 of all ranks was pressed for in consequence of the increased establishment of the army as a whole, and it was stated that South Africa was "gravely undermanned." An increase of 150 men of all ranks was granted. Of course, when war broke out in the following year men had to be gathered from every source, but they were quite untrained. If the full 400 had been sanctioned when they were applied for, they would have had a year's training, and their services would have been invaluable. The men of the Royal Army Medical Corps not only pick up and remove men on the field of battle,

but are carefully trained to all nursing duties in hospital; and it may be doubted whether any attendants, male or female, could be more devoted and efficient. On account of their small numbers, however, it was impossible to provide from their ranks sufficient attendants for the patients who poured into the South African hospitals, and their duties had to be passed on to others, principally convalescents and ordinary private soldiers. These men were quite untrained, and had none of the peculiar *esprit de corps* and discipline of the Royal Army Medical Corps trained men. They were generally willing, but necessarily incompetent, and some of them certainly gave just cause of complaint as being inattentive, rough, given to drink, and even by pilfering and taking bribes from patients for the supply of comforts and rendering the assistance that was due. And if a few of the men employed as orderlies failed, if a few were inattentive, if even a very few gave way to drunkenness, the strain of work to which they were exposed must be held as an extenuating circumstance. As an example, in one hospital "for some weeks the orderlies were kept working thirty-six hours out of forty-eight." Everybody knows how gallantly all the orderlies, whether Royal Army Medical Corps men or not, have behaved in attending to the wounded in action, and how much suffering and loss have been saved by their prompt solicitude, often under heavy fire, in carrying men

from the places where they had fallen; and the report also definitely notes how, in the hospitals, "the way in which the orderlies as a body discharged their duties has deservedly been the subject of high praise from many witnesses of experience. Many orderlies displayed great devotion towards their patients, and lost their lives in the faithful discharge of their work."

Apart from the actual duties connected with the persons of the sick and wounded, there must necessarily be an immense amount of administrative work in organising and supervising large hospitals more or less mobile, and we are glad to see that the Royal Commission is distinctly of opinion that, even though it must to a great extent withdraw him from actual medical and surgical practice, "from the nature of his duties it is clear that the head of a military hospital should be a member of the Royal Army Medical Corps." It has been suggested by many people that the administration of hospitals should be placed in the hands of combatant officers or of civilians, not even necessarily medical men, but this would undoubtedly lead to divided authority and confusion. An organisation for a particular purpose must be under the full control of the professional men whose business is to carry out that purpose. Not to go for an illustration too far from a military connection, what was the result of the deputies of Venice or the commissioners of the French Republic accom-

panying and controlling the operations of armies but to cause disorder and bring disaster?

And the mention of administration leads us to the consideration of the so-called paralysing influence of "red-tape" in the English army generally, and the supposed waste of time that is caused in the Medical Department particularly, by the number of documents and returns that are called for on field service. As the report says of "red-tape," "the phrase is in the mouths of many theorists, some of whom would have difficulty in stating what are the precise evils which they wish to indicate by the phrase in question, and still more difficulty in remedying those evils." After all, "red-tape" only means organisation, and every man who carries on any business well knows the reality, though perhaps he calls it by a different name. Possibly, indeed probably, the English army has hitherto suffered from over-organisation, and the individuals who serve in it have in general been allowed too little scope for personal initiative. The system of check and counter-check may have been carried too far in some departments; but with regard to the ordinary business of the Army Medical Service this cannot reasonably be pretended. It seems to us indeed that it would be difficult to devise a system so comprehensive as that which is the rule of the Army Medical Service, or one that is at the same

time more simple. Practically there are only eight documents in general use, and some of them are only to be rendered on special occasions which are not of frequent occurrence.

It is worth while to enumerate these documents, for the information of critics: (1) The admission and discharge book, to be kept in each hospital. (2) A form, copied from No. 1, which accompanies an invalid when he is handed over for convey to the base hospital. (3) On transfer from one hospital to another or to a hospital-ship, a small medical certificate, like a cheque, is rendered, conveying absolutely necessary information. (4) A return is sent in weekly of all the sick in hospital, and the same form is used for the daily report to the general commanding, but this last only contains non-medical details. (5) A form containing nominal roll of killed and wounded, to be furnished immediately after an engagement. (6) A nominal roll of admissions to and discharges from hospital, for the daily information of commanding officers. (7) A brief weekly sanitary report, rendered by principal medical officers of divisions and of general hospitals. (8) Casualty reports, which are rendered in each case of death, from general and stationary hospitals.

It is to be remembered that each of these forms is most simply and clearly drawn up and printed, so that the required record or information can be entered in the fewest possible words and with the

least expenditure of trouble. Much of the work too can be, and is, done by clerks, though in matters of grave import, involving issues of life and death, the clerking requires careful supervision. No doubt it must always be a worry to have to fill up records and returns at all, and after a serious engagement or during an epidemic the aggregate of small memoranda adds considerably to a medical officer's work. But if the above list is carefully considered, it is difficult to see where any reduction can be made without possible risk of injury to patients, and without depriving authorities of information which is indispensable if warlike operations are to be carried on at all. We may be reminded that, besides the purely medical returns, an officer has to furnish requisitions for the daily supply of his hospital. But how otherwise could requirements be notified? An account must be kept of the stores that are expended, or else the British taxpayer would assuredly suffer in a way that he would not like, and the requirements for diet, &c., vary so much from day to day that no standing requisitions can be made. The forms here employed are, too, of the simplest description, making no demand upon any deep thought, and easily to be filled up with a minimum of trouble.

To any one who has carefully followed the history of the war, has read the evidence taken by the Royal Commission, and that Commission's report, it

must be a subject of great admiration how well and practically, as far as its means would allow, the Army Medical Department has carried out its administration in the teeth of extraordinary difficulties, caused by deficiency of transport and the great lack of local resources. As the report sums up the matter: "None but those who were actually engaged in the staff work, or who (like ourselves) had special opportunities of investigating, and had investigated, the subject, can properly realise the immense amount of work that had to be discharged by the head staff, and the great difficulties they had to encounter—difficulties far greater than those to be met with in ordinary campaigns."

In the complaints that have been made about the medical arrangements of the campaign, a good deal has been said about two items of equipment in particular, the hospital tents and the ambulances, and these complaints are partially indorsed by the report of the Commission. It may be noted, however, that though the hospital marquees in ordinary use may have some defects, they have the indisputable and essential good quality, that they can stand an indefinite amount of wear and tear. We believe that it is the case that the lighter and slightly more roomy tents, which were used by some private hospitals, have suffered very much from the weather, and are practically worn out, while the regulation marquees have remained in perfectly sound condition. Then,

with regard to the ambulances, it is an undoubted fact that, for service in every variety of country, no form of ambulance in Europe can compete with the latest pattern in use in our army. No doubt some of the ambulances in South Africa were of an old and disused pattern, because the demand was so great that the stock of the newest pattern was quickly exhausted, and as time was not available for preparing more, all the old vehicles were sent out, *faute de mieux*. It is possible that the ambulances which the commissioners tried, and found to be "very jolty and uncomfortable," were some of the old pattern, Mark III., and not the improved pattern, Mark V., which will be provided in the future.

In making its report, the Royal Commission has very scrupulously confined itself to obeying its instructions, "to consider and report upon the care and treatment of the sick and wounded during the South African campaign." Mr Burdett-Coutts and others had formulated certain charges, and had made many statements, but it was very wisely proposed to give to the inquiry that was to be made a much wider scope than

the limits of these charges and statements. It was felt that the work of a great military department was to be examined as a whole, and not only in such isolated parts as had fallen under the observation or struck the imagination of individuals. The report, therefore, does not, paragraph by paragraph, take Mr Burdett-Coutts, who has written somewhat voluminously about his views and impressions in a lately published volume, but addresses itself to the much larger question. Incidentally, however, all the principal and more particular allegations are noticed, and it is proved to conviction how dangerous it is to generalise from slight observation, and on how narrow a basis of facts a structure of assertion was elevated which threw a shadow over England. There is no form of misstatement so deceptive as one that has a small admixture of truth, and it is well that cold and unimpeachable inquiry and judgment have finally made everything clear.

It is worth while to place side by side some of Mr Burdett-Coutts's most sensational assertions, and the comments made upon them in the report:—

Mr Burdett-Coutts.

"Civil surgeons employed in these military hospitals have been required by the Army Medical Department to sign a contract not to divulge in any way what their impressions may be on hospital matters. That is a clause of very sinister significance."

Commissioners' Report.

"We would add a word or two with regard to a suggestion that has been made, that the civil surgeons employed by the Government were, either by the contract of their engagement or by order or other communication, forbidden to report upon or state the true condition of matters at the military hospitals. We believe that there is no foundation for this suggestion."

Mr Burdett-Coutts.

"The staff of a third [general hospital], No. 10, was there [at Bloemfontein], without tents or equipment, and it was employed in manning the town hospitals."

"At night there were not enough [orderlies] to prevent those in the delirious stage from getting up and wandering about the camp half naked in the bitter cold."

"—and another [hospital] in which the corpse of one of the patients, who had died during the night, had been stuffed into the only lavatory there was in the hospital. It was found by the patients who went to use the lavatory in the morning."

"From morning to night the gloomy processions followed each other across the market square at slow march with arms reversed, bearing shapeless figures sewn up in blankets to unknown crowded graves in the cemetery on the southern hill, day after day and week after week, in ever-growing numbers."

It would be easy to multiply cases in which the report is in direct opposition to Mr Burdett-Coutts's statements, but space does not permit. One more must, however, be noticed, as it is singularly ungenerous, and has been proved to be absolutely without foundation. He stated that, a few days after an action in which the Inniskillings and Scots Greys had been engaged, the wounded had for military reasons to be removed from the spot where they were being tended, and that this movement was carried out, notwithstand-

Commissioners' Report.

"No. 10 general hospital, on its being landed at East London, left its tents there, because it was only intended to be used for the buildings taken at Bloemfontein, and these tents were subsequently used for other hospitals. The fact that these tents were left behind did not show a want of organisation, as Mr Burdett Coutts appears to have thought."

"For some days the number of trained orderlies was wholly insufficient, and it was probably owing to this that one or perhaps two cases occurred at this hospital of men wandering away during the night."

"Inquiry has been made in all quarters to find out whether there is any foundation for this allegation. No such case can be found to have occurred either at Bloemfontein or anywhere in South Africa."

"This is not the fact. In the first place, the numbers of men dying at Bloemfontein have been overstated by some witnesses. There were not 50 deaths a-day; the maximum was 40, and that only for one day. Each body was buried separately and with every respect and care, and each grave was numbered, and the number and name of the dead man registered."

ing the protest of the surgeon, excepting for three officers, who were detained. He added that it appeared to him that the detention of these officers was an unfair distinction. The real facts of the removal are now shown to be these. It was necessary to move the wounded, so far as they could be without injury to themselves. Three surgeons consulted together and selected those patients who, in their opinion, could be moved with safety. No protest of any kind was made by any surgeon. Three patients were kept be-

cause they could not be transported with safety. Of these, two were officers and one was a private. It was obvious that no questions of rank entered into the matter, not only from the nature of the wounds of the men who remained, but from the fact that among the patients who were sent away were three officers.

Needless to go any further and to give the plain unvarnished truth regarding many stories, such as that about eight men left, "appeared to be dying," for a long time at the railway-station of Bloemfontein, and many others. Enough has been quoted to show that the picturesque gruesomeness of Mr Burdett-Coutts's letters and speeches owed something to a vivid imagination, and a somewhat imperfect and careless verification of evidence.

Mr Burdett-Coutts prides himself upon "the immediate result of my disclosures in the 'Times' and in the House of Commons upon the condition of the sick and wounded out in South Africa. I have no hesitation in saying that it effected a remarkable transformation-scene, to the great benefit of the sick and wounded out there at the time." In saying this, does he not stultify himself in some degree? In his evidence he said, "I had never the slightest intention of making any reflection upon the *personnel* of the R.A.M.C.; I consider their work has been magnificent, and performed under superhuman difficulties." Well, if the work was always magnificent, how came there to be a magic transforma-

tion-scene when Mr Burdett-Coutts waved his wand? Might it not have been possibly due to a complete change of circumstances and to the realisation of preparations and plans long before thought out by administrative authorities at home and abroad? Does Mr Burdett-Coutts not assume that *post hoc* is *propter hoc*? In every page of the Royal Commission's report it will be seen that all the authorities, military, administrative, and medical, were quite alive to all the wants of the sick and wounded long before he made himself heard, and were straining every nerve to supply all deficiencies in *personnel* and *matériel*. That numbers of female nurses, abundant hospital supplies, and a profusion of luxuries and comforts, arrived at the front coincidentally with the reports of his agitation is no proof that their appearance was the result of the agitation. In fact, if the dates of hospital improvement and of Mr Burdett-Coutts's agitation are considered, it will be evident that they had no connection with each other, for *personnel* and *matériel* could not have been collected and shipped from England so as to arrive in the nick of time if their necessity had not been recognised at a much earlier period.

In looking over the great mass of evidence taken by the Commission, it is impossible to avoid being struck, in a general sense, by the difference in tone between that given by persons who may be called amateurs and the words of those who, by previous training and experi-

ence, knew thoroughly what they were talking about. In the latter class we may particularly include (besides administrative officials, combatant officers, and officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps, all of whom might have the credit of being biassed) civil surgeons with no past or probable future connection with the army, ministers of religion accustomed to hospital visitation, and independent nurses drafted from civil hospitals in England. All of these, while stating frankly what appeared to them to be defective, spoke coolly and reasonably on the subject, recognising the difficulties imposed by surrounding conditions, and at the same time the great, and to a great extent successful, efforts that were made to meet those difficulties. Among the former must certainly be named Mr Burdett-Coutts himself, and some ladies who, though sufficiently positive, certainly were far from being convincing when they were under examination — and the evidence of this class certainly seems to us to display, in consequence, a constant shifting of ground and a measure of spiteful petulance. Indeed, the evidence of one lady is so extraordinary that we cannot but think that she and her friends must feel somewhat discomposed when they see it in print, particularly in connection with the account of her conduct given by many reliable authorities.

And here we are drawn to think that, in considering the whole onslaught on the medical arrangements in South Africa,

the old adage, "*Cherchez la femme*," may apparently again be used. Commenting upon a letter from a very well-known civil surgeon in charge of a most excellent and beneficent private hospital in South Africa, the '*British Medical Journal*' wrote last year:—

"In too many instances the work of the hospitals has been hampered by the incursions of ladies who, while eager to pose as Florence Nightingales, have failed to make themselves acquainted with the most elementary rules of good nursing, and have even refused to obey strict instructions issued in the interests of the patients. Defeated at Cape Town and repulsed from Bloemfontein, this 'monstrous regiment of women' is now, it would appear, finding its way back to this country, and is commencing a campaign of vengeance against the medical authorities who have had to discharge the disagreeable duty of telling them that they were hindrances and not helps."

The echo of Mr Treves's scathing words on the same subject cannot yet have died away, when he said, "They [the ladies] came out in the guise of amateur nurses, having exhausted every other form of excitement. They took up the time of the officers, and, in fact, had the camp to themselves." It is to be feared, indeed, that at one time there was some truth in the distinction epigrammatically drawn between the nursing in the Crimean war and that in South Africa: "The first was undertaken by nightingales and the second by larks."

The conclusion arrived at by the Royal Commission has already been noted, that it cannot "properly be said that the

medical and hospital arrangements have broken down. There has been nothing in the nature of a scandal with regard to the care of the sick and wounded." But most certainly there has been a terrible and most undue strain upon all the Army Medical Service, and there has occasionally for a time been very grave embarrassment. The cause of that strain and that embarrassment is perfectly evident. It was not the default of individuals, but was the natural result of our country's unpreparedness for war on a large scale. And, whoever may be the individuals whom each of us may be inclined to blame for this state of things, there can be no question but that the country itself is ultimately responsible. If the War Office declined to press for largely increased expenditure, it was probably because it was supposed (whether reasonably or not) that the money would be refused by the people. Our military forces as a whole, and in every arm of the service, have received a rude shock. Thanks to the national spirit that circumstances aroused, they have in no sense collapsed, though undoubtedly they have staggered. Probably the medical service has maintained its equilibrium as well as, it may be better than, any other. One thing has been made abundantly clear, and that is, that England has been most ably and loyally served by the Royal Army Medical Corps, from the Director-General and his organising staff at home to the humblest orderly who has

nursed an enteric patient in South Africa.

The Royal Commission has put forward several suggestions with a view of remedying defects. Except in some unimportant matters, they all represent conclusions to which the Army Medical Department has long ago come, and advice which it has over and over again tendered to the authorities at the War Office. It is to be hoped that in the reconstruction of our army which appears now to be imminent, these remedial measures will be considered and adopted. For lack of a not excessive annual expenditure (in relation to England's responsibilities and requirements) in times past, we have been obliged to pour out a hundred millions to prosecute a war which, after all, has not been of the first importance. If we still pursue a policy of undue economy, what might we not have to pay for the results of a really great war in the future?

Before concluding, we would say one word to Mr Burdett-Coutts and other agitators. They may possibly pride themselves on having at least been the instigators of a great and salutary inquiry, whether their own assertions were correct or otherwise. But except to calm the alarm of the British public, which had been roused by sensational statements, the Royal Commission has been of little practical use, for the weaknesses of our Army Medical Service had already been only too forcibly brought to the notice of numberless statesmen,

soldiers, and others, who have the will, and we hope will now have the power, to remove them. For all essential purposes it would make no difference if the Royal Commission had never sat. In saying this we by no means wish to depreciate the Commission itself, which has done its work most admirably, but only to point out that it has been superfluous. And in several ways it has done positive harm. In the midst of a most trying campaign, when, as we have seen, the powers of everybody were strained to the uttermost, it has been necessary for hundreds of people, from the Field-Marshal in command downwards, to devote many hours of time that could ill be spared to preparing and giving evidence, and the amount of research in collecting statistics has taken administrators and clerks away from most pressing and important business. Worse than that, it has had a most discouraging effect on the Army Medical Service itself. Its members, knowing how hard they had toiled, and how they had hoped by their devotion to show that they merited a high

place in their country's esteem, felt most acutely the fact that, at the word of the first passers-by, they were liable to be at once put upon their defence and examined as to every detail of the duties to which they had been sacrificing without stint their physical and mental powers, and even their lives. It is little wonder that we are told that one result of the Royal Commission has been to make many among the best officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps desire to leave the service, and has checked the supply of candidates for commissions.

Since the above was written, Mr Burdett-Coutts has acted up to the intention of pursuing his campaign which he had previously indicated. He has addressed long letters to the press and has spoken in Parliament, giving to the report of the Royal Commission the "counter-check quarrelsome." It is hardly to be supposed that even his audacity will carry him to the limit of giving the "lie direct" or even the "lie with circumstance."

IN HEBRIDEAN WATERS.

ICHTHYOLOGY is still the least exact of all sciences, and our knowledge of the wondrous world of waters, and of fish and their ways, has increased but little during thirty years of progress in water-craft, in the science and the art of angling. Of the life-history and habits of the salmon and the sea-trout our certain knowledge is so meagre, that to this day we debate problems which vexed our ancestors and seem likely to puzzle our descendants. Where to seek the truth is, perhaps, less perplexing than to find it; but the fact remains that our only waters approaching the primordial—the waters of the Outer Hebrides, the lands of lakes, legends, and limitless links, of salt-water rivers, far-flung estuaries, and tide-torn shores—have never been studied as they deserve to be studied by those who seek to solve the mysteries of the Salmonidæ in the very cradle of the race. The islands themselves are for the most part low-lying. They are plains ramparted with mountains, and on their west sides the seaboard is a mixture of rock and sand, of tall cliffs and sea-plain, the sea-plain that merges into the machar-land. The farther one moves inward, and the nearer one approaches the eastern side, the more land-like, and firmed into moor, becomes the plain thus won, until finally it rises to the dignity of mountains, which guard the long eastward cliffs overlooking the

“roaring Minch.” But these sentinel mountains have not been left impregnable to the sea by nature, and for miles they are simply rocky elevations: here and there they sink for long stretches into mere rocky shores, with the level of the plain behind their barriers, swelling into occasional eminences, but never rising into higher inequalities of surface than are necessary for the formation of those basins, where the springs spread into lochs of tortuous and irregular shape. The superfluous waters of these lakes have made roads to the sea through the peat and rock. In these roads they meet in ceaseless conflict the salt tides that dispute the possession of the land. For countless centuries this strife has raged, and as the years roll on it grows fiercer, and leaves deeper wounds in the land to mark its waging and the bitterness of battle.

If in North Uist and Benbecula the land has suffered more than in South Uist, and is battle-worn and scarred more deeply, in the last island the contest has produced more weird waters, more peculiar formations of tidal bed, and more singular variations in the Salmonidæ in response to the blending of environments, which are the putative causes of specific divergences in fish.

A general survey of the waters of the three most interesting members of the Long Island—

South Uist, North Uist, and Benbecula—would divide their waters, lakes, ditches, and salt-water rivers into groups: the west or machar-land lakes and ditches, of rich feeding and clear water; the moor lochs and ditches, of rich feeding and dark water; the tidal waters, of varied feeding and dark or clear water, according to the degree of their freshness or saltiness; while, finally, one class of water, the salt-water river, of which South Uist possesses the only perfect specimen, would stand by itself.

But this general survey is far from satisfactory. The machar-land lochs vary as greatly in character amongst themselves, though presenting ever the same or nearly the same external features, as they differ from the moor lochs or the tidal lakes of the east side. In normal weather they are, as a class, lakes of clear water flashing a greeny-grey over a mixed bed of sand, mud, fair round stones, and shredded weed. Here and there some of them are patched with portions of peat-stained water as dark as the darkest of the moor lochs, though fading at the line of demarcation between the sand and the moor-bottom to that beautiful tea-colour beloved of the late Lord Leighton. Some of them—and these are the pure trout-lochs of rich feeding—are non-tidal, and have only a remote and indirect sea-connection, though none of them are wholly cut off from the sea, provided their natural topographical conditions have been preserved. That this marine connection is essential to their wellbeing is shown

by the fact that in some instances in which man has interfered to bar the ways, the trout have become a decadent race, and present those features of old age in trout well known to all students of fish. These signs are a falling away in condition, a tendency to grow large in the head and attenuated in the body, to develop ungainly paunches suggestive of cysts, to assume lethargic habits and a deadness of movement and lack of activity strongly significant of incipient blindness, or even measurable loss of visual power. On the other hand, in the lakes still retaining the old natural features, the chief of which is the open road to the sea, the trout grow and multiply, and possess that superabundant measure of lithe activity which assuredly characterises the fish which we call the sea-trout, and appears to distinguish all fish of the salmon kind which migrate or are descended from migrants, or possess the opportunity, if not the will and inducement, to migrate.

From the Sound of Barra to the extreme end of North Uist there lies on the west side of the three islands an almost unbroken chain of lakes of this class. The continuity of this chain of lakes is only broken by the intrusion of another class of waters, which would be of the same character were it not for the fact that the ocean has partly conquered and partly annexed them as the spoil of the ceaseless conflict it wages with the springs. These tidal waters do not, however, wholly take on the character of the sea. If they became part of

its kingdom, their environment would have produced a race of trout similar in every way to the quick-growing and large fish of Loch Stennis in Orkney—a lake whose denizens have clearly demonstrated that the difference in size and rapidity of growth between the common trout so called and the salmon so called is entirely due to an ascertainable difference in opportunities, or, in other words, in environment. In the case of the Hebridean lochs of the western border the sea has neither conquered, nor has it so blended with the lakes as to produce an environment with all those marine advantages of growth, which make migration to the open sea necessary in many cases for the sustaining of a race of large fish of the salmon kind. On the contrary, the long war of the centuries has produced, so to speak, a barren, unharvested, and devastated kingdom—a sort of debatable water that is half fresh and half salt, without possessing any of the richness of the latter as a food-producing agent, and yet is not quite so barren of food as the pure tidal loch of the east side, with its bed of hard stone and unyielding rock. It is, however, a common occurrence to find these lakes connected with the rich-feeding lakes by a short stream, though it is by no means usual to find any of them peopled to any marked degree with tidal trout—with fish, that is to say, of fresh-water origin which have become migrants. Nevertheless, in certain of the tidal lochs on the east side, particularly in North Uist, trout of

this kind are so numerous that they are regularly angled for, and are practically the only regular denizens of waters presenting the same external character, though differing markedly when their environment is analysed.

These generalisations may, however, be rendered much more intelligible by a brief description of the characteristics of certain of the lakes of both classes lying on the west coasts of the islands. This condescension on detail must be prefaced with an explanation. Though differences in topographical and general environment naturally induce the invasion of certain of the tidal lakes by true migrants, yet it is impossible to ignore the masterful nature of those true migrants. Thanks to their masterful nature, the presence of such migrants may in itself be sufficient to account for the absence of native and permanent dwellers, without the question of environment being considered at all. This, however, is a mere side-issue, and to hold that a strong migrant race can drive out a native and non-migrant race is, on the whole, an explanation for the absence of the latter in any water opposed to the general inferences drawn from observations of the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest in fish-life, save in cases in which the migrants take up their permanent abode in the invaded water, and such permanency of occupation is the object of the invasion.

Confining these observations to certain typical examples of

each class of lake, and to the two principal islands, North Uist and South Uist, the first chain of lochs with striking peculiarities in South Uist are those which should be, and in some sort still are, connected with the famous salt-water river Strome Dearg. As this salt-water river is not only the most famous, but also by far the most perfect, example of this class of water to be found in the United Kingdom, if not in the world, a brief but exact description of its topographical and general environment will be as interesting as it is necessary for the proper understanding of its effect upon the fish, migratory and non-migratory, haunting the salt-rush of its tumultuous waters. Originally, if one may judge from the general configuration of the land and the character of the connected chain of lakes and ditches above the Strome, the long channel through which the river flows alternately up and down was merely one of those sea-worn passages up which ocean wages war against the springs and the lochs. The basin in which the present river has its rise, and into and out of which it pours according as the tide flows or ebbs, was an ordinary tidal pool of somewhat larger dimensions than those usually found in South Uist, though not much, if any, larger than the sea-entrances to some of the North Uist lakes. The tide in the old days of unfettered freedom swept clean up to a deepish ditch—as the smaller class of Hebridean ditches go—and when exceptionally high would spread over

the land very much as the reverse process, an invasion of the domain of ocean by the springs, is illustrated by the overflow water from the artificial sea-trout loch of Fincastle in Harris, which often, at ebb-tide in wet weather, spreads over the Luskintyre sands. Up this ditch, swept at every invasion by the strong salt-wash of vivid green, the sea-trout had perfect freedom to roam, and would enter and leave at will Loch Hallam, the connecting lake, which in the old days before drainage probably covered a much larger area and was a deeper and less reed-infested loch. From Loch Hallam, however, numerous ditches and burns branch here and there. When the autumn rains flashed thick and fast, these ditches and burns carried an ample volume of water for the enterprising migrants to penetrate to many lochs as far removed from the sea as any Hebridean lake can be, and which even to this day, by yielding an occasional sea-trout, prove conclusively that under the old order they must have carried, and therefore might yet be made to carry, a fair head of such fish.

The necessities of modern farming—for even in the Hebrides the crofter is an agriculturist according to his lights and opportunities—have, however, compelled the barring of the ancient roads. The main ditch, as the principal highway, has been the chief sufferer. Where it joins issue with the salt water, great tidal-gates stand as a perpetual and inexorable barrier to the sea and to

the fish that fare up and down the tidal flow. A few sea-trout still manage to elude the stolid sentinels of wood and reach the lochs above, and occasional non-migratory trout by supposed descent from Hallam and other lochs find their way into the churning waters of the Strome. The fish frequenting its waters are thus visitors, homeless but not graceless churls, that roam it at will, restless as the sea itself—fish without a special habitat, fish born of the mystery of its green currents, and returning perhaps to no particular water when the autumn instinct recalls them to the great duty of being fruitful and multiplying.

And this conclusion becomes the more confirmed the longer one studies the created mystery of this salt-water river. The basin or salt-water loch, of which it is alternately an effluent and a tributary, stands in splendid isolation by reason of the barring of the way to the loch above. Below this basin is a long rocky channel, crowned on the left bank, looking seawards, in all its length with precipitous rocks, while for some 150 or 200 yards its right bank is shingle covered with seaweed and graced with an outer rampart of rock and earth. When the tide is on the ebb the loch is full, and naturally begins to empty very rapidly—the outward flow of the tide being aided by the gentle slope of the channel seawards, a legacy of the old order.

When ocean begins to grow faint with its outrunning from

the basin, and the body of the retiring tide waxes thin, then the fish come on the feed, if they take at all; though it is during the pause before the turn of the tide—the true and only period when the salt-wash rests—and as it begins once more its almost ceaseless rush, that the sea-trout rise with the greatest avidity.

In such a river, if we can so describe it, one naturally looks for and finds anomalies—the environment-born specific variations from the fish of the old and original order. The true migrants are themselves mysteries: whence they come and where they go are problems not admitting of a dogmatic answer. A few—and these are descendants of the original denizens—when the autumn and winter floods come, find their way up the ditch and the tributary courses, which carry in times of rainy plenty a fair volume of water, though dry in ordinary weather. Such fish enter Loch Hallam and its connected lochs. But the main body must belong to the Boisdale estuary proper, and to other and more distant connecting-links between lake and sea. The latter proposition is opposed to the general habits of the sea-trout, but recent observation enables the present writer to state that the fish of the Strome affords an easily explained exception to the limited ocean range of the sea-trout. Migration is, we know, conditioned by two necessities—the varying necessity of food and the almost invariable necessity of reproduction. The former motive draws fish to the

Strome from other and poorer estuaries, while the latter impulse prompts them to return to these estuaries whenever it becomes the masterful motive. It is, therefore, the quest for food which prompts the thronging of the salt-ways of the Strome by sea-trout other than natives of the parent Boisdale estuary. This view is confirmed by the "taking" habits of the fish, which are fastidious to even a greater degree than are the fish of most tidal estuaries. Moreover, the haunting of the Strome by migrants is practically perennial, and varies only in the intensity of its display—from the beginning of February to the end of September being the period during which sea-trout and other fish of the salmon kind are most numerous; while within that period March and April, July and August, are the months during which the tide-ranging host swells to its greatest dimensions. As these periods correspond with the feeding-time of sea-trout after and before their longest period of enforced abstemiousness in the upland burns, the fact just stated is strong confirmatory proof that it is the quest for food—the constant categorical imperative of fish-life—which draws the shoal of sea- and bull-trout into the rushing waters of the Strome. On the other hand, during November and December the number of fish to be seen in the Strome reaches its minimum. A few sea-trout are to be observed during these months in its waters, but such fish

are either non-spawners or fish that have spawned early. Certain experiments recently made in Norway have proved that it is more than doubtful whether all sea-trout spawn every year, while in America a similar conclusion has been drawn from experiments made as to the spawning habits of salmon. That many sea-trout do not spawn every year, the present writer's recent observations warrant him in stating, but in the meantime he contents himself with the following assertions:—

1. Sea-trout frequent the South Uist estuaries and salt-water rivers *all the year round*.

2. They are present in these estuaries, &c., in least number during November and December. (a) Some of the sea-trout found in the estuaries during these months have not spawned, and show no signs of being ripe. (b) Some have already spawned, and are spent males and spawned females which have never lost condition, so short has their stay been on the redds.

3. Sea-trout only remain in the water in which they spawn as short a time as possible, and in the Hebrides, after spawning, the majority of the fish return at once to the sea, if they can do so, the duration of their stay in the burns being absolutely dependent upon the topographical environment of the latter.

These conclusions are based on a study of the fish of Strome Dearg during November and December, conjoined with certain observations of the pools of the spawning burns falling into Loch A-Bharp, the principal

fresh-water home of the sea-trout of the Boisdale estuary.

But there are other and equally instructive lessons borne on the surface of the rushing Strome. A study of its denizens and their environment and habits throws some needed light on the evolution of the differences in the Salmonidæ as well as in the production of hybrids, the confusing of species, and of specific habits. If the student of its waters gives his fancy freedom to play, and at the same time exercises a discreet judgment, he will presently stand on the threshold of discoveries that may be great.

The Strome is frequented by common trout that migrate, when they can, from Hallam and other lakes, no matter how rich the feeding which they afford may be; yet the quest for food is the ruling motive of this migration, for fish not only migrate from barren and desert waters to waters of plenty, but also leave waters richly endowed by boon nature for waters over which the horn of plenty has been still more generously poured. It is for this reason, as well as from a yearning for the variety which they afford, that the richly spread tables of the teeming sea ever have been, and ever must be, a temptation which few members of the Salmonidæ can resist, if they have once yielded.

In the Strome these "developed" migrants attain a very much larger size than do the trout of any of the lochs from which they come. They have been killed with the fly up to

close on 6 lb., and there is no reason for doubting that they acquire very much heavier weights, if the analogy of the trout in Stennis—known to have reached close on 30 lb.—can be taken as a reliable guide. But here mystery intrudes, and we are face to face with a problem almost of the barrier order. In waters like the Strome, peopled by at least five varieties of Salmonidæ—the salmon proper, the bull-trout so-called, the sea-trout so-called, the tidal or slob trout so-called, and the common yellow trout—it is a necessity of thought that species must become confounded, and that variations and hybrids must arise. If each of these varieties of fish could be assured of a free road to its natal loch or ditch or burn; if the sea-trout, and more particularly the bull-trout, could be guaranteed not only a safe passage to their proper lake, but a safe return to the sea; if they could be ensured against a compulsory, if only temporary, assumption of the haunts and habits of purely fresh-water, non-migratory fish; if the yellow trout, before they pass into the specific condition of tidal trout, could be made certain of return to their native and original fresh-water homes, without any lasting traces of their ocean sojourn remaining either by way of external mark or permanent habit,—if all these conditions could be assured, the problem of mixed species and evolved varieties, so puzzling to the student of fish as an abstract question, would not arise. We must, however, accept the facts of nature as we find them; and

of these facts the greatest is the irregularity of the rainfall and of the tidal rise, which both vary in indeterminate fashion. Given a dry autumn, or an autumn in which the conditions necessary for return do not occur at the period when the "returning" instinct is strongest, what is the inevitable fate of the yellow trout, which has descended with the spring floods and high tides from its native loch to become a summer denizen of the strong tides and rich feeding of the Strome and its kindred waters? Its months of free roaming have made it a nomad of the ocean desert, a commoner of water of boundless ambition, with a love of freedom which the broad plains of the sea alone can satisfy. Its standard of comfort has changed. And even if we assume that the fish repents at the eleventh hour and longs for its old home, or feels, as a sensational entity, the slave of its animal impulses, a yearning to reproduce its race now set in strong antagonism to the other ruling motive of its lowly being, how, with the ways to its desire barred, can the fish surmount the obstacles that lie between it and the haven of its new sensational activities? Half "sea-trout" already, it must follow the herd of its adopted brothers and kindred by descent, pass with the green tides to their parent estuary, ascend one of the roads to a strange loch, become a dweller for a space in one of its tributaries, or ascending still higher, a forlorn wanderer in the waste of winter waters, perform its reproductive functions in the tiny tributary of an upland tarn, and become perhaps a prisoner for life in its peat-stained waters until it dwindles and pines and dies the death of a captive. If fate be kind, and the spring rains flash thick, it may return a lusty migrant with the sea-trout to the kindly estuary, where, a specific renegade from the habits of its ancient and familiar race, it continues to occupy the position of a puzzle to the student of fish—a trout that is neither of the salt water nor of the fresh, but one of the living links in that chain of evolution which unites the *Salmonidæ*. The problem is simple when one studies it as a generalisation in Hebridean waters. When, however, one endeavours to trace the specific variations in individual cases, the problem becomes profound and perplexing. In the Strome one secures examples of the pure sea-trout; of sea-trout of a mongrel nature that grow very dark after capture, and have larger and more numerous spots than the ordinary sea-trout (a type of fish found in similar waters in other countries); of pure yellow trout with loose silvery scales; of pure brown trout with large brown and black spots; of bull-trout, that rank midway between the pure yellow trout and the pure sea-trout, and at the same time have a suggestive resemblance to the black-spotted sea-trout and the pure brown trout; of the pure salmon and apparent varieties of the salmon, preserving features common to

all the other varieties enumerated; and, finally, of trout that can only be called "anomalies"—fish whose specific character could be more dogmatically stated if one knew the history of their origin and could trace in each instance the story of their descent, of the ancestors from whom they are sprung, and of the successive environments which have influenced their hereditary habits and modified their atavistic characteristics.

The secret which the Strome holds is still, however, its own, and the amateur of limited leisure can scarcely hope to solve its mystery. That it is a secret worth solving goes without saying, but it is one that the paid official alone can fathom. In Norway interesting experiments have been made by the fishery officials with a view to ascertaining precisely similar truths to those now carried on the tides of the Strome. Why tarry our chariot-wheels?

If one briefly glances over certain of the other environments, the problem grows in importance. Of these environments a consideration of two will suffice. In the pure tidal lochs of the Hebrides a large species of migratory trout is found, whose size is entirely the result of trips to the sea. Sea-trout, bull-trout, and most of the varieties of fish found in the Strome, also occur, though they are not found either with the same regularity or in the same numbers.

In the lochs, again, that are occasionally tidal and yet appear always to be *sea-lochs*

when their external character alone is regarded and their environment is not analysed, we find a distinct tendency towards diminution in the number of the specific variations. In such lochs—and they occur for the most part in North Uist—there are, broadly speaking, only three varieties of fish,—a very brown large-spotted trout, a very silvery "yellow trout," and the pure sea-trout. The first rarely exceeds $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in weight; the second runs from 2 lb. to 5 lb.; and the last may vary from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 4 lb., but is rarely if ever found over the latter weight in waters of this class.

A consideration of the fish of these three environments, and of the environments themselves, conjoined with a study of the other environments not detailed, will lead the student to draw certain conclusions of a general nature, whose accuracy experiments and the history of individual and noted cases can alone satisfactorily verify. These conclusions are—

1. There are, apart from the variations of the *Salmo salar* so called, the following varieties of Salmonidæ: (a) sea-trout; (b) bull-trout; (c) slob or tidal trout, or migratory common trout with the habits of sea-trout; and (d) non-migratory trout descended from sea-trout—the loss or acquisition of the migratory habit being due in the case of these two last varieties to the quest for food.

2. All the varieties of the Salmonidæ are migratory, and migration is conditioned by two necessities—food and reproduc-

tion; these necessities being in turn limited in their satisfying by opportunity.

3. All the Salmonidæ are estuary-haunting fish save (a) the *Salmo salar*, which has an ocean range; and (b) such other members of the Salmonidæ as are under no necessity to visit the estuary for food.

4. A fruitful salmon-river may flow into a polluted or partially polluted estuary; a prolific "sea-trout" river cannot continue to be prolific if it so falls; a salmon-river might be created out of a river so falling; a "sea-trout" river cannot be so created.

5. The evolution of specific variations appear to be as follows:—

(a) *From the sea-trout.*—(1) A land-locked variety that is the product of a good fresh-water environment; (2) a migratory cross of varied migratory tendency, according to "food" opportunities; (3) a variety that has been land-locked by chance, and has resumed the habits of the sea-trout through opportunity or by necessity or both.

(b) *From the bull-trout.*—None; the bull-trout being, in the writer's opinion, formed from an observation of its habits, a specific variation of the sea-trout, due to chance land-locking, conjoined with a wider ocean range, inter-breeding with *Salmo salar*, and a development of the cannibalistic habit in the loch, river, estuary, and sea.

(c) *From the common trout.*

—(1) The slob, tidal, or estuary trout, so called; (2) the "brackish" trout, frequenting waters of a mixed character.

These varieties, it is obvious, do not exhaust the list which a series of careful experiments would enable any investigator to draw up. Enough has, however, been set forth to show how instructive the Hebridean environments are, and how many useful lessons might be derived from a study of their peculiarities as waters approaching the primordial in character.

On the Islands themselves truth seems very near. The sick perplexities come to the student in his study. In the Islands you can float with the tide over deep, green, limpid water, up and down the long and tortuous lochs that bite far into the land; you can gaze into the clear depths and see in them the solution of the mystery hidden in the waving tangle; you can look up and see a many-armed maze set in a frame of rock and heather; everywhere there is motion, the motion of retiring and advancing tides, the war of waters with the vanguard of the grey land patched with red; behind all lies the long and glittering array of the reserves, the lochs that stand and wait. Look down, and ideas float up; look up, and the breeze brings them. In the Hebrides one is ever at the gates of the mysteries. Therein lies the potent charm of their lone waters.

HAMISH STUART.

THE PAGEANT OF SEAMEN.

1.

THE song of the sea-adventurers, that never were known to
fame,
The roving, roistering mariners that builded our England's
name :

Foolhardy, reckless, undaunted,
Death they courted and taunted :
In the jaws of hell their flag they flaunted, answering flame with
flame.

2.

An endless pageant of power and pride, they steer from the
long-ago,
From quays that moulder beneath the tide, from cities whose
walls lie low :

Carrack and sloop and galley,
Out of the dark they rally,
As homing birds over hill and valley, back to the land they know.

3.

The crews of the Bristol Guinea-men, that traded to Old Calabar,
Fading for years out of English ken in sweltering seas afar ;

The Danes and the Dutch they raced there,
The Brandenburgers they chased there,
They bid the Portingale cargoes waste there, under an evil star.

4.

Their ships came back from the Cameroons, ragged and patched
and old,

With decks roof-thatched from the Accra noons—but down in
their sultry hold,

Battened from wind and weather,
Were coral and ostrich feather,
Jasper and ivory heaped together, amber and dust of gold.

5.

The Greenland skippers that speared the whale at the edge of
the grinding floe,
Iceicles fringing sheet and sail, and decks in a smother of snow :
Men of Clyde and of Humber,
Cold is their Arctic slumber,
But their deeds of daring that none may number shall live while
the north winds blow.

6.

The stately captains of barque and brig, in the days of the good
Queen Anne :
Under each powdered periwig was the brain of a sea-bred man.
Was there work to be done? they did it :
Was there danger? they pressed amid it :
Wounded to death, with a smile they hid it, and perished as
sailors can.

7.

The filibusters of Tudor years, that held the ocean in fee,
The buccaneers and the privateers, the outlawed sons of the sea :
Terrible, swift, unsleeping,
Like bolts from the azure leaping,
Like birds of prey on their quarry sweeping, foraging far and
free.

8.

The pigtailed bo's'ns of Anson and Cook, and the seafaring men
they led,—
Who has counted in song or book the roll of those glorious dead ?
On desolate isles uncharted
Their valorous souls departed :
They fought—they fell—and in death, blithe-hearted, cheered as
the foeman fled.

9.

The men that talked with a Devon twang, as they hoisted the
sails of Drake,—
All through the West their rumour rang, the pride of the Dons
to break,
Fierce to seize and to sunder
The golden argosies' plunder,
The New World's dread and the Old World's wonder, splendid
for England's sake.

10.

The coasting-craft and the fishing-craft, lugger and ketch and hoy,

With a duck-gun fore and a blunderbuss aft, served by a man and a boy;

 Their tiny armaments flinging

 On frigate and gunboat—bringing

Prizes and prisoners home with singing, fired with a desperate joy.

11.

Ruffed to the chin, or laced to the knee, or stripped to the waist for fight,

Herding the alien hordes of the sea to fields of defeat and flight,

 Or, lit by the lightning's flashing,

 Close-hauled through the hurricane thrashing,

With decks a-wash and with spars a-crashing, they swoop on the reeling sight.

12.

The sea-dogs sturdy, the sea-hawks bold, that never were known to fame,—

The grim adventurers young and old, that builded our England's name—

 Over the waters of dreaming

 Their bows are rocking and gleaming—

To the sun unsetting their flag is streaming, answering flame with flame.

MAY BYRON.

THE WAR DESPATCHES.

THE long-expected war despatches have at last been published. They form a volume in themselves, and, as was to be expected, bear the trace of most careful revision. The error of the *Spion Kop* publication has been so carefully avoided that many interesting and important matters, regarding which the British public expected—and, perhaps it may be added, had a right to expect—full information, are only related in bare outline, almost without comment or explanation. No blame is assigned for the not unfrequent “untoward incidents” that have occurred in the campaign on any individual or body of individuals, although we may assume that, as these incidents occurred, at least somebody was to blame, and that these disasters were not wholly unavoidable.

Perhaps, on the whole, it is better that this careful reticence should be observed. It is certainly better than the other extreme, when officers still retaining high command were publicly censured and held up to the reprobation of their men. Still, we think a somewhat happier middle course might have been adopted, and that we might have been vouchsafed a little more information on many incidents, which at the time excited great interest and curiosity, — a curiosity which, in consequence of the severity of the press-censorship, has never yet been

gratified. Events move fast nowadays, people forget quickly, hence probably may be found the reason why these despatches are so belated, why they have so long been withheld and then published *en masse*, so as to distract attention from weak points and awkward incidents. We receive information now for the first time regarding many occurrences, the interest in which has already somewhat faded, or has been distracted by more recent and perhaps almost equally important events.

At the opening of the 1900 session of Parliament the mover of the Address gave a distinct pledge on the part of the Government—a pledge which was subsequently ratified and confirmed by Mr Balfour himself—that, if asked for, an inquiry would be granted into the manner in which this war has been conducted, as soon as it could be said to have reached a termination. Unhappily hostilities are still continued, nor can any prediction be hazarded as to when this happy period will arrive: we maintain, however, that the time has already come when an inquiry into all the initial stages of the war may be profitably instituted. In this manner the causes of all our early disasters may be clearly located. We can at least approximately ascertain how far the system and how far individuals were to blame for preliminary failures. We can see whether the civilian control, as

exercised by the Government, is in fault, or whether the authorities were badly served and advised by their military experts. We maintain, moreover, that this inquiry is urgent and vital: it is, or may be, a case of life and death. We have, it is true, this time managed to "muddle through," but with a vast sacrifice of life, much of which might have been avoided, and a gigantic expenditure of money, of which at least half might have been saved had there been from the first a clear and just appreciation of the magnitude of our task. This time we were only opposed to a nation of farmers; the next time it may be a European Power of resources nearly equal to our own. In that case such a gross miscalculation of the forces opposed to us, such an incomprehensible ignorance of the manner in which alone they could be successfully overcome, would mean inevitably crushing disaster, if not absolute ruin to the Empire. Therefore let us set our house in order while there is yet time.

Lord Roberts's first despatch, dated Cape Town, February 6, 1900, is perhaps the most important and the most interesting of the entire series, and reading between the lines we can understand the many difficulties which met him at the outset, and hence appreciate all the more fully the brilliant manner in which they were overcome.

It was well known so early as June and July 1899 that war with the Dutch Republics was possible, if not probable. Even though all the elaborate

details of the Boer armaments had not then been disclosed to the British public, still the government at Cape Town and the authorities at home must have been fully cognisant of them. Hence they cannot but have recognised that, even if peace could be patched up, which those behind the scenes must have felt to be more than problematical, still a very serious danger menaced the British colonies on the Boer frontiers. There were, however, valid reasons, both political and military, why the British garrison could not be at once largely reinforced. In the first place, it was essential, in view of public opinion at home, to avoid any action which might be considered a menace, or aggressive in its character; and secondly,—such is our military system,—there were no troops fit to send until the reserves were called out or recourse was had to the garrison of India. These circumstances alone are quite sufficient to exonerate the Government from the charges on this head which have been brought against it. There are, however, other points, flagrant and glaring errors, which require explanation, and the despatches recently published throw no light on them: rather they accentuate the mistakes without palliating their enormity. To give some instances, there is no subject on which Lord Roberts dwells more forcibly than the want of mounted troops: the costly victories in the early part of the war were rendered fruitless from the want

of them. Lord Roberts, in his subsequent brilliant advances on Bloemfontein, Pretoria, and Komati Poort, was delayed and hampered by the same deficiency. Even just before he resigned his command, in his despatch forwarded on January 3, 1901, he laments the departure of the colonial mounted contingents, which, he says, rendered it difficult to increase the mobility of the various small columns which had to be formed. At the present moment, while we write, the urgent cry from South Africa is, "more mounted men." It seems only fair to ask, Why was not this need foreseen? Who is really responsible for the celebrated telegram to the Colonies, "Infantry preferred." No doubt the message emanated from the Colonial Office; but the Colonial Secretary is not a military expert, nor is the Secretary of State for War: they necessarily depend for such technical advice on their military advisers. In the present instance, it is only right that it should be known who the military adviser was who gave such fatuous advice.

Then, again, Lord Roberts says in his first despatch, dated Feb. 6, 1900: "A subject which from the first attracted my attention was the development and organisation of colonial forces, of which I was inclined to think that sufficient use had not been made." Who is responsible for this omission? Again he says: "No organised transport corps existed when I arrived in South Africa." How did this happen? Surely in the three months

which elapsed between the declaration of war and Lord Roberts's arrival some steps in this direction might have been taken. It would appear, however, that the most serious mistake of all was the omission to collect by some means or another large supplies and depots of seasoned Cape horses, of which recent events have shown that there are, or at least were then, a superfluity in the country. Had this been done, there would have been no necessity for hurrying up country unseasoned English horses just off a long sea-voyage, the costly purchase of useless Argentines might have been dispensed with, Pretoria might have been reached months sooner, and in all probability the war, now dragging on its miserable course, might have been long since concluded.

When we turn to Natal the want of prevision and foresight appears still more remarkable. Ladysmith had been deliberately chosen as a great military centre at a time when Sir Redvers Buller, who knew the country well, was Adjutant-General, and hence it may be presumed it was selected by him, or at least with his full sanction and approval. A vast amount of valuable military stores had been collected there, but not one step taken to defend them. Comparatively little work, the expenditure of a little money, could easily have converted Ladysmith into an impregnable intrenched camp, which would at least have secured the safety of the main portion of Natal. Ordinary foresight, common precaution,

would have suggested such a step. It may be said that the military authorities on the spot had neither the authority nor the money to carry out such an important measure of defence. Then why was it not dictated from home, where the experts, who knew the country well, were in supreme authority and had the ear of the Government? Still further, although an excellent military road had been constructed from Ladysmith to the Transvaal frontier, as if to facilitate the movements of an invading enemy, no steps were taken to hinder his advance: the Laing's Nek tunnel was not mined, not a single railway-culvert blown up. Had these ordinary defensive measures been adopted, the transport of the Boer heavy siege-guns, which gave so much trouble at Ladysmith, would have been delayed for a considerable time, just when to gain time was of vital importance. In point of fact, the probability, or even the possibility, of a Boer invasion seems never to have been realised by the military expert or experts who advised the Government: it appears to have been assumed that these peaceful innocent farmers would quietly wait on their farms until all our troops were ready for an advance to invade their country.

The reasons which prevented the Government from reinforcing the South African garrison have already been alluded to; but such reasons were not applicable to the presence in South Africa of superior officers for the purpose of organisation and administration. Sir Red-

vers Buller was designated for the command officially so early as August; but he did not leave England till the middle of October, actually after the Boer ultimatum. During these months his proper place was Cape Town or Natal, not Pall Mall or Aldershot. His selection for the chief command, however unfortunate it may now be considered to have been, no doubt at the time commanded the confidence of the public. He had personal experience of South Africa in former wars, for over twenty years he had constantly been employed at the War Office, and although during this long period his military work had savoured more of the office than of the field, still he had recently been given the chief command at Aldershot, where he was presumed to have obtained some insight into the leading of troops. It is natural to suppose that in all these months previous to the appointment of Lord Roberts he was the principal military adviser of the Government as regards South African matters: it is therefore only fair to him that it should be now known whether he is or is not responsible for all these omissions and mistakes in forethought and preparation to which we have alluded, and which exercised such a disastrous influence on the early stages of the war.

Not the least interesting portion of this volume is the explanation by Sir George White of the reasons which caused him to hold Ladysmith, and Lord Roberts's comments on his explanation. We think

that no student of the art of war,—even more, no one possessed of ordinary powers of reasoning,—will fail to indorse the decision of the Commander-in-Chief that Sir George White was right in defending Ladysmith. In point of fact, his then Commander-in-Chief, Sir Redvers Buller, at that time indorsed his decision, although report says that subsequently this approval was forgotten or ignored, and that in place of commendation for so gallant a defence there was little but reproach.

It is always easy to be wise after the event. Looking back now, one can see what should have been done. Had all troops available been retired to Ladysmith, had the railway been broken up in all possible places, had minor actions, such as Talana Hill, Elands-laagte, Rietfontein, and Farquhar's Farm been avoided, while, on the other hand, had every moment been utilised in collecting supplies, in constructing redoubts, and improving the defences of Ladysmith, the troops would have been left fresh, the Boers would have been forced to act on the offensive, and the communication with Colenso might probably have been maintained. There would, we believe, have been no investment of Ladysmith, and the entire course of the war might have been altered.

Let us, however, place ourselves in the position of Sir George White. He was ordered off suddenly at a moment's notice, probably to the surprise of no one more than himself, to a country of which he had

no previous experience. He had the reputation of being a good fighting soldier—a reputation which, it may be remarked, he fully maintained. He had, however, seen much hard Indian service, was by no means young or in very robust health, and had no special qualification for the very trying position into which he was thus suddenly launched. He was forced to accept the opinion of those on the spot who had experience of the country, and might be presumed to be best acquainted with the situation as it then stood. Unfortunately the gallant Symons was a very optimistic adviser, and had as little idea of the formidable nature of the Boer military strength, under the new conditions of warfare, as the experts at home who advised the Government. He died a gallant soldier's death; but we see now that his advice, and that of the Governor of Natal, on which Sir George White very naturally acted, was most injudicious, although he cannot be blamed for following it. The blame must rest not on him, but on those who sent him out at the last moment, too late to use his own judgment.

When we turn to the other operations in Natal before the relief of Ladysmith, as explained by the despatches of Sir Redvers Buller and Lord Roberts—quite apart from the difference in literary style—the contrast is most remarkable. Many points require explanation, others are explained only too well. Indecision, vacillation, despondency on one side, firm resolution, determination,

and hopefulness on the other. At one time Sir Redvers Buller informs Lord Roberts that "his task of relieving Ladysmith would not be rendered easier by a further addition to the number of his troops." At another — on February 9 — he says that he was "not strong enough to relieve Ladysmith without reinforcements, and that with the forces at his disposal he regarded the operation upon which he was engaged as impracticable." A few days previously he had said that "the relief would cost him from 2000 to 3000 men. And the success was doubtful. Was it worth the risk?" In fact, it is now quite clear that Sir Redvers Buller was anxious to throw up the sponge altogether, and would have done so had it not been for Lord Roberts. It would seem that those qualities of iron determination, persistence, and perseverance in the face of all difficulties and disappointments — qualities which were the special claim to his support by the British public — were the very last which, under these circumstances, he possessed.

There are only two more points in the painful history of the various attempts to relieve Ladysmith on which it now seems desirable to dwell, and these, being now somewhat obscured by contradictory statements, might be made clearer by further inquiry and investigation. It is now admitted that the Hlangwane Hill was the key to the Boer position in front of Colenso—in fact, it had finally to be occupied before the

relief of Ladysmith was effected. Sir Redvers Buller himself says: "I examined this position several times in December, as, had I been able to take it, it is evident that its possession would confer great advantages. I decided that its capture was a task altogether beyond the powers of the force I then commanded." Nevertheless, on December 15, at the Battle of Colenso, he directed a force of colonial mounted infantry to attack this hill, and, had they been even moderately supported, no doubt they would have been successful—in fact, even without support, and numbering only 1000 men with six guns, they very nearly captured it. Again, it is admitted that no attempt was made to warn Sir George White that an attack would be made on the Boer position on December 15, so as to ensure his co-operation; nor is any explanation given of this extraordinary omission. It would seem as if in both these incidents there were signs of the same fatal irresolution, and that absence of any decided and combined plan of operation, without which success in war is almost impossible.

Lastly, it is abundantly clear that, in the refusal of Sir Redvers Buller to allow any pursuit of the flying Boers after the relief of Ladysmith, a great opportunity was missed. He states in his despatch "that the whole country round for ten miles was clear of the enemy, and that, as they had moved their laagers between the 20th and 24th February, pursuit was useless." This statement is distinctly contradicted by Sir

George White and Lord Roberts. The latter puts it very mildly, saying, "I am led to believe that Sir Redvers Buller must have been misinformed." The relieving force had two complete mounted brigades, with guns, perfectly fresh and intact. It is known now that they repeatedly asked for leave to pursue, and received positive and distinct orders to abstain from doing so. Had the permission been granted, there is every reason to believe that nine pieces of artillery and the whole Boer baggage and transport must have been captured—in fact, a blow would have been struck at the demoralised and defeated farmers from which they would not have recovered until they evacuated Natal. As it was, no attempt was even made to blow up the railway in their rear, a feat which was successfully practised on several occasions during Lord Roberts's advance in the other theatre of war. Thanks to this immunity of molestation in their retreat, the besiegers of Ladysmith merely retired at their leisure to the Drakenberg, whence they caused much annoyance during several succeeding months.

It is refreshing, after studying the history of the early portions of the Natal campaign, to turn to the advance through the Free State. Lord Roberts's despatches form an admirably clear narrative of the complex operations which resulted in the occupation of the principal towns in the Boer Republics and the crushing of organised resistance. On reading them one cannot help being imbued with thankfulness that a kind

Providence had directed his selection for chief command. A clear insight into the situation, unswerving determination to obtain his purpose, undeterred by difficulties, disappointments, and minor reverses, are the qualities which appear in the greatest prominence in the character of the commander throughout this most interesting chronicle. There are in truth some incidents which are treated very gently, which are touched with a very light hand, and of which we should have liked to hear a little more. Such are the failure to hold the Bloemfontein Waterworks, the Sannah's Post and Reddersburg disasters, the surrender of the 13th company of Imperial Yeomanry, and one or two other unfortunate incidents. Perhaps, however, it is better to let "sleeping dogs lie," and "bygones be bygones."

In addition to Lord Roberts's own despatches, there are also a number of supplementary reports from officers under his command, giving details of operations which occurred in other regions of the scene of war at which he himself was not personally present. Among these are the despatches of Sir Redvers Buller and Sir George White, already referred to; and some further despatches from Sir Redvers, giving an account of operations subsequent to the relief of Ladysmith. There are also Baden-Powell's most interesting account of the siege of Mafeking, and Colonel Mahon's report of its relief; General Broadwood's account of the Sannah's Post affair; Sir Archi-

bald Hunter's report of the operations which resulted in the capture of General Prinsloo's and Crowther's commando with 4140 men, when De Wet was also so nearly caught; also several other despatches of an equally interesting but less important character. Space would fail us were we to attempt to comment on these various minor operations, or the records of them as here presented to us. It does, however, seem that there are some remarks in Sir Archibald Hunter's despatch, dated Fouriesburg, August 4, 1900, which deserve especial notice.

As is well known, there has been an acrimonious controversy since the commencement of this war regarding the respective efficiency of the British and Boer guns, officials declaring that our artillery was in every way equal, if not even superior, to that which was opposed to it. Nevertheless, we read in General Hunter's despatch that "our gunners are not in fault, but our guns." It would seem as if this were rather a difficult pill for our optimistic War Office officials to swallow. Then again, he says, "Our maps are worse than useless—they are a positive danger and delusion"; and yet we are told that very perfect and detailed French maps of this very same country are in existence. Nay more, that excellent maps, specially executed by the Free State officials shortly before the war, are now used by the Boers. These statements would seem to deserve examination and inquiry.

All the despatches are sup-

plemented with voluminous lists of officers recommended for good service. In such wide and protracted operations, attended with so much hard work and so much hard fighting, in which such a large number of officers were engaged, it is only right and fair that the number of those who are honourably mentioned should be proportionally large. When, however, in the lists of those thus distinguished appear the names of some officers who notoriously have not been a success, and who in fact have been passed over for command, or who have been sent to the rear more or less in disgrace, the distinction of being mentioned in despatches is materially, and, as we think, unfortunately reduced.

In conclusion, it would appear but fair to add that, disappointed as we all must be that the war has not ere this been brought to a triumphant conclusion, it would seem that no blame whatever for this unhappy protraction can be fixed on Lord Roberts. No doubt, had it been possible to carry on the system of warfare practised in the days of Tilly and Wallenstein, hostilities would long since have ceased. The Boers are two hundred years behind other white nations, and neither understand nor appreciate the present methods of civilised warfare. They have scorned and abused the clemency with which they have been treated; but even so, far better to err on the side of kindness, if an error indeed it was, than to incur even the shadow of a reproach as regards inhumanity.

FEBRUARY 1-4.

Portsmouth, February 1.—The day broke bitterly. The troops embarking at the jetties stamped for warmth. The emerald of the Common gleamed cold in the raw air; and the mists, driven seaward by a breeze off the land, folded the bay from the Castle to the Point. Through them, in the west, over the shoulder of the Main Guard, the Victory glimmered like a story out of old romance.

From daylight the harbour was stretched a grey loom across which the black shuttles of craft shot silently. As the morning wore and the sun gloomed through the ruddy screen, the familiar features and lineaments of tower and bastion, forts, ships, batteries, the yards, developed under a shroud of unfamiliar mourning. By-and-by the sun, creeping round heaven, burst through the mists and flung the tattered shreds aloft to trail across the blue. Blockhouse and Point and all the mysterious pattern of mast and sail shot up diaphanously black, and the liquid beams, searching the harbour round, lifted the veil shyly from its face, and, catching the burnished copper of the launches, flashed it down golden among the still sombre waters.

Out in the Solent already the frost was broken, the dispersed atoms radiating warmth. There was a sparkle in the sea and the air. By noon the sun was

unclouded, the last shreds of the morning mists were vanished: blue sky above, and spread below the shimmering mosaic of sea. From the roofs of Ryde the eye followed the tender contours of the island to where they dipped beyond the towers of Osborne. Thither, too, the eye could follow, or nearly, the line of ships of war, vast, motionless, their half-mast flags their only signs of mourning, the lights and shadows of a sunny day flitting across their inscrutable faces.

It was inevitable that on such a morning men should say it was Queen's weather once more; but later, when they recognised that this was a warm and blooded summer day, and none of her veiled sisters of mid-winter, they seized the assurance that Nature, in some exaltation of spirit, had shared with them in these high obsequies. We had spoken as if it were beneficent accident whereby it was at Osborne that the Queen had died, so that she must go to her rest down the first line of defence, across these waters of our security; but now, in the moment of it, what was uppermost in our minds was the inevitableness of her passing thus. Ships and the sea! Fount and instrument of power, the pathway and vehicle of empire: their names the most charged with high feeling in all the language that binds our scat-

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tered peoples. It was the mind that informs these, Might and Empire and People, expressing itself when the Sovereign who for sixty years had been their standard went draped with their symbols to the grave, and flew their majesty even in the humble and willing acquiescence of death.

There are some who demur to this pageantry. Death, these say, shows only the emptiness of human honours, and they would have us at its call discard the emblems of sovereignty, as insults and mockery, and lay all our respect on the bier of the good woman and mother. Like those who are ashamed of the gross materials of human art, they turn their eyes from reality, and in an impossible aspiration lose the glory of earth and heaven alike. Wiser men do not find it difficult to reconcile in death the attributes of the public and the private life, even as they find it no divided duty to hail the Queen's successor in the instant of mourning her. They perceive, now for the first time fully perhaps, a beautiful significance in the virtuous home of the Queen being bristled round with all the signs and instruments of her country's might. To them it is not incongruous, but typical rather of the peace and righteousness which this might can command, that the waters down which our navies travel should have been the unflaunting road from her people to her home, and that her all-womanly charity should have been dispensed especially on

those shores that reverberate the deeds of the English admirals. And because in her life the virtue of the woman shone so clearly in the Queen, the pomp of her funeral was befitting. There was nothing in it touched her people's hearts so nearly as the added concern the ceremonial involved for all the decencies of death—the affectionate, tender solicitude for the dear clay which is the burden of all who bury their dead. The pomp of funeral became a tribute to our poor mortality.

It was the dead whom they carried out of Osborne, and reverently bore down the avenue and through the streets of Cowes to the pavilion prepared on board the *Alberta*. A mother, head of a family, head of a house: and her children and household followed her mourning. The islanders and the people of those shores were gathered to pay their last farewell, to their Queen, indeed, with her crown and insignia upon her, but to a neighbour and friend as well; and the pipes echoed the wail that was going up from the homes of Deeside for one who would come among them no more to share their joys and sorrows. But when the *Alberta* cast off for that solemn and stately voyage across the Solent, the victory did indeed seem almost snatched from death. It was as if the proud and punctual spirit with which the woman ever knew to inform the queenly office had rehabilitated itself, and men on the ships and the shore could believe, as they

saluted, that it was her living Majesty, commensurate as always, who led in that splendid ceremonial.

The ships of the Home Guard, moored at two cables and a half distance, stretched for the eight miles between the point at Cowes and the entrance to Portsmouth harbour. Farthest west was the *Alexandra*, flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir G. H. Noel, in command of the First Reserve Squadron, which composed that end of the line; at the other end, at Spithead, was the Channel Squadron, with the *Majestic*, Sir Henry Rawson's flagship, on the extreme east. *Camperdown*, *Rodney*, *Benbow*, *Collingwood*—these were the high-sounding and memorial names of some of the ships between. Germany, France, Japan, and Portugal had sent their warships to pay homage to the dead Queen; and it was impossible not to reflect upon the vicissitudes of these nations which she had witnessed, and that some of them, indeed, had come into being under her eyes. These foreign ships were moored opposite the *Majestic*, at the end of a second line that ran well on the way to Cowes. This was the Queen's pathway. Into it, as the *Alberta* cast off, eight torpedo-boat destroyers, black and stealthy, like wild creatures tamed to this funeral service, led the course. At a signal the ships had begun firing the minute-guns to the roll of which the procession moved slowly down the line. First

of all came the little *Alberta*, with its sacred burden, which could be seen, attended by the aides-de-camp, in the looped-up pavilion, with the crown on the Royal Standard which draped the cream-white pall. The Royal Standard hung mournfully at half-mast. At the prow stood an officer in full uniform, his statuesque figure, silhouetted against the day, touching the imagination with a sense of the mystery of the unknown seas for which they had set sail. After the *Alberta* came the *Victoria* and *Albert*, flying the Standard and Union Jack and the Admiralty flag, with the King and the German Emperor on board; then the *Osborne*, the grey and towering *Hohenzollern*, and the *Trinity* and Admiralty yachts.

In melancholy and majestic state this procession sailed slowly down the line to the intermittent roll of the minute-guns. On each vessel, as it passed, the officers were on deck and uncovered; the black rings of the men manning ship greyed here and there where the marines stood at reversed arms. Across the water floated wailing snatches of the funeral march. The sun had followed the *Alberta* and left a trail of glory in her wake; but now it was obscured as the smoke of the guns that had risen in pink and orange gathered in a russet bank in the west. As the procession rounded the *Majestic*, leaving the ships' guns mute behind it, while those on the forts took up the salute, the moon hung, a pale globe, in front, and the purple

shadows of the night crept down. Slowly, still, it passed along the historic shore of Southsea, thick lined with reverent and uncovered crowds; when, suddenly, the sun burst forth above Osborne in full glory. A time it flushed the world with wonder; then wheeling, kissed the windows of Southsea and died.

The night fell. Lights leapt up in the harbour; the semaphore flashed out its message to the fleet. Over at Clarence Yard the dead Queen rested. Her sun had set in splendour, and, "trailing clouds of glory," she had passed into the night.

London, February 2.—This morning, in continuation of yesterday's solemn ceremony, the body of the late Queen was brought to London. At Victoria it was mounted on a gun-carriage drawn by eight cream-coloured horses; and, surrounded by a princely escort, was borne to Paddington, with splendid and stately pageant, through the crowded streets of the capital. From Paddington the *cortège* entrained for Windsor, where the mortal remains of her Majesty rest in St George's Chapel.

There is a respect in which to-day's ceremony was less impressive than that of yesterday. In the passage across the Solent there was an element of inevitableness, to which the bulk and immovable majesty of the ships, as of mountains, ministered; Nature, with a triumphant bugle-note, met Death with victory. In to-day's military

pageant such simplicity and unity of impression was not possible. It was designed in too complex a pattern. Thirty thousand troops had to keep the streets; the *cortège* itself was composed of representatives, of foreign mourners and of the military forces of the Empire, the precise ordering of each of which had its significance; and the streets and parks through which it passed were packed, as London had never seen them, with crowds for whose safety and conduct elaborate measures had to be devised. In the marshalling of so many units artifice was too evident to permit of the awe-inspiring effect of yesterday. Nevertheless, to-day's ceremony was impressive, and it had a moving, and even, as has been remarked, a sacramental quality.

There is nothing of which mankind has greater proof, nothing the evidence of which it accepts more grudgingly, than the weight and domination of circumstance. As we call those exhibitions of Nature awful which devastate over wide areas and demand the heaviest sacrifice, so, in the realm of human action and experience, we bow the knee, however unwilling, before the signs of far-reaching and commanding position. Through countless generations it has exacted this tribute, and each acknowledgment confirms its sovereignty. So in the ceremony to-day the pomp of circumstance alone, carefully designed and sustained, filling the eye and the imagination,

was sufficient to enthrall men's minds. The gun-carriage on which the body of Royalty was borne, the crown and insignia glittering on the pall, the kings and princes who followed it, the splendid escort, the long column of troops preceding it, the size and demeanour of the crowds, the strange and mournful iridescence of the purple drapery of the house-fronts,—even as the trappings of a royal funeral these were impressive; and they were the symbols of a majesty on earth against the domination of which, even in the presence of death, men shall cavil in vain.

But, we know, the ceremony was informed with a more moving human emotion. Death, indeed, had closed a reputation and determined it for good. The etiquette of courts and the haughty camaraderie of Royalty could not explain the presence of the foreign representatives when they came as the envoys of peoples charged with the peoples' tributes. Addison tells of a friend who, when a useful country neighbour died, would say of him, "You can trace him." You can trace her! That we conceive to have been the funeral oration of the nations over our dead Queen. Nor was it possible to miss, in the troops who lined the route and composed the column, their especial character at this time as envoys—of British arms everywhere, and chiefly of the army in South Africa, for whose losses her heart bled, whose welfare was the inquiry almost of her expiring breath. And perhaps

it was not unfairly that the eye lingered longest on the Colonials, whom our free peoples across the seas sent by way of the battlefield in the service of their Queen and ours.

But it was in the crowds above all that the ambassadorial nature of the ceremony was displayed. London has an especial quality for Londoners. Its streets and parks are in an especial manner their own; and sometimes in their demonstrations they rejoice in this too selfishly, forgetful that in jealous and censorious eyes it and they stand for the nation. But in their demeanour to-day, as they flocked to their accustomed points of vantage from where they had watched shows of a hundred patterns, there was a dignity as unusual and befitting as the mourning which they wore. It was not any excessive assumption of grief. Their senses were not untouched by the splendour of the pageant. Uniforms, liveries, caparison delighted their eyes, the *personnel* and signification of the *cortège* aroused their curiosity, and the pride of a fighting race could not altogether be restrained in them as the troops passed in review. But there was in their bearing, one is persuaded, the consciousness that this was the sacred ceremonial of a whole empire, and that they were the privileged participators in it.

And, indeed, we know nothing quite like this emotion of a people which in a manner has sanctified these funeral shows and ceremonies. Everywhere on earth where the

British flag flies this has been like a Sabbath of Sabbaths. In city and village, not in these islands alone, but across the seas, in the heart of strangers and on the lonely post, in the unutterable loneliness of the bush, wherever a place has been made and a door flung wide, and the transplanted slip of an English home has taken root, the unceasing grinding mill of life has been silent for a day. Even in our private bereavements it is not permitted wholly to stop for us. The Queen, we know, had to wear through the business of the State in her darkest hours of mourning. But at the commanding sense of loss, and of homage to virtue that had shone in a high place, the mill of empire was silent to-day, and every thought in it was centred on the solemn *cortège* passing through the streets of the capital. There are some craven hearts who shrink from the responsibilities of empire, and would have us out of fear of them repudiate our kindred. They would persuade us that empire is some baleful symbol,—braggart cry of a braggart people,—some new thing that can subvert the justice and freedom on which England is built. From this day forth we know that it is a thing as old as earth—the sacred sentiment that in joy and in sorrow binds all those who are “of the house.” To-day a hush fell upon this, our house. We know nothing quite like that.

Through the Queen’s long life, full of sorrows as well as of

joys, the future ever beckoned with happy augury. People remarked that the sun shone on her living; and it was to be proved that even the untoward occurrences of her funeral turned to happy consequence. As the *cortège* moved off from the station at Windsor, the artillery horses drawing the gun-carriage became restive, and would not proceed. They were removed, therefore, and the bluejackets of the naval guard of honour, making draw-ropes of the traces, drew the carriage and its precious burden to the Chapel of the Order of St George. So the imagination likes to remember it. We cannot refrain from anticipating, in order to link it with this, an incident of the removal of the body from St George’s Chapel to Frogmore, which is finely described by a morning newspaper thus:—

“And then befell a thing so strange and beautiful as to almost pass belief. Just as the jewelled crown upon the coffin passed into the open air, a dove flew out from the chapel door. There it circled for a moment, then its mate flew out, and, both together, those grey birds flew slowly side by side over the quarters of the military knights and on to the tomb at Frogmore.”

Windsor, February 4.—To-day, in the presence of her sorrowing children, the remains of Queen Victoria were taken to Frogmore, and laid in the mausoleum there, beside those of her beloved husband. Death, as Coleridge says, supplies the oil for the inextinguishable lamp of life. GOD SAVE THE KING!

ed from his Council and found throwing shillings noisy crowd in a back ; and never did he acquire rudiments of tact, which d be the first wisdom of . It is not surprising, fore, that Victoria was onted at her accession the most dangerous of . Her house had sacri- its popularity, her office lost its distinction. She young and obscure ; she iever known the glamour ularity which surrounded Princess Charlotte. Yet diately William IV. was this girl came forth a de- ned and independent ruler. ie outset she showed that ad mastered her profession. *et mon métier d'être roi,*" might have said with h II. Henceforth, her oter and temperament t reveal many a limitation, he was already a queen, should restore to our Eng- throne the dignity and ir whereof it had been d. For truly kingship trade, like another, which nds its own peculiar ides of brain and heart. divinity which is said to , the throne is no more a cloak of serene self-con- æ which guards the sove- from familiarity. But the onfidence must not exclude athy. No king was ever who did not understand temper of his people. les I. might have been an rable philosopher or a ighished prelate ; he was t great king, because he not appreciate the in-

telligence of his subjects. Again, a monarch is only great when to a perfect self-reliance he adds a lissomeness of mind which shall help the adaptation of his opinions to varying circumstances. He must, if he be constitutional, bear himself with equal affability to the leaders of opposite parties, and guide their counsels, while appearing to follow them. Such are the rudiments of the trade, which, essayed by many, has been practised successfully by too few, yet on whose successful practice depends the happiness of the world.

Now, it is the rare distinction of Queen Victoria to have possessed (and to have cultivated) these excellent qualities of kingship in a supreme degree. No sooner was her accession announced to her, no sooner had she appeared before Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury, "wrapped in a dressing-gown and with slippers on her naked feet," than she took full possession of herself and of her throne. The wonderful dignity was there already, and the simple, unexpected knowledge of her office. Directly Lord Conyngham had explained the purpose of his errand, and had uttered the words "Your Majesty," she put out her hand to him, that he might kiss it before speaking further. It is a simple action, yet wholly characteristic, and it proves that the girl of seventeen understood at once the duties and dignities of her state. From that day her demeanour

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

VICTORIA THE GREAT—THE DECADENCE OF THE THRONE—THE TRADE OF KINGSHIP—QUEEN VICTORIA'S MASTERY OF HER OFFICE—HER KNOWLEDGE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS—ARMS AND ARTS—THE VICTORIAN AGE—HER DEATH—THE WORLD'S MOURNING—A NAVAL PAGEANT—ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

VICTORIA, like Elizabeth, is the sole queen of her name, and history need invent for her no distinguishing adjective. But if history were called upon to choose, its choice would be Great rather than Good. The goodness and virtue of an august lady may be taken for granted. Though their absence be a patent disgrace, their presence is not the best title to honour. And while Victoria was eminent in the simplicities of a well-ordered life, she won the world's admiration by the rarer qualities of will and wisdom. She was not merely good, she was great, and she will be remembered more warmly for what she did than for what she was. When Bismarck described her as the first statesman of Europe, he spoke no more than the truth. Born with the instinct of government, she so wisely improved her natural gifts, she so zealously profited by the intelligence of the many Ministers who served her, that her influence was supreme in the councils of Europe, and her death is a calamity not only to her own country but to the world.

She ascended the throne at an inauspicious moment. Kingship had fallen into a miserable disrepute. The last

three monarchs who had sat upon our throne had done little to make their office easy or glorious. George III. had obscured whatever virtues were his by an obstinacy of opinion which lost us a vast colony, and which might well have enslaved us to a foreign Power. George IV. had died unwept and unpitied. As he had made his distinguished office a scandal, as he had made his throne ridiculous by a deplorable levity of taste and conduct, so he had forfeited the affection of his people, and alienated their sympathy long before death overtook him. "There never was an individual," proclaimed the 'Times' but a few weeks after his death, "less regretted by his fellow-creatures than this deceased king. What eye has wept for him? What heart has heaved one throb of unnecessary sorrow?" And the 'Times' expressed in these bitter words nothing less than the popular judgment. Nor can it be said that William IV. graced the throne of Britain. Loved for his homely virtues, he raised a smile of kindly contempt by his lack of dignity, and his frank misunderstanding of kingly ceremonial. On the day of his accession, he

escaped from his Council and was found throwing shillings to a noisy crowd in a back street, and never did he acquire the rudiments of tact, which should be the first wisdom of kings. It is not surprising, therefore, that Victoria was confronted at her accession with the most dangerous of tasks. Her house had sacrificed its popularity, her office had lost its distinction. She was young and obscure; she had never known the glamour of popularity which surrounded the Princess Charlotte. Yet immediately William IV. was dead, this girl came forth a determined and independent ruler. At the outset she showed that she had mastered her profession. "*C'est mon métier d'être roi,*" she might have said with Joseph II. Henceforth, her character and temperament might reveal many a limitation, but she was already a queen, who should restore to our English throne the dignity and honour whereof it had been robbed. For truly kingship is a trade, like another, which demands its own peculiar aptitudes of brain and heart. The divinity which is said to hedge the throne is no more than a cloak of serene self-confidence which guards the sovereign from familiarity. But the self-confidence must not exclude sympathy. No king was ever great who did not understand the temper of his people. Charles I. might have been an admirable philosopher or a distinguished prelate; he was not a great king, because he could not appreciate the in-

telligence of his subjects. Again, a monarch is only great when to a perfect self-reliance he adds a lissomeness of mind which shall help the adaptation of his opinions to varying circumstances. He must, if he be constitutional, bear himself with equal affability to the leaders of opposite parties, and guide their counsels, while appearing to follow them. Such are the rudiments of the trade, which, essayed by many, has been practised successfully by too few, yet on whose successful practice depends the happiness of the world.

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never varied. When she attended her first Council, Wellington declared that "if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better." Nor had she been many months a queen before she gave evidence of a peremptory disposition. Always ready to consult her Ministers, and to adopt their advice, she would submit to no other influence; and after the death of William IV. not even her mother retained the smallest control over her. But this self-reliance did but increase her energy and power of work. She took the keenest interest in all that was done in her realm of England, and no wiser tribute was paid to her after death than the tribute of industry. She was a Queen who worked harder than any of her subjects, and she was busy not in the frivolous pursuit of pleasure, but in the proper administration of her court and country.

So with years her popularity increased, and the Queen who paid her first visit to the House of Parliament in gloomy silence lived to hear on all hands the plaudits of the people. And the cheers of the mob meant something more than a vague adulation. They meant that the tact and temper of Victoria had brought back the office of a sovereign into good repute, nay, more than this, had enormously increased the power and prestige of the Throne. But her popularity was not won by any sacrifice of dignity. Queen Victoria always preserved that attitude of pride which became

her state. If we may believe the writers of memoirs, she possessed the power of frightening her Ministers from the very first. "They want to treat me like a girl," she is said to have complained at the crisis of the Bedchamber, "but I will show them that I am Queen of England," and show them she did to such purpose that a word from her dismayed or appeased the boldest statesman. Brougham himself, ever intolerant of restraint, was instantly calmed by half-a-dozen affable words, while her right judgment controlled even the extravagance of Palmerston. So she grew, after years of retirement, into a sort of fetiche. Those of her subjects who had never seen her regarded her in thoughtful enthusiasm as a symbol of sovereignty, and she attained, through this universal sympathy, to a loftier position than any other monarch has known since the beginning of time.

Statesmanship is commonly regarded as a masculine enterprise, yet Victoria was a statesman despite her sex. She knew what she wanted, and with her Ministers' aid she most often achieved it. Her knowledge of affairs was remarkable always, and though she owed much to the early tutelage of Melbourne, the faculty was inborn. Sir James Graham acknowledged that he always spoke to her as to a sensible man, while Palmerston declared that she was more deeply interested in Foreign Affairs than in anything else. There, indeed, lay her peculiar skill. She knew foreign nations as most people

know their own family, and she could look through and beyond the quarrels of diplomacy to the essential truth. In the course of her long reign she had many Foreign Ministers, and not all of them were easy of management. Yet when Palmerston interfered too openly with what she deemed her prerogative, she had the courage to dismiss that most powerful of Ministers, and to demolish the policy which approved Napoleon's *coup d'état*. Nor did her private friendships spoil her judgment. For many years she was devoted to the House of Orleans, but after the shameful trickery of the Spanish Marriage her eyes were open, and she wrote such a letter as for clearness and severity has not many rivals in the archives of state. This ability it is that makes Queen Victoria so curious a puzzle. Endowed with an intellect which no discursive critic could call brilliant, she achieved a result which generally evades the most brilliant. But the narrowness of her genius was its strength. Her whole mind was directed upon the conduct of affairs, and the lessons of many years, together with the acquaintance of many great men, gave her a power of discernment and action which has fallen to the lot of very few mortals.

And not only did she understand the policy of her own country. She became, at the end of her life, an inspiration to the policy of other nations. She has been called "a Mentor of kings," and true it is that

by precept and example she taught other monarchs how to rule. As her experience was longer and wider than the experience of her colleagues, so she might claim the authority over the most of them which belongs to the head of a great and distinguished family. The kings of Europe sat at her feet, and learnt of her the wisdom of just government; and the last honours paid to her by all the Crowns of Europe were not the suggestion of courtly ceremonial, but a loyal and frank expression of bounden duty.

Above all, she practised and inculcated the virtues of constitutional monarchy. She has silenced, and taught others to silence, the raucous voice of revolution. As we have said, she acceded to the throne when the throne was discredited. She lived through a period of unpopularity and disaffection. There was a time when it was considered reputable by a large party in the State to receive the toast of the Queen without rising. For many months both the Queen and her Consort were so stoutly vilified by the press and the people that a royal progress seemed dangerous, and crowds collected on Tower Hill to see Prince Albert led fettered to a dungeon. But by a quiet respect for the constitution Queen Victoria made the noisy clamour of sedition disreputable, and after a long reign left the authority of the Crown more firmly established than ever. In truth, this proper interpretation of constitutional mon-

archy is not the least of her achievements. She proved again what her predecessors had forgotten, that in our free country the throne is established for the people, not the people for the throne. The throne, in fact, is the best equipoise that could be devised for the conflicting elements which make up our country. Theoretically the constitution has been understood for centuries; but no constitution can live by theory alone, and it was Queen Victoria's triumph to demonstrate for us and for our neighbours the truth that in wise hands and with just management the ideal constitution can have a practical existence. Who knows but that had Queen Victoria been longer on the throne than she had in 1848, the wave of disorder and revolution which wellnigh overwhelmed Europe might have been stayed?

Kings proceed by the weight of their own position. There is a certain quality in them which of old was called "divine right," but which to-day is more wisely interpreted as popular affection; and this quality lends a force to their lightest actions. Yet Queen Victoria relied upon something stronger than this quality. She was determined that, if the throne respected the constitution, the Government should conciliate and respect the throne. So she took her way with a firm and even persistence, which won when it seemed to yield. In the famous battle of the Bedchamber Peel appeared the victor, but the Queen in truth

had her way, and kept it until the end. But with this simple persistency, the birthright of her race, she combined a singular openness of mind. Strong as her opinions might be, they were not closed against revision. In later life she described her own action in the matter of the Bedchamber a piece of foolishness. She was wise enough and strong enough to avoid that obstinacy of the weak which holds that a change of view is no better than moral cowardice. Of course the true cowardice consists in the perseverance of error, and to this the Queen always rose superior. At the outset of her reign she was undoubtedly a Whig at heart. But the Whiggery of Lord Melbourne was not disastrous, and it had nought in common with Radicalism, ancient or modern. Nevertheless, for all her sympathy, she accepted the advice of Peel with fairness and discretion. She bowed to his view of the Corn Laws despite the opposition of Melbourne, her earlier friend. The two statesmen whom at varying periods she most disliked were Lord Palmerston and Disraeli. Yet no sooner had Palmerston left the Foreign Office than she appreciated his talents with a generous enthusiasm; and all the world knows how Disraeli was at last the best beloved and most warmly trusted of her Ministers. In truth, she possessed not only the courage of her opinions, but the greater courage of changing them, and so she lived through a long reign without losing her

influence or ever sinking to intrigue.

One reproach has always been cast at her by the ignorant. She was no patron of the arts, we are told. Her taste in pictures was never lofty: she encouraged the portraiture of Winterhalter and other mediocrities, whom, being foreigners, patriotism cannot excuse. Nor does she seem to have approved what was best in our literature, though the greatest of laureates was hers. The reproach is just, but unjustly levelled. She possessed neither Henry VIII's talent of discovery, nor the good fortune of Elizabeth to be surrounded by knight-adventurers of the pen. But we have as little right to blame a Queen for her lack of poetry as we should have to blame a poet for his lack of sovereignty. If a monarch be also a dilettante, so much the better for him and for posterity. But a monarch's duty is to rule, and he may not be disparaged on a side-issue. Each one to his trade is a sound motto; and when we look at this realm of Britain, "with all her daughter islands about her," we need regret neither the portraits of Winterhalter nor the verse of Tupper. Victoria was a great Queen, who served her country as wisely and bravely as any of her ancestry, and those arts which need the encouragement of a throne may be left to perish ingloriously.

It is the fashion, moreover, to attack the age, which dies with the death of the Queen, as an age of vulgarity and Philistinism.

Our writers have gobbled up their contemporaries with a fury of cannibalism. A distinguished critic loudly proclaimed the other day that the Victorian age might only boast one great name—Thomas Carlyle; and so violent a pronouncement reminds us that contemporary criticism is always hazardous. But for once we are content to take the hazard, and to prophesy that the Victorian age, great in arms, will appear to our descendants great also in the arts. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Mr Meredith have kept the English novel within the bounds of its great tradition. Not unworthy sons of Henry Fielding, they have pursued their craft of wit, humour, and observation with fidelity and success. It was only when the Victorian age was coming to an end that fiction tottered into the pit of journalism. For forty years one of our greatest poets held the office of laureate; and Wordsworth—he, too, belongs to an epoch so often despised. In research, whether scientific or historical, there is the same tale to tell. The names of Kelvin, Simpson, and Lister will not be eclipsed by any effulgence of the past: and though we cannot agree with the distinguished critic already quoted in his estimate of Carlyle, no age more successfully than our own has uncovered the forgotten secrets of other centuries. Wherefore, though poetry and prose live and die independently of royal patronage—though genius, artistic or political, comes and goes as it listeth, Queen Vic-

toria had no cause to be ashamed of her age. Mr Henley in his noble threnody imagines "the mighty ghosts" taking "this sister-ghost tenderly into the night." "Think of the ghosts," he writes—

"Think of the mighty ghosts: soldiers
and priests,
Artists and captains of discovery,
God's chosen, His adventurers up the
heights
Of thought and deed—how many of
them that led
The forlorn-hopes of the world!—
Her peers and servants, made the air
Of her death-chamber glorious! Think
how they thronged
About her bed, and with what pride
They took this sister-ghost
Tenderly into the night!"

A fine conceit, truly; and few monarchs have passed into the night more augustly accompanied.

But, wonderful as our Queen's life has been, more wonderful was her death. The whole world put on mourning in her desolate honour. She had witnessed, during her reign, the growth of the vastest Empire which ever bowed the knee to a single sovereign. The little lady who lived in the big castle had become a legend to millions of men and women who had never seen her. As during the time of her sickness prayers were sent up for her to countless gods, so her death was lamented in a hundred strange tongues. Tears were shed for the White Queen throughout the length and breadth of India. Patient colonists building up fortunes in the backwoods wept for the lady who was the Queen of their kin, the mother of their Empire. Still more wonderful was the

respectful obeisance of Europe. When Queen Elizabeth was buried, the French Ambassador represented in his sole person the whole world without Great Britain. When Queen Victoria died, all the kingdoms of the world did her reverence. Nor was this universal and unexpected tribute inspired by any sentiment of rivalry or long custom. Louis XIV. lived longer than Victoria. For many years of his reign he assumed such trappings of grandeur as our Queen in all her pride never put on. He was canonised as the Grand Monarch, *le roi soleil*, long before he closed his eyes in death. But his last sickness was the sign not of grief but of desertion. He who had lived in the light of day, coldly magnificent to his courtiers, a noble spectacle of terror to his subjects, died friendless and alone. His greatness existed in his own demeanour, not in the affection of his friends or rivals, and death surprised him neglected even by Mme. de Maintenon.

How different the death of Queen Victoria! Marked by the simple grandeur which marked her life! Europe, which during the past years has exhausted the vocabulary of spite against her subjects, hastened to pay her the last honours. Her illness was but the sign of renewed respect and increased affection. The German Emperor, with splendid energy, translated into fact what doubtless was in the mind of all kings. He hastened to the bedside of the great monarch who had taught him the earliest lessons of his trade. Action

and thought being simultaneous with him, he hesitated not an instant, and, in expressing his own grief, set a noble example to others. Nor was this universal grief inspired by the private virtues of our Queen. Again, it was the grandeur of her life and rule which compelled the tears of all eyes. For more than sixty years she has ruled an Empire vaster than that of Rome, and she has ruled it not by the sword, but by the clement encouragement and protection of her subjects. Our colonies have bowed their knee in loyalty, because they knew that the reckless tyranny of George III. is overpast, because they felt that wherever the British flag flew they had equal laws and equal chances. They knew also that, if the British Empire had not been wholly won by the sword, if it was not the spoils of a Cæsarean conquest, it was jealously guarded by the sword, and that the arms of England were always ready in its defence. So to India the Empress seemed a protector against oppression, a champion of freedom and wise government. So, like the Emperors of Rome, she was worshipped by the remoter tribes as half-divine. And, being dead, she is judged not as a woman, but as a king and a statesman, and as king and statesman she will go down the ages admirable and admired.

If in her life she showed herself a king, it was with kingly honours that she was carried to her grave. Her funeral was the funeral of a soldier; it ex-

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pressed the devotion which was a link between Queen Victoria and her Navy and Army. Rumour says that every detail of the procession was devised by the Queen herself, and for once we are content to believe the voice of rumour. The lady whose self-reliance has been conspicuous for so many years, did not leave the future to the chances of circumstance. When she resolved upon marriage she took the advice of none. She did as she thought just, and with that brave consciousness of death which is the last word of pathos, she planned how best she should be carried to her grave. Moreover, she knew that no ceremonial is too splendid to mark a monarch's death. Pomp and pageantry are the proud accompaniments of kings. She could not slink into the tomb like the least of her subjects. As she died in courageous performance of her duty, so she was resolved that her obsequies should be worthy their august, if mournful, occasion. And it was her pleasure to sketch so noble a pageant as the world had never seen. The procession — from Osborne to Windsor — marched through a hundred miles of grief silently expressed. The journey across the sea was so wonderful in its imaginative simplicity that it eludes comparison. Never before was so marvellous a spectacle; never can it be repeated. The scene was perfect in contrast and appropriateness. On the one hand the towers of Osborne emerging from the woods which slope to the water's edge. On the other

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the harbour of Portsmouth, its hammers hushed, and the busy movement of the dockyard forgotten in silence. And between the silver strait, glittering in the sunlight of a premature spring. Then the lines of battle-ships, the avenue through which the solemn *cortège* should pass, and nothing else between sea and sky. It was no demonstration for the people; it was a spectacle without spectators, since those who were privileged to see it were themselves a part of the procession. Before the minute-guns broke the silence, each man was a unit who knew his neighbours. When once the boats set out from Osborne, the ships which lined the march became as it were single and impersonal. You felt yourself part of a whole, you ceased to recognise your friends or to be conscious of their presence. You, with the others, made up a ship, which itself performed one act of homage, and your eyes were stretched, where all eyes were stretched, towards the Alberta. Then the invisible guns boomed and thundered; then the invisible music, born of the air, echoed in all ears. The impression was mystery, and a plain unconsciousness of time and space. Suddenly appeared the torpedo-boats, stealthy harbingers of grief, gliding like serpents of ill-omen in the pathway of death. The mournful mysterious music was heard again, and the Alberta passed solemnly by, a dark immovable figure, as of bronze, in her bows, and on board the precious burden of the dead Queen. So small a boat it

seemed to carry so large a destiny, and it was this contrast between the tiny Alberta and the larger ships that followed that gave colour to the universal emotion. And when the mighty Hohenzollern came last, you recognised that the sentiment of grandeur may not be measured by bulk, that only the greatest ones of the earth might pass away into the tomb with so superb a humility. The ship steamed back to Southampton, the darkness of London engulfed you, but you were left with an imperishable memory. You had witnessed a beautiful act of homage, marred by no thought of vanity or self. The kings who witnessed it with you were indistinguishable as the iron plates of the warships. Only the dead Queen was visible to thought or sight. No chatter disturbed the unseen harmony of aerial music; no touch of colour disturbed the concord of black and grey and silver.

Then the trumpet blares, and another pageant—this time of scarlet and gold—passes before our eyes. The largeness, the plainness of the naval spectacle are eclipsed in a blaze of colour and crowd. Yesterday the sailors mourned their Queen; to-day it is the soldiers who conduct the illustrious dead. Through the silence of London winds the procession, on to Windsor, where within the chapel of St George's the assembled kings shall do honour to her Majesty. Nor did St George's, the home of pageants, ever witness so valiant a display. The suits of mourning

were all put off. The solemnity of funeral marches seemed a strange contrast to the trappings of splendour. The church glittered with jewelled orders and splendid uniforms. There was illustrated the grandeur, not of England, but of Europe: kings, princes, Knights of the Garter, ambassadors, thronged the nave and packed the inner chapel of the Knights. Everywhere was the outward show of joyousness and magnificence. Yet the show was outward alone. All men were united in a common sorrow, and the splendour of the spectacle was the homage most properly paid to departed kings. Monarchs passed in their gorgeous panoply, and again we scarce noticed them. It was impossible to disengage this great man or that from the prevailing grandeur, since all thoughts were still for the burden borne up the aisle by the Guardsmen, shoulder high; and when the coffin passed through the screen into the chancel, lit by the furtive rushlights, which twinkled dimly beneath the banners of the Knights, it seemed to have found a more fitting resting-place. Then, as in a dream, we heard the voices of bishops and heralds; we were conscious that the dignitaries of State and Church, men bearing ancient names and hereditary titles, had passed before us. The rest was silence and a strange affright, and slowly we came out of the past into the present world which we know.

For the last great service in honour of our great Queen

illustrated, as nought else could illustrate, the continuity of our splendid history. It was thus, we thought, that Elizabeth died and was buried; it was to a similar accompaniment of dignity and magnificence that all our kings have passed from the throne. And this reflection is our best comfort for the future.

A nation prospers in continuity, greatness grows in progress, if its progress be not disturbed; and when we saw pass before our eyes the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Hereditary Grand Marshal of England, and the Keeper of the Great Seal, we forgot to-day, thinking only of yesterday and to-morrow. Kings and queens are born, reign, and die; but the country which respects its traditions lives always, superior to the buffetings of chance and the evil surmises of false prophets. So Victoria, her work valiantly accomplished, is gathered to her fathers; but England remains, the better for her example, the braver for her courage, the greater for her wisdom.

And as we saw that "wonderful piece of earth" carried through the porch of St George's Chapel, we thought how majestic is the death of those who live majestically. The worshippers, noble as they seemed, were less in our mind and eye than the worshipful dead. There in the church's narrow space were the great kings of the earth, and they were there in subordination to the will and respect of our dead Queen. They walked behind her coffin in simple reverence, because they recognised in her

the virtues and valour of their order. And again we thought, it is grandeur, not goodness, which thus attains its highest reward. Simple and austere as was Victoria, endowed as she was with the homelier virtues, she was yet a Queen who never tolerated familiarity nor countenanced interference. When she passed in the streets, she seemed affable to her people, and her affability was never shaken. But she was a Queen, who, though she lived in no splendid isolation, though she appealed to the fancy of the world by no freak of luxury or extravagance, kept always aloof from impertinence or vain popularity. So when she died she was mourned not only by her people, whose grief was the sincerest, but by other kings, upon whose office she has conferred an honourable dignity. And thus it was that the simple grandeur of her naval procession best befitted the grand simplicity of her life and reign. She ruled the sea as no monarch has ever ruled there, and her

progress from Osborne to Portsmouth impressed her admirers, with its mysterious poetry and its vague echoes of music and artillery, more deeply than the finest array of scarlet and gold. Her epitaph is written in the hearts of her subjects, her title to greatness is indisputable, and the last eloquent words of Elizabeth might well have been repeated with her last breath. "To be a King," said Elizabeth when for the last time she opened Parliament, "and to wear a crown is a thing more glorious to them that see it than it is pleasant to them that bear it. For myself, I was never so much enticed with the glorious name of King or the royal authority of a Queen, as delighted that God had made me His instrument to maintain His truth and glory, and to defend this kingdom from dishonour, damage, tyranny, and oppression." It was a proud boast, which Queen Victoria, in her devotion to the Divine will, might have echoed without pride or wilfulness.

KING EDWARD VII.

"Never king of England
Had . . . more loyal subjects."
—*King Henry V.*, Act I. sc. 2.

THE long and glorious reign which has just closed, amongst its many titles to the grateful appreciation of this and future generations, has transmitted a great heritage of loyalty to the throne. It is not merely good fortune, but it is one of the Queen's titles to posthumous veneration, that the training of the Royal Family, and above all of the heir to her throne, received her utmost solicitude. One of Disraeli's tributes to the memory of the Prince Consort, at the first meeting of Parliament after his death, was in recognition of the profound consideration which had been given to that subject. Forty years have elapsed, and all agree that the sentiment of loyalty and personal regard so long inspired by the Queen is easily, and with a feeling alike of self-respect and just appreciation, transferred to the new King. He has a strong personal claim to it, apart from the hereditary title. In the course of his career he has visited the United States and Canada in 1860, and cultivated cordial relations with our transatlantic friends; and in 1875 he completed a magnificent progress through India, which initiated and materially encouraged the growth of direct personal relations between the British sovereign and the Indian princes and chiefs. No opportunity seems to have been

missed by him to cultivate relations with Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and by means of personal visits to the European Courts, notably during a long Oriental and Continental tour, undertaken with the Princess in 1868-69, to extend his acquaintance with foreign Courts and statesmen. During the whole of the forty years to which we have alluded, owing to the Queen's retirement, no inconsiderable share in discharging the functions of royalty have devolved upon him, and he has displayed not merely dignity, tact, and capacity, but a self-effacement and unswerving loyalty to his mother which recalled the best efforts of the Prince Consort. Both father and son occupied positions of extreme delicacy and difficulty, and both equally discharged the high duties which devolved upon them in a way which added strength and dignity to the throne.

On personal grounds, therefore, the new King has established a well-founded claim that the same loyalty which he displayed as the first subject of the Crown should now be shown to himself. And when it is remembered that on no single occasion did he ever overstep the line marked out for him by the Constitution; that, so far from intriguing with any political party, he never compromised himself

in the slightest way with any statesman or any party, but gave his best influence to smoothing the relation of rival leaders with the Crown,—the cordiality and enthusiasm with which his accession has been received are fully explained. There is not a blot on his political record to which any of his new subjects can point as a past failure in his duty to either throne or nation. Nor is there a single incident which can throw doubt on the sincerity of his determination "to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and as long as there is breath in my body to work for the good and amelioration of my people." On the contrary, an unbroken adherence to constitutional usage during the whole of his career as Prince of Wales, the longest in English history, gives a well-founded conviction that the Victorian era of strictly constitutional monarchy will be of long continuance.

It was a relief to the whole nation that the title assumed should be in revival of association with an ancient monarchy, and with predecessors of special distinction. Its adoption may have been intended from his birth. Be that as it may, the filial debt was amply paid by consistently executing the scheme of political duty, carefully devised and maintained by his father, as devolving upon a prince closely allied to the throne. The graceful reference to the Prince Consort, in the King's first speech to his Privy Council, closed that portion of his life. As sovereign of the

empire, he revives the memory of his predecessors on the throne, and resolves to walk in the footsteps of his mother. His father's name stands by itself, an object of historic reverence, appreciation, and regard; but there was no necessity to give an air of novelty to a throne which has stood for a thousand years, by including his name in the new monarch's title. The hereditary title rightly outweighed all other considerations, for what a vast inheritance has been transmitted! In the history of the world, nothing like it has been seen, or perhaps imagined. King Edward VII. succeeds, by a title which is incapable of dispute, to an empire which includes, as its predominant partner, that which happily is still the United Kingdom. It also includes the vast empire of India, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, now firmly welded together under his government. Then there are the vast dominions in Canada, Australia, and South Africa; together with Egypt and more than fifty colonial dependencies scattered over the face of the habitable globe. Last, but by no means least, there is the dominion over the seas, which is the basis on which the whole of this vast inheritance rests. The only comparison to be instituted is that with the old Roman emperors, who ruled over practically the whole of the known world. The personal despotic power of each emperor may have been in most cases far greater than can be wielded by a constitutional sovereign of the twentieth century. But the

insecurity of that power, at the mercy of military caprice within, and menaced by distant barbarians without, its borders, and the violence which so often terminated the life of one emperor, and decreed the accession of another, forbid the only comparison which is possible. The British empire is not merely vaster in extent, it is highly organised and regulated by strict legality from one end of it to the other. It rests on an ancient throne, fortified by free institutions, and the guarantee for that constitutional rule of the sovereign which is the ultimate security for the organism lies not merely in the success which it has achieved, but in the contemplation of the endless confusion and incalculable perils which would result from its wilful and persistent infringement. Constitutional rule—that is, of King, Lords, and Commons—is the rule which the British race, long centuries of its men, have built up. It is the rule which enables the extensive mechanism to work smoothly and steadily, and which renders this vast imperial inheritance, of which every British subject is as proud as his sovereign, secure in its transmission,—a heritage of loyalty as of power.

The title chosen and so universally approved reminds us that this unprecedented inheritance, which has just devolved peacefully and with world-wide acquiescence, has its roots far back in history, and is the steady growth of a thousand years. It is exactly that period since the first Ed-

ward, son to Alfred the Great, ascended the throne. The name is associated with the Saxon monarchy, the ascendancy of law under the English Justinian, the wars with France under Edward III. and the Black Prince, the Wars of the Roses, and the Reformation. It was under the vigorous Tudor monarchy, which was established on the ruin caused by the Wars of the Roses, that the reformation of religion occurred, and the foundation of empire was laid. From Elizabeth, who reigned with a disputed title over half an island, to Queen Victoria, whose wide undisputed empire stretched over the whole surface of the globe, what a record of continuous growth! *Imperium et libertas* have been the dominant passion of the race which achieved it. The passion for empire has been dignified because associated with an even stronger determination to spread the principles of self-government, personal freedom, and liberty of thought and religion. The result is that Edward VII. when he ascends the throne can, in response to countless tributes of sympathy and cordial loyalty from all parts of the world, issue messages to "my people," meaning the United Kingdom, "my people beyond the seas," meaning a world-wide colonial empire, "the princes and people of India," meaning an oriental empire which transcends the wildest dreams of Napoleon.

The qualities of race have been, of course, the chief factors in this achievement—

its energy, its spirit of adventure, its capacity to colonise, to rule subject-races, and to vindicate its liberties in the State and in religion. But loyalty to the throne and devotion to the Protestant religion have been closely connected with its success. It was the latter which dissolved the French and Scottish alliance, and led to that English and Scottish fusion which established Great Britain; which arrayed these islands in deadly hostility to Philip II. and the power of Catholicism, and created all the impulses to that national career which broke away from Europe, destroyed the Armada, and laid the foundation of colonies and sea-power. During the seventeenth century continuous efforts were made at home to settle the terms on which loyalty to the throne and Protestantism could be secured, with the result that the Revolution of 1688 and the Act of Settlement became the foundation of our existing polity. The civil war in one century showed that constitutional rule could not be transgressed, by either king or parliament, without results fatal to either side and the establishment of military tyranny. The American war and Declaration of Independence in another century showed that neither could it be transgressed in the regions beyond seas. Concurrently with the settlement of this tremendous controversy as to the working of our machinery of government, the work of developing sea-power and

colonial empire was never for an instant relaxed. We succeeded to most of the empire which had fallen from the grasp of Spain; we contended successfully with the Dutch for commercial and naval ascendancy; we overwhelmed French efforts to gain control over India, Egypt, and Canada, and emerged from our fierce conflicts at home and abroad with that *imperium et libertas* fully established which it is now the joint interest both of the sovereign and of his people in these islands and across the seas resolutely to maintain. The tyranny of Laud and Cromwell stain the history of the home conflict; whilst the successful resistance abroad to the deadly enmity of Philip II., Louis XIV., and Napoleon attests the invincible resolution of the British in their imperial career. In the result we can point to a world-wide dominion under the sceptre of Edward VII. which is consolidated, durable, and free, and whose determined maintenance gives to Europe, and the world in general, the best guarantee which can be devised for peace, freedom, and international prosperity.

The first meeting of the new King and his Parliament was not merely a brilliant pageant, — it was an occasion full of historic reminiscence, suggested by the declaration which, in obedience to the Act of Settlement, the King made against Roman Catholicism, in terms which, however unsuited to the milder sentiments of the age, reminded us of the fierce con-

flicts through which our forefathers secured freedom in religion and self-government under our ancient constitution. It was also full of world-wide responsibility. The speech from the Throne referred to the capture of Peking, the despatch of Indian troops to China, the submission of the Chinese Government, the establishment of the Australian Commonwealth, a royal progress by the Heir-Apparent to open its first parliament, and thence to New Zealand and Canada, the suppression of rebellion in Ashanti, and the removal of the "chief impediment to the progress and development of this rich portion of my West African possessions." Its subjects of anxiety were: suffering and mortality, caused by a prolonged drought "over a large portion of my Indian empire"; and the loss of life and expenditure of treasure, due to the fruitless guerilla warfare maintained by the Boers in South Africa. The latter incident is the one dark spot on the brilliant surroundings of the scene. Fortunately, it is one which needs a great deal of exaggeration to become a matter of national anxiety. The Royal speech was able to say that "the capitals of the enemy and his principal lines of communication are in my possession." We may contrast that with the position exactly a year before, when the empire itself was at stake before Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking, and the future was all uncertain. The recently published despatches of Lord Roberts show how momentous the issue ap-

peared to the chiefs of the army, and what risks had to be faced and surmounted before the empire was saved from the existing peril and the contingent complications by which it was surrounded. The same national determination which has achieved the result proclaimed by the Speech may be relied on to secure that complete submission which all the sensible part of the Boer community must feel to be alike inevitable and in their own interests. As soon as practicable thereafter, the King's Speech virtually pledges the country to establish in the conquered colonies institutions which will secure equal rights to all the white inhabitants, and protection and justice to the native population, such as neither of them ever enjoyed, or could hope to enjoy, under the grinding tyranny and corruption of Kruger's Hollander gang.

The present surroundings and future prospects of the empire seem to us to be at least so far satisfactory that a certain reminder of the past need not be excluded from attention, even though it involves a less pleasing consideration. A protest was signed by Roman Catholic peers of weight and distinction in the State against the terms of the oath which the Sovereign was obliged by statute to take, as being specially provocative to the religious feelings of Catholics, and as causing the deepest pain to millions of his Majesty's subjects. Some of the organs of public opinion have treated

the matter as merely one of private feeling. But the Act of Settlement which imposes it is one of the fundamental laws of the United Kingdom. Under it the inheritance to the Crown itself is not absolute. It is by Act of Parliament a conditional inheritance, of which this oath, practically taken by the Sovereign in presence of both Houses of Parliament, is a perpetual reminder. The inheritance is "limited to such heirs only of the body of Princess Sophia as are Protestant members of the Church of England, and are married to none but Protestants." To tamper with that settlement should require a much stronger case to be made out than mere annoyance with the terms of the oath. Those terms, in their emphatic directness, are a reminder of the intense seriousness which our forefathers, fresh from the life-and-death struggles of emancipation which had lasted for more than a century, regarded the maintenance of the Protestant faith. It is a faith which goes down to the very roots of the national character, which has inspired more than three centuries of men with lifelong resolution to maintain freedom of thought and action, to secure and extend as far as possible over the world the blessings of liberty and self-government. It is the dominant principle of the great Anglo-Saxon race throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and the United States of America, and of all progressive races everywhere. It is interwoven with our constitu-

tion in Church and State, and no considerable party in either Church or State would wish to enfeeble it. We regret that the terms of this oath should give pain, and we fully believe in the complete loyalty of those who feel it. But we cannot cast our eyes abroad without seeing that we owe a deep debt of gratitude to our predecessors who conducted this great struggle for emancipation to a successful issue, and framed this oath, even though its terms may grate upon a modern ear. If we look at the conduct of the Vatican and French clericals during the Dreyfus trial, at the anti-Jesuit conspiracies abroad, at the intolerance displayed towards religious sects which are opposed to the Roman Catholic Church, at the rising claims and provincial narrowness of the Papacy, at the growing hostility towards it in Italy, Spain, Austria, and Hungary, and even at the strange vagaries of the English Church, we may read with pleasure an oath which reminds us that this repressive system has been for many generations exorcised from the British Constitution. The varying waves of sentiment may from time to time bring back a current of fervid ecclesiasticism in England, but the mass of the English as well as the Scottish people are firm in their adherence to the faith of their forefathers.

The close of one reign and the beginning of another exactly synchronise with the change from the nineteenth to the twentieth century. The continuous progress and prosperity

we are enjoying at present shows no sign of breaking; and as soon as we can close the Boer war and re-establish order in South Africa on the one hand, and on the other set some limits to the vast and ever-increasing expenditure at home, both imperial and municipal, there is no immediate cause for anxiety for the future. The increase of wealth and luxury has not sensibly enervated the character of the people. They are as brave and adventurous as ever, and as ready to face the hardships and perils of a just war. The intellectual movement has been and is considerable; there has been immense activity in literature, in science, in religion, education, and social organisation. Nor does there appear to be

any check or any disposition to pause in this advancement, whether moral or material. The Victorian reign will stand out in history as an era by itself, as one of immense national progress in all directions. There is no reason to fear that, as we revert to our ancient line of kings, that progress will either cease or be retarded. On the contrary, we begin the new era with every hope that it will prove to be a continuance of the old one, and that at the close of the new reign we may justly conclude that increased vitality has been given to the throne and its surrounding institutions, and that loyalty to its occupant will have lost nothing of the enthusiasm which his bright accession has inspired.

Victoria R. et I.

THE great Queen who has now entered into rest has received many tributes of loyalty and love from the vast Empire which was proud of her rule. A proof of the admiration of the people for their Sovereign is the eagerness with which any record of her, however slight, is sought for and read by them. It may therefore not be inappropriate to draw attention to one or two specially attractive features in the character of Victoria the Good.

Among the remarkable qualities possessed by Queen Victoria, one of the most striking was her perfect simplicity of mind:¹ this showed itself in a certain shyness of manner, the charm of which it is more easy to imagine than to describe. That the Queen of England and Empress of India was shy may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, and more than one allusion to this characteristic is to be found in the published Royal Journals.

In the years when the Queen's frame still retained much of its original elasticity, her walk was the perfection of dignity and grace. Although small of stature, and having in her later years lost her slightness, no one who ever saw her Majesty enter a room or leave it could have wished for a moment that her height had been more imposing.

The guests who assembled in the corridor at Windsor

¹ Allusion to this characteristic was made, a few weeks ago, in the speech of an ex-Cabinet Minister.

or in the drawing-rooms at Osborne and Balmoral would not, though strangers, have needed to hear the page's announcement of "The Queen" to enable them to recognise the Sovereign.

There was a suggestion of her shyness in the slight pause the Queen made before going up to speak to her guests after leaving the dining-room; then with a quick light step and an inclination of the head she advanced, and, after conversing with each in turn, gave her hand as she took leave. On retiring, the Queen would turn as she reached the door and take a silent farewell of the circle by a most graceful sweeping curtsey, in which every one present felt included.

On one occasion at a garden-party the Queen seemed to hesitate before descending the steps at the foot of which the numerous guests were awaiting her arrival. "It really makes one feel quite shy," said her Majesty afterwards, "to see all these people standing there: one doesn't know whom to speak to first." Yet she never was known to make a mistake.

At another time, when about to attend a christening, the Queen mentioned that she felt quite nervous, adding, "I always am nervous on public occasions." Some one present ventured to remark that this could not have been imagined for a moment, as her Majesty's voice never trembled, and no movement indicated the slightest sign of agitation. "But I *am* so *very* nervous," said the Queen, "that sometimes when I have had a speech to read, I have been obliged to steady the paper on my knees to prevent it from shaking."

A faithful and most devoted subject of the Queen relates the following incident: "The first of her Majesty's appearances at any public function after the death of the Prince Consort was when she laid the foundation-

"stone of St Thomas's Hospital. Next day I had an interview with her at Windsor. She asked me whether she had shown any symptoms of agitation or nervousness. I answered, 'None.' Upon which the Queen said: "I am so glad. The truth is, I was shaking down to 'the soles of my feet.' At that time I had become so familiar with the expression of her Majesty's face, that I could read in it at the Hospital the strong constraint she was using to maintain her self-command."

The silver-toned voice and perfect enunciation of the Queen have been the admiration of all who have heard her speak, and few of those who listened could have surmised the effort that it cost her to perform a public ceremony. The Queen was entirely devoid of vanity, and although particular as to her dress, cared nothing for personal adornment, or for what might produce an effect. It was only to gratify her children and her people that the Queen, on a few special occasions, laid aside the deep mourning which, after her great bereavement, she invariably wore. From personal pride of every description Queen Victoria was absolutely free. The tokens of universal respect and homage which surrounded her, and were so eminently her due, were accepted quite simply, without a shade of self-consciousness. The Queen was, however, quick in perceiving any traces of pomposity or want of good manners in those with whom she conversed.

Once, when speaking to a certain Countess, the Queen inquired whether she still had an unmarried daughter. "Yes, your Majesty, Lady — —." The Queen afterwards related the anecdote, adding with a smile, "It was *a little odd*, you know, to say that to me."

The wonderful memory of Queen Victoria for every political event of her reign has been the admiration of

all her Ministers. It was supplemented by an unrivalled accuracy of detail, enabling her to recall not only facts and dates, but even the words that had been used on any particular occasion.

In the history of her ancestors of the House of Stewart the Queen took a special interest. For Mary of Scotland she felt the profoundest pity, which was at least equalled by her strong antipathy to Elizabeth.

Referring to this one day, the Queen laughingly related the following anecdote: "Once when I was about fourteen, and my mother and I were at Margate, we went on board a steamer. As we were crossing the gangway a woman in the crowd looked hard at me and then said to some one near her, 'Another Elizabeth! I *hope*!' I turned and gave her *such* a look! 'I was *furious*!' added the Queen with a smile, as she recalled the incident.

It was well known that the unfortunate son of the Chevalier de St George must never in the Queen's presence be called the Pretender, and she herself invariably spoke of him as "Prince Charlie," or Prince Charles Edward. These names were, with the full approval of the Queen, given to her grandson, the present Duke of Coburg.

The Queen's love of reading and her extensive family correspondence made the diminished power of her sight in later years a peculiarly painful trial: she bore it, however, with the greatest patience, and even with cheerfulness.

Those who saw the Queen only in recent years when driving in her carriage, could form but an imperfect idea of her countenance. Her unfortunate inability to distinguish faces at a distance deprived her features to some extent of the brightness of expression by which they had formerly been lighted up in acknowledging each salute offered as she passed along.

Although for some years the Queen had been compelled, in public as well as in private, to have recourse to a stick when she walked, her dignity of bearing still remained undiminished, and there was something pathetic in the grace with which she bowed. In still more recent years, the additional support of an attendant's arm became necessary to enable the Queen to walk from her private apartments to the dining-room. That she should have continued to make this exertion, is another proof of the strength of will which maintained its control over her frame to the last.

Of the comfort and happiness which the Queen enjoyed in her family it is needless to speak. It may be remarked, however, that the nation has at no period of its history seen such perfect relations exist between the Sovereign and the Prince of Wales. Edward VII. has filled the difficult and delicate position of Heir-Apparent to the Crown with consummate tact. With all his deep affection for his mother, he never forgot that she was also his Sovereign and he the first of her subjects.

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DIES IRÆ.

BY "LINESMAN."

IN the lives of most men there has been a week at the memory of which ever afterwards a dark cloud comes down and makes a possibly sunny world momentarily a place of gloom. It may have been a week of injury or of crime, of loss of wife, children, or fortune; perhaps of that silent wrestling with spiritual forces which is one of the most common and mysterious visitants of men in a state of education, wherein increasing knowledge battles eternally with increasing doubt and distrust of knowledge. Every man has had this black week in his life,—a week of despair and the sick horror of defeat, of which, as I say, even the reminiscence can put out the sun, and keep one staring dully back into the desperate

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past until the fit is gone. And what a man experiences an army experiences: not as an agglomeration of men—for to each *homunculus* of that mighty *homo*, an army, his own private happenings appear to bulk larger than the vast ones he shares in—but as a soul in itself compact of thousands of souls, all utterly subservient to the interests of the entity in which they are lost and whelmed. Much has been written of the unanimity of mobs in the street. It is as inferior to that of an army as disorder is to discipline, and is only better known because men sit in window-seats, pencil in hand, and quiz a mob wherever collected, whereas an army in action is far from window-seats, and its professional analysts, if

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it numbers any, are commonly too busy and absorbed to ply their curious trade. But in reality every man in the fighting-line is a moral sympiesometer in himself if he only knew it. What he feels when the first shell bursts at dawn the whole army is feeling; the same at high noon, with its roar of battle and its heat; the same when the firing dies with the dying light in the evening, and friend and foe sink down where they have crouched all day, too weary even to hate any more. All this sounds very unlikely and grotesque, but we assure the unbattled reader that it is true. The emotions that speed along a fighting-line come sometimes almost as a shock to oneself, they are so resistless, often so inexplicable and disconnected with the actual events in progress. But they come all the same, and come to all at once, and a moment of joy, a week of gloom, to one, is joy or gloom to all.

The general who can create this joy or dissipate the gloom has nothing to learn in his profession. That is what is meant by a "leader of men," and is a thing apart from strategical skill, or even personal popularity. It requires a strength amounting to genius to breast a great wind of emotion which seems to blow whither it listeth, so sudden and sometimes illogical is its direction. The majority are content to be borne along by it, which is but another way of saying that there are more inferior or mediocre generals than good ones,—a fact which might not be considered

remarkable had not this war clearly proved that, amongst its junior commissioned ranks, the British army is, judged by this standard, blessed with more good officers than bad ones.

The army of Natal, surely the most eager and purposeful army which ever took the field, had, in accordance with the aforementioned law, its black week in its short but eventful life. It had, as all the world is aware, very many dark weeks of suspense, danger, and defeat; but one especially, I think, over which the gloom brooded unrelieved from Saturday to Saturday, when even temporary triumph seemed to give no promise of victory, and defeat itself was silently accepted as the inevitable thing. I refer to the battle of Spion Kop, which did not at all, as many seem to suppose, begin and end with the catastrophe upon the kop itself. The actual fighting, the "rush and hold on" which distinguishes a battle from an engagement, began on Saturday, January 20, and ended when our troops dragged their exhausted limbs back over the Tugela pontoon again in the dawn of Saturday, January 27. Between these two dates the fighting was uninterrupted and dogged, and it is of these seven days of strain, with the thousands charging, firing, dying along the crest of the mountains, that one who was present will think when he hears the battle of Spion Kop mentioned in after-days.

I pass over the various stages of the approach of

Buller's army to the battle-ground. They seem, even at this short interval of time, a mere confusion of night-marches, casual bivouacs, and hasty snatches of sleep, with rumour more abundant than rations, and rain abundant enough. Then the pontooning of the ever-present Tugela, an ill-managed crossing—troops and baggage, baggage and troops—a watchful day on a ridge opposite Fairview Farm, with nothing to watch but a gallant little figure storming Sugar-Loaf Hill all alone,¹ and holding up his hat on the top as a sign of victory in the face of the whole army. Then a chaotic bivouac by Venter's Spruit, when a division might have been the prey of a moderately well-educated company, had the Boer army possessed one; men, horses, oxen in one huge muddle at the bottom of a bowl. Thus two days of idleness, whilst across the valley the Boers were digging for dear life, their labouring figures showing up plainly on the sky-line in the sight of wondering British private and wonderful British general. Then, when Boers were ready and Britons already disconcerted and distrustful—the battle.

John Martin, a genius well-nigh forgotten except amongst dealers and *dilettanti*, is the only artist I know of who could have done justice to the *mise en scène*. On the left a rank of tremendous spurs, stretching

out like huge gnarled talons into a fertile yellow valley, like a miser's hand towards a heap of gold. Between the spurs, of which the left one is the aforementioned Sugar-Loaf Hill, profound recesses and gorges, deep and dark as Tophet, with never a tree or bush to relieve them; at the head of each gorge the bluff face of the main feature, which stretches away towards the enemy's position more or less level. There are four of these spurs and three intervening gorges, and on the right of them the ground runs sharply away back from their alignment into the Boer position itself, curving back again some 2000 yards farther on. In the crescent thus formed lies "Three-Tree Hill," and in prolongation of its farther horn Spion Kop itself, a long, narrow-topped, hog-backed mountain, the thumb of the vast splayed-out hand. Beyond Spion Kop a spacious amphitheatre of level hills, destined to witness the next act in the drama, of which the fatal kop is the left, and Doornkloof the right, with little Vaal Krantz like a mere ant-heap in the centre, all innocent of its coming fame as the most shell-stricken kopje in South Africa. I briefly mention this amphitheatre because, though it has little to do with the coming struggle, a portion of the overflow of the great combat found its way into it, and a battalion of General Lyttelton's brigade at Potgeiter's

¹ This brave man, a trooper of the South African Light Horse, was killed next day by a shell on the very scene of his daring. I regret that I have been unable to find out his name.

Drift had to be sent forward to suffer in the final crash.

About 3 P.M. on Saturday, January 28, the Lancashire and Irish brigades, under General Hart, rushed the two right gorges, with a dash that was positively startling in its unexpectedness. The artillery preparation was a mere form. There was a hasty bang, bang, bang, from the artillery position on Three-Tree Hill, a terrified crackle of musketry from the occupants of the re-entrant, and up from the shadows burst the Irish and North-Countrymen with a typhoon of yells, and a momentum that nothing but death could stop. But death was there: a tremendous fire broke out from the ridge behind, as the cheering soldiers flowed over the level above the re-entrants. The foremost men fell in heaps, the rearmost were stopped, as all should have been stopped, at the crest-line. "Thus far, and no farther," sang the Mausers. "Farther back still," bellowed the French guns, as they tried to whisk the men off their precarious crest-line with well-aimed shrapnel. But the batteries on Three-Tree Hill, six field and two howitzer, have something to say to that, and the ground in front of Hart soon becomes a whirlwind of dust as the shrapnel beats upon it. The grass is set on fire and burns furiously, and all over the battlefield, as if sent by the telegraph-wire, runs the dreadful news that twenty wounded Boers are being immolated amongst the flames. O Bellona! what were the ancients about when they

dubbed you goddess? Or have such devilries only come with enlightened warfare? But the crest-line is ours, and our men cling to it all night, whilst the fire in front of them burns fiercely, and we of the reserve brigade lie chilly out on picket behind the newly won position, watching the red glow in the sky, and wondering who has been killed, and what the morrow will bring forth. Up on the hillside all is comparatively quiet; only an occasional flare of musketry shows how many pairs of eyes and ears are straining through the darkness watching for the slightest movement, all alert even at the rustling of the grass-tufts in the fitful night-wind. It is a lifetime, that clinging to a position won at nightfall throughout the night. The intensity of years is crowded into the sleepless hours, when men can almost feel the thousands of hostile eyes staring towards them, perhaps along rifle-barrels, or through the stalks of the long grass, nervously peering to stem a rush, or stealthily measuring whether the distance is short enough to make one. But there was no movement on either side, though the only sleepers were the British dead, which lay like seaweed marking the high tide-line of Hart's onset, and the poor charred corpses of the Boers lying hideously on the burnt black grass.

The dawn of Sunday, January 21, was greeted with crash after crash of volleys from the hill-crest. It is a curious thing, but in battles which extend

over days there is often a kind of hesitation as to which side is to say "Good morning" to the other first on any particular day, even though the situation is perfectly well known to both. It is very seldom that a line of sangars puts its hands, so to speak, funnel-wise to its mouth and bluntly yells it to its enemy: more often than not the day's work is begun by an apologetic dropping shot or two at long intervals, and it is commonly well on into the morning before the "potting" swells into the rattle and roll which tells that men are hard at it "with their coats off." But there was no doubt at all about this Sunday morning. There is nothing apologetic or doubtful about General Hart to start with, gallant fiery Irishman, too hot with the *ignis sacer* of fighting to see anything ridiculous in a sword angrily brandished at an enemy a thousand yards away. Soldiers under the eye of a man like this do not fire dropping shots, the rifles blaze and bellow and volley as soon as there is light enough to charge the magazines, their owners ready to speed after that waving sword, forgetting that it is as much an anachronism as the daredevil recklessness of its owner, careless whether it waves to Ladysmith or to Gehenna. How the volleys peal amongst the gorges and caverns, as the reserve brigade (General Hildyard's) streams forward to take the left re-entrant of the three—three battalions in front, the fourth (the writer's)

crowded out for the present, and held in support under a flat-topped kopje on this side of the valley. Over the yellow plain roll the lines of men, a shell or two singing over them and falling at random, with the well-known earthy thump and sulphurous splutter: they reach the base of the mighty ramparts, are lost for a time in the deep recesses between the bastion-hills, and reappear on the summit. There is a scuffle, a blast of musketry like the sound of rending calico, and the ridge, the barbican of the main work behind, is British property.

Why Hart and Hildyard were allowed to win these outworks so easily is not, I think, so much of a mystery as it is made out to be. The Boer main position, an immensely strong one, lay along higher ground about 1200 yards in rear of the summits of the spurs and gorges I have described, and separated from them by a nearly flat plateau, extending perhaps half-way back before falling away into the big donga which formed, as it were, the ditch of the fortress. The Boers knew well enough that no amount of strength on these outlying ridges could keep the English stormers from the crest-line, and the Boer is not a man who can think with equanimity of almost certain flight across a thousand yards of flat, with a triumphant British division hard on his heels. So, with that extraordinary acumen and appreciation of ground which they have always exhibited,

their leaders preferred to forgo the glorious rifle practice possible from the ridges at our troops in their advance across the valley, merely holding the crest with a skeleton line of pickets, whilst the main body lay all ready for the acres of slowly moving Britons they expected to see roll across the intervening plateau. At one time on this day their expectations were in part fulfilled. Some companies of the Queen's and West Yorkshire, ordered to essay what to every eye was the most hazardous of experiments, did rush up over the crest-line on to the naked flat. The roll of fire which greeted them told the result plainly enough, without the line of bloody stretchers which straggled back across the valley, with here an arm stiffly uplifted like a little mast between the stumbling bearers, or a leg flexed in pain or death. Where will British privates not rush at the word of command? and, in the name of pity, why are such commands given? Men must of course be asked to dare much in battle; but most soldiers will agree with me that in this campaign the knowledge that our soldiers will dare all has too often caused them to be sent to do it without sufficient justification. The cruel and ignorant home-bred cackle over the *Spion Kop* despatches would almost seem to show that the British Public, fond as it is of its soldiers, yet recognises no grain of mercy for them in action, no moment when a general, thinking that

the object to be attained is not great enough, certain enough to warrant the certainty of terrible losses, may say, "Hold, enough!" But soldiers know their public, and if the "front" has occasionally been moved to bitterness by the criticisms and cavillings of "home," by the cruelty and ignorance aforementioned, I can answer for it that the obvious ignorance has been always held in calmer moments as excuse for the apparent cruelty, and the only part of such discussions really deplored is the fact that results made discussion possible. I shall have occasion to refer again to this subject. It is a year now since England heard with horror of the days of wrath I am describing; but still the only memorial of the men who died during them is an unjust, unwholesome, and semi-political whispering and winking over the generals, over a Minister who, with a cynicism unparalleled even in a British Cabinet, publicly proclaimed his preference for cooked despatches to raw ones, over a gallant man who, in the eyes of all who know the facts, added immeasurably to his record of gallantry by daring to save a gallant brigade from certain annihilation. But at present all this is premature: to our tale again.

A lull followed the disastrous incident just described: it was of short duration, and was broken into by the first shot of six days' continual sniping and volley-firing. All along the ridge ran the steady roll of fire,

from behind low sangars, big boulders, from little depressions, sometimes dying away in portions of the line, sometimes redoubling in intensity throughout its length, as if by common impulse. Now a company would top the orchestra with rhythmic volleys, whilst the thousands of free-lances on either side stayed their hands for a moment as if to listen: then the independent firing would recommence, rifle by rifle, until the rhythm of the volleys was drowned in the tremendous rattle: then two or three Maxims would chime in, and the whole ridge resounded from end to end, peak calling to peak, ravine to ravine. What a study in diacoustics! Living for four days amid such a storm is apt to produce fancies, a sort of aural *fata morgana*. I became aware that the note permeating a battle is one endless E flat. How it sings and drones throughout the long days, audible, or rather sensible, amid the many-toned hubbubs around, dropping occasionally a third of a tone, but always reascending to its endless semibreve. It is the same in a storm at sea, only there the note is higher, more *aigu*, and not nearly so sad and menacing as the voice of the battlefield.

It was to this crashing accompaniment of musketry that the writer's battalion moved forward in the late afternoon to relieve a regiment upon the crest-line. A shell or two wide of the mark, and a sprinkling of bullets dropping almost perpendicularly, were all the notice

taken of our unseen but doubtless signalled advance. Evening was just falling when we entered the deep gorge, at the top of which lay the battalion we had come to relieve. It was a curious and depressing spectacle. Imagine a huge basin of blackish-brown earthenware, with sides so steep that your neck is strained as you look up from your position at the bottom of it. From the encircling rim are darting innumerable spurts of flame, looking almost scarlet against the darkening sky: these are from the rifles of the men clinging like flies to the crest-line. All around a casual "whit! whit!" more felt than heard, as the Mauser bullets whisk down at the end of their flight and plop into the soft earth, or strike with a crisp spit upon a boulder. There are not very many of them now, for the Boers are "easing off" after a hard day, and we are sending them ten Lee-Metfords for one Mauser across the plateau. The relief is soon effected. We climb up the stony wall, the released battalion stumbles wearily past us, and disappears in the gloom behind to its well-earned rest, all save one of its officers, who refuses to go until he has found some of his dead still lying out upon the plateau. He pokes about in the darkness in front of us, at the hazard of his life, finds the horrors he is looking for, and on his return joins us in a hasty candlelight dinner, with as much unconcern as if he had been out mushroom-picking. Wonderful the adaptability of human nature, which

can handle death as if it were but the complement of life, or a casual part of it, instead of being its counterbuff!

The night passed quietly, with only an occasional spasm of firing from our crest-line; but, as before, the first glint of dawn on the 22nd was fairly roared at from all along the line. During the night the enemy had got a couple of guns in position on our left front, and these, accurately ranging with shrapnel, cracked and splashed their rain of bullets over our heads all day, though the slope was luckily too steep for effective results. Then another gun opened from the invisible right, also a pom-pom, whose procession of little shells raced across the flat below us at intervals, sometimes amongst the ambulance or the mules, once causing a universal catch of the breath by plunging straight into the midst of men, drivers, bearers, ration-carriers, &c. But the pom-pom's mission in life is to prove that the age of miracles is not past, and the ten little deaths found interstices in the crowd somehow, and no one was hurt. As a check to this display of artillery on the part of the enemy, a battery of howitzers trotted over from Potgeiter's, and at once came into action on a hill to our left rear, coughing away an unconscionable number of rounds in record time, but never once silencing the far-off bump! bump! which warned us on the hill-crest that another shell was sailing towards us. And so on all day, a featureless day; for there was not an instant's cess-

ation or slackening of the fire, the only occurrence that could have been called a feature in such a dead level of noise. Not an inch of ground gained, nor an inch lost; not a hint in any one's mind as to how the master-mind on Three-Tree Hill proposed to work out his climax. Then the night, an exact counterpart of the previous one, with the same yell of musketry at dawn, and the same visitations of shrapnel and pom-poms. Never was there such a dull battle, or one so wearing to mind and body. About 3 P.M. on this day, the 23rd, the writer's battalion was ordered back, and, after a cheerless night's bivouac in the valley, was sent across on the morning of the 24th to Three-Tree Hill "to support the attack on Spion Kop." So something had happened after all! From our bivouac we had seen a brigade forming up at dusk under the shadow of the great kop, evidently for a night-attack "or something"; but where and what was a mystery, until, just before we were starting for our new position, sights began to appear on the summit of the mountain which explained all. Spion Kop had been seized in the night.

One has learnt this much of caution in South Africa, to describe—nay, believe—nothing that one has not seen with one's own eyes. War-correspondents with one voice have proclaimed that no war has ever been worse conducted than this one: it is a fair retort that no war has ever been worse reported. If the tongue is an unruly member,

much more so is the ear which drinks in the gossip of inventive non-commissioned officers and camp-followers, and the hand which welds the farrago into enormous volumes of misinformation and unfairness, the only truthful representation found from cover to cover being the photograph of the author opposite the title-page. What the writer saw of the fight on the summit of Spion Kop was little enough; but it *was* enough,—enough, at any rate, to have rendered the subsequent recrimination and insinuation dreadful to the mind of a mere soldier in its unfairness and duplicity. As we started from our bivouac towards the fatal kop all was comparatively quiet on its summit. The stormers, having won the hill after a brief scuffle with a surprised picket, were busy rearranging the confusion of a night-advance, and piling up sangars with the few loose stones available: the enemy, much disconcerted for the moment, were quarrelling in the background as to their next move. Some were for retreat, others for a counter-attack, a difference of opinion subsequently split by a retirement of the whole of the Boer transport. Only a few hardy spirits lay on the far end of the ridge, waiting in the truest spirit of soldiery for “something to turn up.” Over all lay a dense mist, and a quiet which was curiously contrasted with the far-off volleys from the spurs and gorges of our left attack. Then the sun rose, and the mists fled before it, first from the green hollows and kloofs, then fading from the

steep hillside, the boulders appearing wet and glistening beneath it, then from the summit itself. When the last filmy coil had disappeared, one could see the crowded figures of the British force like little black marionettes against the light-blue sky, and how thick they appeared! Surely the summit must be very narrow if but one brigade must huddle together in this manner, a mark such as artillerymen dream of, but seldom hope to see in waking moments. The Boer artillerymen (no dreamers these) see them almost as soon as we do. A boom from the high ground, which ran like the crosspiece of a T across the line of the kop, a puff of woolly smoke in the air, and a shrapnel-shell, timed to a fraction, has swept through the pack upon the hill-top. Then the rifle-fire began, sharp, angry, incessant, from every crevice and every knoll: to us below the whole mountain seemed alive with noise. Then more shrapnel, strings of it, dotting the cobalt sky with balls of smoke as if a giant hand were flinging snowballs into the air, whilst beneath the mob of tiny figures swayed and shook, disintegrated and re-formed into packs in a manner terrible to see to one who knows what the lash of shrapnel is like. Now a trio of shells would burst at the rear end of the mob, which appeared to surge forward a little, reducing the depth of the target; then another placed with diabolical skill in advance of the first; the men in rear edged still farther forward, until a solid mass of humanity stood

relieved upon the sky-line. Quick as a flash the whole Boer battery was upon them, bang! bang! bang! a storm of projectiles tore into the black lump, which broke up into agitated patches, some edging forwards, some back, some disappearing altogether, as the men composing them fell lifeless below our line of vision. Again the same performance, shells behind, more forward, herding their victims on to the slaughter-ground for the *coup-de-grâce* of that appalling salvo. Splendid gunnery, but a frightful spectacle in all its silhouetted clearness up there on the razor-backed ridge, visible to the angry pitying eyes of the whole army. Meantime the artillery on Three-Tree Hill and the big naval ordnance over Potgeiter's blazed and thundered and roared their best and hardest, at first methodically, with calculation and much confabulation and levelling of telescopes, then impatiently, then wildly and despairingly. Will those Boer guns never stop! You may take it on the word of a gunner that each of them has been fairly hit at least six times; but still the booming from Heaven knows where, and the balls of smoke, "soft as carded wool," over the summit of Spion Kop. Even the pom-poms—whose lairs must be less hard to locate, since five-and-thirty different officers hurry up during the day to point out the exact position in five-and-thirty different places—add their stream of shells without let or hindrance to the avalanche fall-

ing upon the unfortunate men of Woodgate's brigade, the stormers of yesterday, the sufferers to-day. Poor General Woodgate himself is sharing it to the full: a bullet in the head, weeks of pain, and a grave in the peaceful little kirkyard of Mooi river,—such is the price too many another gallant man must pay when doctors or generals disagree, and have recourse to experiments. Then the mist and the night came down together: the firing ceased; but the weary thousands below, on Three-Tree Hill, in the gorges, and on the mighty escarpments, slept not a wink for fear of what might befall the stricken hundreds on the kop.

That night the hill was evacuated. All through the dark hours grey-faced men stole down from the summit, gaunt, dirty, utterly weary, but undefeated, and perhaps hardly aware how much they owed to the man whose courageous order had saved them from annihilation. To the onlooker the debt was plain enough, and the whole British army, as well as the fraction of it which left Spion Kop that night, owes it to Colonel Thorneycroft that the catastrophe, characteristically described by him as "the mop-up in the morning," is only a might-have-been in our military history. The attempt and its execution must stand for ever as that which in a commander is worse than a crime—a blunder. The army knows well enough who is to blame for that; but it is as well that

the rest of the world should remain in ignorance, even if it should mean the prolongation of the pitiable discussion, for the burden of the responsibility for such a tragedy is too heavy for one man to bear in public.

Next morning saw us (the writer's battalion) still on Three-Tree Hill, under the shadow of the kop. Looking up to the clear-cut hog's back of its summit, one could see single figures moving leisurely about where yesterday a shell-riven crowd of hundreds had swayed and shifted. These slow-moving figures were those of the Boers wandering amongst the dead, who lay in serried packs behind many of the paltry sangars. A few shots rang out from odd corners of the vast mass, and then there was silence. An armistice had been arranged, to allow of the ghastly heaps left from the threshing of the day before being swept up and hidden. All day the work went on, doctors came and went, men could be seen digging against the clear sky, and every now and then a stretcher black with blood, containing something alive but not to be looked on, would be carried past the foot of the hill. Shells are unlovely killers and wounders: but for them there would be but little of the butcher's-shop suggestion about a modern battlefield, with its clean-puncturing rifle-bullets. But wherever the shells shriek and whirr will be crouching heaps of shattered humanity behind spattered stones, and the rent dismembered bodies in

the stretchers. Near us lay one of the battalions from the kop, a quiet brooding mass of men, sitting for the most part as motionless as carved images about the piled arms. That regiment is over two hundred years old, and was baptised at Dettingen; but its baptism in the Low Countries will be forgotten long before the fiery confirmation on these cursed kopjes of Natal. It may be a new theory to military philosophers, that it is the manner more than the number of the losses caused by any visitation which renders it a thing to live horribly in the memory for ever. There could have been little of the horrible when men galloped joyously at each other lance in rest, or stoutly faced each other afoot, eyes watching eyes over the bayonet-point, every muscle alive to the splendid sport of fighting: nothing repulsive in this, though it is true that ten fell to the steel to one who now collapses at the blow of a bullet or the whirling fury of a shell. But even when only 300 are swept and blasted off the face of the earth by modern shells, the incident (ye gods! Spion Kop *has* been called "an incident" in the halfpenny papers!) seems to be taken out of the realm of warfare into that of railway accidents, explosions, &c., and one reads of and witnesses them with much the same sort of sick horror as came upon one at the news of that most awful of modern catastrophes, the fire in the bazaar in Paris. But this is a digression, for which my

excuse must be another novel but irrefutable theory, that the memory of bygone battles renders a man more thoughtful and analytic than any other experience of life: they may truly be called the contemplative man's education, and one may see even in Napier's magnificent work how impossible it is for an eyewitness to describe the fights of civilised men without becoming dreamy and irrelevant.

Towards evening it became known that the British army was to retire, and the whole attempt to be abandoned. The left was to fall back first—that is to say, those on the ridges farthest from Spion Kop—and the whole force to march towards two pontoon-bridges thrown across the Tugela, guided thither by huge bonfires lighted at the head of each. Hardly were the orders issued when it began to rain, and what rain! Cold, pitiless, incessant, it drenched the thin khaki drill in five minutes (no one had anything but the summer clothing he stood in), and in five more converted thousands of perspiring men into shivering chattering ranks of misery. To the writer's battalion fell the task of covering the retirement. At night tactics have a way of reverting to first principles, and it was almost by instinct that the indistinct rectangles of the companies shook themselves out into a single rank stretching from end to end of the hill, the men shoulder to shoulder,—a frail enough buffer, one would

think, between two hostile armies. The movement accomplished, there was a momentary pause amongst the dark upright figures, then with a subdued rustle they disappeared; a mile of men had lain down to wait. Hour after hour crouched the long line on the sodden ground in the downpour in absolute silence, immobility, and wretchedness, officers and men stretched out so still amongst the mud and wet stones that the long row of them looked more like a dark furrow in the ground than a thousand armed men. The darkness was intense. Every now and then a suspicious noise ahead, distinguished in a second from the subdued bustle of the retreat in progress behind, would galvanise the frozen limbs into a momentary alertness. Then even this failed; men became actually insensible or silly from the cold, and had to be propped and lifted up to obey an order. Every moment an attack was expected, and only a fence of men in single rank to keep the enemy off the tail of the retiring army. That fence once broken, and a clear field given to the Boer sharpshooters, nothing could have saved Buller's army from the direst confusion in its difficult march over the slippery muddy tracks towards the pontoons. But ahead all was silent as the grave, not a movement visible on the dark ridges, dimly seen through the shroud of fast-falling rain. Could even hate or fear bring men to huddle along those lonely melancholy hills on such a night, in water-

logged trenches, with clammy rusting rifles in hand, when every instinct yearns for companionship and a crackling fire, from which one may look comfortably over one's shoulder out into the wild misery of a wet night on the veldt? And so the hours wore on.

Suddenly, about 11 P.M., a terrific blare of musketry burst like an explosion from the whole length of the enemy's position. From every trench leapt a solid line of white fire from the inky blackness, and the whisper of the rain was drowned in the well-known roar of Mausers, re-echoing across the empty valleys and kloofs like the break of the sea against a caverned cliff,—a magnificent sight and sound, but not a comforting one to us, who had hoped that the Boers were asleep, and not every man "armed, keeping his place." For a quarter of an hour the roll of fire pealed out in the silence, and the shooting flame danced along the dark hill-crest ahead of us, and then—as suddenly—silence and black darkness. I remember, even in that acme of anxiety, thinking how foolish those Dutchmen must be feeling as each man laid down his rifle after having sent fifty good rounds at express speed into—nothing! The reason of the outburst was obvious enough. Hearing the murmur and rustle from

our lines, the Boers—perfect anomalies in their heaviness of body and "jumpiness" of nerve—had pictured to themselves a night-attack. "Hark to that distant trampling of feet and rumbling of gun-wheels!" they said; "the Brit is at his old game: let us give him time, and smash him when he shall have arrived at the foot of this our hill, as we did at Magersfontein, as we would have done at Ladysmith had not Erasmus been cursed with a head as thick as the breeches of the guns he lost."¹ So they waited till they could wait no longer, and perhaps a quarter of a million rounds found their billet in the wet ground in the valley dividing the respective positions, for not one came near us. At the height of the outburst there was a hurried trampling and rush of feet ahead of us; a whisper went along the frozen line of men, "They are coming!" and chattering teeth were clenched, and blue fingers gripped hard at the dripping rifles. Woe unto any Dutchman who had ventured on that barrier of fierce and angry men, lying sullen and vengeful, motionless as a line of dark corpses on the sodden ground! One almost trembles at the thoughts and feelings aroused by that trampling of feet in the darkness—red thoughts which ran from man to man, and set the blood on fire in the shiver-

¹ When during the siege of Ladysmith an expedition from inside the town attacked Surprise Hill at night, and blew up the two guns upon it, the Boers threw the whole blame on Erasmus, who was in command of the hill, and had refused to believe repeated warnings given him by his outposts of the approach of British troops.

ing bodies. There are voices in the air over a line of silent soldiers awaiting an attack at night, and when the enemy draws near one of them falls to whispering "Kill! kill!" until even the cowards, if there are any, become butchers. But these were not Boers hurrying towards us over the stones, but some men of a battalion lost in the darkness, retiring in confusion and amazement from before that sheet of flame spurting from the hill-crest behind them. Nearer and nearer came the sound of them, and the battalion, lying prone and serried in their course, still waiting sternly for Boers, were just about to draw back the bayonets "half-arm" for the first fierce lunge when the identity of the wanderers was discovered. They were hastily gathered into batches, and reformed behind the comforting solidity of that immovable single rank. It dawns upon officers that their men have just been tried as highly as man can be tried in war. Pierced with cold, lying out in the open with no cover in front and none to fall back on behind, no supports, and the rest of the army in full retreat far away back in the gloom; then the rush of men and the leaping figures ahead, Boers for all they knew, and all around the dripping, steaming, dense blackness of the night, hiding even evil-memored Spion Kop itself, though it hung closely over them,—soldiers have rarely had to stand their ground against a greater temptation (ever present in

night-combats) to break and disappear, unseen and unquestioned, into the friendly darkness behind them. But no one is surprised. Were the whole Boer army, the amorphous mysterious thousands who have lain so long behind the kopjes, to come thundering over the flat upon that silent black streak of men, they would have to recoil many a time cruelly handled before they could obliterate it and pour onward over the place where it had been. After this another period of deathly stillness, accentuated rather than broken by the ceaseless rustle of the rain and the far-away murmur of the great army pressing towards the bridges.

At length, somewhere about 1 A.M., the whispered order came to retire. Like black phantoms the long line of men rose from the ground—all save one or two whom the cold had struck stiff and senseless where they lay, to be hastily picked up and placed on stretchers. Stealthily the companies closed upon their right, and moved off one by one, men's teeth clenched and feet contracted in the soaked chilly boots in a very desperation of attempted silence and secrecy. But the black hill-crest behind remained black, and no blaze of rifle-fire came at the sound of the hundreds of hobnailed boots stumbling over the stones. What a march that was, back over a stony quagmire down to the pontoon! The mud was as slippery as ice and ankle-deep; every second came the clatter of a falling

man or a struggling horse, every second a sudden check to the slow-moving column, when rear-ranks would cannon heavily with smothered blasphemy into their comrades of the rank in front. Here and there a stifled cry would tell of a sprained ankle, and a form would be carried out from the midst of the press to await the arrival of a stretcher. Every hundred yards or so the dark form of a horseman loomed up, motionless as a statue, cloaked and dripping: these were the mounted men distributed along the track to mark its course, —one of the admirable precautions of an admirably conducted retirement. About 4 A.M., just as dawn broke over the swollen dismal Tugela, the bridge was reached, and as the last battalion tramped over the worn-

out "chesses"¹ which swayed sicklily beneath the moving weight, a single shell sang drearily from the enemy's position away back in the mist, and fell with a splash into the thick water alongside. It was like the full stop at the end of a chapter, such a chapter as the British army has never had to write before—a chapter of failure and sorrow, unrelieved save by the ceaseless heroism of the dead and living whose duty it had been to write it. Pity 'tis that that last solitary shell did not put a period to the disastrous chatter, as it did to the disaster itself. Soldiers, at least, do not wish to be reminded by quarrelsome irresponsibles how much duplicity and subterfuge has clustered round the sacred and dignified mournfulness of those days of wrath.

¹ The planks which form the roadway of pontoon and other temporary bridges.

SOME EDITORS—AND OTHERS.

THE personal element lends something of interest to the least eventful life; but the modest autobiographer, attempting the slightest of sketches, should keep himself in the background. Egotistical he must be, but he ought merely to act as gentleman usher to old friends or acquaintances. The writer makes no pretension to personal renown, nor can he boast an exceptionally promiscuous acquaintance. But he has met with various celebrities and notorieties in his time; and though he has entered his protest against autobiographical conceit, it may be convenient if he often speaks in the first person.

Writing anonymously, he may speak with the greater freedom. Not that I have any fear of being harsh or libellous under an anonym—indeed the temptation is all the other way. For in retracing the half-forgotten past you feel as if you were treading a graveyard, where some of the crumbling stones are weather-bleached by time, while others stand cut fresh from the chisel, though all are marked with familiar names. Thackeray talks of the death of a single club member who is missed from his habitual seat, though he may be rather missed than regretted. But I know nothing sadder than the half-waking day-dreams in the morning-room of such a club as the Athenæum—that rallying-place of literary and political

life—in the dull half-light of a winter afternoon. The dimness seems peopled with phantoms which take familiar shape and form. They speak with the old voices; they jest in the old words; they even laugh, though the laughter sounds strangely lugubrious. You can see them through solid walls crowding round the latest telegrams in the hall—telegrams relating to events the wisest of them had never foreboded. Then you wake up with a start, and as the spectres vanish and the faint footfalls die away on heavy carpets, you clear the mist from the eyes that pays an involuntary tribute to old memories.

To change the vein, and return to the living. My first connection with the literary world began nearly half a century ago, when as a boy I proposed a toast at a public banquet. It was a dinner given by a cousin to his tenantry in celebration of his coming of age, and it came off in a Scottish barn bedecked with evergreens. By a coincidence, for it could not have been prophetic, I was told off to propose the Press. Knowing nothing about it, I enlarged upon a personal grievance—the compulsory use of the paper-cutter. The reporter for the local journal responded, saying that if I had to “cut up” books like him, I would have better reason for grumbling. The hit told, but, as

Mrs Gamp might have said, "his words was prophecy." Since then I have criticised innumerable books, and, though pleasure and pain have been pretty evenly balanced, I have waded through muddy waters and endured infinite drudgery. The next dozen of years are a literary blank. The only break was when I made the acquaintance of James Payn, then conducting 'Chambers's Journal' in Edinburgh. Afterwards we were brought into closer relations: many of the brightest dinners I can recollect were in Warriston Crescent, and when he died I regretted a valued friend. But Payn was never happy out of London or far away from the "Reform," and in Scotland he was *dépaycé*. He never touched a rod or a gun; he never walked a yard when he could help it. And so our "own romantic town," with the biting winds which Louis Stevenson execrated, had few charms for him. Two resources he had: he was an inveterate smoker and whist-player. Night after night he was to be found in a small and select coterie of whist-loving soldiers and civilians. Payn, looking quizzically through his eyeglass, was the life of the gatherings, with his readiness of repartee and fluency of anecdote.

I saw him first, seated at the whist-table, when I had dropped in one evening from a foreign trip. For through that dozen of years I had been industriously sowing wild oats, partly on Highland hills and by the banks of salmon-streams,

but chiefly in foreign travel. Sowing wild oats I call it still, and yet it was casting bread upon the waters. For in knocking about the world one necessarily picks up a good deal, and studies men as well as cities. It was my good fortune, besides, to be an omnivorous reader. Very miscellaneous the reading was, and it is strange how tastes change with advancing years. Sometimes old favourites are neglected or forgotten, simply because one has fallen out of acquaintance. Who reads Robertson's 'Charles the Fifth' now? and indeed it was written with formal precision in a foreign tongue; for written English, as Lord Cockburn tells us in his 'Memorials,' was then wide as the poles apart from colloquial Scotch. I remember revelling in that venerable quarto, and, next to Harris's 'Wild Sports in South Africa,' it was my special delight. Foreign travel suggested books, endeared by scenes and associations. The Alhambra and Washington Irving's tales of the palace-fortress led insensibly on through his 'Conquest of Granada,' and a course of the multifarious works of that author. Yet Irving proved a dear bargain to John Murray, and on consideration I am not surprised. Heine, with his lamentations over the fate and fall of *der grosse Kaiser*, with which Lord Rosebery would have keenly sympathised, recalls the quaint architecture of the Hanse Towns and the broad flat field of the *Drei-Kaiser Schlacht*. The 'Village Tales' of Auerbach

—feliculously named—and the *Reisebilder* of Hackländer remind one of tramps through the Black Forest, and such meetings with the *Handelburschen* in primitive *Gasthauser* as rejoiced the jovial soul of Kenny Dodds. There are translations of foreign masterpieces with which one fell in love at first sight, and unfortunately they spoiled one for all subsequent editions. 'Don Quixote' is only to be really appreciated in the Spanish, but to this day the translation by Jarvis is the only version which appeals to me; and the same may be said of 'Sintram and his Companions' in the earliest English translation. It came out afterwards in the "Tauchnitz," and I bought the volume at Coblenz. I shall never forget my disappointment when I took it home to the "Riese," in the hope of a happy evening in Old Norseland. The translation may have been admirably done, but this was not the Sintram I had known.

The worst of aimless travel is, that one is laying up stores of everlasting regret. You wantonly wasted rare opportunities. It was the prodigal son coming down to the husks, when he should have been educating himself for his future responsibilities. But a liking for the arts carried me far afield. Once, from Munich, after an evening's talk with an enthusiastic chance-acquaintance, we made straight tracks for Copenhagen to admire the Thorwaldsen sculptures, taking the town-halls of Lubeck and Bremen on our return, by way

of breaking the journey. I have passed hours on the luxurious settee in the little *salon* in the Dresden Gallery making reverential love to the Madonna de San Sisto, and have had many a flirtation with less saintly beauties elsewhere, on the canvases of French and Flemish masters. I have stood rapt before the Last Communion of St Jerome in the Vatican; I have shuddered at the tortures of the martyrs in Valencia and Madrid; and have criticised Paul Potter's young bull at The Hague, from the point of view of an Islington cattle-salesman. The pity of it was that it was the caprice of uninformed fancy. The most fortunate of tourists is the enthusiastic artist, who, having thoroughly read up his subjects, has left his authorities at home. He fixes in his sketch-books what would otherwise be fleeting memories, and need never complain of the dullness of the picturesque medieval town,—though street-sketching needs nerve as well as talent and serene indifference to the unflattering candour of loungers in the streets, who are free with remarks and personal in their criticisms.

A first winter in Rome was scandalously wasted. Whist was being played in the English club from early afternoon to the small hours, and in those days I was as devoted to the game as Talleyrand. The points were modest, and another distinguished diplomatist set the worst possible example in the way of squandering time. The future Lord Lyons, then an

attaché at the Tuscan Legation, but detached on special service to the Vatican, was as regular in attendance as any croupier at Baden or Homburg. It was amusing to listen to his audible searchings of conscience, when duty called him to some official reception and inclination urged him to stick to the cards. Conscientious diplomatist as he was in essentials, inclination invariably trumped the trick. At a grand fancy ball at the Austrian Legation, permission was given to certain personages to come in plain evening dress, and Lyons was one of them. "If I went as I am," he said, "my dress would be plain to meanness," and it was quite true. Of course he had learned to control his feelings, but he hated losing to a lucky ignoramus. "It is impossible to gauge your play, sir," he ejaculated once to a dull youth who had been carrying all before him, "as you always hold four honours and thirteen trumps." But he was infinitely good-natured over anything in the way of business, and I gratefully remember the trouble he took about the *visé* of a passport, when it only involved breaking a contract with a *vetturino*.

Nevertheless one saw a good deal incidentally of the city and its environs in the picnics to Tivoli and elsewhere, in meets of the hounds at the tomb of Cecilia Metella, in visits after lively luncheons to the vaults of the Catacombs, and torchlight parties to the Vatican Galleries after late dinners. A belated rush at the antiquities,

before leaving for Naples after Carnival, brought a pious resolution, faithfully kept, to return to study them at a more convenient season. Moreover, the papal Rome was unique—such a city as can never be seen again. It was a survival of medieval picturesqueness, where abuses flourished like the mosses on the mouldering walls and the maidenhair draping the fountains; where in the masquerades of Carnival time you elbowed brigands from the Sabine hills in the Corso; where Antonelli, sprung himself from a brigand race, was Chief Minister, and, in short, it was when About wrote '*La Question Romaine*.' Now, the jerry-builder has broken loose on the Quirinal; the secular groves of oak and ilex have been hewn down; the smoke of a sugar-bakery obscures the view from the portico of St John Lateran; and the Coliseum has been scraped, and buttressed with new bricks, so that it might be mistaken for a colossal brewery in Whitechapel. But you can go by tramcar from the Piazza d'Espagna to the Vatican for three halfpence, and all is for the best in the best of possible worlds.

A more profitable winter in Rome was followed by a trip down the Danube to the Black Sea and Constantinople. There was no taking through-tickets by Oriental express. Embarking at Donauwerth, we came to shipwreck in the shallows, and were landed on what was still Campbell's "untrodden shore," to the consternation of a herd of half-wild horses. The *Kaiser-*

stadt was much as it had been when Sobieski raised the siege. The Graben was still the fashionable shopping street; the leading hotels looked at each other across the narrow Kärntner Strasse, and the palaces of historical magnates were approached by odoriferous slums. Down the river the old political landmarks had been shaken, but hardly removed. Servia had thrown off the yoke of the Turk, but Wallachia and Moldavia were subject principalities. The red flag of the Crescent floated over the Bulgarian fortresses which had been saved for the Sultan by British heroism. After catching a touch of fever *en passant* in a couple of days' snipe-shooting in the swamps of the Dobrudscha, Misseri's hotel in Pera was a pleasant recruiting quarter. The old Greek was an odd compound of shrewdness and stupidity. Butt, who was then practising at the Constantinople bar and acting as 'Times' correspondent,—he was afterwards judge of the Admiralty Court in England,—was sorely worried over one of Misseri's many lawsuits. It was a question as to the purchase of a flock of sheep, and though the hotel-keeper must have presumably kept accounts, for he made a fortune which was muddled away in speculations, facts and figures could not be driven into his brain. Half-a-dozen of the sheep had gone astray: he could not hunt them up, and was always returning to his starting-point. Constantinople was still resounding with the

echoes of the war; we had seen the chalk-marks of the British occupation on the stable-doors at Varna. The Great Elchi had gone home on leave, but he had left pleasant representatives to keep house at the Embassy. There were Alison, the accomplished orientalist, afterwards Minister at Teheran, and Lord Strangford, who, with deeper and more varied culture, had succeeded to the title of a more brilliant brother. The bright intellects seemed somewhat dulled in the enervating atmosphere of Stamboul and contact with drowsy Orientals. But they woke up in after-dinner talk over coffee and cigarettes on the garden terraces, when there would be a flow of reminiscences of the incidents of the war and the inner history of intrigues. It was an exciting interlude when a Queen's messenger turned up one evening, having ridden post from Belgrade to the Bosphorus, bringing the freshest gossip of the clubs to those home-sick exiles from Mayfair.

Pau in those days was a delightful winter quarter. It had not then been swamped in Americans, but there was a select American society whose hospitality was boundless. No bachelor who had the *entrée* need ever dine at his hotel. Dick Power, a Tipperary man who had married an American lady, hunted the hounds, and used to lead the field on his bay horse Traveller. If foxes were scarce, herrings were plentiful, and gave us many a good gallop, with no fencing and easy banks. Some-

times the meets were pushed nearly to Tarbes, and you saw more of the country than you cared to see, when planted on a blown screw a score of miles from the stable. Those Pau hacks were marvellous performers, considering they were hard at work every day in saddle or harness, on short rations of furze and bran; but fatigue was forgotten at the flash of a scarlet coat. There were two remarkable *habitués* of Pau who were so far singular that they seldom hunted. Both were heavy weights, for one was tall and muscular, the other broad and corpulent. Both should have made their mark in life, as indeed they did in a certain fashion. George Hughes was the younger brother of "Tom Brown," with a great family likeness to the author of that immortal biography, in which he is believed to have collaborated. Old schoolmates and college friends said he should have rivalled or surpassed his brother; but he was of a more retiring disposition, and handicapped by a competency which was safely invested. The most genial of men, he was great in charades and fond of private theatricals; but he frittered away talents which might have raised him to eminence. He was at his best and brightest in evenings in Pyrenean inns, when we had wandered into the mountains on fruitless fishing expeditions. They were the triumphs of expectation over experience, for though my companions were practised anglers, they seldom rose a fin. The third of our

trio was the Hon. Ferdinand St John, who perhaps knew more of Continental life than any living Englishman, and with his extraordinary gifts and family influence might have made himself anything he pleased. He was the hero of the memorable duel at Naples, when, after long and strong provocation, he shot the Count d'Arragon. Even when duelling was out of date, he was always consulted by friends in delicate circumstances. It may indicate his career and character to say that Lever used to tell him he should give the world his "Loose Thoughts and Incontinental Experiences." He was neither saint nor ascetic, yet he was a good man, and emphatically no one's enemy but his own. That, he used to remark, was the fate of his family. One generation was hard-working and respectable, and the next very much the reverse. He talked French and German with equal fluency: he had been hand in glove with most foreigners who had shone anywhere in society, and his *répertoire* of amusing reminiscences was inexhaustible. Another charming companion, to whom St John took very kindly, was Henry Scudamore Stanhope of Holme Lacy, that beautiful seat on the Wye, with yew hedges scarcely rivalled by the tree-avenues of Schönbrunn, and innumerable carvings by Grinling Gibbons. He succeeded to his father's baronetcy, and afterwards to the earldom of Chesterfield. An aristocrat in grain, he was a Radical in politics, and for a time held a high official

position in the Liberal hierarchy in London.

But the *wanderjahr* cannot be indefinitely prolonged when supplies are running short, and the first resort of the destitute, when trained to nothing, is naturally literature. If I fluked myself into an income, it is one of the wonderful instances of unmerited luck. Friends came to the rescue, and their introductions caught on. I well remember my first literary effort. It was a review of Wyse's 'Peloponnesus,' not done to order, and I was so satisfied with the result that I had the sense to throw it into the wastepaper-basket. But it encouraged me to launch two *ballons d'essai*—fictions founded on the facts of sporting incidents. One was addressed to 'Once a-Week,' the other to 'Chambers's Journal': they floated off into the air and were forgotten, when, most unexpectedly, many a month afterwards both were acknowledged and published. But by that time I was enrolled in the literary guild, and doing regular work. One fine morning, which was the turning-point of my fortunes, I took a flying shot at an advertisement. I had seen the announcement of a new Conservative weekly, the 'Imperial Review,' with an invitation to contributors. I sent a note to place my services at the disposal of the editor, and suggested as subjects Turkey and America. Of Turkey I knew nothing more than the visit to Constantinople had taught; of America I knew nothing at all, but some American question

was being discussed at the time. A courteous line of acknowledgment intimated that the articles would have consideration. How I worked at them! How I scored and interlined, and recast and rewrote! At last they were despatched in sombre recklessness, and I don't remember that I got any proofs. I cannot otherwise account for the thrill of desponding excitement with which I hurried to the nearest bookstall on the Saturday when the 'Review' was to appear. Both were printed, and both as leaders in leaded type. The rapture of that moment is not to be forgotten. Already half-way up the ladder of fame, magnificent vistas were opening before me. Like Byron, I had gone to bed obscure and got up to find myself a literary power. Perhaps I went a trifle too fast; but, in the words of Old Nicholas, it was "an otherwise well-conducted journal," and gave me constant and invaluable practice. It was owned by Mr Cecil Raikes, then member for Chester, an ambitious and rising politician. It had an able editor in Mr Luckie, and served the proprietor's purpose, though, as it put no money in his pocket, it came to a sudden stop. Proposals to revive it a few years afterwards came to nothing.

Prudence had suggested making preparations for such an eventuality, and this contributor had his ambitions like Mr Raikes. He got a helping hand from a friend in need, who is still to the fore and the front among our most eminent

men of letters. A friend he was, yet our acquaintance was of the slightest, and I had seen him first going at a hand-gallop along the banks of the Cam, cheering and coaching the Trinity boats. He gave kindly introductions to Cook of the 'Saturday' and Greenwood of the 'Pall Mall.' Cook had somewhat of a formidable reputation: he was said to be fastidious and capricious in the choice of his contributors, and indeed any self-made man had reason to be proud of having recruited such a constellation of varied talent. It was the pride of the 'Saturday,' like Captain Shandon's 'Pall Mall,' to be written by gentlemen for gentlemen, and not a few of the gentlemen were predestined to exalted places in the empire. Chief among the supporters was Lord Robert Cecil, who could wield an incisive and sarcastic pen, with no fear of, by an unlucky slip of the tongue, "putting his foot in it." It would be tedious to go through the beadroll of contributors who established the reputation of the journal. Faded daguerreotypes and primitive photographs, hung round the inner room in the Albany, formed an interesting historical gallery. For Beresford Hope, when he launched his venture, was lavish of money. The pay did not approach that of present-day halfpenny morning papers; but the editing was sumptuously done. The editorial and business departments were sundered by the distance between the Albany and the Strand. In the Albany the

editor was supposed to be seated from 11 A.M to 5 P.M. There the articles were arranged for in cosy talk. Ushered into Mr Cook's sanctum in some fear and trembling, I found the man in striking contrast to his surroundings. Nothing could be more suitably luxurious than the fittings of the room, with its thick carpets, its massive furnishing, and the usual literary litter of an editor's den. The veteran was then in his decay and drawing near to his end, but the old fire flickered up when he began to talk, and flashed out from under his shaggy eyebrows. His dress was a loose rough coat, something between a shooting-jacket and a dressing-gown, and a slippered foot stretched out on a leg-rest was suggestive of gout. They had told me he could be a terror, and I daresay he could; but nothing could be kinder or more genial than his reception. Had I been Lord Robert, or Stephen, or Venables, he could not have discussed proposals more respectfully, and I was dismissed in high satisfaction with one or two commissions on approval. It was a great relief when the first proof arrived, though I should have been less exultant had I known that the 'Saturday' never troubled to read manuscripts, but sent them straight to the printer—that is to say, when the writer was not an absolute outsider. However, in this case it was all right. When Cook was gathered to his fathers, bequeathing his

Cornish home and the best part of his fortune to the family of his friend and patron, Harwood, his sub-editor, resigned in his stead. Never was editing done more conscientiously. Harwood was never absent from the receipt of custom: he carried business into his evenings in his home at St John's Wood, and was not to be lured away by invitations to dinner. When he retired to Hastings on a pension, with his ceaseless occupation gone, it might have seemed that life would be a blank. But he was a man of resource, and, a Cincinnatus among the cabbages, he concentrated his interests on a garden the size of a pocket-handkerchief. He had the satisfaction of knowing he had never made an enemy! Nothing gave him greater pleasure than a visit from an old acquaintance and a chat over old times in the Albany.

The annual Greenwich dinner at the Trafalgar was a great institution. The editor took the chair; the proprietor was seated on his right, and the invitations were issued on a most catholic scale. Well and appropriately was it fixed for Saturday evening; for if the guests did justice to the cheer, work was impossible on the morrow. The solid dining only began after discussing all the fishes that swim in British waters. The wines were unexceptionable: the burgundy with the haunch, and the aged port, came from the cellars of Marshal Beresford, a noted *bon vivant*, who always kept a sumptuous

table in the Peninsula, even when the rank and file were on short rations. By the way, that legacy of the marshal had overflowed from the great cellars of Bedgebury into the vaults of No. G—1 Albany, and was far from exhausted when these premises were evacuated. It was a pleasant feature of those Greenwich dinners that there was no speechifying. A grace in two Latin words, and all was over. The invitations were miscellaneous, for many men of note were more or less in relations with the 'Saturday.' Lord Salisbury was sometimes seated next to his brother-in-law, and their nephews, the Balfours, both promising young men, were generally present. Your place at the long table was a lottery: you might be in luck or the reverse. It was well to have a friend at court in Wilson, the editor's factotum—an invaluable man, who could have run the paper in case of need. I can see him now as he walked round, rubbing his hands, and bending over the shoulders of favoured *protégés*, with the suggestive whispers of a ministering angel. When he died, the 'Saturday' had a heavy miss of him.

Those were happy times for a journalist who liked a free range and a long tether. The "middles" on all manner of subjects were the special attraction of the 'Saturday,' which gave much for the money. The 'Pall Mall,' which went off with a brilliant start, was conducted on somewhat similar lines. Editing and writing

were then done more leisurely; and if journals were up to date, they were not up to the day after to-morrow. The telegraph was in its infancy; the telephone had not been dreamed of. There was not a swift succession of editions. The paper was not mainly made up of snippets and extracts. Frederick Greenwood had catholic taste and rare literary discrimination. The clever criticism of an indifferent novel, indicating the faults and doing justice to the merits, pleased him as much as the most brilliant leader. Conducting the 'Pall Mall' or the 'Cornhill Magazine,' his keen look-out for rising talent carried him easily through a deal of drudgery. He could see at a glance what might be hoped of a novice. Writing once in acknowledgment of a paper that pleased him, he said, "Remember the 'Pall Mall' comes out every day, and choose your own subjects." As he is living, and likely to live, I say nothing more save that, in my experiences, as an editor of a newspaper he came only second to Delane. And even there comparisons are difficult and odious. Delane drove the great morning journal at express speed: Greenwood, strolling up to the office before noon, could do the work in more *dilettante* fashion.

The reading world owes a great debt of gratitude to the spirit and enterprise of the proprietor. George Smith, now D.C.L., originated the brightest of evening papers, and started the 'Cornhill' under the auspices of Thackeray. He has left an enduring memorial in

the 'Dictionary of National Biography': he launched Charlotte Brontë in the very beginning of his career, and has stood sponsor to Mrs Humphry Ward towards its close. When he started the 'Pall Mall,' he found powerful allies eager to help. Foremost among the leader-writers were Fitz-James Stephen, Henry Mayne, and the editor. Stephen was a legist by profession, with a legal and logical intellect, but a journalist by taste. He used to say he would rather represent the 'Pall Mall' than any constituency in the kingdom. Reluctantly he went to the East, to codify the laws of our Indian empire; and though the exile was ungrateful, he welcomed the work. On the voyage out and in the Red Sea, as I have been told by a fellow-passenger, he was still busy with the pen when all others were in their berths. But he hated Calcutta, and he hurried home like a schoolboy back from the holidays, announcing his arrival to Northumberland Street by a telegram from Southampton, asking that next morning a boy should be sent as usual for "copy" to his chambers in the Temple. Afterwards, in a series of philosophical articles, he crossed swords with Frederic Harrison, and not altogether to his advantage. I fancy the boy was duly sent to the Temple; but in Stephen's absence Mayne had stepped into his place as chief leader-writer. Then his brother and Matthew Arnold were of the *dei majores*. Leslie Stephen, who can make an effective speech, pleasantly

remarked once at a 'Pall Mall' dinner—they were given by the working staff, and used to come off at some inn in the suburbs—that he never felt so proud as when he saw the title of one of his articles flaunting anonymous fame on one of the orange posters.

A very remarkable man was Grenville Murray. A diplomatist in the East, he had made his mark at once by "The Letters of a Roving Englishman," which appeared in 'Household Words.' Murray had much of the French *esprit*. Afterwards he acclimated himself in France, and became a chartered libertine of the Boulevards. A victim with a Government grievance, scurrilous, satirical, unscrupulous, and vindictive, he came to signal grief. But in his better days that *verve* of his was *intarissable*, and no one was more thoroughly versed in the inner working of Imperialism. Reading between the lines, you see the secret story of the Empire and the manipulation of the machinery of French social institutions in the miscellaneous range of his contributions to the 'Pall Mall' and 'Cornhill.' The strange thing was, that when he died, or suffered eclipse, contributions with the unmistakable stamp were still continued, and apparently in the identical handwriting.

Another eccentric who rose and fell like a shooting-star was the cosmopolitan who wrote in prose and verse on all manner of subjects under the pseudonym of Azimat Batuk. An impecunious adventurer who scribbled from

hand to mouth, he let his lively imagination run riot in his impressions of English society and his denunciations of the *pays de Brouillard*, which takes its pleasures austere.

The 'Pall Mall' had the happy idea of originating the "Occasional Note." No one devoted himself more conscientiously to them than Maurice Drummond, the most genial of hosts and the most delightful of companions. The head of a Government department, he honestly believed himself the most hard-working of officials. His friends, like Mark Twain's quartz-mining cat, may have "thought different." It seemed to them that he must have taken an unconscionable time of a morning between his house at Hampstead and his office in Whitehall; and regular as clockwork he was to be found of an afternoon at "The Travellers" cogitating over "Notes" for next day. Really, they were his serious occupation. Always on the outlook for "pegs," he was admirably informed on all matters: he knew most people in London who were worth knowing, and had a memory that exactly served his purposes. It retained all he wanted and dismissed the rest. Nothing could be pleasanter than the little *al fresco* dinners in the garden at Froggnall, when one took him by surprise. Du Maurier, who was a near neighbour, would often drop in, and Drummond's little daughters stood unconsciously as models for innumerable early pictures in 'Punch.'

No one affiliated to the 'Pall Mall' ever passed through Paris without looking up the Hon. Dennis Bingham. From first to last, under the early *régime*, he was the journal's Paris correspondent, and with his Irish courage and his imperturbable coolness he forwarded his letters through both the sieges. Many narrow escapes he had, modestly hinted at in his 'Recollections of Paris.' His balcony in the Rue de Tilsit suffered severely from the cannonade of St Cloud. At this moment of writing I see a shell picked up there, which was transmitted from Bingham by Labouchere, "The Besieged Resident" of the 'Daily News.' The Commune kept a watch on his proceedings, but showed him a certain consideration. Communications between the Arc de Triomphe and the Gare du Nord, whence he smuggled out his letters, were always a task of difficulty and danger; and in the crisis of the storm and slaughter by the Versailles troops he was shut up for four-and-twenty hours in a house that was bombarded by both sides impartially. For one of the Communist leaders he had a sincere regard, and the chivalrous though mistaken Rossel would have found shelter under his roof had he not mislaid Bingham's visiting-card. He starved philosophically through the sieges, but nevertheless his expenses were great. The infraction of a cupboard in a house confided to him by a friend gave him one good Christmas dinner, which he shared hospitably with his

crony Hely Bowes of the 'Standard,' and other journalistic *confrères*. But the bill of his butcher in the Boulevard Hausmann was a curiosity. It included everything from camel and rhinoceros down to cats and rats—all charged at fancy prices; and his little *bonne* used to form one of the *queue* each forenoon at the municipality for the beggarly rations of coarse brown bread. In peaceful times Bingham's good nature was grossly abused. He charged himself with all manner of commissions—from sending over cooks and English governesses to consigning grand pianos and *pâtés de foie gras*. And his habits were so methodical that towards the hour of absinthe, which he never tasted, you knew exactly where to find him. For years the "Cardinal" was his house of call, and there he was to be found seated behind portfolio and ink-bottle. As he never drank himself, he was always grateful to a visitor who did something "for the good of the house," and he punctiliously insisted on paying for the *consommation*. Changed times in London and failing strength threw him out of journalistic harness, and he came to England to linger and die at Cheltenham. But he left a series of works, the fruits of indefatigable research, on the Bonapartes, the Bourbons, and the Bastille, which have never been adequately appreciated.

The 'Times' has been fortunate in its editors, and John

Delane was marked out by gifts and destiny to fill the editorial chair of the first of European journals. Probably he never wrote a line for his paper, but he played on its manifold keys with the touch of an accomplished operator. An unexpected piece of news might come in at the eleventh hour, and forthwith he struck the note that was to guide him through future developments, with the decision that seemed inspiration. His brother-in-law, Mowbray Morris, used to say that had he hesitated he would probably have been lost. At the same time, he steered a dexterous course, and was careful not to commit himself irretrievably. The burden of the weighty charge had been thrown upon youthful shoulders. He was always the intimate friend of John Blackwood, for so many years the ruling spirit of this Magazine, and of whom more hereafter. They were living together in lodgings between St James's Square and Pall Mall, when one afternoon Delane burst in on his companion with the announcement, "By G—d! John, what do you think? I am editor of the 'Times.'" Asked afterwards whether he did not tremble at the sudden responsibility, he said, "Not a bit of it. What I complain of in you young fellows is that you always shrink from responsibility." It was the complaint Wellington made of his ablest lieutenants in the Peninsula, and, like Wellington, Delane at once assumed the dictatorship, with an inflexible strength of will, tempered by outbursts of

confidence and geniality. He had a sure eye for the qualities that make the popular journalist. Asked for help with the authorities at the Colonial Office by a future colonial governor, he touched his ink-bottle, saying, "You have a fortune here, if you will stay with me"; and for years he kept a valuable contributor, who helped him well on many important missions. That man was only one of many who served their apprenticeship to statecraft at home and abroad under Delane's training in Printing-House Square. Personally he did his day-work in Serjeants' Inn, within easy reach of the office. The door was guarded by his confidential servant, a smooth-spoken Cerberus, and admission may have rather depended on the master's mood than on the urgency of the incessant pre-occupation. An interview, and a very leisurely one, was assured when the visitor had returned from foreign parts. For Delane, who was naturally profoundly interested in foreign politics, was the most many-sided of men. When he visited the Continent for a brief holiday, the goose-fair in the Vienna Prater, or a morning market at Bamberg, with the quaint costumes of the market-women, excited him as much as the details of some secret treaty manipulated between Ministers at Paris and Berlin. The most ready of note-writers, he seemed to be always scribbling. Half-a-dozen lines smeared across a page of notepaper with a broad-pointed quill indicated

the line of an important leader, and gave assurance of direction. He was ever on the look-out for versatile leader-writers, and was by no means pleased when a hopeful *protégé* objected to a lucrative employment which pledged him to be rung up for service at any time. There are some who are blessed with that gift of eternal readiness; to those who are not, the strain is misery. I happen to know that there is a single document extant in which Delane virtually embodied a leader in a succession of blue-paper slips. It shows how strongly he was excited over the formation of Disraeli's Ministry in 1874. Ordinarily he took the most exciting incidents with imperturbable calm, even when the credit of his paper was in question. The death of a man who for long had swayed the world with his nod had been sudden at the last. Half-a-dozen columns of uncompleted obituary had been sent to a contributor to be recast and completed with at least as many more. That contributor came in from a day's covert-shooting to find John Marriot awaiting him in a fever of impatience. Marriot was the right-hand man for the office night-work: it was said he could have brought out the paper at any time, had editor and sub-editors failed to put in an appearance. There was a music-hall shifting of costume and a scurry to town, and that article was driven forward at the highest pressure, with constant interruptions from boys bringing scraps of proof. The

thought of it must have weighed heavily on most editors, for it would have been a stupendous fiasco had the article broken down. Towards eleven Delane dropped in smiling. He had been dining with the Duke of Cambridge at Gloucester House, and had passed a very enjoyable evening. Seeing the work going briskly forward, he strolled out again, and not a word of anxiety flurried the scribe. Fortunately facts were at his finger-ends; memory did not fail, and next morning the many columns made a creditable appearance.

Literature was apt to go to the wall during the parliamentary session, to come with a rush in the dead season. In those days, before Macdonald had perfected the Walter press, the outer sheet was printed during the daytime, and reviewers had *carte-blanche* and ample scope. Notice of no very extraordinary work might stretch to a couple of articles. But when a book of supreme importance appeared, other things gave way to it, and Delane himself took exceptional trouble. When Lord Campbell's 'Lives of Brougham and Lyndhurst' came out, the reviewer was asked to a special little dinner in Serjeants' Inn, to hear the three great legal luminaries discussed by men who had known them intimately. These were Alfred Montgomery, to whom Leader, a regular *habitué* of the Carlton, had transmitted the false intelligence of Brougham's decease; and Venables of the 'Saturday,' with his dry manner and hum-

orous smile, who was full of rich anecdote; and another gentleman who left 'Times' leader-writing to administer a colony, and to his disgust found his place filled up when he returned after speedy resignation. Three of the party were hard upon Campbell, telling sundry stories to his disadvantage; but Montgomery took up the cudgels for his old acquaintance, and when Venables quoted—

"Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor,
Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I
fear,
Thou play'd most foully for it,"—

protested that though he looked sharply after the main chance, he had never played foully. Three long articles were the fruit of that lively dinner.

When Lord Beaconsfield was launching 'Lothair' on expectant society, he sent Delane an advance copy, with a note commending it to his favourable judgment. The 'Times' reviewer admired the brilliancy of the novel, and praised it in perhaps exaggerated terms. So at least thought Lord Houghton, talking over the matter at Fryston. He had reviewed 'Lothair' himself for the 'Edinburgh,' and his opinion, like that of Hamley in 'Maga,' was less flattering. At all events, Lord Beaconsfield wrote next morning to Delane a warm letter of thanks. He said that, although politically opposed, they had always been on terms of cordial friendship, and that he hoped, however their opinions and courses

might diverge, they would always cherish the same mutual regard. Delane always appreciated a ready response to a sudden call; but sometimes Jupiter nodded. One morning a little volume appeared on the Shah's first visit to England. Apparently no advance copy had been sent to Printing-House Square. The reviewer found the book one forenoon at the Athenæum, with an order for a long notice before night. Accordingly he dashed off an article of four columns, which, from exceptional pressure, was held over for a day. But, by way of acknowledgment or consolation, two columns were printed of the second part of another review, the first instalment having never appeared!

Delane must have shone in any society and in any circumstances, but as autocrat of the 'Times' his position was altogether exceptional. As Lord Beaconsfield's letter implies, he was courted by the leaders of both political parties: a powerful friend, he was a terrible enemy. It was an interesting experience to walk with him up Piccadilly in the season, or to ride with him down Rotten Row, when mounted on the black cob. At each step he was exchanging bows or stopping for hand-shakes with the men who were making British history. And whatever their feelings may have been when digesting his last stinging leader, all the faces were wreathed in smiles. It is to be hoped that in most cases it was only the honest chivalry of the prizefighter, who shakes

hands with his antagonist when he steps within the ropes. Of all his friends, the Duke of Sutherland was one of the closest, and when he went to begin a holiday at Dunrobin he was generally persuaded to end it there. He ran down all too quickly, and he lingered "superfluous on the stage." But he was wrapped up in his work, and he knew that with his occupation gone he would be miserable. For the last year or two, though very regular in his night attendance at the office, the work was really done by his able sub-editor, Mr Stebbing. The last time the writer saw him alive was at the *Atheneum*. He used to say that he knew not what a man wanted with more than a single club, when it was a club where he came across everybody he cared to know. He was seated on a sofa, half-dozing over the evening papers, and it was pathetic to see the dethroned monarch of English journalism almost grateful for the greeting of one of his grateful *protégés*.

Delane, while directing the 'Times,' was deeply indebted to the co-operation of Mowbray Morris. The brothers-in-law always worked together on the most confidential terms, and Morris was more than a sleeping partner in the editorship. As General Eber, their accomplished Vienna correspondent, used to say, if Delane got too engrossed on topics of the day in the crush of "copy," Morris was always there to tap him on the shoulder with a reminder. He might have filled the rôle of editor as admirably

as that of manager, and he knew it. At the outbreak of a great European war Delane chanced to be abroad, and the writer remarked that he would be naturally annoyed at his absence from the helm. Morris answered rather tartly, "Do you think, then, that our readers will know that he is away?" But, like all the men who have had a voice in the policy of the great journal, he identified its honour with his own. To touch the 'Times' was to insult himself. He used to pride himself, with reason, on having for the first time put the foreign correspondence on a business-like footing, in accordance with modern needs and notions. The world had been moving fast since Crabbe Robinson was sent out to Hamburg, during the Napoleonic wars, to forward letters, as he found opportunities, based upon rumours rather than facts. But, like his brother-in-law, when he took a holiday, or rather when he changed the scenes of his work, he liked to leave Printing-House Square behind. He used to say that when he could not preserve his incognito abroad, nothing annoyed him more than the attentions of the waiters who insisted on laying the 'Times' on his table. He was a man of imposing presence, with a dignity of manner befitting his position. As Power to Power, he was irritated and indignant when the Germans, on the outbreak of the Franco-German war refused to receive his correspondents in their camps. "But we have plenty of money in the treasury," he said, "and

the public shall be informed all the same." Afterwards, as is well known, an exception was made in favour of Dr Russell, on the King of Prussia's personal guarantee. But Morris's indignation was roused again when Russell, with his frank criticisms and inquiring mind, was cold-shouldered by statesmen and generals at Versailles. "And they know," said Morris, "we are recording history for them, and transmitting their worldwide fame to posterity." Morris, like Delane, had a charming house at Ascot, and he delighted in the suburban country within easy reach of town. Moreover, he had settled into a domestic man, and was never so happy of an evening as in his own family circle. It was a sore trial in his later years when, in order to be near to his work, he leased bachelor chambers in the Temple, looking out on the river. But the travel to Ascot was tedious,

as he was reminded, to his cost, when he had advertised his house for sale. A satisfactory bargain was almost concluded with a wealthy broker, who in an evil hour "ran down" a second time to take another look at the place. The surroundings scenery and the rhododendrons pleased him more than ever; but he had gone by a stopping train, and declared that the place was impossible. Morris had the look of a man who might have lived on indefinitely. But, like the editors of the 'Saturday,' he had a *fidus Achates*, whose intimate knowledge of details saved him an infinity of trouble. The man died suddenly: his loss was felt in every way—he was not only an invaluable assistant but a friend—and I have always thought that it came as a sinister warning. His master did not survive him long, and John Macdonald took up the reins.

THE BABIES IN THE BUSH.

BY HENRY LAWSON.

"Oh, tell her a tale of the fairies bright—
That only the bushmen know—
Who guide the feet of the lost aright,
Or carry them up through the starry night,
Where the bush-lost babies go."

HE was one of those men who seldom smile. There are many in the Australian bush, where drift wrecks and failures of all stations and professions (and of none), and from all the world. Or, if they do smile, the smile is either mechanical or bitter as a rule—cynical. They seldom talk. The sort of men who, as bosses, are set down by the majority—and without reason or evidence—as being proud, hard, and selfish—"too mean to live, and too big for their boots."

But when the Boss did smile his expression was very, very gentle, and very sad. I have seen him smile down on a little child who persisted in sitting on his knee and prattling to him, in spite of his silence and gloom. He was tall and gaunt, with haggard grey eyes—haunted grey eyes sometimes—and hair and beard thick and strong, but grey. He was not above forty-five. He was of the type of men who die in harness, with their hair thick and strong, but grey or white when it should be brown. The opposite type, I fancy, would be the soft, dark-haired, blue-eyed men who grew bald sooner than they grow grey, and fat and contented, and die respectably in their beds.

His name was Head—Walter

Head. He was a boss drover on the overland routes. I engaged with him at a place north of the Queensland border to travel down to Bathurst, on the Great Western Line in New South Wales, with something over a thousand head of store bullocks for the Sydney market. I am an Australian bushman (with city experience)—a rover, of course, and a ne'er-do-weel, I suppose. I was born with brains and a thin skin—worse luck!

The Boss spoke little to the men: he'd sit at tucker or with his pipe by the camp-fire nearly as silently as he rode his night-watch round the big, restless, weird-looking mob of bullocks camped on the dusky starlit plain. I believe that from the first he spoke oftener and more confidentially to me than to any other of the droving party. There was a something of sympathy between us—I can't explain what it was. It seemed as though it were an understood thing between us that we understood each other. He sometimes said things to me which would have needed a deal of explanation—so I thought—had he said them to any other of the party. He'd often, after brooding a long while, start a sentence, and break off with

"You know, Jack." And somehow I understood, without being able to explain why. We had never met before I engaged with him for this trip. His men respected him, but he was not a popular boss: he was too gloomy, and never drank a glass nor "shouted" (treated) on the trip: he was a "mean boss," and rather a nigger-driver.

He was full of Adam Lindsay Gordon, the English-Australian poet who shot himself, and so was I. I lost an old copy of Gordon's poems on the route, and the Boss overheard me inquiring about it; later on he asked me if I liked Gordon. We got to it rather sheepishly at first, but by-and-by we'd quote Gordon freely in turn when we were alone in camp. "Those are grand lines about Burke and Wills, the explorers, aren't they, Jack?" he'd say, after chewing his cud, or rather the stem of his briar, for a long while without a word. (He had his pipe in his mouth as often as any of us, but somehow I fancied he didn't enjoy it: an empty pipe or a stick would have suited him just as well, it seemed to me.) "Those are great lines," he'd say—

"In Collins Street standeth a statue tall—

A statue tall on a pillar of stone—
Telling its story to great and small
Of the dust reclaimed from the sand-
waste lone.

Weary and wasted, worn and wan,
Feeble and faint, and languid and low,
He lay on the desert a dying man,
Who has gone, my friends, where we
all must go.'

That's a grand thing, Jack.
How does it go?—

'With a pistol clenched in his failing
hand,
And the film of death o'er his fading
eyes,
He saw the sun go down on the
sand,'—

The Boss would straighten up
with a sigh that might have
been half a yawn—

"And he slept, and never saw it rise;"

—speaking with a sort of quiet
force all the time. Then maybe
he'd stand with his back to the
fire roasting his dusty leggings,
with his hands behind his back
and looking out over the dusky
plain.

"What mattered the sand or the
whit'ning chalk,
The blighted herbage or blackened
log,
The crooked beak of the eagle-hawk,
Or the hot red tongue of the native
dog?"

They don't matter much, do
they, Jack?"

"Damned if I think they do,
Boss!" I'd say.

"The couch was rugged, those sextons
rude,
But, in spite of a leaden shroud, we
know
That the bravest and fairest are earth-
worms' food
When once they have gone where we
all must go."

Once he repeated the poem
containing the lines—

"Love, when we wandered here to-
gether,
Hand in hand through the sparkling
weather—
God surely loved us a little then.'

Beautiful lines those, Jack.

'Then skies were fairer and shores were
firmer,
And the blue sea over the white
sand rolled—
Babble and prattle, and prattle and
murmur'—

How does it go, Jack?" He stood up and turned his face to the night, but not before I had a glimpse of it. I think that the saddest eyes on earth are mostly women's eyes, but I've seen few so sad as the Boss's were just then.

It seemed strange that he, a bushman, preferred Gordon's sea poems to his horsey and bushy rhymes; but so he did. I fancy his favourite poem was that one of Gordon's with the lines—

"I would that with sleepy soft embraces
The sea would fold me, would find
me rest
In the luminous depths of its secret
places,
Where the wealth of God's marvels
is manifest!"

He usually spoke quietly, in a tone as though death were in camp; but after we'd been on Gordon's poetry for a while he'd end it abruptly with, "Well, it's time to turn in," or, "It's time to turn out," or he'd give me an order in connection with the cattle. He had been a well-to-do squatter on the Lachlan river-side, in New South Wales, and had been ruined by the drought, they said. One night in camp, and after smoking in silence for nearly an hour, he asked—

"Do you know Fisher, Jack—the man that owns these bullocks?"

"I've heard of him," I said. Fisher was a big squatter, with stations both in New South Wales and in Queensland.

"Well, he came to my station on the Lachlan years ago without a penny in his pocket, or decent rag to his back, or a

crust in his tucker-bag, and I gave him a job. He's my boss now. Ah, well! it's the way of Australia, you know, Jack."

The Boss had one man who went on every droving trip with him; he was "bred" on the Boss's station, they said, and had been with him practically all his life. His name was "Andy." I forget his other name, if he really had one. Andy had charge of the "droving-plant" (a tilted two-horse waggonette, in which we carried the rations and horse-feed), and he did the cooking and kept accounts. The Boss had no head for figures. Andy might have been twenty-five or thirty-five, or anything in between. His hair stuck up like a well-made brush all round, and his big grey eyes also had an inquiring expression. His weakness was girls, or he theirs, I don't know which (half-castes not barred). He was, I think, the most innocent, good-natured, and open-hearted scamp I ever met. Towards the middle of the trip Andy spoke to me one night alone in camp about the Boss.

"The Boss seems to have taken to you, Jack, all right."

"Think so?" I said. I thought I smelt jealousy and detected a sneer.

"I'm sure of it. It's very seldom *he* takes to any one."

I said nothing.

Then after a while Andy said suddenly—

"Look here, Jack, I'm glad of it. I'd like to see him make a chum of some one, if only for one trip. And don't you make any mistake about the Boss.

He's a white man. There's precious few that know him—precious few now; but I do, and it'll do him a lot of good to have some one to yarn with."

The last sentence didn't seem to fit in, and I supposed it was a hint; but Andy said no more on the subject for that trip.

The long, hot, dusty miles dragged by across the blazing plains—big clearings rather—and through the sweltering hot scrubs, and we reached Bathurst at last; and then the hot dusty days and weeks and months that we'd left behind us to the Great North-West seemed as nothing,—as I suppose life will seem when we come to the end of it.

The bullocks were going by rail from Bathurst to Sydney. We were all one long afternoon getting them into the trucks, and when we'd finished the boss said to me—

"Look here, Jack, you're going on to Sydney, aren't you?"

"Yes; I'm going down to have a fly round."

"Well, why not wait and go down with Andy in the morning? He's going down in charge of the cattle. The cattle-train starts about daylight. It won't be so comfortable as the passenger; but you'll save your fare, and you can give Andy a hand with the cattle. You've only got to have a look at 'em every other station, and poke up any that fall down in the trucks. You and Andy are mates, aren't you?"

I said it would just suit me. Somehow I fancied that the Boss seemed anxious to have

my company for one more evening, and, to tell the truth, I felt really sorry to part with him. I'd had to work as hard as any of the other chaps; but I liked him, and I believed he liked me. He'd struck me as a man who'd been quietened down by some heavy trouble, and I felt sorry for him without knowing what the trouble was.

"Come and have a drink, Boss," I said. The agent had paid us off during the day.

He turned into a hotel with me.

"I don't drink, Jack," he said; "but I'll take a glass with you."

"I didn't know you were a teetotaller, Boss," I said. I had not been surprised at his keeping so strictly from the drink on the trip; but now that it was over it was a different thing.

"I'm not a teetotaller, Jack," he said. "I can take a glass or leave it." And he called for a long beer, and we drank "Here's luck!" to each other.

"Well," I said, "I wish I could take a glass or leave it." And I meant it.

Then the Boss spoke as I'd never heard him speak before. I thought for the moment that the one drink had affected him; but I understood before the night was over. He laid his hand on my shoulder with a grip like a man who has suddenly made up his mind to lend you five pounds. "Jack!" he said, "there's worse things than drinking, and there's worse things than heavy smoking. When a man who smokes gets

such a load of trouble on him that he can find no comfort in his pipe, then it's a heavy load. And when a man who drinks gets so deep into trouble that he can find no comfort in liquor, then it's deep trouble. Take my tip for it, Jack."

He broke off, and half turned away with a jerk of his head, as if impatient with himself; then presently he spoke in his usual quiet tone—

"But you're only a boy yet, Jack. Never mind me. I won't ask you to take the second drink. You don't want it; and, besides, I know the signs."

He paused, leaning with both hands on the edge of the counter, and looking down between his arms at the floor. He stood that way thinking for a while; then he suddenly straightened up, like a man who'd made up his mind to something.

"I want you to come along home with me, Jack," he said; "we'll fix you a shake-down."

I forgot to tell you that he was married and lived in Bathurst.

"But won't it put Mrs Head about?"

"Not at all. She's expecting you. Come along; there's nothing to see in Bathurst, and you'll have plenty of knocking round in Sydney. Come on, we'll just be in time for tea."

He lived in a brick cottage on the outskirts of the town—an old-fashioned cottage, with ivy and rose-vines, like you see in some of those old settled districts. There was, I remember, the stump of a tree in front, covered with ivy till it

looked like a giant's club with the thick end up.

When we got to the house the Boss paused a minute with his hand on the gate. He'd been home a couple of days, having ridden in ahead of the bullocks.

"Jack," he said, "I must tell you that Mrs Head had a great trouble at one time. We—we lost our two children. It does her good to talk to a stranger now and again—she's always better afterwards; but there's very few I care to bring. You—you needn't notice anything strange. And agree with her, Jack. You know, Jack."

"That's all right, Boss," I said. I'd knocked about the bush too long, and run against too many strange characters and things, to be surprised at anything much.

The door opened, and he took a little woman in his arms. I saw by the light of a lamp in the room behind that the woman's hair was grey, and I reckoned that he had his mother living with him. And—we do have odd thoughts at odd times in a flash—and I wondered how Mrs Head and her mother-in-law got on together. But the next minute I was in the room, and introduced to "My wife, Mrs Head," and staring at her with both eyes.

It was his wife. I don't think I can describe her. For the first minute or two, coming in out of the dark and before my eyes got used to the lamp-light, I had an impression as of a little old woman—one of those fresh-faced, well-preserved, little old ladies—who

dressed young, wore false teeth, and aped the giddy girl. But this was because of Mrs Head's impulsive welcome of me, and her grey hair. The hair was not so grey as I thought at first, seeing it with the lamp-light behind it; it was like dull-brown hair lightly dusted with flour. She wore it short, and it became her that way. There was something aristocratic about her face—her nose and chin—I fancied, and something that you couldn't describe. She had big dark eyes—dark-brown, I thought, though they might have been hazel: they were a bit too big and bright for me, and now and again, when she got excited, the white showed all round the pupils—just a little, but a little was enough.

She seemed extra glad to see me. I thought at first that she was a bit of a gusher.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Mr Ellis," she said, giving my hand a grip. "Walter—Mr Head—has been speaking to me about you. I've been expecting you. Sit down by the fire, Mr Ellis; tea will be ready presently. Don't you find it a bit chilly?" She shivered. It was a bit chilly now at night on the Bathurst plains. The table was set for tea, and set rather in swell style. The cottage was too well furnished even for a lucky boss drover's home; the furniture looked as if it had belonged to a tony homestead at one time. I felt a bit strange at first, sitting down to tea, and almost wished that I was having a comfortable tuck-in at

a restaurant or in a pub. dining-room. But she knew a lot about the bush, and chatted away, and asked questions about the trip, and soon put me at my ease. You see, for the last year or two I'd taken my tucker in my hands,—hunk of damper and meat and a clasp-knife mostly,—sitting on my heel in the dust, or on a log or a tucker-box.

There was a hard, brown, wrinkled old woman that the Heads called "Auntie." She waited at the table; but Mrs Head kept bustling round herself most of the time, helping us. Andy came in to tea.

Mrs Head bustled round like a girl of twenty instead of a woman of thirty-seven, as Andy afterwards told me she was. She had the figure and movements of a girl, and the impulsiveness and expression too—a womanly girl; but sometimes I fancied there was something very childish about her face and talk. After tea she and the Boss sat on one side of the fire and Andy and I on the other—Andy a little behind me at the corner of the table.

"Walter—Mr Head—tells me you've been out on the Lachlan river, Mr Ellis?" she said as soon as she'd settled down, and she leaned forward, as if eager to hear that I'd been there.

"Yes, Mrs Head. I've knocked round all about out there."

She sat up straight, and put the tips of her fingers to the side of her forehead and knitted her brows. This was a

trick she had—she often did it during the evening. And when she did that she seemed to forget what she'd said last.

She smoothed her forehead, and clasped her hands in her lap.

"Oh, I'm so glad to meet somebody from the back country, Mr Ellis," she said. "Walter so seldom brings a stranger here, and I get tired of talking to the same people about the same things, and seeing the same faces. You don't know what a relief it is, Mr Ellis, to see a new face and talk to a stranger."

"I can quite understand that, Mrs Head," I said. And so I could. I never stayed more than three months in one place if I could help it.

She looked into the fire and seemed to try to think. The Boss straightened up and stroked her head with his big sun-browned hand, and then put his arm round her shoulders. This brought her back.

"You know we had a station out on the Lachlan, Mr Ellis. Did Walter ever tell you about the time we lived there?"

"No," I said, glancing at the Boss. "I know you had a station there; but, you know, the Boss doesn't talk much."

"Tell Jack, Maggie," said the Boss; "I don't mind."

She smiled. "You know Walter, Mr Ellis," she said. "You won't mind him. He doesn't like me to talk about the children; he thinks it upsets me, but that's foolish: it always relieves me to talk to a stranger." She leaned forward,

eagerly it seemed, and went on quickly: "I've been wanting to tell you about the children ever since Walter spoke to me about you. I knew you would understand directly I saw your face. These town people don't understand. I like to talk to a bushman. You know we lost our children out on the station. The fairies took them. Did Walter ever tell you about the fairies taking the children away?"

This was a facer. "I—I beg pardon," I commenced, when Andy gave me a dig in the back. Then I saw it all.

"No, Mrs Head. The Boss didn't tell me about that."

"You surely know about the Bush Fairies, Mr Ellis," she said, her big eyes fixed on my face—"the Bush Fairies that look after the little ones that are lost in the bush, and take them away from the bush if they are not found? You've surely heard of them, Mr Ellis? Most bushmen have that I've spoken to. Maybe you've seen them? Andy there has." Andy gave me another dig.

"Of course I've heard of them, Mrs Head," I said; "but I can't swear that I've seen one."

"Andy has. Haven't you, Andy?"

"Of course I have, Mrs Head. Didn't I tell you all about it the last time we were home?"

"And didn't you ever tell Mr Ellis, Andy?"

"Of course he did!" I said, coming to Andy's rescue; "I remember it now. You told me that night we camped on the Bogan river, Andy."

"Of course!" said Andy.

"Did he tell you about finding a lost child and the fairy with it?"

"Yes," said Andy; "I told him all about that."

"And the fairy was just going to take the child away when Andy found it, and when the fairy saw Andy she flew away."

"Yes," I said; "that's what Andy told me."

"And what did you say the fairy was like, Andy?" asked Mrs Head, fixing her eyes on his face.

"Like. It was like one of them angels you see in Bible pictures, Mrs Head," said Andy promptly, sitting bolt upright, and keeping his big innocent grey eyes fixed on hers lest she might think he was telling lies. "It was just like the angel in that Christ-in-the-stable picture we had at home on the station—the right-hand one in blue."

She smiled. You couldn't call it an idiotic smile, nor the foolish smile you see sometimes in melancholy mad people. It was more of a happy childish smile.

"I was so foolish at first, and gave poor Walter and the doctors a lot of trouble," she said. "Of course it never struck me, until afterwards, that the fairies had taken the children."

She pressed the tips of the fingers of both hands to her forehead, and sat so for a while; then she roused herself again—

"But what am I thinking about? I haven't started to tell you about the children at all yet. Auntie! bring the

children's portraits, will you, please? You'll find them on my dressing-table."

The old woman seemed to hesitate.

"Go on, Auntie, and do what I ask you," said Mrs Head. "Don't be foolish. You know I'm all right now."

"You mustn't take any notice of Auntie, Mr Ellis," she said with a smile, while the old woman's back was turned. "Poor old body, she's a bit crotchety at times, as old women are. She doesn't like me to get talking about the children. She's got an idea that if I do I'll start talking nonsense, as I used to do the first year after the children were lost. I was very foolish then, wasn't I, Walter?"

"You were, Maggie," said the Boss. "But that's all past. You mustn't think of that time any more."

"You see," said Mrs Head, in explanation to me, "at first nothing would drive it out of my head that the children had wandered about until they perished of hunger and thirst in the bush. As if the Bush Fairies would let them do that."

"You were very foolish, Maggie," said the Boss; "but don't think about that."

The old woman brought the portraits, a little boy and a little girl; they must have been very pretty children.

"You see," said Mrs Head, taking the portraits eagerly, and giving them to me one by one, "we had these taken in Sydney some years before the children were lost; they were

much younger then. Wally's is not a good portrait; he was teething then, and very thin. That's him standing on the chair. Isn't the pose good? See, he's got one hand and one little foot forward, and an eager look in his eyes. The portrait is very dark, and you've got to look close to see the foot. He wants a toy rabbit that the photographer is tossing up to make him laugh. In the next portrait he's sitting on the chair—he's just settled himself to enjoy the show. But see how happy little Maggie looks! You can see my arm where I was holding her in the chair. She was six months old then, and little Wally had just turned two."

She put the portraits up on the mantel-shelf.

"Let me see; Wally (that's little Walter, you know)—Wally was five, and little Maggie three and a half when we lost them. Weren't they, Walter?"

"Yes, Maggie," said the Boss.

"You were away, Walter, when it happened."

"Yes, Maggie," said the Boss—cheerfully, it seemed to me—"I was away."

"And we couldn't find you, Walter. You see," she said to me, "Walter—Mr Head—was away in Sydney on business, and we couldn't find his address. It was a beautiful morning, though rather warm, and just after the break-up of the drought. The grass was knee-high all over the run. It was a lonely place; there wasn't much bush cleared round the

homestead, just a hundred yards or so, and the great awful thick scrubs ran back from the edges of the clearing all round for miles and miles—fifty or a hundred miles in some directions without a break; weren't they, Walter?"

"Yes, Maggie."

"I was alone at the house except for Mary, a half-caste girl we had, who used to help me with the housework and the children. Andy was out on the run with the men, mustering sheep; weren't you, Andy?"

"Yes, Mrs Head."

"I used to watch the children close as they got to run about, because if they once got into the edge of the scrub they'd be lost; but this morning little Wally begged hard to be let take his little sister down under a clump of blue-gums in a corner of the home paddock to gather buttercups. You remember that clump of gums, Walter?"

"I remember, Maggie."

"I won't go through the fence a step, mumma," little Wally said. I could see Old Peter—an old shepherd and station-hand we had—I could see him working on a dam we were making across a creek that ran down there. You remember Old Peter, Walter?"

"Of course I do, Maggie."

"I knew that Old Peter would keep an eye to the children; so I told little Wally to keep tight hold of his sister's hand and go straight down to Old Peter and tell him I sent them."

She was leaning forward with

her hands clasping her knee, and telling me all this with a strange sort of eagerness.

"The little ones toddled off hand in hand, with their other hands holding fast their straw hats 'In case a bad wind blowed,' as little Maggie said. I saw them stoop under the first fence, and that was the last that any one saw of them."

"Except the fairies, Maggie," said the Boss quickly.

"Of course, Walter, except the fairies."

She pressed her fingers to her temples again for a minute.

"It seems that Old Peter was going to ride out to the musterers' camp that morning with bread for the men, and he left his work at the dam and started into the bush after his horse just as I turned back into the house, and before the children got near him. They either followed him for some distance or wandered into the bush after flowers or butterflies——" She broke off, and then suddenly asked me, "Do you think the Bush Fairies would entice children away, Mr Ellis?"

The Boss caught my eye, and frowned and shook his head slightly.

"No. I'm sure they wouldn't, Mrs Head," I said—"at least not from what I know of them."

She thought, or tried to think, again for a while, in her helpless puzzled way. Then she went on, speaking rapidly, and rather mechanically, it seemed to me.

"The first I knew of it was

when Peter came to the house, about an hour afterwards, leading his horse, and without the children. I said—I said, 'O my God! where's the children?'" Her fingers fluttered up to her temples.

"Don't mind about that, Maggie," said the Boss hurriedly, stroking her head. "Tell Jack about the fairies."

"You were away at the time, Walter?"

"Yes, Maggie."

"And we couldn't find you, Walter?"

"No, Maggie," very gently. He rested his elbow on his knee and his chin on his hand and looked into the fire.

"It wasn't your fault, Walter; but if you had been at home do you think the fairies would have taken the children?"

"Of course they would, Maggie. They had to: the children were lost."

"And they're bringing the children home next year?"

"Yes, Maggie—next year."

She lifted her hands to her head in a startled way, and it was some time before she went on again. There was no need to tell me about the lost children. I could see it all. She and the half-caste rushing towards where the children were seen last, with Old Peter after them. The hurried search in the nearer scrub. The mother calling all the time for Maggie and Wally, and growing wilder as the minutes flew past. Old Peter's ride to the musterers' camp. Horsemen seeming to turn up in no time and from

nowhere, as they do in a case like this, and no matter how lonely the district. Bushmen galloping through the scrub in all directions. The hurried search the first day, and the mother mad with anxiety as night came on. Her long, hopeless, wild-eyed watch through the night; starting up at every sound of a horse's hoof, and reading the worst in one glance at the rider's face. The systematic work of the search-parties next day and the days following. How those days do fly past! The women from the next run or selection, and some from the town, driving from ten to twenty miles, perhaps, to stay with and try to comfort the mother. ("Put the horse to the cart, Jim: I must go to that poor woman!") Comforting her with improbable stories of children who had been lost for days, and were none the worse for it when they were found. The mounted policemen out with the black trackers. Search-parties cooeing to each other about the bush and lighting signal-fires. The reckless break-neck rides for news or more help. And the Boss himself, wild-eyed and haggard, riding about the bush with Andy and one or two others perhaps, and searching hopelessly, days after the rest had given up all hope of finding the children alive. All this passed before me as Mrs Head talked, her voice sounding the while as if she were in another room; and when I roused myself to listen, she was on to the fairies again.

"It was very foolish of me, Mr Ellis. Weeks after—months after, I think—I'd insist on going out on the verandah at dusk and calling for the children. I'd stand there and call 'Maggie!' and 'Wally!' until Walter took me inside; sometimes he had to force me inside. Poor Walter! But of course I didn't know about the fairies then, Mr Ellis. I was really out of my mind for a time."

"No wonder you were, Mrs Head," I said. "It was terrible trouble."

"Yes, and I made it worse. I was so selfish in my trouble. But it's all right now, Walter," she said, rumpling the Boss's hair. "I'll never be so foolish again."

"Of course you won't, Maggie."

"We're very happy now, aren't we, Walter?"

"Of course we are, Maggie."

"And the children are coming back next year."

"Next year, Maggie."

He leaned over the fire and stirred it up.

"You mustn't take any notice of us, Mr Ellis," she went on. "Poor Walter is away so much that I'm afraid I make a little too much of him when he does come home."

She paused and pressed her fingers to her temples again. Then she said quickly—

"They used to tell me that it was all nonsense about the fairies, but they were no friends of mine. I shouldn't have listened to them, Walter. You told me not to. But then I

was really not in my right mind."

"Who used to tell you that, Mrs Head?" I asked.

"The Voices," she said; "you know about the Voices, Walter."

"Yes, Maggie. But you don't hear the Voices now, Maggie?" he asked anxiously. "You haven't heard them since I've been away this time, have you, Maggie?"

"No, Walter. They've gone away a long time. I hear voices now sometimes, but they're the Bush Fairies' voices. I hear them calling Maggie and Wally to come with them." She paused again. "And sometimes I think I hear them call me. But of course I couldn't go away without you, Walter. But I'm foolish again. I was going to ask you about the other voices, Mr Ellis. They used to say that it was madness about the fairies; but then, if the fairies hadn't taken the children, Black Jimmy, or the black trackers with the police, could have tracked and found them at once."

"Of course they could, Mrs Head," I said.

"They said that the trackers couldn't track them because there was rain a few hours after the children were lost. But that was ridiculous. It was only a thunderstorm."

"Why!" I said, "I've known the blacks to track a man after a week's heavy rain."

She had her head between her fingers again, and when she looked up it was in a scared way.

"Oh, Walter!" she said, clutching the Boss's arm; "whatever have I been talking about? What must Mr Ellis think of me? Oh! why did you let me talk like that?"

He put his arm round her. Andy nudged me and got up.

"Where are you going, Mr Ellis?" she asked hurriedly. "You're not going to-night. Auntie's made a bed for you in Andy's room. You mustn't mind me."

"Jack and Andy are going out for a little while," said the Boss. "They'll be in to supper. We'll have a yarn, Maggie."

"Be sure you come back to supper, Mr Ellis," she said. "I really don't know what you must think of me,—I've been talking all the time."

"Oh, I've enjoyed myself, Mrs Head," I said; and Andy hooked me out.

"She'll have a good cry and be better now," said Andy when we got away from the house. "She might be better for months. She has been fairly reasonable for over a year, but the Boss found her pretty bad when he came back this time. It upset him a lot, I can tell you. She has turns now and again, and always ends up like she did just now. She gets a longing to talk about it to a bushman and a stranger; it seems to do her good. The doctor's against it, but doctors don't know everything."

"It's all true about the children, then?" I asked.

"It's cruel true," said Andy.

"And were the bodies never found?"

"Yes;" then, after a long pause, "I found them."

"You did!"

"Yes; in the scrub, and not so very far from home either—and in a fairly clear space. It's a wonder the search-parties missed it; but it often happens that way. Perhaps the little ones wandered a long way and came round in a circle. I found them about two months after they were lost. They had to be found, if only for the Boss's sake. You see, in a case like this, and when the bodies aren't found, the parents never quite lose the idea that the little ones are wandering about the bush to-night (it might be years after) and perishing from hunger, thirst, or cold. That mad idea haunts 'em all their lives. It's the same, I believe, with friends drowned at sea. Friends ashore are haunted for a long while with the idea of the white sodden corpse tossing about and drifting round in the water."

"And you never told Mrs Head about the children being found?"

"Not for a long time. It wouldn't have done any good. She was raving mad for months. He took her to Sydney and then to Melbourne—to the best doctors he could find in Australia. They could do no good, so he sold the station—sacrificed everything, and took her to England."

"To England?"

"Yes; and then to Germany

to a big German doctor there. He'd offer a thousand pounds where they only wanted fifty. It was no good. She got worse in England, and raved to go back to Australia and find the children. The doctors advised him to take her back, and he did. He spent all his money, travelling saloon, and with reserved cabins, and a nurse, and trying to get her cured; that's why he's droving now. She was restless in Sydney. She wanted to go back to the station and wait there till the fairies brought the children home. She'd been getting the fairy idea into her head slowly all the time. The Boss encouraged it. But the station was sold, and he couldn't have lived there any way without going mad himself. He'd married her from Bathurst. Both of them have got friends and relations here, so he thought best to bring her here. He persuaded her that the fairies were going to bring the children here. Everybody's very kind to them. I think it's a mistake to run away from a town where you're known, in a case like this, though most people do it. It was years before he gave up hope. I think he has hopes yet—after she's been fairly well for a longish time."

"And you never tried telling her that the children were found?"

"Yes; the Boss did. The little ones were buried on the Lachlan river at first; but the Boss got a horror of having them buried in the bush, so he

had them brought to Sydney and buried in the Waverley Cemetery near the sea. He bought the ground, and room for himself and Maggie when they go out. It's all the ground he owns in wide Australia, and once he had thousands of acres. He took her to the grave one day. The doctors were against it; but he couldn't rest till he tried it. He took her out, and explained it all to her. She scarcely seemed interested. She read the names on the stone, and said it was a nice stone, and asked questions about how the children were found and brought here. She seemed quite sensible, and very cool about it. But when he got her home she was back on the fairy idea again. He tried another day, but it was no use; so then he let it be. I think it's better as it is. Now and again, at her best, she seems to understand that the children were found dead, and buried, and she'll talk sensibly about it, and ask questions in a quiet way, and make him promise to take her to Sydney to see the grave next time he's down. But it doesn't last long, and she's always worse afterwards."

We turned into a bar and had a beer. It was a very quiet drink. Andy "shouted" in his turn, and while I was drinking the second beer a thought struck me.

"The Boss was away when the children were lost?"

"Yes," said Andy.

"Strange you couldn't find him."

"Yes, it was strange; but

he'll have to tell you about that. Very likely he will; it's either all or nothing with him."

"I feel damned sorry for the Boss," I said.

"You'd be sorrier if you knew all," said Andy. "It's the worst trouble that can happen to a man. It's like living with the dead. It's—it's like a man living with his dead wife."

When we went home supper was ready. We found Mrs Head, bright and cheerful, bustling round. You'd have thought her one of the happiest and brightest little women in Australia. Not a word about children or the fairies. She knew the bush, and asked me all about my trips. She told some good bush stories too. It was the pleasantest hour I'd spent for a long time.

"Good night, Mr Ellis," she said brightly, shaking hands with me when Andy and I were going to turn in. "And don't forget your pipe. Here it is! I know that bushmen like to have a whiff or two when they turn in. Walter smokes in bed. I don't mind. You can smoke all night if you like."

"She seems all right," I said to Andy when we were in our room.

He shook his head mournfully. We'd left the door ajar, and we could hear the Boss talking to her quietly. Then we heard her speak; she had a very clear voice.

"Yes, I'll tell you the truth, Walter. I've been deceiving you, Walter, all the time, but I did it for the best. Don't be

angry with me, Walter! The Voices did come back while you were away. Oh, how I longed for you to come back! They haven't come since you've been home, Walter. You must stay with me a while now. Those awful Voices kept calling me, and telling me lies about the children, Walter! They told me to kill myself; they told me it was all my own fault—that I killed the children. They said I was a drag on you, and they'd laugh — Ha! ha! ha! — like that. They'd say, 'Come on, Maggie; come on, Maggie.' They told me to come to the river, Walter."

Andy closed the door. His face was very miserable.

We turned in, and I can tell you I enjoyed a soft white bed after months and months of sleeping out at night, between watches, on the hard ground or the sand, or at best on a few boughs when I wasn't too tired to pull them down, and my saddle for a pillow.

But the story of the children haunted me for an hour or two. I've never since quite made up my mind as to why the Boss took me home. Probably he really did think it would do his wife good to talk to a stranger: perhaps he wanted me to understand—maybe he was weakening as he grew older, and craved for a new word or hand-grip of sympathy now and then.

When I did get to sleep I could have slept for three or four days, but Andy roused me out about four o'clock. The old woman that they called Auntie, she was up and had a good

breakfast of eggs and bacon and coffee ready in the detached kitchen at the back. We moved about on tiptoe and had our breakfast quietly.

"The wife made me promise to wake her to see to our breakfast and say Good-bye to you; but I want her to sleep this morning, Jack," said the Boss. "I'm going to walk down as far as the station with you. She made up a parcel of fruit and sandwiches for you and Andy. Don't forget it."

Andy went on ahead. The Boss and I walked down the wide silent street, which was also the main road; and we walked two or three hundred yards without speaking. He didn't seem sociable this morning, or any way sentimental; when he did speak it was something about the cattle.

But I had to speak; I felt a swelling and rising up in my chest, and at last I made a swallow and blurted out—

"Look here, Boss, old chap! I'm damned sorry!"

Our hands came together and gripped. The ghostly Australian daybreak was over the Bathurst plains.

We went on another hundred yards or so, and then the Boss said quietly—

"I was away when the children were lost, Jack. I used to go on a howling spree every six or nine months. Maggie never knew. I'd tell her I had to go to Sydney on business, or Out Back to look after some stock. When the children were lost, and for nearly a fortnight after, I was beastly drunk in

an out-of-the-way shanty in the bush—a sly grog-shop. The old brute that kept it was too true to me. He thought that the story of the lost children was a trick to get me home, and he swore that he hadn't seen me. He never told me. I could have found those children, Jack. They were mostly new chums and fools about the run, and neither of the three policemen were bushmen. I knew those scrubs better than any man in the country."

I reached for his hand again, and gave it a grip. That was all I could do for him.

"Good-bye, Jack!" he said at the door of the brake-van. "Good-bye, Andy!—keep those bullocks on their feet."

The cattle-train went on towards the Blue Mountains.

Andy and I sat silent for a while, watching the guard fry three eggs on a plate over a coal-stove in the centre of the van.

"Does the Boss never go to Sydney?" I asked.

"Very seldom," said Andy, "and then only when he has to, on business. When he finishes his business with the stock agents, he takes a run out to Waverley Cemetery perhaps, and comes home by the next train."

After a while I said, "He told me about the drink, Andy—about his being on the spree when the children were lost."

"Well, Jack," said Andy, "that's the thing that's been killing him ever since, and it happened over ten years ago."

THE FOOTBALL NATIONS.

IN a commercial age, to hold dominion a nation must encourage manliness and such pastimes as promote physical and moral strength, discipline, the realisation and the sinking of self; it must endeavour to realise the ideal of the "*mens sana in corpore sano*," an old saying all the more true by reason of its antiquity. That football above all games realises these great ends, few will dispute who take a broad view of the game and ignore the minor evils to which it gives rise in individual and isolated cases.

It is for this reason that the historian when he comes to deal with the Victorian era will hail it as not only the golden age of football, but the age also during which the citizen soldier, trained to manliness in the playing-fields, first voluntarily abandoned the shop for the sword, to show how fields were won in the grim game of war.

In football, as in other matters, however, rival nations are now beginning to follow our example and to realise how great are the benefits derived from the pastime. Of the Continental countries — Germany, France, and Switzerland—in which football is most regularly played, Switzerland is of the least political importance, though, as it is a country much frequented by Germans and Frenchmen, the popularity of Association football in Swiss valleys must be regarded as a great edu-

cational force so far as the other two countries are concerned. Switzerland boasts a national cup, and though the competition is often spoiled by racial jealousies (this year, for example, the French-Swiss clubs refused to compete), there is no question as to the hold which the game has upon the athletic section of the community, or as to the value of Switzerland as a nursery for European football.

In France football has been played for more than a decade; but unhappily France is in this connection, as in so many others, Paris. The game, it is true, is played in Normandy and Picardy—provinces, as the ethnologist will note, the least classic by descent of all the provinces of France. In Paris, however, French football has its home, though even in the capital the support given to the game is so small that football cannot be called either a popular pastime or a popular spectacle. Rugby has found more favour in French eyes than the sister code, and when one considers the volatile nature of the people, and remembers that dash rather than steadiness is their racial characteristic in war, the preference is natural. French teams have visited this country, and English teams, usually of no great strength, have visited Paris; but the intercourse has neither stirred up popular enthusiasm nor helped to encourage the

game in the rural districts of France. The first step in this direction was taken the other day, when the London Harlequins visited Paris to play a match with the Stade Française. Soldiers were admitted free, with the avowed aim of popularising the game with the French army. Once that is accomplished—and a general order to establish regimental clubs and to make football a compulsory exercise is confidently anticipated—the popularisation of the game will only be a matter of time. For the army is France, not Paris.

It is towards Germany, however, that one looks with the greatest hope for the future of the game on the Continent. Twenty years ago no German played football; to-day there are some 15,000 regular players in the Fatherland. At first the only football played in the country was by the various English colonies at Wiesbaden, Dresden, and other towns. The teams were of the "scratch" order, and there were no regular fixtures or even recognised clubs. The Germans, who are even more conservative than ourselves in the matter of sport, did not for some years view the game with friendly eyes: they regarded it as a brutal British pastime rising in moral tone but little above the bull-fight or the prize-ring; while their national tendency towards individualism, itself a conservative instinct, so prejudiced them against the game that physical education was confined to a few pre-

scribed gymnastic exercises of a traditional and conventional kind.

In the later 'Eighties, however, a change set in. A few Germans, more far-sighted than their fellows, began to play football with the various English clubs in the country, though it was not until the accession of the present Emperor that the new era dawned. The Kaiser as soon as he had ascended the throne startled conservative Germany by his open encouragement of outdoor sports—notably rowing and football. At once the gymnasia and great public schools, in spite of the opposition, still sustained, of the extremists, made training in football part of the curriculum. In consequence of this imperial and scholastic encouragement, football clubs, supported mainly by the middle classes, have been formed in most of the larger towns, and the future of the game as a national pastime seems assured.

In this connection it must be remembered that thirty years ago, even in such essentially football districts as Yorkshire, a county which shares with Lancashire the distinction of being *the* football county of Britain, there were but few clubs, and the public were quite as ignorant of and indifferent to the sport as any German community of the past or present. In support of this contention the writer could draw upon his own recollections of the scarcity of clubs and fixtures and the lack of

public support given to the game in Scotland; and he is curiously corroborated in a recent article by Mr A. W. Pullin (better known as a writer on cricket and football under his *nom de plume*, "Old Ebor"), which appeared in the 'Yorkshire Evening Post.' It was one of a series of "Talks with old Football-Players," on the lines of 'Talks with old English Cricketers' by the same author;¹ and in an interview with Mr Sam Duckitt, one of the founders of the famous Halifax club, describing how it came to be established, it was distinctly said, "*We had not the least notion what kind of football we were going to play, and were absolutely unacquainted with the rules of either Rugby or Association.*"

In view of the popularity to which the sport has now attained in Yorkshire, the skill shown by its players, and the success which for so many years attended their efforts, the parallel between the past and the present of Yorkshire football is a most hopeful augury of the future of German football. At first in Germany, as in Yorkshire, the interpretation of the rules was vague, and intelligent appreciation of the niceties of the game was sadly lacking, while the general public took a very languid interest in the pastime. Now, however, the knowledge of the game—thanks to practice, study, and intercourse with British clubs—has greatly in-

creased, and the pastime is becoming more and more popular every year. Association is the code chiefly played, though there are some strong Rugby clubs, notably at Frankfort and Hanover. In Berlin and other centres—Wiesbaden, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Freiburg Munich—leagues on the British plan have been formed, and the standard of play has benefited by the rivalry of competitions.

As to the characteristics of German "footballers," it may be at once conceded that Germans make strong persevering players, lacking, perhaps, in dash and neatness, but possessing that excellent quality, unselfishness, which makes for combination. They play the game with great fairness and much self-restraint; and as they have also lost the bad habit of arguing with the referee which used to distinguish them, the moral effect of the game on the sporting, and hence the general, character of the German nation is already pronounced.

The present generation, for the most part, learned the game after they had left school, so that when the next generation of German footballers, consisting of men who have played football at school, and whose education has thus been more thorough, take the field, Germany should possess some clubs equal to our best, and be able to put a team in the field worthy of our steel.

In Germany cricket is not

¹ Talks with Old English Cricketers. By A. W. Pullin ("Old Ebor"). William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1900.

yet a national pastime, so that football claims the whole surplus energy of the people, and is played practically all the year round. On the analogy of Scotland, this concentration should secure increased proficiency, even if *toujours* football may have a tendency—little in evidence in Scotland, however—to make the public somewhat “sated with the show.”

It is impossible to dismiss the future of the game on the Continent, but more particularly in Germany, without briefly suggesting the important political consequences which might follow the popularisation of the sport. Arguing from the beneficial effect of football on the British people, its education of their sense of fair play, and of “playing the game” in their social, national, and international relations, and the even more important effect produced by the intercourse of the club and international teams of English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh players, we can conceive in a Pan-European Football League, a European Cup, and real international football matches, in which the might of Britain will stand opposed to Germany and France—a better guarantee of the peace of Europe than in many rescripts.

That this hope is shared to the full by German players the writer knows. In the course of an interview with Herr T. Schricker, the captain of the team drawn from the best Berlin clubs which recently visited England, that player

declared: “I misunderstood the British nation until I met the British football-player in the field and played before a British crowd. You are all sportsmen.” Higher or more significant praise no Briton need desire, and we may well look forward with hope to the day when the strange battle-cry of “Durch!” will sound familiar over our playing-fields as the German *stürmers* assault a British goal. Certainly there is good augury in the fact that the principal Berlin clubs are named the Britannia, Germania, and last, but not least, the Victoria.

As yet, however, the British nation is still *the* football nation; nevertheless there was a time when the game with us seemed doomed. During the eighteenth century there was an almost constant drain upon the manhood of England, and football, even in its rough form,—and the original football resembled Rugby,—died out as a pastime until the beginning of last century, and was only then revived by the public schools taking the game up. Not the least curious feature of this revival was that each school played a game exactly corresponding to its opportunities in the matter of playing area, with the result that what we now call the Association and Rugby games were born, while at Eton a mongrel game midway between the two extremes was played, and Winchester developed a form of the pastime peculiarly its own. At Rugby, where a large grass-park was available, the old game was played under

new rules;¹ at Eton, where the space and character of the field on which the game was first played necessitated some modification of the old game, a mongrel sort of code obtained; while at Charterhouse, the playing space being still more restricted, football pure and simple, or, in other words, Association, was played—a truly remarkable example of the effect of environment upon the evolution of a sport. It is to the public schools, therefore, we owe the salvation of the game during the years between 1800 and 1850—the dark period of the pastime in England. So soon as the wise legislation of the Victorian era began to bear fruit, so soon as the value of physical education was recognised outside of the public schools, whenever certain ancient and vicious pastimes ceased to be popular or were repressed by Act of Parliament, and the necessity in a commercial and industrial community for innocent substitutes and for healthy manly exercises was recognised, the dawn of the golden age of football broke. By 1855 the first Association clubs playing under fixed rules had been formed in the Sheffield district, to be followed in 1858 by a Rugby club, Blackheath, whose popular name, “The Club,” is thus due to its having been the first of English Rugby clubs.

Into the history of the game

and its rapid rise to the proud position of the popular pastime of the United Kingdom it is unnecessary here to enter. Sufficient to say, its growth during the past thirty years is the most remarkable circumstance in the whole history of sport. The game is now a business as well as a spectacle, a trade as well as a pastime. A personal reminiscence may illustrate the contrast between the past and the present popularity and position of the game. In one of the early matches between England and Scotland under Association rules, played at Glasgow, the writer followed the game by running up and down the touch-line outside the ropes! Visit Celtic Park when England meets Scotland, or the Crystal Palace ground on the day of the Cup final; compare the sea of faces, the dense black crowd patched with white, rising tier on tier, packed close and high, that watched Wales beat England at Cardiff in the January of the present year, with a small boy free of the field behind a thin line round the ropes at Glasgow in the 'Seventies, and the marvellous growth of the game during the past three decades will come to you with a force figures cannot give.

There remains the problem of accounting for the fact that the four nations making up the British people should alone of all European communities have

¹ A marble slab at Rugby records in semi-satirical fashion that a boy named William Wells Ellis was the first, with an open disregard of the rules of the game, to lift and run with the ball. The crime of Ellis was committed in 1843, and many Rugbeians regard him as the father of the modern Rugby game. The belief is a triumph of the personal fact.

developed the ancient game of the ball, common to all, into a scientific and manly sport whose social influence must be measured by its popularity. When one surveys the whole field of sport, the fact at once emerges that environment dictates the form which sport assumes amongst a people. Than environment there is perhaps no wider term. It embraces the most subtle as well as the most apparent factors which mould the customs and habits of a people, and is, in fact, the source from which their "racial idea" derives its character. Now it must be observed that football is from its violent nature essentially a winter pastime, as well as the sort of pastime in which nations free from a military tyranny, yet possessing and desiring to preserve a hereditary martialism, would naturally indulge. As to the first, it is clear that a nation dwelling in a climate of such uncertain rigour that from century to century "the seasons alter" has been the burden of its complaint, is forced in the search for recreative outlets for surplus physical energy to evolve some game practically independent of the recurrence of "frosty but kindly winters." These are two conditions which must have had a marked effect upon our choice of football as the national pastime. Moreover, when our descent from a brisk and hardy race is remembered, when we recall the descent of the classic races and compare the enervating environment of certain of these races with our own, it is

easy to see why a vigorous game like football should have appealed so strongly to us, so vainly to them.

That football is the realisation of our racial idea in pastimes may, however, be further demonstrated by the success which has attended the four peoples, deserving the title of the football nations, in their contests with one another. The success has not been equally distributed; and, on the whole, the measure of skill attained under both codes, Association and Rugby, fairly reflects the national aptitudes.

In dealing with the statistics of our international contests the historian cannot condescend upon details. He must ignore not only those little bits of turf which, as in the Anglo-Scottish Rugby matches of 1892, have given one side the victory by deflecting the ball, but also those internal dissensions which enabled Rugby Ireland to beat Rugby Scotland for the first time in 1881, the refusal for some years of the Scottish Association to play Scottish professionals playing in England against the "Rose," the present division of Rugby England against herself, and the practice of Scotland, which obtained for many seasons, of distributing her "caps" by placing second elevens in the field against Wales and Ireland. He must regard the cold truths of figures. Nor can he afford to deny to these figures their plain actuarial value because some of them were "made" when two of the four nations, Wales and Ireland, were still

in the football nursery. To do so would be an act of injustice to the senior nations, for it is to their initiative, their genius and natural aptitude for the game, that their present position is due.

And first as to Rugby, it is sufficient here to point out that the limited success of Wales and Ireland, their greater comparative success under the "carrying" than under the "dribbling" code, seems in keeping with the theory of the "racial idea" developed above.

Ireland has owed her limited success to the fact that her football is essentially Celtic. Impetuosity and torrential courage, not reasoned and scientific tactics, have carried the green jerseys to victory. The accuracy of this position is emphasised by the failure of Ireland under the other code, in which sustained success is conditioned by reasoned action, deliberation in methods, and the union of individual and collective brilliancy. Irish football, both in its success and in its failure, is thus characteristic.

Welsh football, on the other hand, presents a puzzling problem. Under Rugby rules what is known as "the Welsh Game" is an apparent contradiction of the racial rule already laid down. As Celtic by descent as Ireland, Wales has made her own a game so little Celtic in conception and execution that it is admittedly difficult to reconcile her style of play with the racial idea. The most feasible explanation is perhaps to be found in the concentration of popular enthusiasm in Wales on the Rugby game, and the elevation of the standard of play, always a necessary and inevitable consequence of the popularisation of any sport as a spectacle. The public demand the reconciliation of science with attractiveness, and the "Welsh Game" is therefore the natural product of this demand. Moreover, one cannot ignore the fact that the Celtic idea in Wales has been subjected to a process of attrition by long association with her Saxon neighbour.

With this explanation the figures now given may be left to tell their own story:—

RUGBY INTERNATIONALS.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	For.		Against.	
					G.	T.	G.	T.
England v. Scotland . . .	28	9	10	9	15	15	17	16
" v. Ireland . . .	25	17	7	1	25	32	11	13
" v. Wales . . .	18	11	5	2	29	36	17	14
Scotland v. Ireland . . .	24	18	3	3	33	25	4	4
" v. Wales . . .	17	11	5	1	22	26	6	14
Wales v. Ireland . . .	15	8	6	1	13	7	8	15

GENERAL RESULTS.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	For.		Against.		Points. ¹
					G.	T.	G.	T.	
1. Scotland . . .	69	39	17	13	72	67	25	33	91
2. England . . .	71	37	23	11	69	83	45	43	85
3. Wales . . .	50	19	28	3	36	35	59	77	41
4. Ireland . . .	64	16	43	5	23	32	71	64	37

¹ Two points for a win, and one for a draw.

An alternative table, on the principle of percentage of points to possible points, gives the same order, but shows the relative prowess of the nations perhaps more justly :—

	Possible points.	Actual points.	Percentage.
1. Scotland	138	91	65·79
2. England	142	85	59·85
3. Wales	100	41	41·00
4. Ireland	128	37	28·90

Turning now to the other code, the following are the figures of the

ASSOCIATION INTERNATIONALS.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals.	
					For.	Against.
England v. Scotland	29	9	14	6	59	68
" v. Wales	22	17	2	3	76	19
" v. Ireland	20	19	0	1	119	13
Scotland v. Wales	26	22	0	4	112	22
" v. Ireland	18	17	0	1	95	19
Wales v. Ireland	19	10	6	3	59	32

The general result is as follows :—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals.		Points.
					For.	Against.	
1. Scotland	73	53	9	11	275	100	117
2. England	71	45	16	10	254	100	100
3. Wales	67	12	45	10	100	220	34
4. Ireland	57	6	46	5	64	273	17

The positions remain unaltered on the percentage of actual to possible points being taken :—

	Possible points.	Actual points.	Percentage.
1. Scotland	146	117	80·1
2. England	142	100	70·4
3. Wales	134	34	25·4
4. Ireland	114	17	14·8

These tables show very clearly that under Association rules England and Scotland are a long way ahead of Ireland and Wales. They also indicate how little there is to choose between England and Scotland as football nations. The Rugby figures are perhaps even more remarkable than those of the sister code. After thirty years of Rugby war Scotland boasts 10 wins, deplores 9 losses, and can point to 9 draws, and she has scored 33 times against England's 30. Prior to this season each had made 85

points: England's 3 defeats this year and Scotland's 3 victories account for the present difference of 6. In other words, had England and Scotland this year drawn with each other and defeated Ireland and Wales, each would have had 90 points—equal in general results as well as between themselves.

It is perhaps unorthodox to combine the results under both codes; but to arrive at the football nation of the football nations, the nation which excels in all-round football ability, no other course is open. More-

over, just as certain individual players—and, curiously enough, the great examples belong exclusively to Scotland and England—have shone under both codes, so a nation in the aggregate may do so. If we take some individual instances of this all-round ability, the position that what is true of the individual is true of the race will be strengthened. Of players still in harness, who have won renown under both codes, perhaps the most famous are Mr C. B. Fry, the Sussex cricketer, and Sutcliffe, the Bolton Wanderer and professional player. The former never, it is true, attained the same eminence as a Rugby player as he has done as an Association back; but there is no doubt that, but for an unfortunate accident, he would have played in the Inter-Varsity under both codes, and thus earned what is popularly called his "Quadruple Blue." Sutcliffe is, however, the greatest playing example of the all-round football ability of England as a nation, for he had just as high and well-deserved a reputation when he played three-quarter for Yorkshire and got a nominal English "cap" in one of those years marked in the calendar "no match owing to dispute," as he now enjoys as a League and International goal-keeper. Finally, not to burden the contention with too many instances, the remarkable fact may be quoted that a few years ago the Corinthians defeated the Barbarians under Rugby rules, though the latter occupy the same position in the Rugby world as the Corinthians have

made for themselves in Association circles. In this game the Corinthians clearly demonstrated that it was only chance which had made them Association players, and each man by his play showed that he would have displayed just the same ability had Rugby and not Association been the regular game of his schoolboy days. Against the success of the Corinthians under Rugby rules it is, however, only fair to set the regular failure of the Scottish Rugby Rovers to beat in the annual Charity match under Association rules the famous Queen's Park Club. Technically considered, this failure is of no great moment, for when read in the light of the success of the Corinthians it only shows that it is more easy for a first-class Association player to shine at Rugby than it is for a first-class Rugby player to master the intricacies of the Association game. In support of this contention one remarkable Scottish example may be quoted: George Kerr, a member of the Queen's Park and of the Scottish eleven some twenty years ago, was the finest dribbler Scotland has ever produced, H. McNeil of the Rangers not excepted. Kerr, for some unexplained reason, suddenly ceased to play Association football and "took to" Rugby. He played for the 2nd XV. of the Glasgow Academicals, and performed such extraordinary dribbling feats that had he continued to play Rugby football he might have revolutionised forward play under that code and altered the whole character of the game!

One more instance of all-round ability may be quoted. Some years ago a very fast three-quarter played for Glasgow University, and played so well that he reached the East and West match—the Scottish “North and South.” For some reason the Scottish Union ignored his claims to a “cap,” and, piqued at his failure, he registered a vow to obtain international honours under Association rules. The story runs that he made a wager that he would obtain these honours within a year. In any case, he joined a noted Association club, played with them for a season, and within the year was, as a forward, the chief instrument in England’s downfall.

Another instance may be quoted to show that football is a racial possession. In the early ‘Seventies a tall Scottish lad, now a sheriff in the North, was looking on at a Rugby International match at Edin-

burgh. He had never played football, nor had he ever seen it played save in the rough-and-tumble fashion obtaining in rural districts at the time. “I think I could play this game,” he said to a friend, “and I will bet you a new hat that if I join the —, I will play for Scotland in the next match.” He still possesses the hat. As he was a member of one of the many famous football families of Scotland, the case emphasises the racial and hereditary character of football ability.

On the whole, therefore, the unorthodox course of combining the results under both codes seems justified by the nature of the game. At any rate, there is no other way of discovering the football nation of the football nations.

In the following table each goal and try scored under Rugby rules and each goal kicked under Association rules is reckoned as “a point” :—

COMBINED CODES.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Points.	
					For.	Against.
1. Scotland	142	92	26	24	414	158
2. England	142	82	39	21	406	188
3. Wales	118	31	73	13	171	356
4. Ireland	122	22	89	10	119	408

On the League plan of scoring the positions are the same :—

	Points.
1. Scotland	208
2. England	185
3. Wales	75
4. Ireland	54

On the percentage of actual to possible points the positions are—

	Possible.	Actual.	Percentage.
1. Scotland	284	208	73·59
2. England	284	185	65·14
3. Wales	234	75	32·05
4. Ireland	242	54	22·31

These figures are significant. They show that Scotland and England are greater football nations than Wales and Ireland, and that Scotland is, on the whole, the superior of England. The Scots combine stubbornness with dash,—the Lowland steadiness and the Highland fire,—and these qualities, with speed of foot, stamina, and shrewdness in combined and individual action, are the qualities which make for greatness in football.

Otherwise considered, the combination of the results under both codes may fairly be said to represent what would have been the results had there been only one code and had "home-and-home" matches been played each year. This suggests some observations as to the football of the future, and brings us face to face with a rather difficult problem. Prior to 1850, as we have already seen, football was scarcely the national British game, though a very old and popular pastime, played under rules which varied from district to district, and of which the object was the only common feature. That object was the driving of the ball between two posts, bushes, sticks, or stones, or across a boundary—the scoring, in other words, of a sort of goal, and of something resembling, and certainly the origin of, the modern try.

The original game was thus a sort of Rugby, and was most assuredly the game out of which modern Rugby, as played by the "big side" at the famous school of that name, had its

rise. Association football, as we have seen, was the product of environment, a more or less limited playing area necessitating some modification of the Rugby or, to speak by the card, of the old and original game. Since the rise and popularisation of the two codes the conditions under which both are played have of course been assimilated. It is as easy to secure a field for playing Association as it is to rent or purchase a park for playing Rugby. As a matter of fact, though Association had its rise in the inability of certain schools to find fields of an area and nature suited for playing the old game, under modern rules the field of play for Association may be much larger than for Rugby, 200 yards by 100 being the greatest legal dimensions of the former and 110 yards by 75 of the latter. This fact argues that the tendency towards assimilation and the evolution of a common or universal code of football, preserving the best features of both games, has not been very pronounced. It is true that both codes have some features in common, and the story of their development in recent times, the increase of scientific play and the raising of the standard of excellence, shows that a common aim—the desire to make the game more open and attractive—has actuated the bodies governing both codes.

Of the common features which both codes present, the rule as to off-side is perhaps the chief, and though Association allows the "sneaker" greater latitude

than Rugby, the rule as to "off-side" seems to be merely a declaratory realisation of a natural law "intrinsic and essential" to football-playing man, the difference between the Rugby and Association rule being simply due to the differing necessities of each game. But the common features are few, and the tendency towards assimilation is confined to the encouragement of fast, open, and scientific play.

One would not, of course, have to search far for examples of a mixed game. In some sort the Eton and American games are mixed codes, while during the football renaissance in the early 'Sixties "mixed" games were the rule and not the exception. The writer played just such a mongrel game under the shadow of the Grampians; and there are few whose interest in the game extends back so far, or whose first active participation in its joys dates from before the 'Seventies, who will be unable to make the same boast. These mongrel games were, however, short-lived. They received their deathblow when the Rugby Union was formed about thirty years ago.

The difficulty, however, of waxing prophetic over the football of the future is increased by an intimate knowledge of its modern history. The writer remembers those days when Rugby was the game of the *gamin*, when in the public parks and in the streets it was the only game played by some of those very boys who ultimately became our leading Associationists, when such hot-

beds of the dribbling code as Paisley and Preston boasted only Rugby clubs, when the weavers of the former town "clodded" a victorious team to the station, when Preston was proud only of her prowess at the carrying game, and the great North End team of happy memory had yet to be.

Some districts have remained true to their first love, others have welcomed the new love with an ardour which they never, even comparatively speaking, displayed towards the old; but no district has shown any partiality for the old mixed game, whether it was more Association than Rugby or more Rugby than Association.

The fact is certainly against the hope of a common code. Nor does the mutual aim of both codes, the fostering of open and scientific play, bring them any closer. Whatever hopes the mixed games might have raised—had any one at the time they were played taken sufficient interest in the pastime as a whole to initiate a crusade of unification—the introduction of passing into the Rugby game may be said to have killed. Yet those mixed games left their mark on football. They were played more frequently in Scotland than in England; and though the rules varied from district to district, yet nowhere was running with the ball permitted, as in the modern game, to all the players, while even the favoured few—to wit, the backs—could only carry the ball under certain conditions. Dribbling was everywhere encouraged, as being purer football. To this fact the curious

student of the evolution of national aptitudes at the game may be able to trace the long-maintained superiority of the Scottish Rugby forward at footwork, and of the Scottish nation as a whole, as exponents of the sister code. The tendency was thus in the direction of keeping football foot-ball—a tendency which has now reached its consummation, for Association is the popular game in Scotland, the game of the masses, as Rugby is of the classes. But as foot-ball and foot-ball only is opposed to the tendency of the Rugby game, we are forced to the conclusion that the tendency is towards making football less and less foot-ball and more and more foot-and-hand ball.

Yet some considerations must give us pause. Of these the chief is popular opinion. A brief dip into the history of modern football is here necessary to elucidate the point.

Look first at the evolution of system in football, the least conservative of all sports, though conservatism is the badge of all. The original game was without rules, and knew no limitations of playing area other than east and west or north and south. Obviously, therefore, the earliest legislation was directed to the delimitation of the frontiers of the playing-field. This evolution of system¹ still continues under both codes, and is a natural consequence of the increased complexity of foot-

ball law as a codified and sometimes arbitrary, but more often a declaratory, system of positive law, to which players, public, and "executive governments" have alike been consenting parties.

Next came the limitation and definition of the goal and a goal, and thereafter the more complex rules as to off-side and so forth, all of which seem declaratory of principles essential and necessary to the game, or rules to which custom has imparted a specious non-arbitrariness. Condescend, however, upon the story of the Rugby code, and a little consideration will show that a very important change has been omitted from the above,—the change from a side of indefinite numbers to a side of fixed and decreasing dimensions. The old football was literally "parish against parish"; its final expression as played under rules was the "big side" at Rugby, imitated by most schools up to the 'Seventies, and by a few in a degree and on certain occasions² down to the present day. Here we have a custom which was bound to die, and the birth of the club followed by that of the match gave it the deathblow. From its chaos emerged the order of the "twenty" period, which lasted, roughly speaking, for fifteen years, until slowly and reluctantly it gave up its life to that final arbitrator in all sporting questions—public opinion. From the twenty-a-side days the intelli-

¹ Scotland has this season evolved a new system of play under Rugby rules. Modelled upon the Merchiston game, the play has reached a level never before attained. The system may be called the "eight-forward" system.

² The punt-about game at Repton is an example, though the game played at the Trentside school is Association.

gible history of Rugby football dates.

But here we are only concerned with generalisations portentous of the football of the future. And one has only to look at a team of the "twenty" days and to recall the course and style of any game to see that from the first the twenty-a-side game was doomed to but a short life, though its votaries and adherents thought system had culminated in this evolution from the "big side." The forwards were men of beef, brawn, and muscle, whose main business was to push. The game consisted for the most part of packed scrimmages of long duration, relieved by occasional dribbles and rushes and runs from the one half-back and by kicks into touch by the other backs. Of the last the number varied. Sometimes three full-backs, invariably two, were played; sometimes there were two three-quarters, sometimes only one, and originally there was only one half-back—called "quarter" in Scotland, a position said to have been invented by a present occupant of the Scottish Bench, who played, and played well, in the first international. The maximum number of backs was seven, and as one of these occupied the second position in the four lines of backs, beginning with the quarter-back and ending with the back, the origin of the phrase "quarter-back"¹ is explained. This left at the least thirteen men, and often fourteen or fifteen, for the mauls; and one can readily understand,

therefore, that the game was bound to be slow, and to appear uninteresting the moment it had a serious rival in popular esteem in the more open and hence less tedious Association game. The competition of codes thus gave new life to the Rugby game. The first consequence of this competition was the reduction of the number of players on each side from twenty to fifteen.

Nor did the tendency to make the game more open and attractive end with the mere alteration in the numbers of the side. The mutual and health-giving rivalry of both codes led both to aim at the same common end—the end which dictated the change in the case of the Rugby side: both desired to produce a game which, while it gave equal pleasure to the players, offered increased attractiveness to the spectator, and, it must be written in these days of "high" standards of sporting comfort, more value for his money in the form of greater skill and more excitement. As a consequence, under both codes tactics were studied and tactical skill was developed, until combination, dazzling combined movements, relieved by individual brilliancy as a sop to the hero-worshipping public, became the essential features of the game and the great aim of its legislators.

This uniformity of aim and principle had important effects upon both games. In the Association game the most radical change was the throwing away of a forward and the increas-

¹ At Rugby "quarter-back" was a term of opprobrium for a forward who "funked" going into the maul. The fact is significant, and shows that the light fast "winger" was the father of the half-back.

ing of the number of the half-backs from two to three.¹ Students of the game need not be told that this change was the imperative outcome of the new ideal. Similarly in Rugby football, just as the change from twenty to fifteen first produced the decrease in the number of backs from six or seven to five, so the necessity for an open and combined game, imposed in part by the rivalry of the other code, in part by the popular demand, converted "chucking" into wide-passing, and so evolved, first the three three-quarter system, then close-passing, and finally the four three-quarter game,—a very scientific game, half hand-half foot-ball, which hits the golden mean between the two extremes.

But with all these reforms, the process of assimilation has only been towards making both games fast and open. There has been no attempt to secure unification, while the Northern Union game, by a half-hearted adoption in an altered form of the Association rule as to touch and other changes, has only succeeded in ruining the Rugby game. Nor have the experiments made by the same body with a view to testing the merits of a twelve-a-side game met with any greater success; though it is obvious that such a reduction in the number of players would be the first step towards unification, as it certainly is a reform consistent with the evolution of the modern scientific game from the "big side."

If, therefore, there is to be a

universal and uniform code, it is clear that such a code will not be a "mongrel" game, but a game born of the triumph of one or other of the existing codes over the other, probably with some modifications, the legacies of the excellences of the defunct code. Present appearances do not, however, favour the absorption of one code by the other: they point, on the other hand, to an ever-increasing popularity of the Association code, and a diminishing popularity of the Rugby game, save amongst certain classes and in certain districts. The popularity of any sport or form of sport grows by what it feeds upon, and there is no gainsaying the fact that Association football is the game most favoured by the average boy of the average day or board school. According to a recent report by the Board of Education Commissioners, out of 150 preparatory schools the boys of but ten played Rugby football, the Association game being practically the universal code. In rural Scotland, the district of the Border Burghs excepted, Association is undoubtedly the popular game, while even in such Rugby centres as Leeds and Cardiff the day-schools have adopted the dribbling code as the better game for boys. And here, as in the wider world of sport, topographical environment intrudes as a factor in evolution. It is possible to play Association in mufti; it is a prac-

¹ In the earliest Association game two goal-keepers, one back, one half-back, and seven forwards were played; but by the date referred to this arrangement of the field had ceased.

ticable game in a playground. Rugby does not adapt itself to such conditions. Association can be played with greater satisfaction even in the street with a ball made of rags than the sister code. Every little counts, and as the young football idea is, after all, the slave of opportunity, it is obvious that it will carry the prejudices of the street and playground into the sterner arena of senior strife. In Association districts, moreover, hero-worship takes the form of adoring giants at the dribbling code, so that the spur to fame is the ambition to emulate the deeds of derring-do of mighty Associationists. Association is also the popular game in the army—an important fact which need not form the basis of another criticism of the War Office.

On the question of popularising the carrying game the Rugby world is divided against itself. The older school, of whom Dr Almond of Loretto is the most prominent authority, hold—and hold rightly, so far as schoolboys in their own playing-fields are concerned—that the sport is essentially a pastime conferring great moral and physical benefit on boys, and that its popularisation as a spectacle is a minor consideration in any case, and positively a vicious aim if achieved at the expense of its power as an educational force. With this opinion the new school, other than those who run big clubs and yearn for big gates, will on principle agree, though it may fairly be urged

that it presents a somewhat selfish and narrow view. The spectator must receive, and is certainly entitled to, some consideration. For him not less, in some cases perhaps more, than for the player, the game is a means of saving grace—a substitute for more vicious and degrading forms of amusement, a means of pleasantly and profitably passing those hours of idleness which are said to tempt the tempter. In the end popular opinion, however moulded, and whether voiced by the press or by the public, has been and ever will be the dictator of reform in sport. If the public took a fancy to barrel-rolling, the strange sport of the *chineurs* of Paris, barrel-rolling and not football would be the national pastime. How, then, can our football legislators hope to stem the torrent of opinion when it sets strongly in favour of a fast, open, and interesting game, and the popular voice demands a style of play that is attractive to the spectator, whether it be all science, or hits the golden mean between combination and individual brilliancy, science, and dash? The code which becomes wholly “scientific” will never be the only code. The writer has never forgotten the lesson of a certain incident at the close of a hard-fought Rugby match. An old soldier who had never seen the game played hustled through the crowd, shook him warmly by the hand, and said, “D—n it, sir; it was just like a battle!”

HAMISH STUART.

DOOM CASTLE: A ROMANCE.¹

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXV.—RECONCILIATION.

MUNGO stood in the dark till the last beat of the horse-hoofs could be heard, and then went in disconsolate and perplexed. He drew the bars as it were upon a dear friend out in the night, and felt as there had gone the final hope for Doom and its inhabitants.

"An auld done rickle o' a place!" he soliloquised, lifting a candle high that it might show the shame of the denuded and crumbling walls. "An auld done rickle: I've seen a better barn i' the Lothians, and fancy me tryin' to let on that it's a kind o' Edinbro'! Sirs! sirs! 'If ye canna' hae the puddin' be contented wi' the bree,' Annapla's aye sayin', but here there's neither bree nor puddin'. To think that a' my treason against the maister i' the interest o' his dochter and himsel' should come to naethin', and that Sim MacTaggart should be sent awa' wi' a flea in his lug, a' for the tirroravee o' a lassie that canna' value a guid chance when it offers! I wonder what ails her, if it's no' that monsher's ta'en her fancy! Women are a' like weans; they never see the crack in an auld toy till some ane shows them a new ane. Weel! as sure as death I wash my haun's o' the hale affair. She's daft; clean

daft, puir dear! If she kent whit I ken, she micht hae some excuse, but I took guid care o' that. I doot yon's the end o' a very promisin' match, and the man, though he mayna' think it, has his merchin' orders."

The brief bow-legged figure rolled along the lobby, pshaw-ing with vexation, and in a little, Doom, to all appearance, was a castle dark and desolate.

Yet not wholly asleep, however dark and silent; for Olivia, too, had heard the last of the thundering hoofs, had suffered the agony that comes from the wrench of a false ideal from the place of its long cherishing.

She came down in the morning a mere wraith of beauty, as it seemed to the little servitor, shutting her lips hard, but ready to burst into a shower.

"Guid Lord!" thought Mungo, setting the scanty table. "It's clear she hasna' steeked an e'e a' nicht, and me sleepin' like a peerie. That's ane o' the advantages o' being ower the uneasy age o' love—and still I'm no' that auld. I wonder if she's rued it the day already."

She smiled upon him bravely, but woe-begone, and could not check a quivering lip, and then

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she essayed at a song hummed with no bad pretence as she cast from the window a glance along the wintry coast, that never changed its aspect though hearts broke. But, as ill-luck had it, the air was the unfinished melody of Sim's bewitching flageolet. She stopped it ere she had gone farther than a bar or two, and turned to find Mungo irresolute and disturbed.

"He ga'ed awa'——" began the little man, with the whisper of the conspirator.

"Mungo!" she cried, "you will not say a word of it. It is all bye with me, and what for not with you? I command you to say no more about it, do you hear?" And her foot beat with an imperiousness almost comical from one with such a broken countenance.

"It's a gey droll thing——"

"It is a gey hard thing, that is what it is," she interrupted him, "that you will not do what I tell you, and say nothing of what I have no relish to hear, and must have black shame to think of. Must I go over all that I have said to you already? It is finished, Mungo; are you listening? Did he—did he—look vexed? But it does not matter, it is finished, and I have been a very foolish girl."

"But that needna' prevent me tellin' ye that the puir man's awa' clean gyte."

She smiled just the ghost of a smile at that, then put her hands upon her ears.

"Oh!" she cried despairingly, "have I not a friend left?"

Mungo sighed and said no more then, but went to Annapla

and sought relief for his feelings in bilingual wrangling with that dark abigail. At low tide beggars from Glen Croe came to his door with yawning pokes and all their old effrontery: he astounded them by the fiercest of receptions, condemned them all eternally for limmers and sorners, lusty rogues and vagabonds.

"Awa'! awa'!" he cried, an implacable face against their whining protestations—"Awa', or I'll gie ye the gairde! If I was my uncle Erchie, I wad pit an end to your argy-bargying wi' hail frae a gun!" But to Annapla it was, "Puir deevils, it's gey hard to gie them the back o' the haun' and them sae used to rougher times in Doom. What'll they think o' us? It's sic a doon-come, but we maun be hainin' seein' Leevie's lost her jo, and no' ither way clear oot o' the bit. I'm seein' a toom girnel and done beef here lang afore next Martinmas."

These complaints were to a woman blissfully beyond comprehending the full import of them, for so much was Annapla taken up with her Gift, so misty and remote the realms of Gaelic dream wherein she moved, that the little Lowland oddity's perturbation was beneath her serious attention.

Olivia had that day perhaps the bitterest of her life. With love outside—calling in the evening and fluting in the bower, and ever (as she thought) occupied with her image even when farther apart—she had little fault to find with the shabby interior of her home. Now that love was lost,

she sat with her father, oppressed and cold as it had been a vault. Even in his preoccupation he could not fail to see how ill she seemed that morning: it appeared to him that she had the look of a mountain birch stricken by the first of winter weather.

"My dear," he said, with a tenderness that had been some time absent from their relations, "you must be taking a change of air. I'm a poor parent not to have seen before how much you need it." He hastened to correct what he fancied from her face was a misapprehension. "I am speaking for your red cheeks, my dear, believe me; I'm wae to see you like that."

"I will do whatever you wish, father," said Olivia in much agitation. Coerced she was iron, coaxed she was clay. "I have not been a very good daughter to you, father; after this I will be trying to be better."

His face reddened; his heart beat at this capitulation of his rebel: he rose from his chair and took her into his arms—an odd display for a man so long stone-cold but to his dreams.

"My dear, my dear!" said he, "but in one detail that need never again be named

between us two, you have been the best of girls, and, God knows, I am not the pattern parent!"

Her arm went round his neck, and she wept on his breast.

"Sour and dour——" said he.

"No, no!" she cried.

"And poor to penury."

"All the more need for a loving child. There are only the two of us."

He held her at arm's-length and looked her wistfully in the wet wan face and saw his wife Christina there. "By heaven!" he thought, "it is no wonder that this man should hunt her."

"You have made me happy this day, Olivia," said he; "at least half happy. I dare not mention what more was needed to make me quite content."

"You need not," said she. "I know, and that—and that—is over too. I am just your own Olivia."

"What!" he cried elate; "no more?"

"No more at all."

"Now praise God!" said he. "I have been robbed of credit and estate, and even of my name; I have seen king and country foully done by, and black affront brought on our people, and still there's something left to live for."

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE DUKE'S BALL.

For some days Count Victor chafed at the dull and somewhat squalid life of the inn. He found himself regarded coldly among strangers; the flageolet sounded no longer in

the private parlour; the Chamberlain stayed away. And if Drimdarroch had seemed ill to find from Doom, he was absolutely undiscoverable here. Perhaps there was less eagerness

in the search because other affairs would for ever intrude—not the Cause (that now, to tell the truth, he somehow regarded moribund; little wonder after eight years' inaction!) nor the poignant home-thoughts that made his ride through Scotland melancholy, but affairs more recent, and Olivia's eyes possessed him.

A morning had come of terrific snow, and made all the colder, too, his sojourn in the country of MacCailein Mor. Now he looked upon mountains white and far, phantom valleys gulping chilly winds, the sea alone with some of its familiar aspect, yet it, too, leaden to eye and heart as it lay in a perpetual haze between the headlands and lazily rose and fell in the bays.

The night of the ball was to him like a reprieve. From the darkness of those woody deeps below Dunchuach the castle gleamed with fires, and a Highland welcome illumined the greater part of the avenue from the town with flambeaux, in whose radiance the black pines, the huge beeches, the waxen shrubbery round the lawns all shrouded, seemed to creep closer round the edifice to hear the sounds of revelry and learn what charms the human world when the melodious winds are still and the weather is cold, and out of doors poor thickets must shiver in appalling darkness.

A gush of music met Count Victor at the threshold; dresses were rustling, a caressing warmth sighed round him, and his host was very genial.

"M. Montaiglon," said his

Grace in French, "you will pardon our short notice; my good friend, M. Montaiglon, my dear; my wife, M. Montaiglon——"

"But M. Montaiglon merely in the inns, my lord," corrected the Frenchman, smiling. "I should be the last to accept the honour of your hospitality under a *nom de guerre*."

The Duke bowed. "M. le Comte," he said, "to be quite as candid as yourself, I pierced your incognito even in the dark. My dear sir, a Scots traveller named for the time being the Baron Sundridge once had the privilege of sharing a glass coach with your father between Paris and Dunquerque; 'tis a story that will keep. Meanwhile, as I say, M. Montaiglon will pardon the shortness of our notice; in these wilds one's dancing-shoes are presumed to be ever airing at the fire. You must consider these doors as open as the woods so long as you are in this neighbourhood. I have some things I should like to show you that you might find not wholly uninteresting—a Raphael, a Rembrandt (so reputed), and several Venetians—not much, in faith, but regarding which I should value your criticism——"

Some other guests arrived, his Grace's speech was broken, and Count Victor passed on, skirting the dancers, who to his unaccustomed eyes presented features strange yet picturesque as they moved in the puzzling involutions of a country dance. It was a noble hall hung round with tapestry and bossed with Highland targets, trophies of

arms and the mountain chase; from the gallery round it drooped little banners with the devices of all those generations of great families that mingled in the blood of MacCailein Mor.

The Frenchman looked round him for a familiar face, and saw the Chamberlain in Highland dress in the midst of a little group of dames.

Mrs Petullo was not one of them. She was dancing with her husband—a pitiful spectacle, for the lawyer must be pushed through the dance as he were a doll, with monstrous ungracefulness, and no sense of the time of the music, his thin legs quarrelling with each other, his neighbours all confused by his inexpert gyrations, and yet himself with a smirk of satisfaction on his sweating countenance.

“Madame is not happy,” thought Count Victor, watching the lady who was compelled to be a partner in these ungainly gambols.

And indeed Mrs Petullo was far from happy, if her face betrayed her real feelings, as she shared the ignominy of the false position into which Petullo had compelled her. When the dance was ended she did not take her husband’s proffered arm, but walked before him to her seat, utterly ignoring his pathetic courtesies.

This little domestic comedy only engaged Count Victor for a moment, he felt vexed for the woman in a position for which there seemed no remedy, and he sought distraction from his uneasy feeling by passing every man in the room under review,

and guessing which of them, if any, could be the Drimdarroch who had brought him there from France. It was a baffling task. For many were there with faces wholly inscrutable who might very well have among them the secret he cherished, and yet nothing about them to advertise the scamp who had figured so effectively in other scenes than these. The Duke, their chief, moved now among them—suave, graceful, affectionate, his lady on his arm, sometimes squeezing her hand, a very boy in love!

“That’s a grand picture of matrimonial felicity, Count,” said a voice at Count Victor’s ear, and he turned to find the Chamberlain beside him.

“Positively it makes me half envious, monsieur,” said Count Victor. “A following influenced by the old feudal affections and wellnigh worshipping; health and wealth, ambitions gratified, a name that has sounded in camp and Court, yet a heart that has stayed at home; the fever of youth abated, and wedded to a beautiful woman who does not weary one, *pardieu!* his Grace has nothing more in this world to wish for.”

“Ay! he has most that’s needed to make it a very comfortable world. Providence is good——”

“But sometimes grudging——”

“But sometimes grudging, as you say; yet MacCailein has got everything. When I see him and her there so content I’m wondering at my own

wasted years of bachelordom. As sure as you're there, I think the sooner I draw in at a fire and play my flageolet to the guidwife the better for me."

"It is a gift, this domesticity," said Count Victor, not without an inward twinge at the picture. "Some of us have it, some of us have not, and no trying hard for content with one's own wife and early suppers will avail unless one is born to it like the trick of the Sonnet. I have been watching our good friend, your lawyer's wife, distracted over the—over the—*balourdise* of her husband as a dancer: he dances like a boot-maker's sign, if you can imagine that, and I dare not approach them till her very natural indignation has simmered down."

The Chamberlain looked across the hall distastefully and found Mrs Petullo's eyes on him. She shrugged, for his perception alone, a white shoulder in a manner that was eloquent of many things.

"To the devil!" he muttered, yet essayed at the smile of good friendship which was now to be their currency, and a poor exchange for the old gold.

"Surely Monsieur MacTaggart dances?" said the Count; "I see a score of ladies here who would give their garters for the privilege."

"My dancing days are over," said Sim MacTaggart, but merely as one who repeats a formula; his eyes were roving among the women. The dark green-and-blue tartan of the house well became him: he wore diced hose of silk and a jewelled knife on the calf of his leg; his

plaid swung from a stud at the shoulder, and fell in voluminous and graceful folds behind him. His eyes roved among the women, and now and then he lifted the whitest of hands and rubbed his shaven chin.

Count Victor was a little amused at the vanity of this village hero. And then there happened what more deeply impressed him with wonder at the contrarieties of character here represented, for the hero brimmed with sentimental tears!

They were caused by so simple a thing as a savage strain of music from the Duke's piper, who strutted in the gallery fingering a melody in an interval of the dance—a melody full of wearisome iterations in the ears of the foreigner, who could gain nothing of fancy from the same save that the low notes sobbed. When the piece was calling in the hall, ringing stormily to the roof, shaking the banners, silencing the guests, the Duke's Chamberlain laughed with some confusion in a pretence that he was undisturbed.

"An air with a story, perhaps?" asked Count Victor.

"They are all stories," answered this odd person, so responsive to the yell of guttural reeds. "In that they're like our old friend Balhaldie, whose tales, as you may remember,—the old rogue!—would fill many pages."

"Many leaves, indeed," said Count Victor—"preferably fig-leaves."

"The bagpipe moves me like a weeping woman, and here, for

all that, is the most indifferent of musicians."

"*Tenez !* monsieur ; I present my homages to the best of flageolet-players," said Count Victor, smiling.

"The flageolet ! a poor instrument, and still—and still not without its qualities. Here's one at least who finds it the very salve for weariness. Playing it, I often feel in the trance of rapture. I wish to God I could live my life upon the flute, for there I'm on the best and cleanest terms with myself, and no backwash of penitence. Eh ! listen to me preaching !"

"There is one air I have heard of yours—so !—that somehow haunts me," said Count Victor ; "its conclusion seemed to baffle you."

"So it does, man, so it does ! If I found the end of that, I fancy I would find a new Mac-Taggart. It's—it's—it's not a run of notes I want—indeed the air's my own, and I might make it what I chose—but an experience or something of that sort outside my opportunities, or my recollection."

Count Victor's glance fell on Mrs Petullo, but hers was not on him ; she sought the eyes of the Chamberlain.

"Madame looks your way," he indicated, and at once the Chamberlain's visage changed.

"She'd be better to look to her man," he said, so roughly

that the Count once more had all his misgivings revived.

"We may not guess how bitter a prospect that may be," said he with pity for the creature, and he moved towards her, with the Chamberlain, of necessity, but with some reluctance, at his heel.

Mrs Petullo saw the lagging nature of her old love's advance ; it was all that was needed now to make her evening horrible.

"Oh !" said she, smiling, but still with other emotions than amusement or goodwill struggling in her countenance, "I was just fancying you would be none the waur o' a wife to look to your buttons."

"Buttons !" repeated the Chamberlain.

"See," she said, and lightly turned him round so that his back was shown, with his plaid no longer concealing the absence of a button from a skirt of his Highland jacket.

Count Victor looked, and a rush of emotions fairly overwhelmed him, for he knew he had the missing button in his pocket.

Here was the nocturnal marauder of Doom, or the very devil was in it !

The Chamberlain laughed, but still betrayed a little confusion : Mrs Petullo wondered at the anger of his eyes, and a moment later launched upon an abstracted minuet with Montaignon.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE DUEL ON THE SANDS.

The Chamberlain stood near the door with his hand in the bosom of his coat, fingering the flageolet that was his constant

companion even in the oddest circumstances, and Count Victor went up to him, the button concealed in his palm.

"Well, you are for going?" said Simon, more like one who puts a question than states a position, for some hours of Count Victor's studied contempt created misgivings.

"*Il y a terme à tout!* And possibly monsieur will do me the honour to accompany me so far as the avenue?"

"Sir!" said the Chamberlain.

"I have known men whose reputations were mainly a matter of clothes. Monsieur is the first I have met whose character hung upon a single button. Permit me to return your button with a million regards."

He held the silver lozenge out upon his open hand.

"There are many buttons alike," said the Chamberlain. Then he checked himself abruptly and—"Well, damn it! I'll allow it's mine," said he.

"I should expect just this charming degree of manly frankness from monsieur. A button is a button, too, and a devilish serious thing when, say, off a foil."

He still held out the accusation on his open hand, and bowed with his eyes on those of the other man.

At that MacTaggart lightly struck up the hand, and the button rolled tinkling along the floor.

Count Victor glanced quickly round him to see that no one noticed. The hall, but for some domestics, was left wholly to themselves. The ball was over, the company had long gone,

and he had managed to stay his own departure by an interest feigned in the old armour that hung, with all its gallant use accomplished, on the walls, followed by a game at cards with three of the ducal *entourage*, two of whom had just departed. The melancholy of early morning in a banquet-room has settled down, and all the candles guttered in the draught of doors.

"I fancy monsieur will agree that this is a business calling for the open air," said Count Victor, no way disturbed by the rudeness. "I abhor the stench of hot grease."

"To-morrow—" began the Chamberlain, and Count Victor interrupted.

"To-morrow," said he, "is for reflection; to-day is for deeds. Look! it will be totally clear in a little."

"I'm the last man who would spoil the prospect of a ploy," said the Chamberlain, changing his Highland sword for one of the rapiers on the wall that was in more conformity with the Frenchman's weapon; "and yet this is scarcely the way to find your Drimdarroch."

"*Mais oui!* Our Drimdarroch can afford to wait his turn. Drimdarroch is wholly my affair; this is partly Doom's, though I, it seems, was made the poor excuse for your inexplicable insolence."

The Chamberlain slightly started, turned away, and smiled. "I was right," thought he. "Here's a fellow credits himself with being the cause of jealousy."

"Very well!" he said aloud

at last, "this way," and with the sword tucked under his arm he led, by a side-door in the turret-angle, into the garden.

Count Victor followed, stepping gingerly, for the snow was ankle-deep upon the lawn, and his red-heeled dancing-shoes were thin.

"We know we must all die," said he in a little, pausing with a shiver of cold, and a glance about that bleak grey garden—"We know we must all die, though none of us believes it; but I have a preference for dying in dry hose, if die I must. Cannot monsieur suggest a more comfortable quarter for our little affair?"

"Monsieur is not so dirty particular," said the Chamberlain. "If I sink my own rheumatism, it is not too much for you to risk your hose."

"The main avenue——" suggested Count Victor.

"Is seen from every window of the ballroom, and the servants are still there. Here is a great to-do about nothing!"

"But still, monsieur, I must protest on behalf of my poor hose," said Count Victor, always smiling.

"By God! I could fight on my bare feet," cried the Chamberlain.

"Doubtless, monsieur; but there is so much in custom, *n'est ce pas?* and my ancestors have always been used with boots."

The Chamberlain overlooked the irony and glanced perplexed about him. There was, obviously, no place near that was not open to the objection

urged. Everywhere the snow lay deep on grass and pathway; the trees were sheeted ghosts, the chill struck through his own Highland brogues.

"Come!" said he at last, with a sudden thought; "the sand's the place, though it's a bit to go," and he led the way hurriedly towards the river-side.

"One of us may go farther to-day and possibly fare worse," said Montaiglon with unwearied good-humour, stepping in his rear.

It was the beginning of the dawn. Already there was enough of it to show the world of hill and wood in vast, vague, silent masses, to render wan the flaming windows of the castle towers behind them. In the east a sullen sky was all blotched with crimson, some pine-trees on the heights were struck against it, intensely black, intensely melancholy, perhaps because they led the mind to dwell on wild, remote, and solitary places, the savagery of old forests, the cruel destiny of man, who has come after and must go before the dead things of the forest. There was no wind; the landscape swooned in frost.

"My faith! 'tis an odd and dolorous world at six o'clock in the morning," thought Count Victor; "I wish I were asleep in Cammercy and all well."

A young fallow-deer stood under an oak-tree, lifting its head to gaze without dismay, almost a phantom; every moment the dawn spread wider; at last the sea showed, leaden in the bay, mists revealed themselves

upon Ben Ime. Of sound there was only the wearying plunge of the cascades and the roll of the shallows like tumbril-wheels on causeway as the river ran below the arches.

"Far yet, monsieur?" cried Count Victor to the figure striding ahead, and his answer came in curt accents.

"We'll be there in ten minutes. You want a little patience."

"We shall be there, *pardieu*! in time enough," cried out Count Victor. "'Tis all one to me, but the march is pestilent dull."

"What! would ye have fiddlin' at a funeral?" asked the Chamberlain, still without turning or slowing his step; and then, as though he had been inspired, he drew out the flag-eolet that was ever his bosom friend, and the astounded Frenchman heard the strains of a bagpipe march. It was so incongruous in the circumstances that he must laugh.

"It were a thousand pities to kill so rare a personage," thought he, "and yet—and yet—'tis a villainous early morning."

They passed along the river-bank; they came upon the sea-beach; the Chamberlain put his instrument into his pocket and still led the way upon the sand that lay exposed far out by the low tide. He stopped at a spot clear of weed, flat and dry and firm almost as a table. It was the ideal floor for an engagement, but for the uncomfortable sense of espionage from the neighbourhood of a town that looked with all its windows upon the place as it

were upon a scene in a play-house. The whole front of the town was not two hundred yards away!

"We shall be disturbed here, monsieur," said Count Victor, hesitating as the other put off his plaid and coat.

"No!" said Sim MacTaggart shortly, tugging at a belt, and yet Count Victor had his doubts. He made his preparations, it is true, but always with an apprehensive look at that long line of sleeping houses, whose shutters—with a hole in the centre of each—seemed to stare down upon the sand. No smoke, no flame, no sign of human occupation was there: the sea-gull and the pigeon pecked together upon the door-steps or the window-sills, or perched upon the ridges of the high-pitched roofs, and a heron stalked at the outlet of a gutter that ran down the street. The sea, quiet and dull, the east turned from crimson to grey; the mountains streaming with mist—

"Cammercy after all!" said Count Victor to himself; "I shall wake in a moment, but yet for a nightmare 'tis the most extraordinary I have ever experienced."

"I hope you are a good Christian," said the Chamberlain, ready first and waiting, bending his borrowed weapon in malignant arcs above his head.

"Three-fourths of one at least," said Montaiglon; "for I try my best to be a decent man," and he daintily and deliberately turned up his sleeve upon an arm as white as milk.

"I'm waiting," said the Chamberlain.

"So! *en garde!*" said his antagonist, throwing off his hat and putting up his weapon.

There was a tinkle of steel like the sound of ice afloat in a glass.

The town but seemed to sleep wholly; as it happened, there was one awake in it who had, of all its inhabitants, the most vital interest in this stern business out upon the sands. She had gone home from the ball rent with vexation and disappointment; her husband snored, a mannikin of parchment, jaundice-cheeked, scorched at the nose with snuff; and, shuddering with distaste of her cage and her companion, she sat long at the window, all her finery on, chasing dream with dream, and every dream, as she knew, alas! with the inevitable poignancy of waking to the truth. For her the flaming east was hell's own vestibule, for her the greying dawn was a pallor of the heart, the death of hope. She sat turning and turning the marriage-ring upon her finger,

sometimes all unconsciously essaying to slip it off, and tugging viciously at the knuckle-joint that prevented its removal, and her eyes, heavy for sleep and moist with sorrow, still could pierce the woods of Shira Glen to their deepmost recesses and see her lover there. They roamed so eagerly, so hungrily into that far distance, that for a while she failed to see the figures on the nearer sand. They swam into her recognition like wraiths up-sprung, as it were, from the sand itself or exhaled upon a breath from the sea: at first she could not credit her vision.

It was not with her eyes—those tear-blurred eyes—she knew him; it was by the inner sense, the nameless one that lovers know; she felt the tale in a thud of the heart and ran out with "Sim!" shrieked on her dumb lips. Her gown trailed in the pools and flicked up the ooze of weed and sand; a shoulder bared itself; some of her hair took shame and covered it with a veil of dull gold.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE DUEL ON THE SANDS—*Continued.*

And now it was clear day. The lime-washed walls of the town gleamed in sunshine, and the shadows of the men at war upon the sand stretched far back from their feet toward the white land. Birds twittered, and shook the snow from the shrubbery of the Duke's garden; the river cried below the arches, but not loud enough to drown the sound of stumbling steps,

and Montaiglon threw a glance in the direction whence they came, even at the risk of being spitted on his opponent's weapon.

He parried a thrust in quarte and cried, "Stop! stop! *remettez-vous, monsieur!* Here comes a woman."

The Chamberlain looked at the dishevelled figure running awkwardly over the rough

stones and slimy weeds, muttered an oath, and put his point up again.

"Come on," said he; "we'll have the whole town about our lugs in ten minutes."

"But the lady?" said Count Victor, guarding under protest.

"It's only Kate," said the Chamberlain, and aimed a furious thrust in tierce. Montaignon parried by a beat of the edge of his forte, and forced the blade upwards. He could have disarmed by the simplest trick of Girard, but missed the opportunity from an insane desire to save his opponent's feelings in the presence of a spectator. Yet the leniency cost them dear.

"Sim! Sim!" cried out the woman in a voice full of horror and entreaty, panting towards the combatants. Her call confused her lover: in a mingling of anger and impatience he lunged wildly, and Count Victor's weapon took him in the chest.

"Zut!" cried the Frenchman, withdrawing the sword and flicking the blood from the point with a ludicrous movement.

The Chamberlain writhed at his feet, muttering something fierce in Gaelic, and a great repugnance took possession of the other. He looked at his work; he quite forgot the hurrying woman until she ran past him and threw herself beside the wounded man.

"Oh, Sim! Sim!" she wailed, in an utterance the most distressing. Her lover turned upon his back and smiled sardonically at her out of a face of paper. "I wish ye had

been a little later, Kate," he said, "or that I had begun with a hale arm. Good God! I've swallowed a hot cinder. I love you, my dear; I love you, my dear. Oh, where the de'il's my flageolet?" And then his head fell back.

With frantic hands she unloosed his cravat, sought and staunched the wound with fragments torn wildly from the flounces of her dress, and wept the while with no sound, though her bosom, white like the spray of seas, seemed bound to burst above her corsage.

Count Victor sheathed his weapon, and "Madame," said he with preposterous inadequacy, "this—this—is distressing; this—this—" he desired to offer some assistance, but balked at the fury of the eyes she turned on him.

"Oh, you!—you!—you!" she gasped, choking to say even so little. "It is enough, is it not, that you have murdered him, without staying to see me tortured?"

To this he could, of course, make no reply. His quandary was immense. Two hundred yards away was that white phantom town shining in the morning sun that rose enormous over the eastern hills beyond the little lapping silver waves. A phantom town, with phantom citizens doubtless prying through the staring eyes of those closed shutters. A phantom town—town of fairy tale, with grotesque roofs, odd *corbeau*-stepped gables, smokeless chimneys, all white with snow, and wild birds on its façade, preening in the blessed light of the sun. He stood with

his back to the pair upon the sand. "My God! 'tis a dream," said he. "I shall laugh in a moment." He seemed to himself to stand thus an age, and yet in truth it was only a pause of minutes when the Chamberlain spoke with the tone of sleep and insensibility as from another world.

"I love you, my dear; I love you, my dear—Olivia."

Mrs Petullo gave a cry of pain and staggered to her feet. She turned upon Count Victor a face distraught and eyes that were wild with the wretchedness of the disillusioned. Her fingers were playing nervously at her lips; her shoulders were roughened and discoloured by the cold; her hair falling round her neck gave her the aspect of a slattern. She, too, looked at the façade of the town and saw her husband's windows shuttered and indifferent to her grief.

"I do not know whether you have killed him or not," she said at last. "It does not matter—oh! it matters all—no, no, it does not matter—Oh! could you not—could you not kill me too?"

For his life he could not have answered: he but looked at her in mortal pity, and at that she ground her teeth and struck him on the lips.

"Awake, decidedly awake!" he said, and shrugged his shoulders; and then for the first time he saw that she was shivering.

"Madame," he said, "you will die of cold: permit me," and he stooped and picked up his coat from the sand and placed it without resistance on her shoulders, like a cloak.

She drew it, indeed, about her with trembling fingers as if her senses craved the comfort though her detestation of the man who gave it was great. But in truth she was demented now, forgetting even the bleeding lover. She gave little paces on the sand, with one of her shoes gone from her feet, and wrung her hands and sobbed miserably.

Count Victor bent to the wounded man and found him regaining consciousness. He did what he could, though that of necessity was little, to hasten his restoration, and relinquished the office only when approaching footsteps on the shore made him look up to see a group of workmen hastening to the spot where the Chamberlain lay on the edge of the tide and the lady and the foreigner beside him.

"This man killed him," cried Mrs Petullo, pointing an accusing finger.

"I hope I have not killed him," said he, "and in any case it was an honourable engagement; but that matters little at this moment when the first thing to do is to have him removed home. So far as I am concerned, I promise you I shall be quite ready to go with you and see him safely lodged."

As the wounded man was borne through the lodge gate with Count Victor, coatless, in attendance, the latter looked back and saw Mrs Petullo, again bare-shouldered, standing before her husband's door and gazing after them.

Her temper had come back; she had thrown his laced coat into the approaching sea!

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE CELL IN THE FOSSE.

By this time the morning was well gone; the town had wakened to the day's affairs—a pleasant light grey reek with the acrid odour of burning wood soaring from chimneys into a sky intensely blue; and the roads that lay interlaced and spacious around the castle of Argyll were—not thronged, but busy at least with labouring folk setting out upon their duties. To them, meeting the wounded form of the Chamberlain, the hour was tragic, and figured long at fireside stories after, acutely memorable for years. They passed astounded or turned to follow him, making their own affairs secondary to their interest in the state of one who, it was obvious even to Montaignon, was deep in their affections. He realised that a few leagues farther away from the seat of a Justiciary-General it might have gone ill with the man who had brought Simon MacTaggart to this condition, for menacing looks were thrown at him, and more than once there was a significant gesture that made plain the animosity with which he was regarded. An attempt to escape—if such had occurred to him—would doubtless have been attended by the most serious consequences.

Argyll met his Chamberlain with the signs of genuine distress: it was touching, indeed, to see his surrender to the most fraternal feeling, and though for a while the Duke's interest in his Chamberlain left him indifferent to him who was the

cause of it, Count Victor could not but perceive that he was himself in a position of exceeding peril. He remembered the sinister comments of the Baron of Doom upon the hazards of an outsider's entrance to the boar's cave, and realised for the first time what that might mean in this country, where the unhappy wretch from Appin, whose case had some resemblance to his own, had been remorselessly made the victim (as the tale went) to world-old tribal jealousies whose existence was incredible to all outside the Highland line. In the chill morning air he stood, coatless and shivering, the high embrasured walls lifting above him, the jabbering menials of the castle grouped a little apart, much of the language heard savage and incomprehensible in his ears, himself, as it were, of no significance to any one except the law that was to manifest itself at any moment. Last night it had been very gay in this castle, the Duke was the most gracious of hosts; here, faith! was a vast difference.

"May I have a coat?" he asked a bystander, taking advantage of a bustle in the midst of which the wounded man was taken into the castle. He got the answer of a scullion.

"A coat!" exclaimed the man he addressed. "A rope's more like it." And so, Count Victor, shrugging his shoulders at this impertinence, was left to suffer the air that bit him to the marrow.

The Chamberlain disposed of, and in the leech's hands, Argyll had the Frenchman brought to his rooms, still in his shirt-sleeves. The weapon of his offence was yet in his hand for evidence, had that been wanting, of an act he was prepared to admit with frankness.

"Well, Monsieur Montaiglon," said his Grace, pacing nervously up and down the room before him, "this is a pretty matter. You have returned to see my pictures somewhat sooner than I had looked for, and in no very ceremonious circumstances."

"Truly," said the Count, with a difficult essay at meeting the man in his own humour—"Truly, but your Grace's invitation was so pressing—*ah ! c'est grand dommage ! mais—mais*—I am not, with every consideration, in the key for badinage. M. le Duc, you behold me exceedingly distressed at the discommoding of your household. At your time of life this—"

He pulled himself up confused a little, aware that his customary politeness had somehow for once shamefully deserted him with no intention on his part.

"That is to put the case with exceeding delicacy," said the Duke. "At my time of life, as you have said, my personal inconvenience is of little importance in face of the fact that a dear friend of mine may be at death's door. At all events there is a man, if signs mislead me not, monstrously near death under this roof, a man well liked by all that know him, a strong man and

a brave man, and a man, in his way, of genius. He goes out, as I say, hale and hearty, and comes back bloody in your company. You came to this part of the world, monsieur, with the deliberate intention of killing my Chamberlain!"

"That's as Heaven, which arranges these things without consulting us, may have decided, my lord; on my honour, I had much preferred never to have set eyes on your Chamberlain."

"Come, come!" said the Duke with a high head and slapping with open hand the table beside him—"Come, come! I am not a fool, Montaiglon—even at my time of life. You deliberately sought this unfortunate man."

"Monsieur the Duke of Argyll has my word that it was not so," said the Count softly.

"I fancy in that case, then, you had found him easy to avoid," said the Duke, who was in an irrestrainable heat. "From the first—oh come! sir, let us not be beating about the bush, and let us sink all these evasions—from the first you have designed a meeting with MacTaggart, and your every act since you came to this country has led up to this damned business that is likely to rob me of the bravest of servants. It was not the winds of heaven that blew you against your will into this part of Scotland, and brought you in contact with my friend on the very first night of your coming here."

"And still, M. le Duc, with infinite deference, and a coolness that is partly due to the un-

pleasant fact (as you may perceive) that I have no coat on, 'twas quite the other way, and your bravest of servants thrust himself upon my attention that had otherwise been directed to the real object of my being in Scotland at all."

The Duke gave a gesture of impatience. "I am not at the heart of these mysteries," said he, "but—even at my age—I know a great deal more about this than you give me credit for. If it is your whim to affect that this wretched business was no more than a passage between gentlemen, the result of a quarrel over cards or the like in my house——"

"Ah!" cried the Count, "there I am all to blame. Our affair ought more properly to have opened elsewhere. In that detail your Grace has every ground for complaint."

"That is a mere side affair," said the Duke, "and something else more closely affects me. I am expected to accept it, then, that the Comte de Montaignon, travelling incognito in the unassuming rôle of a wine merchant, came here at this season simply from a passion for our Highland scenery. I had not thought the taste for dreary mountains and black glens had extended to the Continent."

"At least 'twas not to quarrel with a servant I came here," retorted Count Victor.

"That is ill said, sir," said his Grace. "My kinsman has ten generations of ancestry of the best blood of Scotland and the Isles underground."

"To that, M. le Duc, there is an obvious and ancient retort—that therein he is like a

potatoe plant; the best of him is buried."

Argyll stood before the Frenchman dubious and embarrassed; vexed at the tone of the encounter, and convinced, for reasons of his own, that in one particular at least the foreigner prevaricated, yet impressed by the manly front of the gentleman whose affair had brought a morning's tragedy so close upon the heels of an evening's mirth. Here was the sort of quandary in which he would naturally have consulted with his Duchess, but it was no matter to wake a woman to, and she was still in her bed-chamber.

"I assume you look for this unhappy business to be treated as an affair of honour?" he asked at last.

"So to call it," replied Count Victor, "though in truth, the honour, on my word, was all on one side."

"You are in doubtful taste to put it quite in these terms," said the Duke more sternly, "particularly as you are the one to come out of it so far scathless."

"Would M. le Duc know how his servant compelled my—my attentions?"

"Compelled your attentions! I do not like the tone of your speeches, monsieur. Dignity——"

"*Pardieu!* M. le Duc, would you expect a surfeit of dignity from a man without a jacket?" said the Count, looking pathetically at his linen.

"Dignity—I mean the sense of it—would dictate a more sober carriage in face of the terrible act you have committed.

I am doing my best to find the slightest excuse for you, because you are a stranger here, a man of good family though engaged upon a stupendous folly, and I have before now been in the reverence of your people. You ask me if I know what compelled your attention (as you say) to my Chamberlain, and I will answer you frankly that I know all that is necessary."

At that the Count was visibly amazed. This was, indeed, to put a new face on matters and make more regrettable his complacent surrender after his affair on the sands.

"In that case, M. le Duc," said he, "there is no more to be said. I protest I am unable to comprehend your Grace's complacency towards a rogue—even of your own household."

Argyll rung a bell and concluded the interview.

"There has been enough of this," he said. "I fear you do not clearly realise all the perils of your situation. You came here—you will pardon a man at my age insisting upon it, for I know the facts—with the set design of challenging one who properly or improperly has aroused your passion; you have accomplished your task, and must not consider yourself harshly treated if you have to pay the possible penalty."

"Pardon, M. le Duc, it is not so, always with infinite deference, and without a coat as I have had the boldness to remark before: my task had gone on gaily enough had your Monsieur MacTaggart not been the victim of some inexplicable fever—unless as I sometimes

suspect it were a preposterous jealousy—that made me the victim of his somewhat stupid folly play."

"You have accomplished your task, as I say," proceeded Argyll, heedless of the interruption, "and to tell the truth, the thing has been done with an unpardonably primitive absence of form. I am perhaps an indifferent judge of such ceremonies; at my time of life—as you did me the honour to put it—that is only to be expected, but we used, when I was younger, to follow a certain formula in inviting our friend the enemy out to be killed. What is this hasty and clandestine encounter before the law of the land but a deliberate attempt at murder? It would be so even in your own country under the circumstances. M. le Comte, where were your seconds? Your wine-selling has opened in villainously bad circumstances, and you are in error to assume that the details of the code may be waived even among the Highland hills."

A servant entered.

"Take this gentleman to the fosse," said the Duke, with the ring of steel in his voice and his eyes snapping.

"At least there is as little form about my incarceration as about my duel," said Count Victor.

"My father would have been somewhat more summary in circumstances like these," said the Duke, "and, by Heaven! the old style had its merits too; but these are different days, though, if I were you, I

fancy I'd prefer the short shrift of Long David the Dempster to the felon's cell. Be good enough to leave your sword."

Count Victor said never a word, but placed the weapon in a corner of the room, made a deep *congé*, and went forth a prisoner.

In the last few minutes of the interview he had forgotten the cold, but now when he was led into the open air he felt it in his coatless condition more poignant than his apprehension at his position otherwise. He shivered as he walked along the fosse, through which blew a shrewd north wind, driving the first flakes of an approaching snowstorm. The fosse was wide and deep, girding the four-square castle, mantled on its outer walls by dense ivy, where a few birds twittered. The wall was broken at intervals by the doors of what might very well serve as cells if cells were wanted, and it was to one of these that Count Victor found himself consigned.

"My faith, Victor, thou art a fool of the first water!" he said to himself as he realised the ignominy of his situation. For he was in the most dismal of dungeons, furnished as scantily as a cellar, fireless, damp, and almost in sepulchral darkness, for what light might have entered by a little window over the door was obscured by drifted snow.

By-and-by his eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, and he concluded that he was in what had at one time been a wine-cellar, as bottles were racked against the back wall

of his arched apartment. They were empty—he confirmed his instinct on that point quickly enough, for the events of the morning left him in the mood for refreshment. It was uncomfortable all this; there was always the possibility of justice miscarried; but at no time had he any fear of savage reprisals such as had alarmed him when Mungo Boyd locked him up in Doom and the fictitious broken clan cried "Loch Sloy!" in darkness. For this was not wholly the wilds, and Argyll's manner, though stern, was that of one who desired in all circumstances to be just.

So Count Victor sat on a box and shivered in his shirt-sleeves and fervently wished for breakfast. The snow fell heavily now, and drifted in the fosse and whitened the world; outside, therefore, all was silent; there must be bustle and footsteps, but here they were unheard: it seemed in a while that he was buried in catacombs, an illusion so vexatious that he felt he must dispel it at all hazards.

There was but one way to do so. He stood on his box and tried to reach the window over his door. To break the glass was easy, but when that was done and the snow was cleared away by his hand, he could see out only by pulling himself up with an awkward and exhausting grasp on the narrow ledge. Thus he secured but the briefest of visions of what was outside, and that was not a reassuring one.

Had he meditated escape from the window, he must now abandon it; for on the other

side of the ditch, cowering in the shelter of one of the castle doors, was standing one of the two men who had placed him in the cell, there apparently for no other purpose than to keep an eye on the only possible means of exit from the discarded wine-cellar.

The breaking glass was unheard by the watcher; at all events he made no movement to suggest that he had observed it, and he said nothing about it when some time later in the forenoon he came with Count Victor's breakfast, which was generous enough to confirm his

belief that in Argyll's hands he was at least assured of the forms of justice, though that, in truth, was not the most consoling of prospects.

His warder was a dumb dog, a squint-eyed Cerberus with what Count Victor for once condemned as a tribal gibberish for his language, so that he was incapable of understanding what was said to him even if he had been willing to converse.

"It is little good to play the guitar to an ass," said the Frenchman, and fell to his viands.

CHAPTER XXX.—A DUCAL DISPUTATION.

If Count Victor, buried among cobwebs in the fosse, stung by cold till he shivered as in a quartan ague, suffering alternately the chagrin of the bungler self-discovered and the apprehension of a looming fate whose nature could only be guessed at, was in a state unenviable, Argyll himself was scarcely less unhappy. It was not only that his Chamberlain's condition grieved him, but that the whole affair put him in a quandary where the good citizen quarrelled in him with another old Highland gentleman whose code of morals was not in strict accord with written statutes. He had studied the Pandects at Utrecht, but also he had been young there, and there was a place (if all tales be true) on the banks of the Yssel river where among silent polders a young Scot had twice at least fought with the sword upon some trivial matter of de-

bate with Netherlanders of his college. And then he knew his Chamberlain. About Simon MacTaggart Argyll had few illusions, though they perhaps made all the difference in his conduct to the gentleman in question. That MacTaggart should have brought upon himself a tardy retribution for acts more bold than scrupulous was not to be wondered at; that the meeting with Count Victor was honourably conducted, although defective in its form, was almost certain; but here the assailant was in his custody, and whether he liked it or not he must hand him over to the law.

His first impulse had been to wash his hands of all complicity in the Frenchman's fate by sending him straightway to the common town tolbooth, pending his trial in the ordinary course; but he hesitated from an intuition that the step

would find no favour in the eyes of his Duchess, who had her own odd prejudices regarding Sim MacTaggart, and an interest in Count Victor none the less ardent because it was but a day or two old.

"A man! Archie, every bit of him!" she had said at the conclusion of last evening's entertainment; and though without depreciating his visitor he had attempted to convince her that her estimate ran the risk of being prejudiced by her knowledge of the quixotic mission the foreigner was embarked on, she had refused to see in Count Victor's accent, face, and carriage anything but the most adorable character. She ever claimed a child's attribute of attraction or repulsion on mere instinct to and from men's mere exteriors, and her husband knew it was useless to expect any approval from her for any action that might savour of the slightest harshness to the foreigner.

But above all he feared—he dreaded—something else. Simon MacTaggart was to him more than a servant; he knew many of his failings, but seemed to tolerate them because he also, like Count Victor, had learned not to expect too much from human nature. But it was ever his fear that his lenience for the sins and follies of his Chamberlain would some day suffer too hard a strain, and lead to that severance that in the case of old friends and familiars was his Grace's singular terror in life.

The day passed heavily for Argyll. Many a time he looked out of his window into the fosse

slow drifting full of snow; and though he could not from that point see the cell-door of his prisoner, his fancy did enough to feed his unhappiness. Vainly he paced his library, vainly sought the old anodyne—the blessed anodyne of books; he was consumed with impatience to consult with his wife, and she, fragile always, and fatigued by last evening's gaieties, was still asleep.

He went for the twentieth time into the room where the Chamberlain was lying. The doctor, a lank pock-pitted embodiment of mad chirurgy from books and antique herbal delusions, inherited from generations of simple-healers, mixed noxious stuff in a gallipot and plumed himself upon some ounces of gore drawn from his victim. Clysters he prated on; electuaries; troches; the weed that the Gael of him called *slanlus* or "heal-all"; of unguents loathesomely compounded, but at greatest length and with fullest rapture of his vile phlebotomy.

"Six ounces, your Grace!" he cried gleefully, in a laughable high falsetto, holding up the bowl with trembling fingers as if he proffered for the ducal cheer the very flagon of Hebe.

Argyll shuddered.

"I wish to God, Dr MacIver," said he, "your practice in this matter of blood-letting may not be so much infernal folly. Why! the man lost all he could spare before he reached you."

And there, unconscious, Simon MacTaggart slept, pale as parchment, fallen in at the jaw, twitching a little now and then at the corners of the mouth,

otherwise inert and dead. Never before had his master seen him off his guard—never, that is to say, without the knowledge that he was being looked at, and if his Grace had expected that he should find any grosser man than he knew revealed, he was mistaken. 'Twas a child that slept—a child not unhappy, at most only indifferent to everything with that tremendous naïveté of the dead and of the soundly sleeping—that great carelessness that comes upon the carcass when the soul's from home. If he had sinned a million times,—let the physiognomists say what they will!—not a line upon his face betrayed him, for there the ideals only leave their mark, and his were for ever impeccable.

His coat hung upon the back of a chair, and his darling flageolet had fallen out of the pocket and lay upon the floor. Argyll picked it up and held it in his hand a while, looking upon it with a little contempt, and yet with some kindness.

"Fancy that!" he said more to himself than to the apothecary; "the poor fellow must have his flageolet with him even upon an affair of this kind. It beats all! My dear man of moods! my good vagabond! my windlestraw of circumstance! constant only to one ideal—the unattainable perfection in a kind of roguish art. To play a perfect tune in the right spirit he would sacrifice everything, and yet drift carelessly into innumerable disgraces for mere lack of will to lift a hand. I daresay sometimes Jean is in the rights of it after all—his gifts have been his

curse: wanting his skill of this simple instrument that was for ever to himself and others an intoxication, and wanting his outward pleasing form, he had been a good man to the very marrow. A good man! H'm! Ay! and doubtless an uninteresting one. Doctor! doctor! have you any herb for the eyesight.

"Does your Grace have a dimness? I know a lotion——"

"Dimness! faith! it is the common disease, and I suffer it with the rest. Sometimes I cannot see the length of my nose."

"The stomach, your Grace; just the stomach," cried the poor leech. "My own secret preparation——"

"Your own secret preparation, doctor, will not, I am sure, touch the root of this complaint or the devil himself is in it. I can still see—even at my age—the deer on Tom-a-chrochair, and read the scurviest letters my enemies send me, but my trouble is that I cannot understand the flageolet."

"The flageolet, your Grace," said MacIver bewildered. "I thought you spoke of your eyesight."

"And so I did. I cannot see through the mysteries of things; I cannot understand why man should come into the world with fingers so apt to fankle that he cannot play the finest tunes all the time and in the best of manners. These, however, are but idle speculations, beyond the noble jurisdiction of the chymist. And so you think our patient will make a good recovery?"

"With care, your Grace; and the constant use of my styptic,

a most elegant nostrum; your Grace, that has done wonders in the case of a widow up the glen."

"This folly of a thing they call one's honour," said the Duke, "has made a great deal of profitable trade for your profession?"

"I have no cause of complaint, your Grace," said the doctor complacently, "except that nowadays honour nor nothing else rarely sends so nice a case of hemorrhage my way. An inch or two to the left and Mr MacTaggart would have lifted his last rents."

Argyll grimaced with distaste at the idea.

"Poor Sim!" said he. "And my tenants would have lost a tolerant agent, though I might easily find one to get more money out of them. Condemn that Frenchman! I wish the whole race of them were at the devil."

"It could never have been a fair fight this," said the doctor, spreading a plaster.

"There never *was* a fair fight," said Argyll, "or but rarely, and then neither of the men was left to tell the tale. The man with most advantages must ever win."

"The other had them all here," said the doctor, "for the Chamberlain was fighting with an unhealed wound in his right arm."

"A wounded arm!" cried Argyll. "I never heard of that."

It was a wound so recent, the doctor pointed out, that it made the duel madness. He turned over the neck of his patient's shirt and showed the cicatrice,

angry and ugly. "A stab, too!" said he.

"A stab?" said the Duke.

"A stab with a knife or a thrust with a sword," said the doctor. "It has gone clean through the arm and come out at the back."

"Gad! this is news indeed! What does it mean? It's the reason for the pallor and the abstraction of some days back, for which I put the blame upon some love-affair of his. He never breathed a word of it to me, nor I suppose to you?"

"It has had no attention from me or any one else," said the doctor; "but the wound seems to have healed of itself so far without anything being done for it."

"So that a styptic—even the famous styptic—can do no more wonders than a good constitution after all. Poor Sim, I wonder what folly this came of. And yet—to look at him there—his face so gentle, his brow so calm, his mouth—ah, poor Sim!"

From a distant part of the house a woman's voice arose, crying, "Archie, Archi-e-e!" in a lingering crescendo: it was the Duchess, and as yet she had not heard of the day's untoward happenings. He went out and told her gently. "And now," he went on when her agitation had abated, "what of our Chevalier?"

"Well!" said she, "what of him? I hope he is not to suffer for this, seeing MacTaggart is going to get better, for I should dearly like to have him get some return for his quest."

"Would you, indeed?" said the Duke. "H'm," and stared

at her. "The Count is at this moment cooling his heels in the fosse cell."

"That is hard!" said she, reddening.

"But what would you, my dear? I am still as much the representative of the law as ever, and am I to connive at such outrages under my own windows because the chief offender is something of a handsome young gentleman who has the tact to apologise for a disturbance in my domestic affairs that must, as he puts it, be disconcerting to a man of my years? A man of my years—there's France!—*toujours la politesse*, if you please! At my age! Confound his impudence!"

The Duchess could not suppress a smile.

"At his age, my dear," said she, "you had the tact to put so obvious a thing differently or leave it alone."

"Not that I heed his impudence," said the Duke hastily; "that a man is no longer young at sixty is the most transparent of facts."

"Only he does not care to have it mentioned too unexpectedly. Oh, you goose!" And she laughed outright, then checked herself at the recollection of the ailing Chamberlain.

"If I would believe myself as young as ever I was, my dear lass," said he, "credit me it is that it is more to seem so in the eyes of yourself," and he put his arm around her waist.

"But still," said she after a little—"still the unlucky Frenchman is in the fosse more for his want of tact, I fear,

than for his crime against the law of the land. Who pinked—if that's the nasty word—who pinked the Dutchman in Utrecht?—that's what I should like to know, my dear Justice Shallow."

"This is different, though; he came here for the express purpose——"

"Of quarrelling with the Chamberlain!"

"Well, of quarrelling with somebody, as you know," said the nobleman hesitatingly.

"I am sorry for MacTaggart," said the Duchess, "really sorry, but I cannot pretend to believe he has been very ill done by—I mean unjustly done by. I am sure my Frenchman must have had some provocation, and is really the victim."

"You—that is we—know nothing about that, my dear," said Argyll.

"I cannot be mistaken; you would be the first at any other time to admit that I could tell whether a man was good or evil on a very brief acquaintance. With every regard for your favour to the Chamberlain, I cannot stand the man. If my instinct did not tell me he was vicious, my ears would, for I hear many stories little to his credit."

"And yet a brave man, good-wife, a faithful servant and an interesting fellow. Come now! Jean, is it not so?"

She merely smiled, patting his ruffles with delicate fondling fingers. It was never her habit to argue with her Duke.

"What!" he cried smilingly, "none of that, but contradict me if you dare."

"I never contradict his Grace

the Duke of Argyll," said she, stepping back and sweeping the floor with her gown in a stately courtesy; "it is not right, and it is not good for him—at his age."

"Ah, you rogue!" he cried, laughing. "But soberly now, you are too hard on poor Sim. It is the worst—the only vice of good women that they have no charity left for the imperfect either of their own sex or of mine. Let us think what an atom of wind-blown dust is every human being at the best, bad or good in his blood as his ancestry may have been, kind, or cruel, straight or crooked, pious or pagan, admirable or evil, as the accidents of his training or experience shall determine. As I grow older I grow more tolerant, for I have learned that my own scanty virtues and graces are no more my own creation than the dukedom I came into from my father—or my red hair."

"Not red, Archie," said the Duchess, "not red, but reddish fair; in fact, a golden;" and she gently pulled a curl upon his temple. "What about our Frenchman? Is he to lie in the fosse till the Sheriff sends for him or till the great Mac-Cailein Mor has forgiven him for telling him he was a little over the age of thirty?"

"For once, my dear, you cannot have your way," said the Duke firmly. "Be reasonable! We could not tolerate so scan-

dalous an affair without some show of law and——"

"Tolerate!" said the Duchess. "You are very hard on poor Montaiglon, Archie, and all because he fought a duel with a doubtful gentleman who will be little the worse for it in a week or two. Let us think," she went on banteringly—"let us think what an atom of wind-blown dust is every human being at the best, admirable or evil as his training——"

Her husband stopped her with a kiss.

"No more of that, Jean; the man must thole his trial, for I have gone too far to draw back even if I had the will to humour you."

There was one tone of her husband's his wife knew too decisive for her contending with, and now she heard it. Like a wise woman, she made up her mind to say no more, and she was saved an awkward pause by an uproar in the fosse. Up to the window where those two elderly lovers had their kindly disputation came the sound of cries. Out into the dusk of the evening Argyll thrust his head and asked an explanation.

"The Frenchman's gone!" cried somebody.

He drew in his head, with a smile struggling on his countenance.

"You witch!" said he, "you must have your own way with me, even if it takes a spell."

(To be continued.)

THE JEOPARDY OF GREEK.

SOME people take Lord Rosebery seriously, some do not. When last autumn, in an address to the students of Glasgow University, he stigmatised all study of Greek as practically useless, his remarks were greeted with a burst of applause by the assembled undergraduates. Many people, especially schoolmasters (for pessimism seems one of the pet vices of the modern schoolmaster), saw in the noble Lord's statement a solemn semi-official declaration of the abolition of Greek, a definite enunciation of a public policy, while they interpreted the applause of a few hundred students as a true indication of the attitude of the public towards the study of Greek and Latin. This may be so, but then again it may not be so; for even statesmen or ex-statesmen are human, and when they see an opportunity of raising applause easily from the more unthinking of their audience by a little cheap clap-trap, do not hesitate to avail themselves of that opportunity. But however that may be, the modern language party, if they may be so called, felt encouraged and the Greek party frightened and depressed, and their agitation has been increased tenfold by the recent proposals to divert some of the money in Scottish universities at present spent on classical bursaries for the foundation of modern language scholarships.

It is the Greek language for

the most part that is considered to be in jeopardy, and there seems likely to be a recrudescence of the "Greek question" such as we experienced in 1897. The discussion will probably produce the usual crop of doleful jeremiads on the downfall of Greek, or sublime panegyrics on the true study of Greek thought as a panacea for all ills, social, moral, and above all educational. But what is wanted is surely something *practical*, something which may help those who believe in Greek to face the music, and if possible maintain their position. Reform, like charity, begins at home. In the course of a long and varied newspaper correspondence, which touched on almost every phase of the supposed antagonism between Greek (and Latin) and modern languages, there was not a single suggestion that the present unpopularity of Greek may be due to some fault in the teaching of that language, that possibly there is room for improvement in the methods of teaching. That Greek is unpopular cannot be denied: it is evil spoken of not only by those who know nothing of the language, but by those who have learned or have had the opportunity of learning it; in fact, the latter are on the whole the more bitter antagonists. This is not the place to discuss the comparative educational value of Greek studies; their position remains still very much what

it was when so well summed up by the 'Times' in November 1897:—

"There has never been any question as to the value of Greek studies as an instrument of liberal education. As a key to the noblest thoughts that have moved mankind, the influence of which is still felt in every department of mental activity, while their power and beauty must of necessity evaporate in the best of translations, Greek could never be at a discount. The questions most pressing in regard to higher education now seem to be, not whether Greek shall continue to be taught, but how it shall be taught, and to whom—*i.e.*, to what extent it shall continue to be a mere vehicle for grammatical drudgery or forced on unwilling students to whom it will never be useful or interesting. There can be no doubt that much of the alleged failure of Greek as an educational instrument has been due to faulty and unintelligent teaching. The remedy is not in the abolition of Greek study, but in the improvement of its methods. Greek literature may hold its place in the very front rank of higher education if it is studied, not for the illustration of grammatical rules, but for the communication of thoughts worth reading and remembering, and beauties not of one age only, but of all time."

Let teachers look to it, then. Perhaps they will do, now that one of their main sources of income is threatened, what they should have done long ago from pity—pity, that is, for the numberless boys in the lower forms of public schools whose life is made a burden to them by their Greek grammar hours; who are gradually acquiring a healthy contempt and hatred of all that is Greek, arising from a belief that the only literature the Greek nation produced is Rutherford's or Wordsworth's Greek Grammar,—for many never get be-

yond, but seek peace and quiet on the modern side.

The problem then is, Can we teach Greek so as to give those boys who do learn it a reasonable knowledge and appreciation of the language? Can we make boys not dislike the more elementary stages of Greek teaching—say the Greek curriculum in all forms below the fifth—for it cannot be too strongly emphasised that the feeling against Greek in the main is due to the dislike of it harboured by men who as boys were ill-taught in the elementary stage and gave up the subject before reaching a higher form? Ask the average boy who has given up Greek after three years of it what Greek he knows, and what is his opinion generally of the language and literature! Whether he be a boy who has left the classical for the modern side, or a boy who has left school at, say, sixteen or seventeen to go into business, he will probably tell you that he remembers having some odd words, *ναῦς*, *ἰχθὺς*, *ἀνώγειον*, well hammered into him, and some very irregular verbs, which he did not like at all. Of the Greeks and their literature he will know nothing, save possibly that a man Xenophon (or as he will spell it Zenophon) wrote some Greek, and that it is chiefly "now they marched twenty parasangs and five stades and encamped."

It is, then, a question of *methods*. To review first briefly present methods, as pursued in the strongholds of Greek learning, the public schools and the many private schools which pre-

pare boys for them. Greek is usually begun at the age of ten to eleven, and in most public schools even the lowest form¹ learns Greek. Greek and Latin are taught *on absolutely the same principle*. In low forms six or seven hours a-week are usually given to Greek, all of which hours are usually spent in accidence and grammatical drill in the shape of exercises based on the accidence, a sort of system of "permutations" and "combinations" very similar to "I have the pen of the female gardener," "Who has the pen?" &c., with which our youth was plagued in the 'First French Course.' After about a year a reading-book is introduced, made up usually of isolated extracts from Greek authors or modern anecdotes clothed in so-called Attic Greek, to be followed by a diet of carefully peptonised Xenophon. These books are compiled and used with one object in view, the acquiring of exact grammatical knowledge. The subject-matter, often not of great interest, is quite subordinated to details of grammatical analysis. The same system is extended to the masterpieces of Greek literature in middle forms, and they become merely a peg on which to hang parsing and paradigms.

"Limit and modify" must be the watchword of any reformer of elementary Greek teaching. We say "limit" ad-

visedly; for though it does not follow that Scottish universities need give up teaching Greek because our commercial travellers cannot jabber French and German, or because our iron contracts go to Pittsburg, yet modern languages must be more fairly dealt with and more time be devoted to them. This policy of limiting will have to be applied to three considerations. Firstly, the age at which Greek is to be begun; secondly, the methods of Greek teaching; and lastly, the authors which should be read. As to age, boys begin Greek when they are too young. Greek is in reality a far easier language than Latin, and experience has proved that it can be acquired in a far shorter time. When a boy has worked for at least three years at Latin, and read some Nepos and Cæsar, and acquired some knowledge of geography and history, he may then begin Greek: at present the number of fresh subjects to be tackled by a new boy in a low form is appalling.² It is, of course, impossible to fix a definite age-limit; but, roughly speaking, a normal boy should begin Greek at about thirteen, or, putting it from another point of view, in a normally constituted school Greek should be first taught in the Fourth Form. In Germany, where public opinion on the Greek question long since passed through the phase that English opinion has lately been

¹ A boy who has been through a good preparatory school is rarely placed in the lowest form of a public school.

² I once asked a new boy how he was getting on. He complained that he found three languages in addition to Latin rather a large order. The three languages were Greek, French, and algebra!

undergoing, the leading States, Prussia and Baden, prescribed that Greek should not be taught in the three lowest forms. Greek ought not to be taught at all in preparatory schools, and preparatory school masters will admit this; but as long as public schools set Greek for their entrance scholarships, the evil must continue. How much stress is laid on Greek in these examinations is pretty clearly shown, in spite of many disclaimers, by the carefully compiled report on the subject in the Blue-book¹ recently laid before Parliament.

To pass on to the question of methods in general and in detail. All English methods are very stereotyped. An English schoolmaster can only with the greatest difficulty be induced to discuss questions of new methods or take the initiative in any attempt to improve on an old system. He is not, like his German *confrère*, a professional man, but an amateur; he does not live in an atmosphere of inquiry into the scientific aspects of his work,² and he is rather inclined to prefer simply to "hear a lesson" than to think out a subject and really teach it.

In detail two points must be insisted on—the pupil must be introduced as soon as possible to the reading of Greek authors, and grammar must be limited and made less burdensome. The reading-book should be the basis of instruction, the grammar be learnt *inductively*, by classifica-

tion and comparison of the forms which actually occur. A "Grammar"—that is, a tabulated statement of the phenomena of a language at a certain time—is necessary for reference; but, ideally speaking, a pupil should make his own grammar, copying down those forms or those constructions which are similar, classifying them, comparing them, and deducing the so-called "rule" for himself. This synthetic method, as being rational and practical, has been applied to modern-language teaching for years with very good results, and the application of the system to Greek has been approved by the Prussian educational authorities. A boy learning Greek need only master accidence and grammar sufficiently to enable him to translate and understand Greek authors. There need be none of the systematic drill and precision employed, and rightly so, in teaching Latin. The difference between the methods of study applicable to the two languages is well expressed in the *Lehrplan* prescribed by the Board of Education of Baden. "The object of Latin teaching," they lay down, "is to provide a basis for general grammatical study, to encourage logical reasoning, and to impart a knowledge of the Latin language and literature." The main aim of Greek teaching, on the other hand, is "to work the boys through as much of the standard Greek authors as

¹ Special Reports on Educational Subjects. Vol. 6. Preparatory Schools. Education Department, Dec. 1900.

² Compare Special Reports (Educational), 1898, vol. iii. p. 132.

is consistent with the avoidance of hurried reading, and thereby to give them an acquaintance with Greek thought and culture, and to develop their literary taste." There is no question of using the Greek language as an agent for training the logical faculties or acquiring an exact knowledge of grammatical principles or linguistic minutiae. All teaching should centre round the actual written language, and the plain text of a Greek author should be in a boy's hand from the beginning.

The amount of grammar must be modified considerably. At present it is quite unreasonable. Why should a young boy have to learn carefully the declension of such nouns as *ἀνώγειων, κανοῦν, χρέος, ἰχθύς, πρᾶος*, such comparatives as *ἰσαίτερος, ἀκρατέστερος*? Why should he spend as much time and trouble over *ἴλεως* as over *ἀνὴρ* when the ratio of their occurrence in any author he is likely to read is 1:100? Similarly in verb conjugation much can be omitted — perfects of *ἀγείρω, ἀλείφω, ἀρόω*, &c.; rarities such as *ἀλάμενος, ἐκάθαρα, ἀραι*; and many imperative forms especially of the perfect. The inequality of the present system is shown by some statistics collected from the first four books of the *Anabasis*; in these, among 7125 verb forms, there are only 270 perfect forms, but 880 aorists, yet the same amount of time is usually spent on learning one as the other—in fact, as a rule, more stress is laid on a correct knowledge of perfect forms. The chief aim of grammar

should be to facilitate the reading of an author, and those grammatical forms should be most closely studied which occur most often in the author under consideration. It is only by reading a large amount of the actual written language that we can acquire that "feeling for the language" (*Sprachgefühl*), that psychological process which without brain-exertion or straining of the memory gradually fulfils itself unconsciously in our minds, so that we feel that such and such a word is right or wrong without consciously going through a process of "translating." Greek from its earliest days has been the victim of that tyrant, System. From Aristarchus and Planudes to Curtius and Kennedy we can trace a long line of grammarians who spent all their energies in reducing the language to mathematically systematised completeness: a perfected paradigm is what they dearly loved, not hesitating to draw on their imagination for forms which they could not find in Greek authors; witness our old friend *τύπτω* splendidly faultless in all his forms in the grammars, though in actual usage his future is *τυπτήσω* and his passive aorist *πληγὰς ἔλαρον*. To this tyranny of system we have bowed our heads for years.

So far we have attempted to discuss the *methods* of elementary Greek teaching, only, however, touching on the less technical points which suggest possible reform. We now come to the question, What author

forms the best reading-book for beginners? What text shall we put into the learner's hand to start on? *Answer.* The 'Odyssey' of Homer without doubt. One of the main requirements of a first reading-book is that its contents shall be of sufficient interest to rivet the attention of the learner, so that he can feel that he has some return for his trouble in deciphering and extracting the meaning of an unknown tongue. This interest the 'Odyssey,' especially Books IX. to XII., may claim to possess. All teachers will admit this, whether they be of the "sound scholar" type or those who sit at the feet of Herbart; for did not "the Master" most strongly urge that boys should be trained on Homer from the beginning? If, as we take for granted, the main object of learning Greek is to give a lasting impression of the true worth of Greek literature and to emphasise the influence of Greek on the development of modern literature, in choosing an author we naturally turn to Homer, "the keystone of the arch of Greek learning on which rests the mighty edifice of all that is fair in Literature." Though common is the commonplace that "Homer was the Bible of the Greeks," it is none the less true; and a boy who has read several books of Homer and learned to love them has acquired a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰὶ* which cannot be counterbalanced by even the most thorough acquaintance with Attic prose

literature and the vagaries of the syntax thereof. In numberless other respects Homer is to be recommended for beginners, his simple syntax, suitable to the simple minds of boys, giving the key to the development of the complicated subordinations of Attic conjunction-sentences; his vocabulary, with its root-words and simple formations, where, the original meaning once learnt, the task of the memory is lightened—above all, there is his metre, the value of which can hardly be overestimated. Nor is this use of Homer as an elementary reading-book an untried principle; but in practice it has been demonstrated that a boy who begins Greek by learning the Homeric dialect is not thereby prevented from becoming a sound Attic scholar. In Germany the principle is gaining ground every day; while in England too, in spite of the all-embracing "tyranny of Attic," it has found some few disciples. For thirty years it flourished under Ahrens in one of the largest schools in Germany, and one¹ who used Ahrens's Homer reading-book in his form tells us that the average fourth-form boy (*tertianus*) in two years had usually read, with six hours' teaching a week, six or seven books of the Odyssey, one of the Anabasis, and was well grounded in the grammar and syntax necessary for the appreciation of those works.

The results obtained in the

¹ Dr A. Müller.

ring-ousels were fitting about in the same gorse, but will only stay a day or two with us in their spring migration. In the autumn, when elderberries are ripe, they often tarry for a month. The high moorland of the north is now their goal, and they pass thitherward quickly.

A wryneck sounds his sharp continuous note, and climbs with snake-like rapidity along the rough-barked branch of an oak which towers above the underwood. "Flawing bird" the woodman calls him, because his arrival is coincident with the rising of the sap in the oak-trees which have been blazed for felling, and thus marks the time for "flawing," or stripping the bark.

That hollow in the decayed bough will soon hold the eggs of the wryneck—white, like all other eggs deposited in dark situations, and therefore not requiring protective colouring.

Suddenly there is a deep note of a hound from the depths of the cover. It is followed by a few excited whimpers, and then there bursts forth the wild joyous chorus of a pack in full cry. Something of a reddish-brown colour, which so matches the brown stems of the hazels that it would be invisible but for the movement, leaps into the ride, and then vanishes once more among the underwood. Half a minute later there is a view-halloo from somewhere in the fields beyond. Following it come the long-drawn notes of the huntsman's horn, and I reach an angle of the wood in time to see the deer taking the

fences in her stride nearly half a mile off among the alluvial pastures, with the hounds some fields behind.

In an instant horse and rider alike are possessed with the eager passion of pursuit. For the time being the migrants and all things else in the world are forgotten except the flying hind and the dappled eager pack streaming after her across the meadows. It will require all the rider's wit, judgment, and nerve, and a right good horse as well, to live with the hounds across that stretch of close-fenced country!

After a hard burst for nearly a couple of miles, the hounds are at fault in a sunken lane; and as we slacken speed the fierce pursuing instinct loses its grip over the mental faculties, and the beast of prey again becomes a field naturalist.

A party of five swallows comes skimming over the grass from the direction of the English Channel, and one leaves its companions and hawks to and fro close to my horse's feet, as if it suddenly remembers the sleepy moths which we trod out of the hill-grass when cub-hunting in the early mornings of last October when it was flying southward. In the meantime, perhaps, it has in like manner hawked to and fro in front of some huge giraffe, whose stiltlike legs were disturbing the insects from the stunted grass and scrub on the borders of the Kalahari. What a vast experience of life these far-flying migrants must possess, as compared with our stay-at-home birds!

AMONG THE MIGRANTS.

A RED hind, which had baffled the stag-hounds in December, had ranged at will over a large district in the southern part of the Weald for several months. As spring advanced, and the farmers became more sensitive to the damage done to their crops, it was determined to recapture her if possible, lest guns should be used and a worse fate befall her.

It was toward the end of April before the whereabouts of the deer was accurately determined among the thick belt of woods which skirt the northern escarpment of the Sussex Downs. Hitherto the spring season had been unusually dry, but during the night previous to the arrival of the stag-hounds rain had fallen freely. A keeper had found her slot, impressed since the rain on the softened sward at the edge of a large covert about two miles from the Devil's Dyke. Here apparently she had harboured, for no footmarks had been found leading away from the wood.

It is a novel experience stag-hunting in April, when all the brown thickets around us are flecked with emerald from the opening leaf-buds, and the vistas beneath the transparent spring foliage of the higher trees are carpeted with primroses and blue hyacinths. Indeed the whole proceeding, although our object is good, savours of illegality. Not that this detracts from our enjoyment. It is not often that

one can gratify at the same time a certain innate hankering after unlawful sport (is not every countryman a potential poacher?) and the civilised feelings of humanity.

A man in velveteen and corduroy points out the slot to the huntsman, who bends low in his saddle. How small the footprints look. The hind must have come into her hiding-place on tiptoe after a night's feed in the fields of young corn. The huntsman takes the hounds through the gap into the wood, while I ride along the edge and stop at a point of vantage in a broad ride at the southern end, where it seems likely that the deer will break cover. The sun has made the air on the lee side of the wood pleasantly warm, and here, as if desirous to escape from the chilly wind which sweeps across the open, are gathered a number of new arrivals from across the sea.

As my horse stands like a statue, but for an expectant tremor in his limbs and the movements of his vigilant ears to catch the first sign of our quarry being afoot, the birds cease to notice our presence. A nightingale croaks from the stunted hawthorn, fast breaking into leaf in this sheltered spot, and then warbles a few disjointed notes. I heard a score of them singing thus in the gorse on the Downs early this morning—evidently passing visitors, as none are to be heard there later in the season. The

ring-ousels were flitting about in the same gorse, but will only stay a day or two with us in their spring migration. In the autumn, when elderberries are ripe, they often tarry for a month. The high moorland of the north is now their goal, and they pass thitherward quickly.

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This turf is as yet too bare to harbour insects; but the swallow remains in my company until, in the next field, a grass-moth rises from a tussock as my horse strikes it with his hoof. At the first attempt the bird misses it, and I hear its empty beak snap together; but with a sharp turn the capture is made, and at once the swallow skims away northward, following its companions.

What a lovely creature is the swallow in its spring plumage! There is something which tells of the prodigal vitality of the tropics in the deep red of its frontlet and throat, looking almost transparent in the sunshine, and in the rich purple-black of its wings and tail, terminating in a lacelike edging of white between the forked tail-feathers.

Meanwhile we have lost time, and the scent becomes catchy. From a plantation of fir-trees the pack comes away to a pond in a clayey hollow. The yellow soil is still clouding the water where the hind has taken a bath; but although the hounds make repeated casts round the edge of the pool, they fail to discover where she left it.

At length they voluntarily come to the huntsman, as if for advice, and are taken forward in a wide semicircle. But the voice of that "old man of the woods" which still lurks within each of us, and whose conclusions are based upon primitive instinct rather than upon reason, whispers to me, "Stay here; they are wrong," so I pull up my

horse at the corner of the plantation.

A chiffchaff swings on the end of an oak-bough above me, uttering the two sharp syllables which compose its name. What an ear-piercing note it is—one might hear it half a mile away! What advantage is so large a voice to so small a bird? Is it the means that nature has provided (or developed) that he may find a mate? Such small creatures, sparsely scattered, might wander in a forest all the summer without encountering one of their own species. Think of the intricate paths and passages in the wood, through which some wandering Evangeline might pass within a few feet of her Gabriel and never meet him until the summer was past, were it not for the loud cry. There is evolution in this: the loudest-voiced birds mated, and raised a loud-voiced progeny; the mute went down into silence without heirs.

There is a movement in the willow at the edge of the pool. Can the deer have lain low in the water all these minutes? No; it is but a willow-wren swaying the lithe bough by his small weight as he takes wing to catch a gnat which is making its first essay at flight after an aquatic childhood.

Why does not this bird require the loud voice of its near relative the chiffchaff? The reason must be that, always frequenting the willow-fringed water, it would almost of a certainty find company.

Meanwhile from the undergrowth comes the sweet little mournful song of the wood-wren—another new arrival—much resembling the robin's autumn lay, only in a still more melancholy key, each ditty beginning with the high note of promise and passing away in dreary cadence.

At length the mystery of the vanished deer is explained, and the instinct warning me to stay is justified. The whip, coming up with lagging hounds, finds returning footprints along the track by which the deer had apparently entered the pool. It is a venerable stratagem, sufficing, as we have seen, to defeat the predatory creature that merely follows his nose, but not good enough to baffle that other predatory creature who works with eye and brain. The hounds are taken into the swampy thicket which surrounds the pool, and with a rush from the brushwood the hind leaps the fence within ten yards of me, stands gazing for a moment as if undecided which way to take, and then starts for the range of smooth hills to the southward. If she reaches them there will be little chance of capturing her to-day. The swift hounds are now running in full view, and their condition and training tell in the race. Before reaching the foot of the hills the hind is turned in a road which skirts a parish churchyard, and we find her at bay under the weather-beaten lych-gate, with the hounds dancing excitedly in front of her. She has

scratched a nostril in passing through the coverts, and as she strikes menacingly at the foremost hounds, the flecks of foam scattered on the mossy step in front of her are tinged with red.

Two riders slipping from their horses approach from either side and catch the hind by her large furry ears, and, with little show of resistance on her part (for she is an old hand and knows that she will not be hurt), a soft strap is placed round her lower jaw, and she is placed in a loose-box in an adjoining farmyard.

With the capture the hounds lose all interest in the proceedings, and lie in the shade of the hedge on the damp grass, lolling their red tongues.

As my horse has lost a shoe, I make my way homewards across the soft turf of the Downs. From a rabbit-hole on the bank above the steep path I am following a pair of wheatears emerge and flit down the hillside. They are, comparatively speaking, old residents, for they have been with us a month, and have already chosen a nesting-place. How conspicuous these birds are immediately they spread their wings and show the white under-plumage which is concealed when they are at rest. This conspicuousness must expose them to the dangers of pursuing enemies; but doubtless any such disadvantage is more than balanced by the utility of the white badge as a recognition-mark for their kindred, and, possibly, as a danger-signal to the rest of the flock.

It seems not unlikely also that a characteristic which catches the eye so insistently would aid in enticing predatory enemies away from the nests or helpless young, and render needless the elaborate theatrical performance indulged in by partridges and many other birds inconspicuously marked.

The larger variety of wheat-ear will arrive on the summit of the Downs for a day or two at the end of the month, but soon passes northward. With it comes the whin-chat; but the stone-chat has already a nest among the golden blossoms of the furze. How curious it is that birds so alike in form should differ so greatly in habit, for the stone-chat stays throughout the year, joining the flocks

of small birds which frequent the farm-buildings in severe weather, while the whin-chat stays but a brief season with us, and keeps far aloof from man.

I let my horse amble on across the intersecting valleys and bare ridges of the Downs until we reach the homestead. Here the house-martins, which have already entered into partnership with me for the summer season, are diligently attending to business; the main conditions of our compact being that I should give them shelter beneath my eaves and protection from their enemies, while they, on their part, wage incessant warfare with the flies which disturb the peace of my horses and cattle.

ERNEST ROBINSON.

A DEFENCE OF LITERATURE.

"It is time for some one to speak out." It is with these portentous words that Mr J. Churton Collins begins his volume of 'Ephemera Critica: Plain Truths about Current Literature.'¹ We are, it appears, in a parlous way, and only just in the nick of time Mr Churton Collins lifts his voice to save us from destruction. We are almost glad to find that the volume consists entirely of a *réchauffé* of old articles; so that it appears that it is not only time for some one to speak out, but that some one has been speaking at short intervals during nearly a score of years. But we are glad to have the concentrated volume of this warning voice now presented to us; and in all seriousness of spirit we set ourselves to listen to its threatening strains, and to see how we may amend our ways.

English literature, it seems, is in a bad way. It has, we are told, with every variety of phrase and with abundant copiousness of illustration, become that unsound growth, held accursed of the political economist—a "monopoly." The word is one which is a favourite with Mr Collins, and so he drags it in upon various emergencies. Literature, he tells us (p. 3), is "stagnating almost entirely into the monopoly of those who are bent on futilising and degrading it." We should have thought that, to a purist in language like Mr Collins, a thing must either be a monopoly or not. "Almost entirely" a monopoly is something which we do not seem quite to understand. But an epithet so useful is not to be abandoned because it is a little unintelligible. Again, on p. 6, "Belles Lettres" are "becoming *almost* the monopoly of their false representatives." But presently the field of the monopoly becomes enlarged. On p. 21 we learn that "literature, in all its branches, is rapidly becoming the monopoly of the average man." We don't know that there is any one who can put in a better claim to that not very exclusive privilege. But Mr Collins is now very angry that "persons of real merit" (we are all persons of merit in our own eyes) must submit to be "elbowed and jostled out of the field, or to take part" in an ignoble scramble. It is sad, no doubt; but if you will not have a monopoly, what else can you expect? On p. 50 it appears that it is the philologists to whom the "monopoly" belongs; and we fancy it crops up again in various aspects throughout this volume. It is a useful word, but we might have spared something of its frequent recurrence. However, whether the precepts of political economy have been broken or not, there is

¹ *Ephemera Critica: Plain Truths about Current Literature.* By John Churton Collins. Archibald Constable & Co. 1901.

no doubt something is very far amiss; and so Mr Churton Collins buckles on the armour which he has been fashioning at intervals during the last twenty years, mounts his Rosinante, lays his lance in rest, and charges full tilt against the windmills that are cumbering the landscape—not neglecting to take a few flocks of sheep on his way. Of course “it is very distasteful to him to give pain or cause annoyance to any one.” It is well to have this explicit information, because without it we might, judging by the past, have failed to observe this amiable characteristic in Mr Collins’s writings, which have during these years contrived to maintain a considerable vogue and notoriety. He has “been constrained to write what he has written.” The prophet’s mantle, it seems, has fallen upon him, and he speaks his Cassandra-like forebodings, almost with the rapt impersonality of the Sibylline priestess. It is satisfactory, however, to learn that this “is his last word in a long controversy.” We shall presently try to show that the “controversy” exists chiefly in Mr Collins’s own fevered imagination; but, however that may be, we trust he may hereafter employ his very considerable talents on something else than indiscriminate abuse—of a kind which has fortunately fallen out of fashion—and in turgid declamations upon matters as to which all sober-thinking men are agreed, but which touch only the fringes of the literary domain.

We are quite at one with Mr

Churton Collins in maintaining that literary criticism, in its higher sense, is not only an interesting but often a useful study. It is not the begetter of literature, any more than the ethnologist is the founder of nations; but in certain circumstances it may, in the hands of such original critics as arise once or twice perhaps in a generation, have no inconsiderable influence upon literary taste and upon literature itself. It has never struck its roots very deeply into English soil, and its operations have not been congenial—whether that be a good thing or not—with the spirit—vagrant, composite, and undisciplined—of our literature. In all the annals of English book-making the works of real criticism may be counted on the fingers of one hand; and those who have most powerfully affected national taste have most frequently done so not from the critic’s chair of authority, but by transient hints, by sarcastic innuendo, by outbursts of enthusiastic praise—above all, *by example*. It is no exaggeration to say that we have practically no English critical school. We need not, however, decry any honest attempts to contribute towards the foundation of such a school. We must only observe that, in recent days, its currency carries a curious suspicion of being not so much of English as of Gallic mintage. Let our English Sainte-Beuves, however, do their best: we are not disposed to be too hard upon them if their methods suggest the mimetic rather than the intuitive faculty.

That is one, and a very re-

spectable, kind of criticism. But there is another sort of criticism, of which the portrait has been painted for all time by a master-hand. We have read of

"a malignant deity called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla: there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes, half-devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left Pride, her mother, dressing her up in scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hoodwinked and headstrong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head and ears and voice resembled those of an ass; her teeth out before, her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large as to stand prominent; nor did she want teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking."

The author of the 'Battle of the Books' has drawn an ugly picture, but it is one of those which do not readily fade out of the minds of men. The critic who respects his calling will keep that picture before him as a warning. We are far from saying that Mr Collins belongs to the brood of the den; but he would do well to remember that a critic who claims to speak with authority, and who professes to have only the serious interests of literature at heart, might eschew, even more conspicuously than he has thought it right to do, any association with certain members of that gruesome family whom Swift enumerates. Sweetness

and light are not fostered by a lack of good manners.

We are far from denying to Mr Collins the possession of some striking literary qualifications. He has keen literary enthusiasm and abundant readiness in detecting the association of literary ideas. His reading is evidently very large; and his scholarship, if somewhat inexact and inaccurate—so much so as sometimes to provoke a smile at his indignation on the detection of a slip—is wide in its range, and is stored in the treasure-house of a memory which very few men must not envy and admire. He writes with force and vigour; and his style, if its obtrusive imitativeness did not make it monotonous, would be racy and attractive. Let him give us something worthy of his powers. Let him leave off indignant mouthings over truisms that do not need assertion, and out of the stores of his wide learning reconstruct for us some phase of literary development. Instead of girding at all that he meets, great or small—especially small—let him come forward himself with some substantial work. We can assure him that we shall have no desire to pick holes in it, or to let blemishes blind us to the solid merits which we would anticipate in any work worthy of his pen.

What, after all, is the content of the volume which, contrary to his own express warning on p. 18, he has resuscitated from the journalistic tombs in which its fragments were peacefully reposing, and which he ushers in with such portentous

solemnity? It consists of a series of short articles, only one of which deals with any work which has any pretension to be one of original literary creation. The books with which he deals are not, and do not profess to be, literature in the proper sense: they are only books about literature. Such books may not only be extremely useful and suggestive, but may show wide and fruitful scholarship, in spite of occasional slips. If the errors are more than slips, and if the books prove—as Mr Collins claims by no inconsiderable proof to show in the case of Mr Edmund Gosse—that the scholarship of the author is inadequate to the work he has undertaken, it is no doubt right to warn the reader against trusting to his generalisations. But the fact may be just as forcible, if temperately stated: and it does not prove that the book may not contain many interesting and suggestive passages. Where the uncongenial task has been effectively performed for an author in 1886, it is doubtful whether it is altogether dignified to renew the jousting, exactly in the same tone and manner, against the same author in 1898. Might not Mr Collins during this twelve years' interval have tried to show how the work which he claimed to have proved to have been badly done could be done well?

The exception to which we have referred is that on Mr Stephen Phillips' Poems. It is interesting, and it catalogues, with generosity, the obvious marks of distinction in these

poems, which a hundred other of these critics whom Mr Collins is so sedulous to decry have already enumerated. It throws no light on the real place which Mr Phillips' poems will permanently assume, and shows none of the real critic's skill in establishing some foundation for an admiration to which he compels our assent. It balances blame with praise in the true hackneyed style, and almost hedges in its final verdict—which is just what we have a right *not* to expect in the highest range of criticism. Above all, it offends us by its *ex cathedra* tone of admonitory expostulation. If Mr Phillips is all that Mr Collins says in p. 295, is he one who should be rated like a schoolboy on p. 296? Where Mr Collins seeks to be magisterial he is apt to become pedagogic.

There are other essays in which themes of great interest are treated; but we can hardly say that, much as they show of Mr Collins's strong points, they do not also bear tokens of his weak ones. The essay on 'Landscape in Poetry' has a vastly attractive theme, and Mr Collins brings to bear on it abundant illustrations from the large assortment in his memory or in his notebook. But is it sound critical method to carp at a book because you can bring instances beyond those that the author has thought fit to adduce? What such an essay should have aimed at is to show the extent to which landscape-painting is permissible to a poet; the various guises which it assumes; and the aspects of thought and

of nature which it represents. But this is precisely what Mr Collins never attempts to do.

Another essay of which the subject has an abiding interest is that upon the religion of Shakespeare. Mr Collins adduces apposite quotations: he marshals his arguments with much skill: he demolishes successfully the thesis of the book which he reviews. But does he do more? Does he add to our conviction? Does he write anything which a fairly intelligent undergraduate might not have contributed to the discussion? and does he leave us with the impression that we have gained any deeper insight into the question? Is his conclusion not that which ninety-nine out of every hundred intelligent men would have reached, without thinking it necessary to buttress their opinion by an array of apposite quotations?

For the rest, we are bound to confess that the themes which Mr Collins has chosen for these resuscitated essays are singularly jejune. He seems to think that the future of literature depends upon the commentaries and handbooks that are framed for the students of that much-belauded effort, the University Extension Lectures. That movement is one with which we confess that we have the scantiest sympathy. Mr Collins, if we mistake not, has been much identified with its methods of vigorous self-advertisement, and it is not unnatural that he should exaggerate its importance. As a means of diffusing the influence of the university, we would be more inclined to name it a Distension

than an Extension movement. It may, no doubt, furnish a sedate and edifying form of amusement to a class of meritorious young men and women whose lives are dull, whose intelligence is hopelessly mediocre, and who may easily be deluded by a sort of second-hand and parrot-like knowledge, that is only one stage removed from ignorance. In so far as it occupies a single hour that would otherwise be given to independent reading, it is distinctly bad: in so far as it keeps the boys out of the public-house and the girls from tittle-tattle, it is entitled to a modicum of compassionate sympathy. But as an influence on one side or the other upon the strength or development of real literary effort, it has just as much bearing as Tenterden steeple upon Goodwin Sands. Mr Collins might run atilt for another twenty years against the pabulum provided for these worthy boys and girls, and the cause of literature would remain absolutely unaffected by all his efforts. Does Mr Collins suppose that the serious interests of literature are either made or marred by—for instance—the Sunday lectures at the Streatham and Tooting Ethical Society, where, if we mistake not, we observed that he recently held forth?

But another of Mr Collins's topics is that of the study of literature at the Universities, and how the future literary effort of the English nation may turn upon the organisation of an Honours School of English at Oxford and Cambridge. We should sincerely regret if our

undergraduates did not take an interest in literature, and we lament anything that proves that such lack of interest prevails. If it is so, and if no better spirit can be evoked amongst the undergraduates themselves, then the remedy, in our opinion, lies in enforcing more careful training in those classical languages upon which all that is finest in our literature rests, and upon the study of which the mind can best be brought to appreciate that literature, not as a parcel of their school training, but as an accompaniment and solace of their lives. To catalogue and classify it, to enumerate and arbitrarily select its masterpieces, to subject them to the arid training of the schools, and to associate them with the grim mechanism of examinations, would be the most certain means not of developing but of crushing out any taste or capacity for enjoyment of its treasures.

We are entirely at one with Mr Collins in deprecating the dissociation of English literature from classical scholarship, and in looking upon that scholarship as its proper and its only key. But is it necessary to wax so indignant over this, to slay imaginary giants, and to reiterate self-evident truths? Does any man of literary judgment question the connection? Because a few university pedants fancy that they are sloughing the skin of prejudice when they decry the classics, does this affect any thinking man? If Professor Earle asserts that no such connection exists, ought not one's sympathy rather than

one's indignation to be spent upon the good professor, and do we fancy that the fame and influence of the genius of Greece and Rome are on the wane? Have we so utterly failed to learn the lesson that history teaches us, in characters too plain for anything but the most arrant prejudice, or the most profound ignorance, to mistake?

Mr Collins gives us little or no constructive criticism. He spends his labour and his energies uselessly in fighting battles that do not require his aid, and he attaches immense and exaggerated importance to what is after all not literature, but only its fringe, and the excrescence which has gathered on its bark. We hear perhaps too much about the History of Literature nowadays; too little about Literature itself. The very name is only the product of a misleading analogy: there is no history of literature in the sense that there is a history of the affairs of men. History in its proper sense is an inquiry into the causes that underlie the sequence of these affairs—causes from which they derive their true and only significance. But literature is the product of the unchanging elements of thought and passion—which in their main features were the same in Homer's day as in our own. We may trace accidental connection. One author may throw light on another. One age may show one aspect of the immutable problems; another age may shift its standpoint, and speak in another note. But the lesson taught by what is really great in literature is one

and the same for all men who can catch even a passing glimpse of its significance. Its sequence and its order are but trifles in the balance. By all means let us have books which treat of that sequence. We owe a debt to their authors, and they often open to us a new aspect of that which is the centre of their theme. Their merit lies, if only Mr Collins would recognise it, not in their verbal accuracy—the subject makes it wellnigh impossible—but in the suggestiveness and interest of their characterisations. We would not use them overmuch, but neither would we deny that they have their occasional use.

In his methods Mr Collins often condescends to trivialities still smaller. He shows a surprising acquaintance with the arts of self-advertisement, and has apparently studied with some care the ways of the baser sort of journalistic reviewer. If such things as he depicts are done, then few will question the fact that they are worthy of condemnation. But their investigation must, one would have thought, be a noisome task, and it is doubtful whether they are not best treated by indifference and contempt.

One of the most cruel of Mr Collins's hits is that directed, in the essay which begins on page 145, against a certain Mr Frank W. Raffety. The cruelty lies in the fact that Mr Frank is evidently a choice product of Mr Collins's own favourite scheme of University Extension Lectures. We know no more of the poor man than,

we presume, our readers do. But is it fair of Mr Collins to gibbet his own offspring in this unsparing fashion? Mr Raffety has all the naïve enthusiasm of the neophyte. If he writes utter nonsense, is that his fault? If he has jumbled all his notes and made a farrago of his second-hand knowledge, how many of his fellow-pupils do the same? Might not his tyro-exercises have been corrected in private? And it would seem only fair, to forgive him much for the absurdities of his unconscious humour? Is the public exhibition of his chastisement that "speaking out" on the part of Mr Collins by which alone Literature is to be saved?

Of all the rhodomontade in this book we are inclined to think that the solid value is very small. If criticism is to be really effective, it must be informed by insight and by humour, by discriminating admiration for that which is good, by mild indifference to that which is weak or faulty. It is to no good purpose to furbish up the hollow-sounding weapons of an effete fashion, and to recognise no difference between that which is inherently illiterate and that which is the product of sound learning, even though guilty of occasional inaccuracies. Above all, it is the soul of good manners as well as of good literature to show no personal bias—and Mr Collins's lofty disclaimers do not convince us that this bias is absent from his book.

RUSSIA'S AIMS.

IN 'Maga' for last April we gave our readers a short account of the extraordinary efforts which Russia is making to increase her war navy, more especially in that particular class of ships which are technically known as "commerce destroyers";¹ and we ventured to suggest that these great efforts in naval construction and development could only be aimed against one Power, and that this Power was no other than Great Britain.

In the article alluded to we quoted some eloquent appeals from that talented writer, Colonel Sir George S. Clark, for a "better understanding" between Great Britain and Russia upon all subjects wherein their aims and interests appear to differ, and more especially as to their interests in Asia, where they seem to be almost on the point of clashing.

Russia's attitude towards Great Britain during the last twelve months does not give rise to any very sanguine hopes of friendship, or even of a better understanding, between the two peoples, notwithstanding that the Russian Government has been perfectly correct in all its dealings with this country—a fact which may in all probability be due to the personal influence of the Czar, who is known to be of an eminently peaceful disposition. But the Russian people, as represented

by the national press, have lost no opportunity of heaping insult, obloquy, and calumny upon Great Britain, her Government, her people, her soldiers, and everything connected with her.

It may be said that the press of all Europe has been equally hostile, and to a certain extent no doubt this is true; for all the Powers of Europe—with perhaps the exception of Italy—jumped hastily to the conclusion that Great Britain was the wanton and unprovoked aggressor in South Africa, and they naturally took the side of the weaker Power—a position, moreover, which gratified a certain very natural jealousy of England's greatness and commercial prosperity, at the same time that they were able to assume a sort of chivalrous patronage and support (though by words only, in the true Gladstonian style) of "a gallant little nation rightly struggling to be free."

France was sarcastic, witty, and rather spiteful, remembering Fashoda. Germany was lofty, bitter, and contemptuous of our military blunders and reverses. Austria was venomous, and made herself unpleasant by the assumption of a haughty, self-righteous, and virtuous indignation, which was badly put on, and quite uncalled for and unexpected from our ancient ally. But Russia! for

¹ "Russia's Sea Power," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' April 1900.

downright scurrilous abuse, for the imputation of the vilest and most disreputable motives for everything done by Great Britain, not only in South Africa but in every part of the world; for the exaggeration of every unfavourable report, and the gratuitous invention of many other calumnies without a shadow of foundation, Russia far out-distanced all our other revilers. Add to these her impotent but spiteful threats, and her frantic efforts to get some of the other Powers to interfere in favour of the Boers, knowing that such interference would involve them in war with this country, while she was herself afraid to lift a finger in defence of her sham principles; and it will be admitted that she has not only earned our contempt, but that she has heaped up a mass of insults and abuse which has rarely been equalled in the history of any two "friendly" Powers, and which is not likely to be forgotten by Englishmen when the day of reckoning comes.

The keynote of the Russian press has been to advise Continental Governments—including her own—to "take advantage" of Great Britain's embarrassment to do something that they would not dare to do if Great Britain were unembarrassed.

In view of this general attitude of the Russian people as represented by their press (and it must be remembered that the Russian press is not free, but is permitted by Russian statesmen to write as it does), it may not be impertinent to ask the

question, What are Russia's aims? Are they eminently peaceful, as they profess to be by the mouth of her Czar? or are they distinctly aggressive, as they appear to be by her acts, wherever she has a ship or a soldier, or a pushing bump-tious consul or *chargé d'affaires* to bounce and bluff some more scrupulous British diplomatist?

A very remarkable article from the pen of an educated Russian, which may perhaps throw some light on the subject, has lately come to our notice. It appears in the 'Contemporary Review' for January of this year, and is signed by J. Novicow, a gentleman whom we understand to be a professor at Odessa. He pleads for a "better understanding" between England and Russia; he asks for our friendship instead of our hostility; but he goes about his wooing in a very peculiar manner. He commences by accusing Great Britain of a gratuitous and unreasoning hostility to Russia in all parts of the world—not by any means for the purpose of protecting her own interests or her own territory, but simply and solely for the purpose of thwarting Russia, and of hindering her legitimate expansion, and the spread of her Christianising and civilising influence in Asia.

Now this seems to us a peculiarly Russian way of seeking the love and friendship of another people. In this country, when we seek to gain the respect and kindly regard of either individuals or communities, we do not set about the

business by accusing them of unworthy jealousy and a gratuitously hostile attitude towards us on all possible occasions. On the contrary, we should try another plan, and "be to their faults a little blind" and "to their virtues very kind."

M. Novicow's instances of England's (he speaks of us as "England") gratuitous hostility to Russia, and the comparisons he seeks to draw between these and the benevolent attitude of Russia towards England, are very amusing, though sometimes so extravagant and far-fetched as to cause us to doubt whether he is really in earnest and believes what he is saying, or is humorously encroaching on our credulity. For instance, he seeks to draw a parallel between the British annexation of Burmah and the Russian seizure of Port Arthur, and the aggression of General Komaroff on the Afghan frontier at Penjdeh; and we are told that as Russia did not take any action or object diplomatically or otherwise to the annexation of Burmah, it was therefore most improper and unfriendly for England to say anything about Port Arthur or the Afghan frontier. We are told also that "the English have no really vital interest in Turkey, Asia Minor, Persia, Afghanistan, Manchuria, or Corea; . . . that the range of Mount Taurus should be Russian or Persian; that Herat should be Russian or Afghan. These are, after all, matters of just as much indifference to England as the possession

of Mandalay and Rangoon by Great Britain is to Russia."

When we remember the various plans drawn up for the invasion of our Indian empire by Russian officers; when we think of our enormous trade interests in the countries mentioned above; and when we also recollect that only a few years ago Russia gave to Great Britain the most solemn assurances that Afghanistan was entirely outside the sphere of her proposed expansion in Central Asia, that she never intended at any future time to interfere with the policy or the government of that country, or to encroach upon its borders, we may be excused perhaps if we continue to be a little sceptical as to the value of Russian promises, and fail also to admit the parity between the annexation of Burmah by Great Britain and Russian advances towards India in the Pamirs and on the Afghan frontier. As to the seizure of Port Arthur being of no concern to Great Britain, it must be remembered that Port Arthur entirely dominates the treaty port of Newchwang, where Great Britain carries on about 80 per cent of a very valuable trade, and Russia, practically speaking, has none. Moreover, the method by which Russia—with the assistance of France and Germany—got Japan out of Port Arthur on the plea that in the interests of China no strong Power should be allowed to hold such a post of vantage, and then in an underhand manner obtained a lease for twenty-five years of the

port, solely for the friendly purpose of wintering her ships there—a lease which she practically turned into an absolute annexation, accompanied by a feverish haste in the fortification of it,—these things give us a fair idea of the scope of Russia's aims and of the methods by which she seeks to attain them, and illustrate the futility—not to say absurdity—of trying to institute a parallel between such unfriendly and menacing acts on the one hand and the annexation of Burmah on the other.

Here is another sentence from M. Novicow's article:—

"That Constantinople should belong to the Sultan, or become a *free town*, is a matter which does not affect the interests of England in the smallest degree, if only the question is considered apart from prejudice and from a practical and concrete point of view."

The italics are our own, the idea of Constantinople becoming a "free town" under Russian government being delightful for its naïveté; but the assumption that it would matter nothing to England whether Russia were able to pass her Black Sea fleet into the Mediterranean at will or were debarred from doing so, as at present, by the fact that the custody of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles are in the hands of a neutral Power, is one which can only be intended as a joke, or is, on the other hand, put forward by a writer who is ignorant of the fundamental conditions of naval strategy in the East as affecting Great Britain's immense

trade interests and the safety of her route to India—a country which Russia has for some years been openly threatening to invade, and has been constructing railways for that purpose, as we shall see later on.

We will quote one more sentence from M. Novicow's very remarkable plea for friendship with England. He says:—

"But apart from commerce, it would be no small advantage to Great Britain to have an uninterrupted line of rail from Calais to Calcutta, affording her facilities for the rapid transport of troops to India in case of necessity. Eliminate Afghanistan, bring together the frontiers of the two great empires, and this railway would be made at once; nor can there be any doubt that if England would conclude an alliance with Russia, the latter would raise no objection to the passage of troops through her territory."

As the only probable necessity for the rapid transfer of troops from England to India would be for the purpose of repelling the Russian invasion which has been so long threatened, we should scarcely be justified in believing even a Russian promise to allow those troops to pass through her territory unscathed, to say nothing of the fact that they would have to pass through France and Germany also, with whom it is of course just possible we might have strained relations at the time. Altogether the idea is too fantastic for serious consideration, and we only quote it with the view of showing a certain phase of Russian thought (or chicanery?) with regard to

Benny's Day

the agent's relations to
war's England

We turn now to another

At the same time that M. N. was writing his peculiar plan for friendship between England and Russia, H. C. Holman of the 10th Royal Cavalry was translating from the Russian of R. I. Ledebur an elaborate plan for the approved invasion of British India by the armies of the Czar, from which we propose to give one or two extracts as they will throw some light on the value and sincerity of Russia's proffered friendship. Here is how M. Ledebur proposes to gain our eastern empire.

After World War II, the Russian Government put out a policy of "peace with honor" and the Soviet Union of their clear they would never interfere with political or other matters — we are told —

[illegible]

1. 凡在本行開辦之各項業務，均應遵守本行所定之規章制度，並應隨時注意業務之改進，以期提高服務品質。

[illegible]

to—istan—an alliance with certain conditions. The should be laid before the form of an ultimatum be as follows:—

- (3) The occupying troops of the most points in the country
- (5) The co-operation of the troops and people.
- (7) Consent to the separation of Afghanistan of the Herat and Har provinces.
- In return we might permit
- (1) The extension of the front of Afghanistan straight away to India.
- (3) A guarantee for the independence of Afghanistan.
- (5) A certain money sum to the Ameer.
- Should these conditions be accepted, Afghanistan should be governed and the Ameer deprived of his throne.

There is a note appended to section (b) of the Russian promises to the following effect:-

"The independence of Afghanistan which would have our possessions on three sides of it, would prove quite nominal, and would not impede our further enterprises in Central and Southern Asia."

This note gives us some idea of the value of a Russian promise, and the curious state of morals in accordance with which a Russian officer is not ashamed to admit that he is prepared to tell in the name of his country, a rather mean form of lie for the express purpose of deceiving an ally.

This strategist of a nation which seeks our friendship then enters into the details of elaborate plans for the advance of several Russian columns upon our Indian possessions, one of which is to advance by the Hindu Kush to Chitral or Gilgit; and he tells us "the object of a movement to the

tiers of Chitral, Yasin, Kandahar and Kashmir, in all of which countries we should be received with sympathy, would throw some sparks amongst tribes which are always ready to take up arms."

It is interesting to know that Lebedev does not propose to adopt Skobolev's tactics in his plans for the invasion of India. Not because he is of opinion that the policy of "blood and plunder" would be in any way disgraceful or contrary to the usages of civilised warfare, but simply because he does not think it would pay.

In Skobolev's plan of 1878 he says:—

"We should throw a mass of Asiatic cavalry into India as an advanced guard. Their motto would be, 'Blood and plunder.' We should thus revive the times of Tamerlane.

But Lebedev says:—

"In our opinion the campaign to the frontiers of India should be carried out exclusively by regular troops. The employment of Turkomans and Kirghiz would mean laying waste the country over which we should have to move, and stir up against us the hatred of the people who suffered from their outrages and plundering."

Even this, however, is a little ambiguous, as the restriction concerning the employment of regular troops only is to apply to the campaign "to the frontiers of India"; but after the frontiers of India are reached, we are not told what is to happen.

It will probably be somewhat annoying to the Russian military authorities to know that these plans for the invasion of British India have been trans-

lated into English, and published in the journal of our Royal United Service Institution; but for ourselves it is a distinct advantage that this has been done, and Lieutenant Holman is to be congratulated and thanked for his labours. Moreover, let us hope that in this case "to be forewarned is to be forearmed."

We have not space to enter into any of the details of this plan of invasion, though they seem to us to be very complete, and very elaborate. We note with amusement, however, the opinion expressed as to the relative value of English and Russian troops. After discussing a scheme for a flank movement through Seistan, M. Lebedev tells us:—

"Lastly, taking into consideration the quality of our troops and those of the English, we may be sure that the Seistan detachment would not run any danger of defeat by a force even double its own strength."

We can only hope that this opinion will continue to prevail in Russia, and that when she finally makes up her mind to invade India she will match 50,000 Russians against 100,000 English and Indian.

Mr Henry Norman, M.P., who has lately been making a tour in Central Asia, visiting Merv, Bokhara, Samarkand, &c., gives an interesting description of his journey in 'Scribner's Magazine,' and throws some light on Russia's aims. He acknowledges gratefully the courtesy with which he was—with few exceptions—treated by the Russian officials, and he is grateful for permission to travel there at all. This

that country's relations towards England.

We turn now to another view of Russia's aims.

At the same time that M. Novicow was writing his peculiar plea for friendship between England and Russia, Lieut. H. C. Holman of the 15th Bengal Cavalry was translating from the Russian of B. T. Lebedev an elaborate plan for the unprovoked invasion of British India by the armies of the Czar, from which we propose to give one or two extracts, as they will throw some light on the value and sincerity of Russia's proffered friendship. Here is how M. Lebedev proposes to gain our friendship.

After invading Afghanistan—a country which only a few years ago responsible Russian statesmen pledged their honour and the sacred word of their Czar they would never interfere with politically or otherwise—we are told:—

"After taking the Herat and Kandahar provinces from Afghanistan, and British Beluchistan and Scinde from the English, we should become India's immediate neighbour, and from our new position we could force Great Britain to value our friendship and to forswear her aggressive policy towards Russia."

It is not easy to see where our aggressive policy comes in; but, in any case, the above does not appear to be a very likely plan for winning England's friendship.

And here is another scheme by the same strategist as a preliminary to the invasion of India:—

"Let us now turn to the other way of establishing ourselves in Afghan-

istan—an alliance with the latter on certain conditions. These conditions should be laid before the Ameer in the form of an ultimatum, and should be as follows:—

"(a) The occupation by Russian garrisons of the most important points in the country.

"(b) The co-operation of the Afghan troops and people.

"(c) Consent to the separation from Afghanistan of the Herat and Kandahar provinces.

"In return we might promise:—

"(a) The extension of the frontiers of Afghanistan straight away to the Indus.

"(b) A guarantee for the complete independence of Afghanistan.

"(c) A certain money subsidy to the Ameer.

"Should these conditions be rejected, Afghanistan should be conquered and the Ameer deprived of his throne."

There is a note appended to section (b) of the Russian promises to the following effect:—

"The independence of Afghanistan, which would have our possessions on three sides of it, would prove quite nominal, and would not impede our further enterprises in Central and Southern Asia."

This note gives us some idea of the value of a Russian promise, and the curious state of morals in accordance with which a Russian officer is not ashamed to admit that he is prepared to tell, in the name of his country, a rather mean form of lie for the express purpose of deceiving an ally.

This strategist of a nation which seeks our friendship then enters into the details of elaborate plans for the advance of several Russian columns upon our Indian possessions, one of which is to advance by the Hindoo Koosh to Chitral or Gilgit; and he tells us "the object of a movement to the

frontiers of Chitral, Yasin, Kanjut, and Kashmir, in all of which countries we should be received with sympathy, would be to throw some sparks amongst tribes which are always ready to take up arms."

It is interesting to know that M. Lebedev does not propose to adopt Skobolev's tactics in his plans for the invasion of India. Not because he is of opinion that the policy of "blood and plunder" would be in any way disgraceful or contrary to the usages of civilised warfare, but simply because he does not think it would pay.

In Skobolev's plan of 1878 he says:—

"We should throw a mass of Asiatic cavalry into India as an advanced guard. Their motto would be, 'Blood and plunder.' We should thus revive the times of Tamerlane.

But Lebedev says:—

"In our opinion the campaign to the frontiers of India should be carried out exclusively by regular troops. The employment of Turkomans and Kirghiz would mean laying waste the country over which we should have to move, and stir up against us the hatred of the people who suffered from their outrages and plundering."

Even this, however, is a little ambiguous, as the restriction concerning the employment of regular troops only is to apply to the campaign "to the frontiers of India"; but after the frontiers of India are reached, we are not told what is to happen.

It will probably be somewhat annoying to the Russian military authorities to know that these plans for the invasion of British India have been trans-

lated into English, and published in the journal of our Royal United Service Institution; but for ourselves it is a distinct advantage that this has been done, and Lieutenant Holman is to be congratulated and thanked for his labours. Moreover, let us hope that in this case "to be forewarned is to be forearmed."

We have not space to enter into any of the details of this plan of invasion, though they seem to us to be very complete, and very elaborate. We note with amusement, however, the opinion expressed as to the relative value of English and Russian troops. After discussing a scheme for a flank movement through Seistan, M. Lebedev tells us:—

"Lastly, taking into consideration the quality of our troops and those of the English, we may be sure that the Seistan detachment would not run any danger of defeat by a force even double its own strength."

We can only hope that this opinion will continue to prevail in Russia, and that when she finally makes up her mind to invade India she will match 50,000 Russians against 100,000 English and Indian.

Mr Henry Norman, M.P., who has lately been making a tour in Central Asia, visiting Merve, Bokhara, Samarkand, &c., gives an interesting description of his journey in 'Scribner's Magazine,' and throws some light on Russia's aims. He acknowledges gratefully the courtesy with which he was—with few exceptions—treated by the Russian officials, and he is grateful for permission to travel there at all. This

sounds somewhat strange when we remember the absolute freedom with which Russians are permitted to travel in our dominions—a privilege for which they are not in the least grateful, but take as a matter of course. If there is nothing sinister, nothing underhand, nothing to be ashamed of, in Russia's movements in Central Asia, why should she try to keep them secret, and exclude all foreigners from travelling on her Trans-Caspian railways without special permission from St Petersburg? Russians travelling on the Indian railways are not required to provide themselves with special permits from the Foreign Office in London. It is usually only those whose deeds are evil who try to keep their movements secret. But Mr Norman tells us:—

"No foreigner lands at Krasnovodsk without special permission: Russia watches all strangers on her frontiers—and England's—hereabouts. Mine was obtained from St Petersburg, through the British Foreign Office, before I started."

But surely, if these Trans-Caspian railways are only intended to open up Central Asia to trade and civilisation, and to be used, as M. Novicow suggests, by England as an easy means of transport for her troops to India, there is nothing to be ashamed of, and no need for secrecy or the exclusion of foreigners without special permits. The more passengers that travel the better for the finances of the railway, and the better for the country altogether, as they are sure to spend money.

Whence, then, this jealous secrecy? Mr Norman furnishes us with a clue; for having arrived at Merve, he tells us:—

"But Merve has long ceased to be a Russian boundary, for in the dark you can see a branch line of railway stealing southward across the plain. This is the famous Murghab branch, the strategical line of 190 miles along the river to the place the Russians call Kushkinski Post, on the very frontier of Afghanistan, a short distance from Kushk itself, and only 80 miles from Herat. The Russians keep this line absolutely secret, no permission to travel by it having ever been granted to a foreigner. My own permission for Central Asia read, 'With the exception of the Murghab branch.' . . . This line is purely strategic and military. Neither trade nor agriculture is served by it. . . . It serves, and can ever serve, only the purpose of facilitating the invasion of India, or of enabling Russia to squeeze England by pretending to prepare the first steps of an invasion of India whenever such a pretence may facilitate her diplomacy in Europe. This fact should always be borne in mind. Nothing would embarrass Russia more than to 'have her bluff called,'—in poker language, to be compelled to make her threat good."

Mr Norman may be right. It may be, as he says, that this is all bluff; but if so, is it not time to "call her bluff"? to make Russia show her hand? The burglar is at the back-door, and he professes to have the tools ready for picking the lock, and makes no secret of his intention to rob our house when the time suits him. Is it not time for us to point a pistol at his head—not a diplomatic note, with which he will only light his pipe, but a real loaded pistol—and make him show his hand? Perhaps, after all, it is only bluff, and that he is not

provided with the tools necessary for committing the burglary; but if so, it would be just as well that we should know it, for his attitude is decidedly threatening, and he can scarcely expect to gain the friendship he professes to seek under present circumstances: it is, in fact, a mere mockery to ask it.

Mr Norman, having travelled through Russia's Central Asian territories, and studied the situation on the spot, seems to incline to the belief that her objective is the Persian Gulf, and that her threatening advance on India by Afghanistan and the Pamirs is a mere feint to put England off the true scent, and that she is mainly desirous of disintegrating Persia by the application of her usual methods, and of then making a railway to the Persian Gulf, and seizing and fortifying some suitable port—thus establishing a second Port Arthur on our flank. The proposal for a German railway through Mesopotamia and down the valley of the Euphrates is evidently making Russia extremely nervous, as such a railway would gravely interfere with her ambitions. And it must be clearly borne in mind that her ambitions are practically unlimited, and that the leading condition of Russian expansion is exclusiveness. Not the opening up of a new country to the trade of the world, with a fair field for all legitimate commerce, and the introduction of Western civilisation; but, on

the contrary, the absolute exclusion of all others, and the complete Russianising of every spot she lays her hands upon.

Another distinguished traveller and accomplished writer—Colonel C. E. Yate—throws some light on Russia's aims in Central Asia.¹ Colonel Yate has travelled much in Persia, Baluchistan, and Central Asia; he formed one of the Afghan Boundary Commission, and was for three years agent to the Governor-General of India, and H.B.M.'s Consul-General at Mashad. He, at any rate, is under no delusion as to Russia's aims. He met many Russian officers, both civil and military, and seems to have been on the friendliest terms with them. He tells us that the idea uppermost in all their minds is the partition of Afghanistan between England and Russia, and the joining of the English and Russian railway-systems,—the point of junction to be Herat, which of course is to become Russian. He gives some amusing descriptions of arguments he had with the Russians concerning the advantages to be derived from the junction of the railways. At first they tried to argue that it would develop a lucrative trade between India and Russia. They suggested rice, to begin with; but Yate replied that most of the rice came from Burmah, and that it would be much cheaper to send it by sea to Odessa than by rail through India, Afghanistan, and Transcaspia. They then suggested

¹ Khurasan and Sistan. By Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Yate, C.S.I., C.M.G., Indian Staff Corps. William Blackwood & Sons.

that Russia could export corn to India; but again Yate replied that India was a corn-exporting country, and further, that the new customs cordon established on the Russian frontier had already stopped what little trade had formerly existed between India and Central Asia. Then, as a last resort, his Russian friend suggested *assafoetida*! "Oh," said Yate, "one train a-year will do for that."

Finding themselves checkmated with regard to trade, the Russians changed their tune, and suggested that it would be a grand thing to connect the railways, "if only to show to the world the friendship that existed between the British and the Russian Governments." The remainder of this discussion is too good to paraphrase, and must be given in Colonel Yate's own words. The Russian said:—

"It was an Imperial work, to be undertaken by the Governments concerned for Imperial purposes, and he added, 'Look at us; we are building the Merve-Kushk railway, and it will never pay a cent in a century.' I simply said, 'Are you building that railway out of friendship to England?' The ludicrousness of the whole thing struck him at once. He saw the joke, and jumping up with a laugh, he said, 'No; we are building it to protect our interests in China and the Bosphorus.' The bubble was pricked, and there was the whole thing in a nutshell. We both had a hearty laugh, and parted the best of friends. I admired him all the more for his candour, though I must say it took me an hour or more to get at it."

Comment on the above is scarcely necessary, though we must congratulate Colonel Yate on the success of his perseverance in a very difficult task, and also on having written a

most interesting book, which should be read by all those who take an interest in Central Asian developments.

On the other hand, the idea that Russian aims for the immediate future are mainly directed towards the Persian Gulf (though this again may be a blind) receives some confirmation from an article which appeared in the 'Sviet' newspaper in March 1900,—an article which, for downright audacious bounce and bluff of the most offensive description, it would be difficult to match. The 'Sviet' says:—

"The settling down of English subjects in Baluchistan and Southern Persia only serves as an indication of the supreme shamelessness of the English nation, which desires to appropriate everything to itself. The English forget that the stretch of territory to the south of Russia, right down to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, between the degrees of longitude corresponding to the position on the west of Batum, and on the east of Samarkand, is a sphere of interest indubitably Russian. In this region whole kingdoms, such as Persia, Afghanistan, and others, might exist and continue with us in the closest bonds of friendship. Besides ourselves no one can preserve these possessions, and neither the English nor the Germans can in any circumstances be permitted entrance into this region, a sphere of influence which is absolutely and naturally ours. In spite of this, cases of arbitrary incursion and tent-pitching in these localities are constantly being brought to our notice; for example, according to information recently received, the English agents in Nushki, in Baluchistan, and in Kirman, in Persia, have established a postal service between these towns, and are now engaged in the construction of a telegraph-line, in addition to despatching caravans and making preparations for the construction of a railroad. It is really impossible to countenance other people's dis-

position of themselves in territory which at an early date in the century will constitute the principal outlet for the whole of the economic life of Russia, and the fount of all her international relations."

The idea of its being Russia's business to forcibly stop cases of "arbitrary incursion and tent-pitching" in territories which are no more Russian than the Isle of Wight, and in which England has had vast commercial interests for many years before Russia commenced to encroach upon the region, is quite delicious as a piece of unblushing effrontery. And we are told further on in the same article that

"the expulsion in a determined manner of the English, who are attempting to root themselves in Baluchistan and Southern Persia, is imperative. It is high time to found in these regions a free Cossack settlement, which will allow no arbitrary action on the part of the British, and which will open out new national paths for the future, as was opportunely done in Siberia, Central Asia, and the Caucasus."

It may, of course, be said that the views of Russian policy set forth in the 'Sviet' are not the views or aspirations of Russian statesmen, nor of the so-called Russian autocrat, but only the views of an irresponsible newspaper writing for the sake of popularity and of creating a sensation. This may or may not be the case. Russian statesmen are not in the habit of making premature disclosures of their proposed policy, at any rate not true ones, though they certainly exercise a considerable control over the press, and it is well known that they make use of it to put forth feelers, to threaten, to curse, or to mis-

lead, or, as in the case of France, to flatter and cajole for the purpose of obtaining money, just as they think it will further their own interests for the time, without regard to any considerations of truth, justice, or sincerity. But whether the article from which we have quoted was inspired or not, it undoubtedly represents a certain phase of national thought and national aspirations, — aspirations and pretensions which grow more and more audacious and insatiable the more provinces are absorbed, and the more the already gigantic empire is extended.

The question of where Russian expansion is going to stop is not only a serious one for all Europe, but also for the United States, and perhaps above all for Japan, who, young as she is as a World-Power, has already had a bitter experience of Russian duplicity and avarice.

There is something quite humorous in the idea that if Russia extends her "sphere of influence" on the broad lines indicated above — viz., from Batum on the west and Samarkand on the east right down to the Arabian Sea—the countries included in this region, Persia, Afghanistan, &c., "might exist and continue with us [Russia] in the closest bonds of friendship," and that there is no other country besides Russia which can "preserve their possessions" for them! Russia's record in Poland, Finland, the Caucasus, and Central Asia shows what her ideas of "preserving possessions" are, so that it almost looks as if the remark was intended for a grim joke.

The next authority we pro-

pose to quote with regard to "Russia's aims" is that of Lieutenant Carl Schultz of the German navy, who contributes a very able and very interesting article, entitled "Russia's Progress in East Asia," to the 'Marine Rundschau' of August-September 1900. The writer does not appear to us to be quite impartial in his review of the subject, but to have a very decided leaning towards Russia and against England and Japan. For instance, he excuses Russia's perfidious act of turning Japan out of Port Arthur upon totally false pretences, and then seizing it herself, on the somewhat grotesque grounds that it was in accordance with "the great sacred traditions of the Russian empire" to have an ice-free port in this region; and as this was the only one available, she was of course justified in turning out Japan, who had taken the place in fair warfare and with the expenditure of much blood and treasure, and in then taking it herself without firing a shot, though it was well known to be the case that Japan would rather have fought Russia than give up Port Arthur (well guessing her sinister intentions), had not the latter succeeded in inducing both France and Germany—to their shame—to join her in threatening Japan with immediate war if she did not evacuate Port Arthur forthwith.

It is a splendid inheritance for a nation to have a few "great sacred traditions." Russia has several. One of

these is with regard to Constantinople, which she has for several generations been striving to fulfil. It is not that she wants Constantinople for political or strategic reasons, or because she wishes to enlarge her boundaries, but simply because it is her holy mission to displace the Crescent with the Cross, and restore once more the ancient church of St Sophia as a place of Christian worship. Our business now, however, is not with the near East, but with Russia's progress in East Asia, and more especially with regard to the probable effect of the great Trans-Siberian Railway, which Russia is now completing at such an enormous expenditure of money. Lieutenant Schultz says of this railway:—

"As the military development of its fighting strength gives to each State its position in the concert of nations, the railway will enable Russia to wield the baton in the East Asiatic concert, which in a not very far-distant time scarcely any other Power will be in a position of succeeding in wresting from her. Herein is, therefore, the chief value of this gigantic railway,"—

which we are innocently told is mainly intended for commercial purposes, and the development of international trade.

With regard to Russia's aims in Korea the German critic whom we are quoting speaks in very plain and unequivocal language:—

"Korea remains to this day in the same helpless condition, which suits Russia, as before the war.¹ Russian influence can secretly continue to

¹ Our readers will no doubt bear in mind that the article from which we are quoting was written before the recent disturbances in North China.

work in order to again break out at a favourable moment after the completion of the railway and the settlement of more pressing tasks in Manchuria and south thereof. For here 'time wins' for Russia as much as 'power and influence.' The many newspapers which have in recent times furnished intelligence respecting Russian purchases of land, &c., in Korean ports, testify in every instance to the fact that Russia is continually working in Korea—quietly, steadily, and with a definite object in view—like she is in all other parts of Asia."

We drew the attention of our readers to this particular move of Russia in Korea in the article above alluded to on "Russia's Sea Power," but in case they should not remember it, we may remind them that the port Russia is aiming at is Mesanpho, which stands at the head of Sir Harry Parkes Sound (Douglas Inlet), which we then declared to be, and now repeat, is, in our opinion, the finest harbour in the world, without any exception. Japan is Russia's great rival for the possession of this port, and it remains to be seen whether Russia will succeed in bluffing her out of it, as she did in the case of Port Arthur and Talienwan.

Lieutenant Schultz, who appears to be always most anxious to make the worst of Great Britain's diplomatic defeats by Russia, and to rejoice in Russia's triumphs, no matter by what underhand means they are gained, rather overreaches himself, and departs from the facts of history in his account of the British occupation and evacuation of Port Hamilton. He says:—

"When Russia advanced her troops towards the frontier of Afghanistan England occupied Port Hamilton,

which commands the Korean Straits, and separates the sea-connection of Vladivostock with the Yellow Sea. An energetic protest of Russia, accompanied by the simultaneous concentration of her military and naval forces at Vladivostock, effected, however, the evacuation of Port Hamilton by England."

As a matter of fact, there was no concentration of Russia's naval or military forces at Vladivostock, as she had not the power at that time to do either; and Port Hamilton was evacuated by England in consequence of a report by a British admiral to the effect that it was of no use to us, and that the harbour could be bombarded from the sea from all sides; and further, that we could take it whenever we wanted it. So it was given back to the King of Korea and his suzerain China on our receiving a promise (Heaven help us from founding our policy on promises!) that it was never to be ceded to any other Power.

In our judgment the evacuation of Port Hamilton was an act of supreme folly, on a par with the retrocession of the Transvaal; but it was not done under the pressure of a threat from Russia, for we held it just as long as we liked, and gave it up when we thought, or pretended to think, it could be of no use to us. We were at that period of our checkered career in one of our "giving-up" and "backing-down" moods, to be bitterly repented of at a later date.

After recounting with apparent pride the part which Germany took in helping Russia to get Japan out of Port Arthur and Talienwan, and dwelling

upon it as a defeat and humiliation for England, Lieutenant Schultz tells us :—

"The next gain by Russia was of a financial kind. The war indemnity payable to Japan amounted to 230,000,000 taels. The Russian Finance Minister Witte effected an agreement to loan, with the assistance of seven French and four Russian banking-houses, the sum required for the payment of the indemnity and for the reorganisation of the Chinese army and navy. Under the direction of the Russian National Bank they undertook to subscribe a loan of 400,000,000 francs under the guarantee of the Russian Government, in the event of the inability of the Chinese to pay. On the Chinese side the receipts of the naval custom-house not yet otherwise mortgaged were assigned for the payment of interest and redemption of the debt. Thus China was made financially dependent on Russia. In order to increase this dependency, Russia established in 1896, with the assistance of the same banking-houses, the Russo-Chinese Bank already referred to."

By the term "naval custom-house" the writer of course means the Chinese maritime customs, under the direction of Sir Robert Hart, the only honest and reliable source of income in China. It was therefore a clever move on the part of Russia to get a portion of this revenue assigned for the payment of the interest on the Franco-Russian loan,—a loan which, we may add, was forced upon China at the point of the bayonet.

Our German critic has not a very high opinion of our courage or our firmness as a nation, and prophesies that we shall continue to give way to Russian encroachments on our territories rather than provoke a conflict. He says :—

"It is not expected that England, with its commanding navy but deficient army, will in the future proceed to extremities against Russia. It must always be a land Power in Asia, and consequently would lose more than it could gain in India, which has Russia as a neighbour, and thus must always back down in order to avoid a conflict."

In our judgment there is something illogical in this view of the case. It may be that England "must always back down in order to avoid a conflict with Russia"; but if so, it is quite certain that she will not "always be a land Power in Asia." In fact, we may be sure that if England is always prepared to "back down" in order to avoid a conflict with Russia, she will very soon cease to be a land Power in any part of Asia. Nothing is more certain in this world—not even death itself—than that a pusillanimous policy on the part of one nation in the face of aggression on the part of another will lead inevitably to war, unless the former is prepared to sacrifice more and more of its interests and possessions to the ever-growing appetite of the aggressor, which is only increased by what it feeds upon.

We shall conclude our quotations from Lieutenant Carl Schultz's very able, if somewhat biassed, paper with the following :—

"Constantly, but without precipitancy, Russia has advanced step by step. Muraviev, in the first place, accomplished the peaceful occupation of Eastern Siberia, and whilst entering as little as possible into negotiations with China, he ever pressed towards the south, and only concluded treaties if the political constellation was favourable for Russia, and if its fighting means were equal to any

circumstances that might occur, so that the conclusion of the treaty—favourable for Russia—guaranteed its being treated with respect. When the country was ceded, its colonisation and Russianising were commenced by various means, and after the establishment of the necessary means of communication and a powerful fighting force, the hegemony of Russia in the East was made indisputable, so that Japan and England have been squeezed out of North China and Korea only by diplomatic negotiations."

The above is a very remarkable but too true statement of what has occurred in the region known as the "Far East" during the last twenty or thirty years. The only part of it which may reasonably be doubted is the statement that Russia only made an advance if her "fighting means were equal to any circumstances that might occur."

Now, everything we know of Russia (and her secrecy, and what we don't know, is almost as significant as what we do know) tends to show that diplomatic bluff is her strong card. She has frequently been caught bluffing beyond her powers of making good her threats. She did so as a prelude to both her last wars with Turkey; and there can be little doubt that her recent seizure of Port Arthur and Talienwan was a magnificent piece of bluff, at the complete success of which she was herself profoundly surprised. We see here once more the traditional procedure: first the stealthy cat-like advance, in the shape of a modest request to be allowed to winter a few ships in the ice-free harbour of Port Arthur, as Vladivostock was so very inconvenient.

Then having gained this point, and taken a general survey of the situation, and finding that one or two British ships had also been sent to winter at Port Arthur, their presence being decidedly "inconvenient," another modest request that they might be withdrawn and sent to winter elsewhere. This was the great test, the skilful feeler thrown out by Russia to try and gauge the amount of opposition she might expect from England in her contemplated grand *coup*. The English ships were humbly withdrawn! Russia was not slow to take her cue, and under the ridiculous pretext of a twenty-five years' lease, "to be renewed by *mutual* consent," she seized, and proceeded to fortify with the utmost haste, this magnificent strategic harbour.

During the first two or three months of Russia's occupation of Port Arthur she could have been turned out of it by England single-handed, with the squadron then on the China station, and without the assistance of Japan, which, however, could in all probability have been obtained. We say this from personal knowledge, as the present writer was on the spot at the time. The opportunity was lost, and, like all other lost opportunities, it has gone for ever.

In conclusion, we must most emphatically repudiate any desire to stir up bad blood or ill-feeling between England and Russia, and one reason why we have spoken so plainly on the international relations between the two countries is, that we feel it to be impossible to say

anything in a British journal which could increase the virulent abuse of this country by the public press of Russia, which has already exhausted all the translatable gutter vocabulary of that polite nation. Furthermore, it is most desirable that the British public should have some clear idea of the aims of Russia, and the means by which she is steadily and persistently carrying out those aims, for she is now pressing closely upon us at more than one point where our most vital interests are deeply concerned. She is of all nations the most unscrupulous in the means she adopts for attaining her ambitions; and although she undoubtedly possesses the greatest army that the world has ever seen, and a powerful navy, which she is rapidly augmenting, she has an enormous extent of territory to defend, and her finances are not in a very flourishing condition, so there is every reason to believe that her threats and menaces are very much in the nature of bluff, and that, as Mr Norman says, it would be very inconvenient to her to have "her bluff called." Certainly the time seems to be now approaching when we must either call her bluff or continue to back down with a rapidly accelerating speed.

There is one little word the value of which Russia appears to thoroughly realise and England does not, and that word is "prestige." Every time that Russia bluffs England and gains a diplomatic victory,—

no matter how insignificant the point may apparently be,—a certain marketable quantity of prestige is transferred from one nation to the other. Our balance at the bank was large when the process began, but it is being rapidly depleted in Asia, and it is quite certain that neither can trade flourish nor subject races be governed without a goodly store of prestige to draw upon.

While we now write, Russia is trying to squeeze a special treaty concerning Manchuria out of the Chinese Government, and behind the backs of the other Powers, who have been engaged in conjunction with her in relieving the legations and suppressing the Boxer rebellion; and this, notwithstanding that she is solemnly pledged not to seek any special advantages for herself independently of those Powers. This Russo-Chinese convention—as it is called—has been published in all the newspapers, so that it is unnecessary to reproduce it here. Count Lamsdorff has assured our ambassador at St Petersburg that there is nothing in it. On the face of it there seems to be a great deal in it.

Time will show whether the other Powers (or some of them) will be sufficiently agreed amongst themselves to set their faces firmly against what appears to be another gross breach of faith.

Before these words are in the hands of our readers there will in all probability be some fresh developments.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

LITERATURE AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE—UNTAUGHT AND UNTEACHABLE
—CHEAP CULTURE AND FLAGRANT SENTIMENTALISM—THE FUTILITY
OF MODERN CRITICISM—THE DISCIPLINE OF THE CLASSICS—THE BEST
SCHOOL FOR AMBASSADORS.

THE announcement that a famous philanthropist is intent to found a scholarship at Oxford, which shall encourage the study of literature, recalls a reproach aimed at our universities since the beginning of time. Oxford and Cambridge, we have been told with painful iteration, have sedulously neglected the pursuit of letters. Our philanthropist evidently indorses the popular charge, and while we applaud his generosity, we may perhaps suggest without churlishness that his well-doing might have found a better occasion. There is an old proverb, "owls to Athens"; and though we are not blind to the manifold and grievous sins constantly sinned by our universities, they stand in no bitterer need of the humanities than London (let us say) or Birmingham. But the philanthropist may justly claim that the weight of authority inclines to his side, even though the method of reform is all his own.

The line of scholars and poets that have denounced their university as a harsh step-mother is long and varied. In the 'Return from Parnassus,' the unprofitableness of learning is already celebrated; and the Elizabethans denounced the mere scholar with an eloquence only justified by experience. The poet, always a rebel against the commonplace, resented then,

as he resents now, the interference of the erudite, and no sooner was he come to take his place among the wits of London than he blamed his university for an empty pocket. Gray was less reasonable, and yet more violent than the Elizabethans. They at least shook the dust of Cambridge from their feet, while Gray spent a studious life within the precincts of a despised college. His distaste of Cambridge was instantly acquired. As Kit Smart, his contemporary, deplored the fate of an eagle chained in a college court, so Gray felt the fetters heavy upon his proud intellect. "Surely it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon,"—thus he wrote in the first year of his residence—"that the prophet spoke when he said, 'The wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there: their forts and towers shall be a den for ever, a joy of wild asses; there shall the great owl make her nest, and lay and hatch and gather under her shadow; it shall be a court of dragons; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest.'" And yet, for all his profession of contempt, Gray found a serener peace in Cambridge

than he could have found elsewhere. There, in the quiet seclusion of Pembroke, he studied the classics, watched the flowers grow in the college garden, and spun his gossamer web of poetry. What if "the high and mighty Prince Roger, surnamed the Long," appeared ridiculous to his witty eye, there were still books at his elbow, and birds sang in the trees.

Contemptuous as was Gray, Gibbon was yet more violent in his denunciation. "To the University of Oxford," he wrote, "I acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother." But what could Oxford or any other university have taught the author of the 'Decline and Fall'? No human institution has ever yet been designed for the training of infant prodigies, and Gibbon was prodigious in the cradle. "I arrived at Oxford," he confessed, "with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed." We admit the erudition, we refuse to believe in the ignorance; and truly a boy who at fifteen was an adept in "exotic history," and "had already exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians," had little to learn from the Oxford professors. So Southey and Shelley, Johnson and Darwin, all reproach their useless universities; and they reproached them because they asked too much of their teaching. Being inventors in literature or science, they expected

to increase their own stock of learning within the walls of a college, and they forgot, in their displeasure at wasted time, that valuable knowledge comes of itself. As we have insisted before in these pages, the instruction of a university should have no end in view. If neither Oxford nor Cambridge can make lawyers or doctors, much less can they create historians or men of letters. Discipline is theirs to give: they cannot hope to retard or improve the achievement of an original mind.

However, the complaints of Gray and Gibbon have found many an echo. It is complained, with a perfect justice, that our universities have done little for modern literature, that as a result of pedagogic neglect the task of criticism is disgracefully performed, and that the editing of English texts is left to the half-literate. Now, in these complaints there is a very large grain of truth. Our critics are no better than we and our literature deserve; our literary editors are wont to confuse the art of letters with philology; and the universities stand aside in moody indifference. But why should they not thus stand aside? We have no right to expect of any institution more than it can give. Oxford and Cambridge are ready with an admirable discipline; and if a man be honestly interested in literature, he can learn more from books than all the professors and all the lecturers of Europe can teach him. The true man of letters, in brief, needs no encouragement either from triposes or "post-gradu-

ate" courses, and we contemplate the errors of editors and critics with a cheerful spirit, because we know well that literature, if it be worth anything, will cheerfully survive the folly of pedants and the impotence of institutions.

In the first place, literature is untaught and unteachable. Taste and ear and fancy are given to few, and given waywardly. Even the true scholar is ready-made before he betakes himself to Oxford or Cambridge, and if his scholarship is distinguishable from pedantry, he carries to the university far more than the university can give him. Porson was an eminent Grecian, not because he passed through the curriculum of Eton and Trinity, but because an appreciation of Greek literature was in his blood. No other system could have impaired or bettered his faculty; and as the highest scholarship cannot be forced, so the more delicate art of letters must be left to grow up in an unweeded garden. Marlowe and Jonson did not acquire their divine gift on the banks of the Cam. Maybe Gabriel Harvey profited as much from the discipline of Pembroke College as Spenser. To Thackeray, Tennyson, and FitzGerald, Trinity doubtless meant above all the meeting-place of friends, and if literature can be taught, a wise companionship is its purest encouragement.

That an appreciation of literature cannot be acquired is, then, the clearest lesson of literary history. But even if such an appreciation might be artificially inculcated, this painful in-

culcation would not be the business of our universities. As we have said before, the universities are not asked to equip their *alumni* for the practical professions. Their highest privilege is to provide such a discipline as shall render all tasks easy. When Gibbon protested against the impotence of Oxford, he was guilty of an inapposite complaint. He expected a formal institution to take an interest in "exotic history," and he had no surer basis in reason than the recalcitrant parent, who grumbles that a seat of learning should neglect book-keeping. A narrow curriculum, in fact, is the safeguard of our universities, and the revolutions of the last thirty years might well appal the hardest reformer. False sciences have followed one another into prosperity and distrust with amazing rapidity. Comparative Philology, for instance, had its day, and is now ceasing to be. If Professor Max Müller had had his way, he might, perhaps, have given a degree for a proficient knowledge of the solar heresy. And the best that we can hope for Oxford and Cambridge is a loyal respect for tradition, a sturdy mistrust of new studies. Mathematics and Classics are still the best instruments of discipline. With their aid the brain may be rendered capable of any enterprise, and we shall not be confident concerning the future of Oxford and Cambridge until the present policy of tinker and change be for ever abandoned.

However, the universities have made their attempt, and students may, if they choose,

pursue a course of modern literature. Now, the study of Greek and Latin presents difficulties which industry and intelligence alone can understand. Modern literature is an open book to those who feel within them the spirit of appreciation. How, then, is modern literature to be taught? Two methods are possible, each of them fatal. The student who wishes to build a temple of learning upon the sandy foundation of ignorance may attempt to understand the vehicle or the thought which that vehicle carries. In the one case he drifts upon the rock of philology; in the other he sticks fast on the shallows of sign-post criticism. On either hand, he is far remote from the haven of literature. But the universities, legislating in a panic, have done their best, and while Cambridge has devised a "Medieval and Modern Language Tripos," Oxford has founded an unpopular school of "*Literæ Anglicæ*." In neither university is the innovation successful or esteemed. Oxford plods wearily along the stony ground of Gothic, while Cambridge more jauntily pursues the primrose-path of discursive criticism. Both have failed egregiously, and an examination of the papers that have been set is sufficient to convince the most sanguine of a lamentable mistake.

For Oxford, then, English literature is an affair of punctuation and etymology. Beowulf and Chaucer, Langland and Shakespeare, are put upon the Procrustean bed of philology. They are lopped and

docked until they remain mere masses of curious words, and when the zealous undergraduate finds it too easy to explain Shakespeare's use of "commodity," "function," "pregnant," &c., he is invited to the severer task of turning Gothic into modern English. This, of course, may be excellent practice. But neither in form nor matter is Gothic comparable to Greek, and we are old-fashioned enough to believe that more may be learned from Æschylus than from Ulphilas. Thus Oxford. Cambridge is far more reckless. Though not free from the philological taint, her examination, which includes also a selection of other modern languages, is so discursive as to test nothing more than the hopefulness of the candidate. A knowledge which is not exact is little worth to the young, and we do not envy the mind of the undergraduate who, among ten questions to be answered between nine and twelve, is asked in one of them to "appreciate Shakespeare's Sonnets as poems." Could there be a louder invitation to flummery? Here there is no question of scholarship. Even though ten per cent of our population are guilty of treatises upon the Sonnets, the most give more to the task than eighteen minutes, and reserve this monument of boredom for their riper age. But the student who is asked his views, not his knowledge, must fall back upon parrot-like repetition or false appreciation. And were it possible to ask of his knowledge, what form shall the questions take? The most of dates may well be left to the

books of reference which enshrine them, and the private life of a poet is no more interesting in itself than the private life of a tinker. So far, then, the universities, in their attempts to patronise modern literature, have done no more than set up a false standard of criticism, or exalt the insecure and lowly science of philology. One truth only reconciles us to the experiment—its ominous failure. In Oxford less than twenty desperate adventurers have assailed the school of "*Literæ Anglicæ*" since its foundation, and the undergraduates of Cambridge have proved themselves little more courageous.

Nor can we imagine how the study of modern literature can be made a reputable branch of science. Taste should be rigorously excluded from a sure test of knowledge, and if you silence the voice of taste, how shall you examine in the works of a poet whose language is no barrier to understanding? But, as a critic has recently pointed out, the universities have committed their gravest sin in divorcing modern from ancient literature. With resolute dogmatism an Oxford professor asserts that English literature has naught in common with the literatures of Greece and Rome. So he would put our poetry and prose into a watertight compartment, and pretend that the Shakespearian drama and the Miltonic epic were evolved out of Gothic or of nothingness. And yet this crowning folly does not perturb us. It merely proves an ignorance that is akin to jealousy, and happily the future of criticism is not in the hands

of those who profess the mysteries of Anglo-Saxon.

The universities, then, have not unnaturally proved their incapacity to teach an unteachable subject. And if by a freak of fortune they had succeeded, to what would they have attained? They would, perhaps, have raised the prevailing standard of our criticism. So at least thinks Mr Churton Collins, whose book is noticed on another page, and we find it hard to believe him. Indeed, this scourge of critics contradicts himself very prettily. He proves at considerable length, and with some ferocity, that the universities are incompetent to produce respectable textbooks; that one Press at least does not deem it undignified to circulate a book defaced by inexcusable and notorious blunders. Yet none the less he would gladly place the teaching of literary criticism in the hands of bodies which he despises. Of course he would attempt to reform the system before he established his post-graduate course. But even after the severest reform, the blind would still lead the blind, and the mob of useless critics would be reinforced by a handful of pedants, who would perform their unnecessary task no better than the ancient hacks.

The truth is, we need no more critics. The extension of the universities, with its cheap culture and flagrant sentimentalism, has completed the work of universal education and the cheap press. Everybody is cultured nowadays, and so the

wants of the "cultured" are easily satisfied. The standard is depressed in every direction, and if Matthew Arnold or Sainte-Beuve revisited the earth, he would have as small chance of earning a living by criticism as would Aristotle himself. The daily tasks of the critics are efficiently performed by the young men who are not "smart" enough to be "picturesque reporters," and for the most part they are quite equal to their task. They can applaud the theology of Marie Corelli, or detect in Mr Le Gallienne "the solemn eloquence of an abiding truth," just as well as those who have gone through a dozen ante- or post-graduate courses. They can esteem no literary masterpiece, because their touchstone of literature is the columns of their own "organ." But if a book tickles the curious by anonymity, or is written by a "breezy" novelist who has worked his way home before the mast (with the lime-light on), or has insulted the British officer from the security of a bomb-proof shelter, it is sure of what the ingenious journalist calls a "hearing." And doubtless it deserves it, and interviews will most properly follow its publication, and the gentleman's photograph, goggle-eyes, murderous moustache and all, will be in the papers, and the unknown lady's tea-set will be described, and while her name is suppressed her "cheery" villa will excuse a flood of eloquence, and her tradesmen will enjoy the advertisement, which only reaches her by stealth. Such is the depth to which criticism has sunk, and it is hardly worth

the while of our ancient universities to raise it.

Not that we deplore the banality of modern criticism. On the contrary, we delight in its helpless humour and grotesque impertinence. One weekly ragbag of literature is our constant solace, and we would never ask its judgment to be sane so long as its "personalities" are diverting. The scraps of biography with which its columns are peppered, the gentle indiscretion wherewith the curtain is drawn aside from the "home-life" of some wealthy novelist, are far more amusing than the most profound exposition of first principles. The gravity of those illiterate writers, who from time to time deplore that Mr Meredith cannot touch the heart of the people, could not be acquired at Oxford; and we would not have our universities spoil sport for all the literature in the world. Poetry is all very well, and fiction has been perchance an elegant art; but what are poetry and fiction compared to short chatty paragraphs? We want paragraphs, and we want them chatty, and we can get as many as we like for a few halfpence. Why, then, should we bestir the universities to useless effort? Our criticism is on a level with the works which suggest its incursions into the privacy of "happy home-life," and we would not have it bettered for the world. Why should we read the prose of Dionysius the Halicarnassian when the gossip of the 'Tatler' is under our eye? And of what worth is

the masterpiece of Longinus when it is weighed in the balance against the foremost of our "literary paragraphists"?

The serious critic is born, like the poet. Him can no imperious system improve, no sternly authorised teacher instruct. "I cannot see," said Dr Johnson, "that lectures can do so much good as reading the books from which the lectures are taken." And the serious critic will carry away from a university little that will directly assist his craft. True, he will owe it the admirable discipline of the classics; but the just comparison of ancient with modern, the right appreciation of English and French literatures, must be the work of his own brain. Nor could it be otherwise. It is only the facile disciples of the Extension system who can teach "æsthetics." Graver professors recognise that taste can only be sincere when it is the result of direct impression and secret study. Facts may be pumped into a receptive mind; a taste which is dictated from without is no better than the cheap "culture" provided at so much a-head by Mr Sadler and his colleagues.

And while the serious critic needs no aid, the real practitioner can learn nothing from our ancient seats of learning. His best allies are the charwoman and the office-boy, whose erudition he need not rival, and whose intelligence it is not the business of Oxford or Cambridge to shape. The work he achieves is amusing—that is all. It is forgotten as

soon as the works which are its excuse, and if the best of modern literature is obscured by the tittle-tattle of the critics, that does not matter. If there were no critics, it would be obscured by somebody (or something) else. But sooner or later the flail of time winnows the threshing-floor of literature, and posterity may separate the wheat from the chaff.

Wherefore we feel no resentment against the futility of our critics: we can hope no better fate for our philanthropists' scholarship than that it should encounter but little competition; and while we admit the truth of our philanthropists' implied reproach, we do not like the remedy. All the encroachments that have been made upon the curricula of our universities during the last quarter of a century have been unhappily inspired. They have tended to divert our academic energy from its true channel. The innovators are not content to make men and scholars; they would turn out chemists or lawyers or critics. They forget, do the innovators, that the highest function of an academy is to teach its alumni to learn, to think, and to act. In Germany and elsewhere the student is shot into the mill, and turned out at the other end according to pattern, a philosopher, a brewer, or a clergyman. But our English universities might boast for many centuries of their impracticability. They educated their pupils without thought of the future: the undergraduates learned the art of converse one from

another; in the freedom of college-rooms they practised the eternal contest of wits; and the classics not only revealed to them the finest literature of the world, but proved the value of mental discipline. So, in the pleasant confusion of bodily and intellectual athletics, our students grew into statesmen or writers or governors; they distinguished our Parliament by their eloquence; or they ruled with equal hand the distant provinces of our empire. But the universities did not presume to teach them the practical conduct of affairs. The tradition and habit of the place, the invariable round of lectures, the common life of the college, all went to the making of a man; and we view with distrust any interference with our ancient, wise, unintelligent ideal. Tennyson, Thackeray, and FitzGerald learned nothing at Trinity which they could turn to instant and practical advantage. But none of the three would have been precisely the man into which he grew had he not wandered along the Backs and drifted in an idle boat down to the willows. No writer has better expressed the true spirit of Cambridge than FitzGerald, whose 'Euphranor' celebrates the battle not only of the wits but of the boats. A strenuous race follows a strenuous argument, and "the crews pulling with all their might compacted into perfect rhythm," belong as intimately to the place as do the young scholars, who dispute of Shakespeare and the 'Broad Stone of Honour.'

"Bravo, St John's!" "Go it, Trinity!"—these cries are a better part of our education than many courses of English literature. And where, save in Greece and in Plato, shall you match the sentiment of the last page? "Then," says the writer, "waiting a little while to hear how the winner had won and the loser lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his defeated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus under either arm (Lycion having got into better company elsewhere), and walked home with them across the meadow leading to the town, whither the dusky troops of gownsmen with all their confused voices seemed, as it were, evaporating in the twilight, while a Nightingale began to be heard among the flowering Chestnuts of Jesus." Here is a reminiscence which neither the denunciation of the moderns nor the ill-advised generosity of Mr Passmore Edwards can either improve or decry.

There remains one profession, many of whose most illustrious members have taken whatever is best from our universities, and yet not clamoured that Oxford and Cambridge should revise the statutes for their benefit. We have not yet heard the diplomatists complain that no academic course has been devised for them. True, many of them have been admirable scholars before they set out upon their ultimate career; but being wise men they have learned their profession in its exercise. Some, indeed, of the most expert were in a chancery

before they were ripe for Trinity or Christ Church. Sir Edward Malet, for instance, who has recently published his reminiscences,¹ joined the diplomatic service at sixteen, and is convinced that the world—the remoter world—is the best school for ambassadors. “Many young fellows,” he says, “imagine that happiness is only to be found at Paris, Vienna, Berlin, or Rome; whereas in fact their professional salvation lies in going to China, South America, and all outlandish posts. In the former case you are like a squirrel in a cage. In the latter, you breathe the air of the world, which contains in it the salt of life.” And the air of the world teaches another lesson, not better, perhaps, nor worse than the lesson taught by an intelligent university. But while the scholar would not pick up his training on a grand tour, so the diplomat does not ask to learn his trade within the four sides of a college quadrangle. “And then again,” says Sir Edward Malet, “Imperialism. How can a man who wanders from court to court on the Continent realise the magnificence of our Empire, and the responsibilities it entails on the humblest of officials in her Majesty’s service? Make the world your travelling ground, not Europe. Go to the east, west, and south; see the British flag in every harbour and creek, and British enterprise in every quarter of the globe.” Would that we could all go to the east, west,

and south! Then Great Britain would be no more insulted by that vice of cannibalism which persuades the Pro-Boers to outrage their country’s flag, and to believe the foulest calumnies of their country’s enemies.

Good fortune has dogged the footsteps of Sir Edward Malet, and his book is before all things a happy book. It does not always seem wise; now and again it is even trivial. The artifice of Whiffles, the spirit of interviewing, is not very humorous at the start; at the finish it is depressing. But a few faults do not impair the imperturbable amiability of the book. Sir Edward Malet cannot hide his happiness. His life has been successful and adventurous. None of his ambitions remains unsatisfied, and no doubt he sat himself down in retirement to recall these “Shifting Scenes,” with the gay smile of satisfaction upon his face. So gay is the smile, indeed, that his readers cannot choose but smile in sympathy; and even when they cease to smile, they admire the writer’s shrewdness and good luck. Sir Edward, at any rate, did not waste his time copying documents in a peaceful chancery. He tells us that from 1860 to 1883, when he found rest in the haven of Berlin, war dogged his footsteps. He was at Parana when General Urquiza made war on the national forces; he lived through the bitter years of civil war at Washington; a secretary in Paris while France and Germany were in conflict,

¹ *Shifting Scenes; or, Memories of Many Men in Many Lands.* By the Right Honourable Sir Edward Malet, sometime H.M. Ambassador to Germany. London: John Murray.

he was witness of the hideous Commune; in Egypt, again, he carried his life in his hand; and when he found his due reward at Berlin, he might well boast that after the stress of twenty years he had earned the harbourage of quiet waters.

Being a traveller and a diplomat, he has known many men and strange cities; and being a man of observation, he has understood the distinguished statesmen whom he has seen. Lord Lyons is his prime hero, and the great ambassador deserves his place of pride. One line would be an honourable epitaph: "He was the best chief a young man could serve under. To him the whole of life was a duty;" and doubtless Sir Edward Malet would attribute a large measure of his success to the many years during which he acknowledged the chieftaincy of Lord Lyons. So Sir Edward sketches for us the valiant Tewfik; so he draws the character of Gordon — "a Paladin impelled by a vicarious chivalry to do battle for his whole order"; so he tells again, from a fresh point of view, the oft-told tale of the Franco-German war. But to whatever page you turn you will find a piece of amiable gossip, and if the reflection is not profound, it is kindly and intelligible.

But the eminent value of gossip is (or should be), that it reveals to us the smaller traits of great men. What the heroes of this world achieve history tells us, or did tell us before the École des Chartes usurped a province of art. But history does not tell us the trivialities of heroic life. That, indeed, is

the privilege of memoirs, which are not ashamed to trick out the greatest of men in torn dressing-gowns and battered slippers. It is our own fault if we do not know Bismarck intimately, yet Sir Edward adds a few anecdotes to the sum of our knowledge. For instance, it seems to dispel a popular illusion to know that on the morning of the Emperor Frederick's funeral the Chancellor was surprised with tears in his eyes; and since we are always glad to recall the foibles of great men, we discover with great pleasure one of Prince Bismarck's favourite stories. Thus it runs: A traveller in the Shires rested at noon at a wayside hostelry and took luncheon. When it was finished he asked for the bill. The landlord brought it to him, and after casting a glance at it, he looked at Boniface, and said, "What is your name?" "My name," replied the landlord, "is Partridge." "Ah," said the traveller, "by the length of your bill I should have thought it would have been Woodcock." It is not very funny, but it may go down to posterity, with champagne and stout, as one of Bismarck's favourites.

Again, Sir Edward draws an admirable portrait of Lord Brougham, seen through the eye of a boy. The picture is not amiable, yet it sounds too true to be a caricature.

And there is many another portrait in this amiable book — a book which would have defied criticism, even if that art had been studied in an ancient university and fortified by an unimpeachable degree.

THE POSITION OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND
ARMY REFORM.

SINCE the last issue of 'Maga' army matters have occupied a large share of public attention, and rightly so, as on the scheme now being framed for the reorganisation of our military forces will depend the efficiency of our powers for defence and offence. The two cannot be separated. Nay, more, our very existence as a great nation may depend on it. No one can tell how soon the fate of the British Empire may not hang in the balance, or how soon some slight defect in our defensive armour or some flaw in the weapon with which we hope to strike back at an adversary, may not imperil the very life of the entire body. We all know that one successful battle, or one crushing defeat, has from time immemorial swept away the cobwebs laboriously woven by years of diplomacy. So it will happen again until the happy day of promise comes, when wars will cease in all the world. Hence we cannot but feel that this is a momentous and anxious time in our national history, and that we owe no apology to our readers for dwelling on Army Reform at some length.

Only a few days before Mr Brodrick, with so much ability and clearness, unfolded his great scheme in the House of Commons, there occurred in the Upper House a debate which, although, as it were, incidentally provoked, has a

vital bearing on our entire military organisation and efficiency. Lord Wolseley, in a long and temperate speech, which had evidently been most carefully prepared, called attention to the present position and powers of the Commander-in-Chief — a position which, from his five years' experience, he considered, as now defined and limited, to be unpractical, and injurious to the true interests and efficiency of the army.

Perhaps it may not be out of place to give a short outline of the various systems which have been in force at the War Office since the commencement of the Crimean war in 1854, when the separate office of Secretary of State for War was first constituted. Previous to this date our army was insignificant as regards size, comparatively inexpensive as regards cost, and was administered in a method alike complicated and unbusiness-like. In those primitive days the Secretary of State for the Colonies was presumed to have so much spare time on his hands that he could also supervise the army. The Commander-in-Chief, however, of course subject to the Crown, had undisputed and complete control over the army. All patronage and all details whatsoever were placed in his hands, except as regards spending money. This branch, as now, was under parliamentary

control, and was vested in a Secretary-at-War, who had an office in the old Horse-Guards at Whitehall. Then again, by a strange anomaly, there were several other departments, all more or less closely associated with the maintenance of the efficiency of the army, which were practically independent, and had separate offices. For instance, the ordnance services, as well as the supply of warlike stores and material, were under the charge of a Master-General and Board of Ordnance, who supplied stores at the requisition of the Secretary-at-War; while, as regards artillery and engineer contingents, they were subject to the Commander-in-Chief. Similarly, the medical department was distinct, owing a double allegiance to the military chief of the army as regards discipline, and to the civilian Secretary in their expenditure of money. In like manner the commissariat department was more or less civilian in its organisation, and had its office in the Treasury buildings; while finally the accounts of all departments were ultimately audited and passed at Somerset House. It is needless to say that, when the rude test of a great war came, such a complicated and disjointed system was found to be quite unworkable, and an effort was made to centralise alike the administrative and financial control under one head, who would be responsible to Parliament and the country for the efficiency of the various departments, which had hither-

to been more or less independent and almost irresponsible.

It would be tedious to trace out in detail all the successive steps which have been taken from time to time to produce our present organisation as it now exists. Suffice it to say that the army was removed entirely from the control of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and a separate Secretary of State was created, whose duties were confined to the army only—the office of Secretary for War being merged in the higher office. At the same time the various minor departments, which previously had separate offices, were transferred to the War Office, and placed under the direct supervision of the War Minister. The Board of Ordnance was entirely abolished—the Commander-in-Chief taking over the military portion of its functions, and the civilian side of the War Office taking charge of the finance. These changes, however, in no way affected the position or power of the Commander-in-Chief, except that they added considerably to his duties and responsibilities. He still remained the supreme chief and ruler of the army, and was held to be solely responsible to the Crown for its fighting efficiency, while the Secretary of State for War was responsible to Parliament.

In 1870, under the administration of Mr Cardwell, came another change, with the object so far as possible of abolishing the dual government of the army, which had hitherto existed, and which was found to

be productive of much friction, delay, and maladministration. By the War Office Act, 1870, and three subsequent Orders in Council, the Secretary of State for War was constituted the supreme head of the army, and directly responsible to Parliament and the country; while under him were three distinct departments, over which he exercised supervision:—

1. The department of the Commander-in-Chief, under whom was placed the control of the combatant forces, and all relating to their patronage, training, and personal efficiency.

2. The department of the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, in which was comprised the supply of all material and stores, as well as all civil administration in connection with military matters, except the payment of troops.

3. The Financial Department, under the Financial Secretary, who prepared the estimates, audited the accounts, and supervised not only the pay department but also the appropriation of all money. In addition there was a central department of the War Office, which exercised what practically amounted to a double audit of accounts, and dealt with all matters not coming directly under the competency of the three main departments already enumerated.

In this arrangement it will be seen that, although the Commander-in-Chief occupied a very powerful position, and was the chief expert adviser of the Secretary of State, he was in no way responsible for an essential element in the fighting

efficiency of an army, namely, the supply of guns and munitions of war. This responsibility was vested in the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, a civilian parliamentary official, who changed with each Government. In point of fact, the effect of such an organisation was to throw a vast amount of power into the hands of the permanent and civilian officials. The two under-secretaries, one continually in the office, the other imported by the Government of the day, controlled the central department of the War Office, and in the case of a weak War Minister soon obtained paramount influence in all matters of detail. As both were necessarily devoid of practical experience of the army or its requirements, endless friction between them and the military officials, combined with hopeless muddle and inefficiency, were the inevitable result of such a system.

In 1887 and February 1888 an effort was made by Mr Stanhope by an Order in Council to concentrate responsibility for military efficiency on the Commander-in-Chief. This officer was made responsible to the Secretary of State for War not only that the *personnel* of the army was efficient and properly trained, but also that all stores, material for war, clothing, and suchlike were sufficient in quantity, and suitable in material and pattern. In fact, the Commander-in-Chief was constituted the main and the sole responsible expert adviser of the War Minister. He had, it is true, to get money

and stores from the civilian department, and had nothing to do with finance; otherwise his responsibility was almost unlimited in military affairs. A special importance was also given to the Adjutant-General, who, in addition to being responsible for his own special department, exercised a general supervision over the others. The same Order in Council also defined the duties of the civil departments. They were presided over by a Financial Secretary, who was held accountable for due economy being practised, and had the supervision of contracts, manufactures, and accounts. The Government factories were placed under civilian management, the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance and his department were abolished, while no change was made in the central department of the War Office, which was still left under the two under-secretaries. Hence there was no simplification of accounts, there was the same double audit, and the same civilian interference with all the technical details of each separate department.

It may easily be seen now that there were many inherent defects in the 1888 system, which foredoomed it to failure. We will now, however, only refer to the position of the Commander-in-Chief.

It is possible that under other circumstances it might have been found that the responsibilities centred on this one office were not beyond the powers of one man, assisted by the experienced chiefs of the

various military offices. Mr Stanhope, however, selected a most unfortunate time for heaping extra work and responsibility on the office of Commander-in-Chief. The Duke of Cambridge still retained that post, having at that time already occupied it for nearly thirty-three years. When he first assumed the position, the army was comparatively small and the work light: hence he had in the course of long years settled down into habits which, at his advanced time of life, it was difficult to change, but which were quite incompatible with the business of the War Office being efficiently carried out, more especially when so much responsibility was centred in the Commander-in-Chief. In point of fact, the Duke of Cambridge for many years did very little work at the War office. Social and other duties took up much of his time; he was a keen sportsman, and was naturally loth to abandon the interest in those relaxations to which he had been for so many years accustomed, while his health required visits to German baths in the autumn, and not unfrequently a sojourn in a milder climate during the late winter and spring. Hence, as a natural result, in the absence of his chief, the next senior officer—that is, the Adjutant-General—commanded the army, and vicariously assumed the responsibility for its efficiency. This point was strongly brought out in the celebrated cordite question, which was the immediate cause of the downfall

of the Rosebery Administration. The Government, when attempting to justify their neglect to provide sufficient stores of small-arm ammunition, referred to Sir Redvers Buller, the Adjutant-General, for a certificate that the reserves were sufficient, although the Commander-in-Chief was alone held responsible. This vicarious responsibility, however, had its inconveniences, and could not be adopted in more serious proposals, which had to obtain the distinct sanction of the Commander-in-Chief—no matter where he might chance to be, or how occupied—before being put forward to the Secretary of State for final adoption.

The delay and drawbacks of such a system were so keenly felt by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, that one of his last acts before relinquishing office was to secure the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge—a change which, it was well known, successive War Ministers had earnestly desired, but had been powerless to effect.

It was natural—nay, inevitable—when it was found that the system inaugurated in 1888 had from special circumstances proved such a disastrous failure, that there should be a violent reaction. The new Government, when it came into office, sheltering themselves behind the recommendation of what was known as the Hartington Commission,—recommendations which, it may be remarked, as a whole they entirely ignored,—altered the position of the Commander-in-Chief, so that,

except in name, he had little more power or authority than the chiefs of the various branches, which previously were under his distinct control. It was expressly laid down that “the heads of all the various departments, both military and civil, are responsible to the Secretary of State for the duties assigned to them.” These heads are as follows:—

The Commander-in-Chief.

The Adjutant-General.

The Quartermaster-General.

The Inspector-General of Fortifications.

The Director-General of the Ordnance.

Each one of these heads owes a separate and independent responsibility to the Secretary of State quite independent of the Commander-in-Chief; they have individually the ear of the War Minister, and can put forward any proposals or enunciate any views quite irrespective of the approval or disapproval of their nominal military superior, who is, in point of fact, only “*primus inter pares*.” Still more to reduce the power of the Commander-in-Chief, he was deprived of army patronage, which was vested in an Army Board, formed of the heads of these various departments, with himself, however, as president. This Board was deputed to report on—

- (a) Selections for promotion in the army above the substantive rank of Major.
- (b) Selection for staff appointments.
- (c) Proposals for estimates, &c.

It would certainly seem that, great as were the drawbacks of placing too great a burden of responsibility on the shoulders of one man, the new system, which Lord Wolseley recently denounced, distinctly violated all the common axioms of efficient administration, as executive power was centralised and responsibility diffused over the chiefs of these various independent offices whom the Secretary of State could consult, and whose advice he could follow, entirely irrespective of the opinion of his "Principal Military Adviser," the Commander-in-Chief. Another radical change was instituted, apparently to emphasise the importance and responsibility of the civilian side of the War Office. All letters whatsoever, no matter with what subject they dealt, were in future to be addressed, not to the special official empowered to deal with them, but to the Under Secretary of State for War. They were then sorted in a general clearing-house and distributed to the various departments concerned. It would naturally appear that such a method of transacting business must inevitably cause delay, and in some cases confusion. Another change was likewise made, which we consider was still more unfortunate and ill-judged: all letters emanating from the War Office were signed under the authority of the Civilian Secretary of State. Quite recently we had a striking instance of the absurdity of such a formula. It was deemed advisable to direct the officer

commanding at Aldershot to cancel a memorandum he had issued on the tactical handling of artillery. The instruction regarding this purely technical military detail was issued by order of the Secretary of State, who could not be expected, and, we are confident, would not claim, to be acquainted even with the elementary principle of artillery tactics.

On the whole, after studying Lord Wolseley's memorandum of November 12, 1900, and the replies thereto of Lord Lansdowne and Mr Brodrick, it would appear that the late Commander-in-Chief has in the main the best of the argument. It is no doubt very difficult for any layman, without technical knowledge or personal experience of the system here discussed, to sift the wheat from the chaff among the various points raised in support of each side of the question. In the same manner, when two distinguished and able advocates argue the opposite views of the same case in a court of law, it requires a very able and experienced judge to discriminate between the sound and the false reasoning and to give a fitting decision. It is notorious that judges, even with all their experience and learning, not infrequently differ in the final Court of Appeal. It is, however, worthy of remark that Mr Brodrick, who may now be regarded as the leading counsel for the defence, has practically given away his case, since he concedes the main points of Lord Wolseley's contention by suggesting—

1st, That the Department of the Adjutant-General should again come under the control of the Commander-in-Chief.

2nd, That the Army Board should have the power of initiative.

3rd, That the present system of letter-writing, to which we have already alluded, should be changed. It is also significant that Lord Northbrook stated in the House of Lords, on Lord Wolseley's authority, that the latter would never have brought the subject up had this memorandum of Mr Brodrick been shown to him. This very omission would appear a clear indication of the want of consideration exhibited to the military head of the army—just as the memorandum quoted by Lord Lansdowne, and addressed by Lord Wolseley to the Director-General of Ordnance on October 4, 1900, is a proof positive that the Commander-in-Chief was kept in ignorance of so important a matter connected with national defence as the armament of our forts and fortresses. It may be pointed out that preparation of schemes for defence and offence was one of the subjects which came under the special competency of the Commander-in-Chief, and it was more than hinted that this was one of the subjects which he had neglected. At the same time, while believing that Lord Wolseley had right on his side, we cannot but think he made a great mistake as regards the remedy which he suggested in the event of a difference of opinion between the Minister

of the day and the professional expert or experts, and of this mistake his opponents were not slow to take advantage. An appeal to "the Public" under such circumstances is manifestly impracticable, as wittily remarked by Lord Rosebery. "Where is the Public? Where can you find it? Is it the threepenny press, the penny press, or the halfpenny press?" Any such appeal must be made to a properly constituted tribunal, and in the interests of the State must be strictly confidential.

Just as the remedy suggested by Lord Wolseley was impossible, so we hold to be fallacious the argument which was urged by his opponents, including the Prime Minister, that to give the Commander-in-Chief a free hand as regards the discipline and administration of the army interfered with the constitutional control of the Secretary of State over the army, as insisted on by Parliament. It would be just as true to allege that the owner of, say, a yacht is deprived of the control of his property, because his captain or sailing-master takes the whole responsibility of its navigation. The owner very properly in these details is not permitted to interfere, unless he is himself a duly qualified expert, otherwise very soon he would bring his vessel to destruction and his crew to a watery grave. So it is with the army: equal disaster is certain to follow such amateur attempts at navigation. Since the year 1870 the average tenure of office of Secretaries of State

for War has been two and a half years. Many of them were quite new to their duties when they were appointed. Comment is needless.

Before quitting this portion of our subject, on which from its importance we have dwelt at considerable length, it is impossible to avoid expressing our deep regret that personal re-priminations should have been allowed to obtrude into a debate in the House of Lords on an abstract principle from which all personalities, with excellent taste, were excluded by Lord Wolseley. We are sure that Lord Lansdowne must now regret that he so far forgot himself as to level reproaches, whether merited or not, on the veteran soldier at the termination of his active career. The object of this attack need not regret it, as the sympathy for him thereby evoked was, we believe, universal.

As regards Mr Brodrick's great scheme of army organisation, it is so large, and raises so many questions, some not yet elucidated, and all dependent for their success on the arrangement of details, that it is impossible in the remaining space allotted to us to do more than touch on the salient features. It is needless to say that all hinges on the recruiting question. If, when the excitement of the present war is over and there is the inevitable reaction, we fall back to the normal condition of the recruiting market before 1899, we may have as many army corps as we like on paper, but they will exist on paper alone. It seems to

be regretted that Mr Brodrick in his proposals has not devoted more attention to this great difficulty. It is true he speaks of improving the conditions of barrack-life and of reducing the ordinary guard and sentry duties—all very excellent suggestions in their way, but we fear not sufficient to stimulate recruiting to any appreciable extent. We should have been glad to hear of some improvement in the position of non-commissioned officers, of some steps towards making the army a certain channel through which good posts under Government and elsewhere could be obtained by deserving men after they quit the service, and, last but not least, some additional facilities given for respectable soldiers to marry. It may not be generally known, certainly it is not realised by the general public, that only 3 per cent of the establishment in infantry and 4 per cent in cavalry and artillery are allowed to marry, or, what is the same thing, are permitted to have their wife and families on the strength of their corps. There are very serious and grave reasons, which here it is impossible to explain, but which are well known to all who are acquainted with the army, why it is much in the interests of our soldiers that marriage should not be thus discouraged in the British service.

Then, to refer to another matter of what may be called interior economy, namely, the expenses of officers. Mr Brodrick has, we think, acted wisely in declining to frame annoying sumptuary regulations, more

suitable for children than grown-up men, and which in any case would not prevent a rich man from spending his money if he felt so inclined. He also has announced a most salutary reform as regards cheapening officers' uniform: the only marvel is that this step was not taken many years since. We think, however, he has not gone nearly far enough in reducing the unavoidable expenses which now are placed on regimental officers. Why should barrack and mess rooms not be furnished, in place of forcing unfortunate regiments to drag about enormous quantities of furniture and baggage whenever they change their quarters? Bands also are supposed to be necessary adjuncts to every military unit of a certain strength: they are maintained for the good of the service, not for the amusement of the officers—then we ask, Why should officers be forced to bear all their expenses?

The same principle ought to hold good in the matter of horses, of course to a limited extent. Officers of the mounted arms and field-officers of infantry are forced to have horses to use in the service of the country: the least thing that the country can do is to give facilities for obtaining these necessary animals at a reasonable rate. In foreign armies these advantages are always granted; our own is the only exception. In Germany, for instance, every cavalry officer on joining is given a horse free, which becomes his own property at the end of five years, when he

can get another on similar terms: he is also given facilities for selecting the most suitable horses of the remounts at a reasonable price for his other chargers. Similar indulgences are given to mounted officers of infantry, and of recent years terms have been made more liberal by a special enactment of the Emperor, who complained that not unfrequently mounted officers of infantry were indifferently horsed. We strongly advise Mr Brodrick to follow such a good example.

When we come to consider the broader and more general details of Mr Brodrick's proposals, we must confess to very serious misgivings as to their ultimate success. There is, however, one redeeming feature in all his statement: he is no longer deluded by the evil spirit of optimism and self-complacency; he admits that all is not as it should be, and professes his anxiety to make things better. It will be within the recollection of our readers that only about three years since the Permanent Under-Secretary of War wrote a succession of letters to the 'Times' to prove that our military system was almost if not entirely perfect, and that our War Office was the most immaculate and efficient of all organisations. The Government thoroughly appreciated his advocacy, and created him a peer as a reward. It would seem that our present War Minister has shaken himself clear of the bonds and fetters which shackled his predecessor. He is no longer "in laager

surrounded by his civilian advisers," as he most aptly described it himself. Mistakes, when made by great public officials, are nearly always embarrassing, and generally expensive to the country and the special departments over which they preside. There is, however, some consolation when the mistake is frankly admitted, as in that case there is some hope for the future. There could not be a better illustration of this than the incident of sending the Guards to Gibraltar, and attempting to train men of three years' service for field-duty on a garrison rock. It will be remembered how such a measure was denounced by the service Members of Parliament, and indeed by almost all sensible men acquainted with military requirements, and all to no purpose. The folly of the War Office authorities was only equalled by their obstinacy. There is at least a melancholy satisfaction in learning that the error has been admitted before it had time irretrievably to injure our corps of picked troops.

The project to form twelve garrison battalions of time-expired men to relieve our field force is no doubt at first sight a very plausible device, but is open to many grave and serious objections: it involves a distinctly retrogressive step—namely, the reintroduction of long service and pension. We fear that better terms than those foreshadowed will have to be offered if these battalions are to be filled with serviceable and respectable men.

In a similar manner the scheme of six Army Corps, three ready for service in any part of the world, looks very well on paper, until we carefully examine the details, and dissect, so to speak, the elements of which these corps will be composed. Apparently under the new reorganisation we shall be as badly off as ever as regards troops available to be sent abroad without general or partial mobilisation. The home battalions, as before, will be only nurseries for the battalions abroad; and the boys thus being trained will form the only regular troops retained in this country. This, we think, is the main and most serious blot in all Mr Brodrick's proposal—that is, the failure to make any provision for the creation of a thoroughly trained and fully equipped body of troops, of, say, at least 20,000 men, if possible more, which can be despatched to any part of the Empire on the shortest notice, without having recourse to the ostentatious measure of calling up the reserves. It is needless to remind our readers how different, almost certainly, would have been the fortune of the early stages of the war in South Africa had such a force as we describe been available in this country during the summer months of 1899.

After discussing the many branches of this great scheme, which, it must be remembered, derived every advantage from the lucidity with which it was introduced, the War Minister deals with the War Office. On the reform of this much-abused

institution he is not so clear as on other points—apparently he has not made up his mind, and is waiting for the opinion of Lord Roberts. It is, however, consoling, and indeed refreshing, to see that he admits that a change is necessary, that the system is not immaculate. We have already, in the earlier part of this paper, spoken so fully of War Office organisation in connection with the recent controversy connected with the position of the Commander-in-Chief, that we will abstain from dealing with Mr Brodrick's observation, but will venture to suggest one simple solution of this much discussed question.

Let us adopt the same system as has been found to work so well in India. Of course, as at present established, the Secretary of State will be a civilian and a Parliamentary official. Under him there would be two great military officials, corresponding to the Commander-in-Chief and the Military Member of Council in India. Under the former would be the *personnel* as well as the discipline, training, inspection, and education of the army; under the latter all the supply and works,—each great department, of course, being subdivided under subordinate officials, presiding over his own special branch, and responsible to one of the two great military chiefs, who in their turn would be directly and personally responsible to the Secretary of State. In this manner, so far as possible, responsibility would be centralised and administration decentralised.

We cannot close this paper without expressing an earnest hope that at last, in this country, the necessity may be recognised of establishing a department of the General Staff, under an officer of high rank, similar to that which long since has existed in Germany and other countries. This official would be under the Commander-in-Chief, and would be intrusted with the duty not only of preparing great schemes of defence and offence in war, but also the instruction and selection of competent staff officers. The failure to have such schemes, with all their details carefully and elaborately worked out, has already been clearly proved to be the main cause of our initial disasters during the South African war. Similarly, the notorious incapacity of many of our staff officers, and the inability of generals to utilise them in a proper manner, may be distinctly traced to the absence of that systematic practice and instruction, and of that careful selection, which would be the special duty of that high official, the chief of the General Staff, who has long since been recognised as absolutely essential in the organisation of all great foreign armies.

Since the above was written an announcement has been made by Mr Arnold Forster, which we fear will deal a serious blow to Mr Brodrick's proposals in one material point. It is announced that the Admiralty do not share his views regarding the desirability of

taking over the minor coaling-stations, such as Singapore and Colombo, and thus setting free 5000 men to add to the active army. We confess it appears to us that the arguments, already on several occasions urged in Parliament, but too numerous here to recapitulate, are all on the side of Mr Brod-rick. These stations are maintained solely for the benefit of the navy, and hence their expense should be borne on the Navy Estimates: it is absurd to maintain the fiction that the garrison, say, of Ascension can be satisfactorily under the general officer commanding at the Cape. Such places should be solely under naval control, and thereby much friction would be avoided. The garrisons would be composed not of blue-jackets but of marines, for which service there has never hitherto been

any difficulty in obtaining recruits. The power to take the men on a cruise on board ship would be valuable, as creating thereby an armed reserve for an emergency, and might be of great benefit to the health of the marines themselves.

When two departments come into conflict in this manner, it would be naturally the duty of the Council of National Defence to arbitrate and pronounce a decision. We fear, however, that this tribunal has been not inaptly compared to the Aulic Council of Vienna. Whether, however, it does its duty in this instance or not, we must in conclusion express an earnest hope that this most judicious suggestion of the War Minister may not be permitted, from jealousy between the two services, to be either shelved or abandoned.

ANTI-ENGLISH SENTIMENT IN GERMANY.

"ENVY is the national vice of the German people. They cannot bear that any one should be greater than themselves." Who does the reader suppose spoke those words? A German of to-day would probably reply, "Some arrogant Englishman, of course, who wanted to exonerate his country from the reproaches addressed to it by the superiority of Teutonic moral sentiment which is the special possession of the philosophic professors, independent journalists, and equitably judging people of the Fatherland." It so happens that it was Prince Bismarck who made the observation, and it is to be found in Busch's *Recollections* of that celebrated and, as a rule, candidly outspoken personage. The writer of this paper is, for the moment, somewhat remote from books, and altogether from libraries. But he took observant note of the above illuminating confession at the time of reading "little Busch's" book, and he will answer for the substantial accuracy of the citation. Once, when he quoted it to a German friend, a very erudite personage of a more dispassionate mind than is now frequently met with betwixt the Rhine and the Elbe, a rather hesitatingly apologetic attempt was made to cast suspicion on the trustworthiness of the modern German Boswell. But the writer had the good fortune to be acquainted with the Man of Blood and Iron, held with

him more than one interesting and lengthened colloquy on matters of some importance, and he can only say that Busch's reminiscences, written from notes taken at the time immediately after each fresh interview, bear on the face of them conclusive evidences of their authenticity to any one who was acquainted with the Maker of Modern Germany. They present him to the life; and one can hear him uttering the above trenchant judgment in the weighty and merciless manner with which he gave expression to his inmost convictions.

There are more reasons than one, no doubt, for the hatred of England—no softer word than hatred, I regret to say, would adequately express the real truth—which prevails at present in Germany. But I think Envy must be assigned the first place in the catalogue of motives I shall venture, with as much impartiality as is possible, to assign for the underlying motives of the violent detestation of the bulk of the German people towards a nation and a race that have done them no wrong that I can discern save that of being "greater than themselves." Almost everybody, with that after-the-event wisdom so familiar to us all, now looks upon the triumph of Prussia over France in 1870, and the consequent unification of Germany under an Imperial title, as a foregone conclusion. Most Englishmen

imagined, on the outbreak of the war, that the cry of the Paris multitude and the French army, "A Berlin! A Berlin!" would be made good, and regarded any one as inconceivably shortsighted who thought the opposite, and ventured to predict that "Nach Paris! Nach Paris!" would prove to be the better-founded battle-word. But the Germans themselves, thereby meaning, not Bismarck, Von Moltke, Von Roon, nor the German head-quarter staff, but the rank and file of the German nation—went into the conflict with a certain amount of brave trepidation, and were as lost in amazement as they were, naturally enough, joyous with enthusiasm, when in swift engagement after swift engagement they hurled back the threatened French invasion, found themselves tramping with victorious ease over the rich fair plains of Eastern France, and, within some six weeks of the opening of the campaign, held Napoleon III. a prisoner, captured one of the two great French field-armies at Sedan, and held the other fast within the walls of Metz, while they proceeded forthwith to march on the French capital.

Had the war, like that of 1866, been then swiftly brought to an end, and France, as Austria after Sadowa, made haste to come to terms with the victor, it is likely enough that Germany, "put in the saddle," as Bismarck described it, with such comparative ease and swiftness, would at once have proceeded on that ride of somewhat fidgety self-assertion in which a well-

known proverb tells us persons not accustomed from the cradle to horseback so often indulge. But after the "big take" of Sedan, and even after the surrender of Metz by Bazaine, a long and tedious period supervened, during which Paris was invested, without capitulating, for more than four months, and efforts of a somewhat spasmodic and ineffectual character, but maintained after a fashion during an exceptionally cold and trying winter, were persisted in by the French, chiefly at the instigation of Gambetta, to make good the theatrical exclamation of Jules Favre to Bismarck at Baron Rothschild's villa at Plombières, "Not a stone of our fortresses, not an inch of our territory!" Gradually, but very visibly, the tone of German feeling, and even of Bismarck himself, lapsed from surprised and exuberant delight to one of annoyance and peevishness; and the Germans learned that to come, see, and conquer is by no means a frequent operation in warfare. When, therefore, Paris at length surrendered, and the conflict came to a close, it was in a rather chastened spirit that Germany, united after heavy sacrifices in the field, carried off its Five Millions of Ransom, and appropriated, quite rightfully in the writer's opinion, Alsace-Lorraine. But either the latent energy aroused, and the experience gained, in the war, or the acquisition of the large money Indemnity, or both together, gave a powerful impetus to commercial expansion in Germany; and, as it is one of the

kindly dispensations allotted to human nature that it quickly forgets its more trying fortunes if better ones take their place, the German people slowly but surely began to feel that they might become almost as successful in the ways of peace as they had shown themselves in the operations of war.

But Bismarck was one of those men who, even in the very height of prosperity, neither forgive nor forget. He remembered, with the vindictive asperity that was the chief foible of his strong character, that Germany had not been assisted, either directly or indirectly, as he had half hoped would be the case after his publication, on the outbreak of the war, of the Benedetti Treaty, in its struggle with the nation which had declared itself asphyxiated by the results of the Austro-Prussian campaign of 1866; and that, though opinion and sentiment on the subject were a good deal divided, the sympathies of England in the Franco-German war went rather with France than with its opponent. Then came, along with the remarkable recuperative power displayed by France, the inclination, not to say the deliberate intention, of Bismarck to force a fresh struggle on France before it recovered overmuch, and the quiet but effectual intervention of the Czar and our late beloved Queen to save the world from such a provoking and perilous step. For that intervention Germany never forgave either England or Russia; and while

Bismarck gratified his animosity, with the ingenuity of the most unscrupulous if statesmanlike genius, against Gortschakoff and Russia at the Congress of Berlin, by affecting to play the part of Honest Booker, he had already begun to try to pay off his score against this country by employing a portion of his well-known Reptile Fund in instructing the German press to represent the English Government under Gladstone and Granville—most unjustly, be it frankly added—as having been anything but neutral in its attitude during the war of 1870.

Meanwhile other international questions had arisen, and modifications in the international situation been developed; and Bismarck, swift to note, and, if possible, to anticipate them, put other self-protecting machinery in motion. It was evident to him, as it was indeed to less penetrating but withal careful observers, that the geographical position of Germany always exposes it to special military dangers, against which unremitting precautions have to be taken, and heavy military service and expenditure have to be endured. "I lie awake night after night," he said, at the time of the Congress of Berlin, in one of those outbursts of candour so characteristic of him, to the late Lord Ampthill, our Ambassador at the Court of Berlin, whom he much liked, "thinking of our imperfectly protected eastern frontier." The Alliance between France and Russia had

not then been formed, but Bismarck well foresaw that it might be, some day or another; and it was with that and kindred considerations in his mind that he had favoured, and indeed almost suggested, a French Protectorate over Tunis, the English occupation of Cyprus, and the practical appropriation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria. In a word, the greater and the more rapid became the expansion of Germany in power, position, and enterprise, the more important it seemed to him to be able, in Germany's self-defence and self-interest, to set other Powers, as the phrase is, by the ears. Hence the origin of the invidious and scandalising German compound word, for which we have no English equivalent, the feeling it represents being unknown to us, that expresses rejoicing and self-congratulation over the misfortunes of others.

Bismarck had hoped, and had probably calculated, on bringing about war between England and Russia when he encouraged the latter to cross the Pruth, and set its armies in motion against Turkey. But in this service he was foiled by English statesmanship and Russian submission to the inevitable; and Lord Beaconsfield's "Peace with Honour" was much more representative of the fact than Bismarck's semi-ironical pretence about the Honest Booker. But the Prince was not the man ever to give up a struggle on which he had entered; and he strained every nerve to promote com-

plications in Bulgaria and Roumelia after the Treaty of Peace between Russia and Turkey, with the object of compelling England to take the foremost place in resisting Russian pretensions. At the same time his ostentatious declaration that the Eastern Question, and the controversy as to who should be the heirs of the Sick Man and the final owners of Constantinople, were not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian Grenadier, was a fine specimen of diplomatic affectation, he well knowing that if Russia ever occupied that commanding position, and did so at the same time that she concluded an alliance with France,—a rather difficult matter, by the way,—it would render the situation of Germany and Germany's allies more precarious than ever, whereas England could take the precautions and procure the compensations rendered necessary by the successful accomplishment of such a proceeding. Bismarck's abetting of England's action in Egypt, at a later period, was dictated, no doubt, by a cognate motive, the hope that there might arise from it a conflict between England and France.

In all these manœuvres successively he was balked,—in the later ones, mainly by Lord Salisbury; and Bismarck balked was Bismarck influenced by animosity against the person or persons who had balked him. Still, he was far too great a statesman not to subordinate, for a time at least, even detestation of an

individual or a nation to the interests, when these were supreme, of the State whose affairs he directed, the more so inasmuch as his own position, power, and authority were, under the first German emperor, closely identified, indeed seemed to the world at large, as to himself, absolutely identical, with those of the State. He therefore made one more effort to turn the actual and, still more, the latent strength of England to account by endeavouring to persuade the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to commit this country to an express compact with the Triple Alliance, which he had brought about with so much skill and patience, calculating, and from certain persons not concealing his opinion, that the English fleets, however few and meagre comparatively might be our land battalions, were, if in alliance with Germany, the equivalent of several army corps. It was in vain that it was pointed out to him that the peculiarities of our Constitution, the prying curiosity and, in the long-run, the decisive authority of the House of Commons, over foreign affairs, combined with the precarious position of any Cabinet consequent on our system of party government, rendered the express conclusion and trustworthy operation of such a compact practically impossible; but that our international interests seemed, roughly speaking, identical with those of Germany, and that the protection of Italy, Germany's

ally against excessive French pretensions in the Mediterranean, pledged us in substance, and quite as effectually as any written compact, to a course favourable to Germany. For Bismarck's masterful, domineering, and irritable nature this did not suffice, so he unmuzzled all the journalists in the pay of the Reptile Fund against England and England's policy, and Englishmen generally, until at length his newspaper pack in Germany began to bark and snarl against the British Empire. This was, at first, a little embarrassing to his Austrian and Italian allies; but the Reptile Fund was for use abroad as well as at home, and a certain number of journals in Austria and Italy were won over to the campaign of Anglophobia.

The foregoing brief and compressed political retrospect was indispensable to a due comprehension of the remoter causes of the present hostility of German sentiment to England and everything English. Then came the death of the first German Emperor, whom Bismarck could wheedle, dupe, or menace into almost any course he had decided to follow; the elevation of the Crown Prince, as the Emperor Frederick, to the throne, his distressing illness, and his brief reign, during which Bismarck himself manifested all the feverish symptoms of real, not affected, Anglophobia—arising out of a dread lest "English influence" should make itself felt in the surroundings of the ruler whose

assumption of the Imperial purple he had always looked forward to with trepidation. His anxiety on that score was shortly dispelled by the Emperor Frederick's death; and apparently he had not fully pictured to himself that the accession of the third German Emperor would render his position yet more exasperating than the accession of the second, and would end by rendering it absolutely untenable.

It is unnecessary to enter into any inquiry or analysis concerning Bismarck's retirement, or expulsion—call it which people may—from the Chancellorship.

“Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together,”

more especially when, into the bargain, age is uncompromisingly domineering and youth equally masterful. But Bismarck, vindictive to the last, forgot, or set aside, his grudges against England in favour of his hatred of the Emperor, his own Sovereign, who had deprived him of the exercise of his iron will against everybody and everything, and he employed the means that remained at his disposal, as far as he dared, against the latter instead of against the former. But whereas in this fresh operation he found but few and lukewarm auxiliaries, the anti-English feeling he had of late years so unremittingly fostered went on burning and blazing, and was fed by fresh fuel not of his contributing. His countrymen had by this time acquired a keen sense of

the inherent strength and resources of United Germany. Moreover, a race so erroneously supposed by Englishmen to be a medley of professors, scholars, and metaphysicians, half-drugged into political and economic apathy by the fumes of tobacco and lager beer, had become meanwhile a nation of energetic traders and producers; and being very able, very well educated—as education goes in these days—very industrious and persevering, and very unluxurious and thrifty in their habits, they rapidly acquired the consciousness of their being as capable of success in commerce as they had been in war. The phrase “German Colonial Enterprise,” to which Bismarck lent so unsympathetic an ear, had grown to be a living and active national watchword, to which was shortly added another, strenuously advocated by the reigning Emperor—“Germany A World-Power.”

It must have been obvious to any one of an attentive mind that these new currents of self-conscious strength and ambition in Germany would necessarily bring it and its general policy into yet closer touch and fresh relations with other World-Powers, such as Russia and Great Britain—with the latter, more especially. It has been a common complaint in Germany that England sets its face against the expansion of German energy in commerce and colonial enterprise, and strives in various ways, never cited explicitly or in detail, to thwart its world-power aspirations.

There is absolutely no truth in the accusation. In sooth, the very reverse is the fact. The more colonies, such at least as they are likely ever to be able to found, Powers like France and Germany possess, the more hostages they give to peace, and the more possible prizes they place at our disposal in the event, most improbable I trust and believe, of either or both picking an open quarrel with us. But while we have not the slightest objection to their possessing colonies, we propose, as is natural, to retain such colonies as we ourselves already possess, and not to make a present of any of them to Germany, simply because we have many and very prosperous ones, and Germany has few and, as yet, none strikingly successful or promising. This is the only ground for the complaint that, wherever they go in search of colonies and in the pursuit of a desire to become a World-Power, they are thwarted by England; and it is as grotesque as it is unreasonable, when advanced as an excuse for their animosity against us. But envy always is unreasonable, and when exhibited in an unwary and untactful manner, grotesque as well; and thus we are brought round, circuitously, perhaps, but conclusively, to the judgment of Bismarck, "Envy is the national vice of the German people. They cannot bear that any should be greater than themselves." Repeatedly of late they have employed the phrase, "All that Germany claims is a place in the sun."

The answer is obvious. Let Germany take a place in the sun, by all means. But if Germany chooses to place herself too closely to a Power that is bigger than herself, she must not be surprised, nor has she any just ground of complaint, if the shadow of the bigger Power somewhat interferes with the amount of sunlight she desires. "*Ôte-toi que je m'y mette!*" has not usually been regarded as a reasonable demand. But, as we have said, envy is always unreasonable.

But, to proceed with the investigation. The reigning German Emperor is a Ruler of the strongest character, and of the most varied and striking capacity; and long before his recent visit to this country on the occasion of the Queen's illness and death, his great gifts were recognised and acknowledged by all competent and dispassionate judges. The chivalrous and touching nature of his filial devotion on that sad occasion no doubt has caused him to be almost as much loved as admired in this country; but it was not needed in order to convince Englishmen of the lofty sense of responsibility, the pious attachment to duty, and the extraordinary attainments of the German Emperor. But there was a moment, it must be confessed, when he aroused in them a feeling of exasperation such as has rarely been manifested by us. The present writer happens to know that the Emperor himself was amazed at the resentment his telegram to the head of the then Trans-

vaal Republic, after the Jameson Raid, excited in this country, and had not by any means intended it to carry the interpretation or the import instantaneously put on it amongst us. But, though it may safely be asserted that it was one of those too sudden and impulsively generated utterances by which his Imperial Majesty has more than once been betrayed, chiefly by reason of his generous temperament, it did so happen that what followed from it at once—viz., a manifestation of the power of Great Britain on the sea—actively operated to render the German people less unwilling to bear fresh financial burdens in order themselves to possess a large and imposing Fleet, on the creation of which the Emperor, quite justifiably of course, had set his heart. But there is no being a World-Power without heavy expenditure, or the means of maintaining and defending the pretension, as Englishmen themselves well know; and while the Reichstag, its members, and the German people generally, have somewhat reluctantly been induced to commit themselves to onerous sacrifices for the growth of their Navy, in addition to those they long since accepted, and of which they cannot possibly divest themselves, for the imposing dimensions and perfect organisation of their splendid Army, they impute the necessity for enduring their new burden, with the unreasonableness already pointed out, in great measure to this country, whose position as an old and established World-Power they envy,

and would fain reduce, since they do not see their way at present to surpass or even to equal it.

The foregoing narrative of the origin and growth of anti-English Sentiment in Germany has brought us, insensibly perhaps but inevitably, nearer to the situation as it exists at this hour, and face to face with the war in South Africa, now happily drawing to a successful close. It was but natural and a matter of course that, German feeling towards us being such at it was eighteen months ago, the Germans should, on the outbreak of the conflict, give all their sympathy to the Boers, and invent every conceivable excuse for so bestowing it. Now, at last, they said to themselves, these detestable Englishmen, this ubiquitous Great Britain, this huge and commanding World-Power that stands in our sunlight, is going to have a difficult, costly, and sanguinary task to encounter; and though, if it only shows itself patient and persevering enough, it is pretty sure to be the victor in the long-run, it will have to smart and bleed in order to become so, and, by the very nature and character of the conflict, it will meet with many embarrassments, and probably suffer many vexatious disasters, as happens in most wars, and is certain to happen in this one. Therefore, Hurrah for the Boers! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! The very least that can ensue for the gratification of our hatred and the satisfaction of our grudges is that Great Britain will

emerge from the struggle weaker and less able to stand in our light.

But the cause of the Boers, from the point of view of any one who attaches the smallest value to the liberty and dignity of man, and the maintenance of an already existing Empire, was such an utterly bad one, that, in order to excuse or palliate even sentimental support of it, it became absolutely necessary to misrepresent the origin and purpose of the war, and to stick resolutely to the misrepresentation. Forthwith, therefore, all the ingenuity of the German mind, which is assuredly very great, was devoted to that purpose; and, with an audacity that has never been exceeded, if indeed it has ever been equalled, the Boers were represented as fighting for Liberty, and Great Britain against it, and the moral position of England and Englishmen in the conflict not only as untenable, but as rotten and repugnant to the high German sense of Right. With a simplicity which perhaps does him no particular discredit, but on which he looks back with a certain amount of amusement, as one does on the naïvetés of one's earlier years, the present writer made one or two efforts privately, in the earlier stages of the war, to persuade some of his German friends with English proclivities to endeavour to explain to their fellow-countrymen the real merits of the controversy between Sir Alfred Milner and Mr Chamberlain on the one hand, and Mr Kruger on the other. But they soon

let him perceive that they would waste their breath and vainly blunt their pens if they did anything of the kind, and might just as well, as the old colloquial saying puts it, whistle to a guide-post. One of them candidly said to him, "The reply would be, either, 'Are you not a Jew?' or, 'How much have you been paid for defending England?'"

The audacious, not to say impudent, feature of the second of those retorts, was that it imputed to those who maintained that the cause of the British people was just, and their moral position in it impregnable, the very venality and bribery that, after the manner of the Reptile Fund, had corrupted, and still corrupts, the bulk of the Boer-favouring press of Germany as well as that of France and Italy. A British Diplomatist, accredited abroad, told the present writer that an eminent personage said to him, "I do what I can to influence German opinion to take a more just view of the situation. But, whereas if any one were to go to the proprietor or editor of an influential English newspaper and offer him, say, £5000, to induce him to adopt, or refrain from, a certain course, he would be contumeliously shown the staircase by which he had ascended, £50 will go a long way towards purchasing the goodwill and active services of a good many Continental newspapers." The amount of the Reptile Fund at the disposal of Bismarck was, we believe, a trifle compared with that placed at the dis-

posal of Dr Leyds by the financial foresight of Mr Kruger; and it has been scattered broadcast over Europe with a lavishness that will be much missed when it is no longer bestowed. Moreover, it was doled out to persons for the most part already anxious to be fortified by an additional motive for expressing anti-English sentiment; and, in any case, they thus acquired a habit of so expressing themselves. The most superficial acquaintance with the workings of self-love serves to explain why some people go on repeating what they know is not true for no better reason than that they have frequently said it before.

Self-love and self-interest are the most influential of the motives that influence human conduct; and, in the present instance, self-interest, or what they imagined to be such, co-operates with self-love to imbue the great mass of persons on the Continent, Germany included, with rampant Anglo-phobia. The more observant of them, however, have by this time discovered that these unfortunate passions have egregiously misled them. Instead of England emerging from the War injured and enfeebled, she is manifestly stronger, and in all human likelihood will for a long time remain much stronger, than ever. The South African Question is solved as far as force is concerned, and solved entirely in favour of the Sceptre of the British Empire. The Transvaal and Orange State Republics have for ever disappeared; and a real South

African Confederation will in due course be formed, which will end by being as informally, yet as closely, knit to the British Crown, as the Canadian Dominion or the Australian Commonwealth. The self-same spirit that has for some years furnished the Empire with a mighty Fleet, and will, if necessary, furnish it with one still mightier, has brought home to Englishmen, Scotsmen, and patriotic Irishmen, the conviction that our military strength and organisation require careful supervision, and that a world grown conspicuously envious and would-be aggressive requires to be faced by a Power, very inviting to assault if weak, with additional precautions. But, above all, the war has called forth the latent affection for, and pride in, the Mother State of her Colonies, in a manner that has delighted the people of these Islands, while it has amazed other countries, and has given them a good deal to ponder; and they will now think, not once, twice, nor thrice, but morning, noon, night, and constantly, before they seek a quarrel with Great Britain and her gallant colonial offspring all over the world. Nor in this enumeration of the augmented factors of British power must India be forgotten. Its feudatory Princes have vied with each other in their offers of troops and money to the British Raj. Had England quailed or faltered at the unwelcome and difficult task presented by the aggressive and tortuous insolence of the Boers, and the radical solution

of the South African Question, both the Australians and the Canadians, with that high proud spirit of self-confidence so natural and becoming to youth when properly manifested, would have thought and said that they were not going to be disgraced by owning kinship with a craven and moribund State, and would have gone their own way, and sought their own living fortunes without being tied to one dead or dying.

Certain Continental communities, and Germany conspicuously among them, are justly punished, therefore, for their envy, their untruthful malignity, and their utter miscalculations concerning this country. But it is not to be supposed that they will love us any the more on that account. On the contrary, it is probable they will, for a time at least, detest us more than ever.

"They ne'er pardon who have done the wrong,"

and they pardon all the more reluctantly who have tried to inflict a wrong and have not succeeded in inflicting it. But that is no reason why we should be exasperated by their exasperation, or seduced into ill-temper by their anger and bad manners. To any Englishman endowed with an adequate consciousness of the frailties of human nature, and a due sense of humour, their attitude and language has been more diverting than annoying, since they have only provided him with one more entertaining scene in the great and endless Human

Comedy. Sometimes their vexation is too funny, as the phrase is, for words. It seems that the phrase "Made in Germany" has particularly irritated them, and is cited as a conclusive proof of "English arrogance." But, in the name of common-sense, and the natural signification of languages, what is there offensive in the words, "Made in Germany"? It simply conveys the fact, which we presume no one would think of denying, and which is in no way discreditable to Germany, that a great many cheap goods are made in Germany, which, in a period much addicted to buying cheap goods, have in certain quarters driven from the market English-made goods of a more costly and durable character, for which happily there still are a goodly number of purchasers, and that occasionally the former are palmed off, by British tradesmen and others, as the latter, in order to give them a fictitious value, and enhance their price. "Made in Germany," forsooth! Who forgets that Luther was made in Germany, that Goethe was made in Germany, and so were Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Bach, and so on, down to Wagner? Who is it, moreover, that forgets that our own reigning family, our loved, revered, and never-to-be-forgotten Queen, her son Edward the Seventh, the Sovereign of a loyal and loving people, were partly "made in Germany"? Was not Bismarck, too, a German product? And cannot the same observation be made

of the reigning German Emperor, who is vastly admired in this country?—while none of these can be regarded as “cheap” productions. The people who can extract insolence or offence out of the words “Made in Germany” must be afflicted with touchiness indeed.

We do not, and we cannot, admire the attitude or the tone adopted and persisted in by so many Germans during the South African struggle; but we are quite disposed, as is our way, to forget all about it, and to treat the relations of the two countries in the future with the most complete good-humour and dispassionateness. Despite the foibles we have been compelled to indicate, Englishmen entertain a very high opinion of the ability, industry, and perseverance of the German people, and would in any circumstances regard them as “foemen worthy of their steel,” whether in peace or war. The second of those two contingencies is, one

is happy to think, not likely to become anything more than a contingency. But, in the crafts of Peace, Germany is a formidable competitor for any nation, and its now thoroughly aroused commercial and trading enterprise should stimulate us to a generously competitive employment of all our pacific faculties.

Let the two communities, two countries, and two States be, in conventional but not insincere language, “good friends,” not gushing friends, for that is a perilous and precarious relationship, especially among nations; and do not let us hear any sentimental twaddle, which the Germans are the last people in the world to value, about “ties of blood.” They are extremely fortunate in having for a ruler one who is a statesman as well as a soldier; and the day is not far off, and has probably already arrived, for them to perceive that their magnanimous but sagacious Sovereign has recently saved them from themselves and their own less worthy impulses.

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the news of his melancholy end did not come altogether as a surprise. Emphatically a man of action, fond of hurrying to and fro between Pesth and the Kaiserstadt—he had always the excuse of a visit to his constituents—perhaps a tranquil life gave him time for brooding. It was from sheer love of excitement, rather than from any political sympathy, that he attached himself to Garibaldi in the descent upon Sicily. “To tell the truth,” as he told it to me, “it was partly to please friends in Printing House Square.” But Garibaldi knew his value, and there were few whom he more delighted to honour. The Liberator gave him a snug billet in the palace he occupied in Palermo, and they went out regularly together for the morning ride, when often in animated argument they agreed to differ. For the general was stiff in opinion, and hard to convince or convert. He struck up a close friendship with Delane, to whom he acted cicerone on sundry foreign trips; and he made frequent flying visits to London, where he had the honorary membership of the Athenæum. There he used to join the little dinners of Hayward, Kinglake, &c., in the north-east window. When in town he generally lodged on

the south side of St James’s Square—I believe under the very roof where Delane and John Blackwood had kept house together. One could have no better guide to innermost Vienna, where he knew all the ropes, political and social. He had a dry humour of his own; and in his admiration for English institutions had no high opinion of the civilisation of the lower orders of his country-folk—of his fellow-subjects, I should rather say, for he was essentially a Magyar and an aristocrat. We generally dined together at the Grand Hotel, and I used to complain of the extortionate custom by which you were not only expected to tip the regular hotel service, but each waiter who chanced to stand behind your chair at dinner. “It is a gross abuse,” he said, “in a land of abuses; but I always count the money well spent on philanthropy, for it goes to the reclamation of semi-barbarians.” The work of ‘Times’ correspondent suited him admirably, for he was bursting with steam he loved to blow off: three letters a-week served his purpose, and of an afternoon and evening he was free to relax. When we did not dine at “The Grand,” we made the rounds of *Sachez* and the other fashionable restaurants;

scheme to a successful issue. I have been writing of the departed, and since these lines were penned I have to lament the loss of another and much valued friend. George Smith, who has done much for English literature, who has lent a helping hand to many a literary man, will be widely missed and deeply mourned. At least his family will have the consolation of knowing that he died as full of honour as of years, and that his munificent enterprise has been gratefully recognised. The ‘Dictionary of National Biography’ is his best memorial: indispensable to the most lettered scholars and students, it must always keep his memory green, for it is safe to predict it will never be superseded.

and many an evening we took the tramcars to Schönbrunn or Laxembourg, where the tables were spread *al fresco*. Then, indeed, he could be drawn to talk, and it was there I heard the reminiscences of Garibaldi.

If Eber of Vienna was primarily the soldier, Abel of Berlin was essentially the student. With the keenest interest in the politics of the day, with a patriotism that exulted in the regeneration of a German Empire, his heart was in the Egypt of the Pharaohs, and in the papyri of prehistoric dynasties. He had an extraordinary gift of tongues, and was perhaps one of the greatest living masters of languages. I have gone into his room of a morning to see the floor strewn with the journals of Europe. The 'Times,' the 'Débats,' and the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' were buried under Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Servian, and Turkish news-sheets, and he read them all with facility. It would scarcely do him justice to style him the modern Mezzofanti, for Byron and others have declared that Mezzofanti was shallow and something of an impostor. Abel was deep; his studies were profound, and he was as much at home in Oriental as in European languages. As an acute Egyptologist he had few superiors, and their common pursuits had made him the friend and correspondent of Max Müller, with whom I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted when in Abel's company. Such a predilection for abstruse study would have

made a pedant and recluse of most men. But, like Delane, Abel had catholic tastes and many sides to his character. I have seldom seen any one laugh more heartily than he at a clever piece of buffoonery in one of the Berlin theatres. He was easily to be tempted to chat away the evening at Kroll's in the Thiergarten, where the worthy burghers and their families were listening to the music over sausages and sauerkraut in clouds of tobacco-smoke, and he had friends in all sets of society. I shall never forget an agreeable day, when with an old military crony of his we drove out to see the French prisoners at Spandau, after the capitulations of Metz and Sedan. I got more vivid lights on German military organisation than I have ever done before or since, and the pleasure was in no way marred by the moanings of the captives. On the contrary, they were a very cheerful set of fellows, well treated, and resigning themselves placidly to the inevitable. They were encouraged to earn money for their little luxuries by handicrafts; and I have now a wooden frigate, artistically rigged, which a corporal of sappers had carved with his penknife. But if there had been much crossing of bayonets in the campaign, the French collapse might have been explained by the striking contrast of physique. The little Frenchmen when trotted out for exercise looked like so many dwarfs beside the sturdy and broad-shouldered Brandenburgers who guarded them.

When Delane retired there was naturally much speculation as to his successor. It was no light responsibility to assume the mantle that had been worn before him by Sterling and Barnes. For a few days rumour's favourite in the running was a distinguished chief of the Foreign Office, which was absurd. For 'Times' editors some journalistic training is indispensable, and square pegs never fit smoothly into round holes. In reality the selection had been already made, and Chenery, as he said himself, had been walking about for months with the commission in his pocket. For long he had been one of the most valued leader-writers, and the offer of the blue ribbon was not to be lightly refused. He accepted, and it was an unfortunate decision for him, for undoubtedly he was killed by the work and responsibility. Many of the qualifications of a good editor he had, but the most indispensable for his personal comfort was lacking. He had none of the devil-may-care buoyancy of a Palmerston or Delane, which floats lightly over worries, in place of buffeting with the breakers. He could not take slight thought for the morrow, reminding himself that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. He could not cast trouble behind and ignore it. On the contrary, he was morbidly conscientious, and inclined to make mountains of mole-hills. But, on the other hand, he had the qualities of those defects, and betook himself to the novel business with irre-

pressible zeal and indefatigable assiduity. If he succumbed to sustained effort, he may be said to have earned the martyr's crown. Shortly before his fatal illness, when the doctors had recommended complete repose, he would still make his way from Serjeants' Inn to the office, though in acute bodily pain. Constitutionally secretive, he bore the suffering heroically, and not a sign of it escaped him. His was a solid rather than a versatile intellect, but he boasted with reason that he had gathered round him a remarkable circle of outside contributors: had the anonymous articles been signed, it would have been seen that the assertion was justified. Perhaps the most agreeable part of his duties was the practice of hospitality. The invitations of a 'Times' editor are seldom declined, but his dinners were as good as the company, which is saying a great deal. I have seen gathered round his table members of the Ministry, secretaries of legation who are now Ambassadors, heads of Government departments, famous travellers, ex-Indian satraps, and colonial proconsuls. Most of them were, I believe, occasional contributors, who kept their secrets well. Yet there was an amusing exception in an official military historian, with an amiable weakness for claiming work he had never done, and a habit of abruptly leaving a party on the excuse that he had a pressing engagement in Printing-House Square, when he never got farther than the smoking-room at the Senior.

In many respects Chenery resembled Abel. The Professor of Arabic at Oxford was before all things an Orientalist. Like that admirable dilettante commentator Augustus Van Sittart, fellow and bursar of Trinity, Cambridge, who made the inspection of foreign libraries the object of frequent Continental tours, he loved to scrutinise Biblical manuscripts and collate controversial texts. A member of the New Testament revision committee, he was regular in his attendance at the meetings. And the time to see him in his glory was when he was dining with some kindred spirit. One dinner at the Athenæum I well remember, for it was made memorable by the tragedy which shocked the country so soon. It was on the eve of Professor Palmer leaving England on mysterious missions which have never been altogether cleared up. It was understood that the first was to treat with the sheiks of the desert and secure the Suez Canal from attack when Arabi raised the standard of revolt. When he landed at Port Said Palmer shifted his costume, and was riding through the Sinaitic Peninsula in rich Syrian robes, lavishing magnificent gifts. That first mission was so successful that, arriving at Suez, he persuaded the Admiral and Lord Northbrook that with £20,000 he could raise 50,000 Bedouin. He started again, with £3000 in gold in his saddlebags, professing to buy camels, but rather, perhaps, for a confidential interview with some of the leading chiefs, which had been pre-

arranged. On the way to the meeting he was ambushed and murdered.

Palmer, with his placid features, his keen bright eye and soft flowing beard, looked the very man to assume the disguise of the Bedouin, with whose habits he was thoroughly familiar. He was sanguine as to results, and would probably have succeeded, but for an intervention which no Englishman could have foreseen. I should be slow to give credence to the sinister rumour, had it not been confirmed to me by an editor on evidence which he accepted for gospel. It was that a countryman, closely *lié* with some of the Bedouin tribes, had warned them of the envoy's second journey, and its objects, adding that his camels would be weighted with gold. But no shadow of the impending tragedy rested upon Palmer that night. His spirits rose high over the excitement of the journey; the talk was rather retrospective than regardful of the future, and I sat in silence, listening to animated conversation enriched by rare stores of recondite knowledge. Then the old friends shook hands and parted.

I cannot imagine Chenery riding a camel and enjoying a frugal banquet of dates and brackish water. But he was a delightful companion in civilised travel, and as keen after fresh sources of interest as Delane. French he spoke fluently and with a Parisian accent. One morning, preluding his arrival with a telegram, he dropped in on me at the Hôtel des Bains at

Boulogne: he had planned a little trip to the battlefields of Crécy and Agincourt; he had been reading up the chroniclers, and was already nearly as much at home on the ground as Scott when visiting Waterloo, immediately after that crowning victory. Some men seek rest in the country or excitements in the Alps after severe intellectual labour. Chenery was never so happy as in Paris, and it was to Paris that any doctor who knew his temperament would have sent him. Theatres and restaurants, art museums, libraries, and the kiosks where they sell the flimsy news-sheets, all had their charm. He was a *bon vivant*, and fully as familiar with the *specialités* of Philippe's and the *Trois Frères*, and the bins in the cellars of the Café Voisin. The *Frères* and Philippe's have vanished since then, and we were sometimes disappointed in the cellars of the Voisin, which had suffered sadly from exactions in the sieges. They had been laying in recent vintages and putting new wine into old bottles. He found the change delightful from the nightwork of "the Square" to a blood-curdling drama at the Porte Saint Martin, with five murders and as many suicides; or to the "Orphée" of Offenbach at the Bouffes. He cared less for the classical Français—it was too serious for the worn pilgrim. Yet even in Paris the spectre of his responsibilities would cross the Channel to haunt him; and opening a 'Times' in the train nearly spoiled an expedition to Fontainebleau, though he brightened with the

brilliant sunshine in the sylvan beauties of the Forest.

Passing from journals and their editors to periodicals—what am I to say of John Blackwood in his own Magazine: the pride of his heart and the preoccupation of his life? He is gone, and I cannot be suspected of flattery: I write anonymously, and may speak my mind. Never in many relations with editors did the element of strong personal affection enter so largely as with him. Frank to a fault, you could always trust him, and when you once won his friendship he was the staunchest of friends. He would never fail you in any difficulty, and, as I know from second-hand knowledge, he would even stand the financial strain on which so many fast friendships make shipwreck. A contributor for whom he had a special liking had an awkward habit of outrunning the constable. He told me that once being desperately hard up, he bowed his pride to appeal to his friend Blackwood. He put it playfully: he said that the greatest writers had always been in the habit of making their publishers their bankers, and he asked a considerable advance on the faith of unearned increment. He put it playfully, but he awaited the answer in trembling, for he feared a refusal and a rupture, which he would have regretted far more. He showed me the answer, and it was a model note. It began with a wise and well-deserved warning on

the folly of a young man discounting the future by exceeding a sufficient income. Then the sting was taken out of the kindly reproof by the enclosure of a cheque for the amount required, with an intimation that future drafts of the kind might be honoured. Of course the editor knew his man, and knew that no form of remonstrance could be more effective.

That was the genial charm of essential kindliness that bound men to him, and slight bonds with better acquaintance were forged into links of steel. I venture to say that no editor ever gathered around him such a band of sworn brothers. His business—I will not call it editorial art—was to make his contributors acquainted with each other. He was accused—and perhaps there was a certain truth in it—of being somewhat neglectful of the communications of outsiders. He was a busy man, with lighter avocations than business concerns or letters. But no one in the inner circle could make such a plaint, and he spurred them to fresh effort by judicious encouragement. The appreciative remarks of contributors on an article were forwarded casually to another; so when strangers met at Strathtyrum or in Randolph Crescent, they came together on the footing of familiars. For not a few of my best friendships I am indebted to introductions by 'Maga.' And for playing that kindly and pleasant rôle, Blackwood had exceptional advantages. He

was not only the publisher and the editor, but the golfer and the country gentleman, and he delighted in the practice of discriminating hospitality. At Strathtyrum he kept open house, and guests who took kindly to their host and each other could never wear out their welcome. An enthusiastic golfer before golfing had become a southern craze, he had found a mansion thoroughly to his mind on the storm-beaten bay of St Andrews. The grey archiepiscopal town, so long the seat of the Catholic supremacy, with the twin colleges of its ancient university, had attractions alike for the archæologist and the man of letters. Principal Tulloch and Principal Shairp were magnets in themselves, who attracted many writers of distinction. Tulloch, with his portly figure and his beaming face, a frequent contributor to the Magazine, was the best type of the enlightened Presbyterian divine of the advanced school. He had a large spirit of toleration, and, like his Master, would sit at meat with publicans and sinners. On a Sunday evening I had dined with him in Randolph Crescent, when he was to preach one of a series of sermons in St George's to an overflowing congregation. He and Blackwood threw away their cigars to go, and, shameful to say, I made some excuse. Tulloch made no sort of reproach; but somehow there was a something in his wistful look that made me repent before the door had closed behind him. I had an uncomfortable even-

ing, and repented more when shortly afterwards I heard him on a week-day in Westminster Abbey. We had lunched at the Athenæum, and he asked with hesitation whether I should care to go. That time, in penitent remembrance, I jumped at the offer, and had no reason to regret it. He filled the pulpit by Dean Stanley's invitation, and the face of the Dean was beaming through the discourse which reflected his own fervid liberality. It breathed the spirit of the broadest Christian brotherhood. The preacher from the land of Knox and the more fanatical Peden was exulting in the freedom that had broken through the walls of partition between the Churches.

So the visitors drawn by such men as Shairp and Tulloch always had welcome at Strath-tyrum, where there was a piquant mixing of the social salad. They met the golfers who were *habitués* of the Club at the headquarters of the game; hard-riding gentlemen who followed the Fife Hounds, hunted by Anstruther Thomson, the heavy weight, who had made his mighty reputation in the Shires; lights of the Parliament House; African travellers; popular novelists; soldiers and seamen who had won distinction on land and sea. The editor loved to oscillate between town and country, when St Andrews was less accessible than now; but one grand advantage of those sojourns in the country was, that they gave ample opportunity for discussion and direction. On a round of the

links, or a chat in the smoking-room, the author could draw on the editor's experiences, and the editor could thrash out some thorny matter of politics or excite himself over the *primeurs* of an explorer's daring adventures. The benefit to books and Magazine articles was incalculable, and authors and contributors knew it. It was at Strath-tyrum that Speke wrote his travels, or at least licked them into shape. It was there that Laurence Lockhart—it was said maliciously that when he and the editor got together, all business came to a standstill—secluded himself for three days to throw off the humorous "Volunteers of Strathkinahan." It was there that the indefatigably industrious Mrs Oliphant excited her host's surprise by the quantity of work she accomplished when, like Scott at Abbotsford, she seemed to be always idling in public. And many other literary records associate themselves with the old house, that will never again see such gatherings.

But are not these things, or many of them, written in the book of the Blackwoods? Though Mrs Oliphant did not live to write the final volume of her great work, John Blackwood was, nevertheless, fortunate in his biographer, Mrs Gerald Porter, a loving daughter who inherited her father's tastes, and who had learned much of literature in that cultured atmosphere. She had conversed with her father's friends: the older of them had known her from childhood, and

with a woman's sensitive feeling she struck the sympathetic chords. I am tempted to add these personal touches, the rather that an outsider may say some things that are best left unsaid by a daughter. There was nothing I looked forward to with greater pleasure than his periodical visits to London. He came with a breath of the air from the North, and the exuberance of his quiet enjoyment was contagious. Neither painting nor photograph could take off the face when he met you: the twinkle in the eye that seemed to anticipate *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; the wrinkle on the forehead, implying the reverse of care; the smiles that flickered round the corners of the mouth. I can recall him sitting face to face with a cherished crony like Hamley, and they reminded me of two amiable dogs getting ready for a game at romps. To change the metaphor: the flint was struck, the fun exploded, and there was a coruscation of fireworks for the evening. Whether he had quartered himself at the Burlington Hotel or in Arlington Street, where "Henry" anticipated all his wants, there was sometimes a small levée at breakfast, and generally at luncheon. Like the snail travelling with his house, he carried the workshop about with him, and the tables were strewn with books and pamphlets, proofs and manuscripts. Almost invariably there was a half-finished letter on the writing-table, for, unlike his cursory friend Delane, he was a correspondent of the

Horace Walpole school. But, like the Ettrick Shepherd, who found any excuse fair enough for a caulker, he found any excuse fair enough to throw aside the pen. And some of these off-hand meetings were, as Laidlaw said of the night with Scott and Davy, "most superior occasions." I remember Chesney dropping in, in the flush of the success of "The Battle of Dorking." And I remember the talk over the first instalment of 'Middlemarch,' and the pride with which it was handed over to me for the solace of a long railway journey. With good reason he associated himself with the brilliant triumphs of his *protégés*: few men had a keener eye for faults and beauties when a piece of promising work was submitted to him in manuscript, and most of the affiliated would acknowledge that they had profited by his shrewd counsels.

There was nothing more enjoyable than a *tête-à-tête* dinner, when the talk was prolonged into the small hours. Nor was there anything that tended more to cement our friendship than my memory for the contents of the Magazine. From the "Noctes" and "Recreations" of Christopher, I had them pretty nearly at my finger-ends. The famous novelists he had enlisted and launched since he took up the reins alone suggested endless topics,—George Eliot, Lytton, Lever, Anthony Trollope, Mrs Oliphant, Charles Reade, Laurence Oliphant, Blackmore, and many another. He had much to say about them all, about

their whims and idiosyncrasies, and of many an amusing episode which might rank as curiosities of literature. Nor was it only for sound business reasons that brilliant contributors were enveloped in mystery, and that the 'Maga' of that time strictly preserved her *incognita*. He loved the fun of listening to shrewd guesses, to random shots, which for the most part were strangely wide of the mark. 'The Parisians' caused a great sensation. So far as I know, no one attributed it to Lord Lytton, though the author of 'Eugene Aram,' 'My Novel,' and 'Zanoni' could change his style and dress like any music-hall artiste. Many people gave it to Oliphant, from the 'Piccadilly' - like social touches and the intimate knowledge of Parisian life. Blackwood smiled and said nothing.

There was a grand parade when Mrs Oliphant, on the occasion of the Editor's birthday, gave a memorable party on Magna Charta Island. Contributors and literary allies were gathered around him, and he made a telling speech which fetched us all, with graceful allusions to the Mistress of the revels. That pleasant day recalls some of his dearest friends, with others who, though unavoidably absent, were not forgotten in his speech. It was then I made personal acquaintance with Blackmore. He got into the train at Clapham, appropriately armed with a superb bouquet of hothouse flowers for his hostess. Plain to simplicity in dress and stolid in aspect, the author of 'Lorna

Doone' was not the man I had expected to see. I had corresponded with him before, *apropos* to a critique of mine upon his semi - barbarous parsons in 'The Maid of Sker.' I had suggested that he must have given free rein to his fancy, and he had answered elaborately with chapter and verse to show that he had said nothing beyond the truth. Now we naturally floated into conversation, and he good-naturedly gratified my curiosity as to the wild traditions of Dartmoor and the legends of the Doones. As he warmed to his subject all sign of stolidity was fused out of him, and one could understand the inception and finished execution of that masterpiece of romantic realism. The genius of romance had not tempted the writer to dispense with the most conscientious study of his scenes and subjects.

'Maga,' then as now, has had reason to pride herself on the distinguished series of soldier contributors who have united the fascinations of style to the authority of experts. Chesney had come down from the neighbouring Cooper's Hill College, which owed everything at the outset to his trained intelligence and sleepless supervision. Chesney was a man who never did anything by halves, though his interests were divided between arms and letters. In India he had spared himself neither toil nor worry; and he always felt that his services as military secretary had been ignored or comparatively unacknowledged, when he devoted his study to the

fortification of the North-Western frontier. It was a case, he complained, of *sic vos non vobis*. He ran some brilliant novels through the Magazine, but was always at his best on military subjects. Outside Lord Roberts's narrative of historical facts, I know nothing more vividly descriptive on the events of the Mutiny than Chesney's chapters on the siege in the 'Dilemma.' He told me, as indeed I had suggested, that he had dashed them off at red-hot speed.

Seated near Chesney at the luncheon was his friend Hamley, of more martial figure and sterner aspect. The face was stern; but when the heart was touched, or the lively sense of humour was tickled, it would break into the beaming smiles which seemed so natural to all who knew him. At that time the gallant chief of the Staff College, the brilliant author of poetry and fiction, essays and war literature, was not under the shadow of a wrong which was never to be righted. No one admired him more than Chesney; a strong partisan but a very capable judge, he never spoke more emphatically than when he declared that "Hamley's treatment had been abominable—abominable!" If the "Battle of Dorking" floated Chesney to fame on a spring-tide of ephemeral popularity, I should say that "Shakespeare's Funeral" was Hamley's masterpiece. It gives the measure of the rare fancy and attainments of the man, for it shows that he had much of Shakespeare's indefinable power of identifying

himself with the most varied types, of thinking their thoughts, and speaking with their voices. Hamley, though habitually abstemious, liked a good dinner and a good glass of wine. One of the pleasantest evenings I remember was when I met him at the Athenæum to pronounce on some canvasback ducks, sent him by an American acquaintance. I remember it because it was a Christmas night, and the only other diner was a philosopher whose books have won him world-wide fame. The ducks suggested America. Hamley in his youth had served in Canada; and the philosopher, incited by him, came out in a fashion that astounded us. He donned the dress of a Noel guisard, and went in for high colloquial jinks. It was a novelty to hear Transatlantic manners, Indian customs, and the very habits of amorous Indian dogs discussed with the profundity of omniscience and the rollicking fun of a Toole. But Hamley had the rare endowment of dignified familiarity, and consequently the knack of "drawing" the reserved. As he would never have tolerated a liberty himself, so no one suspected him of intending a liberty. If he chaffed a learned professor or a solemn divine, they seemed flattered by the attention, and possibly they were somewhat in terror of a sarcastic tongue. The sarcasm might leave its sting, but he never stung in malice. He had the artist's pride in his literary work, and there was never a more conscientious workman. When Scott was pressing Can-

ning for an article for the new-born 'Quarterly,' he begged him to "break the neck of it" after dining on boiled chicken. That was Hamley's practice. When pulling himself together for an effort, he always put the muzzle on, and then, like Chesney, he wrote at a white-heat. But when the very legible manuscript was despatched, his mind was still with it; and publishers, proof-readers, and printers must have groaned over successive notes calling attention to minute points with meticulous pertinacity. If he worried others, he never spared himself. He had accepted proposals from Messrs Seeley for a book on the Crimean war. Doubtless the proposal was suggested by the admirable volume on the siege of Sebastopol, reprinted from the Magazine. These rough and unstudied letters from the Camp had been republished almost *verbatim*. Yet forty years later they read as freshly as ever, and critics as searching as Kinglake had never cavilled at the facts. Hamley, preoccupied with his parliamentary duties, was in a dilemma, and hesitated. By drawing freely on his former work, the task he had undertaken would have been light. Friends advised that he might do so honourably, for 'The Siege of Sebastopol' was authoritative and inimitably picturesque. But in his high conception of duty he put it aside. Each line of the later volume was rewritten, and he had his reward. Among other experts who were lavish of praise, Sir Archibald Alison pronounced it "the most charm-

ing and able book that Hamley ever wrote, . . . with all the breadth and justice of his deep military thought."

Kinglake was of the Magna Charta Island party, and the mention of him carries me back to the allusion to Chenery and the Athenæum dining-room. It was no ordinary privilege to be admitted to the select circle, assembled each evening at eight, in the corner behind the screen. Kinglake and Hayward were almost invariably seated *vis-à-vis*. Both had been the delight of London society, and they were still courted, but they had begun to decline invitations. Sir Edward Bunbury was a regular attendant, and Chenery always dined when not engaged elsewhere. Mr Forster, Sir William Gregory, Lord Monk, and Sir Rowland Blennerhassett were often to be found there; and Morier or other Ministers abroad, when they ran over from the Continent, knew where to find themselves *en pays de connaissance*. It was a brilliant company, in which Kinglake and Hayward, though not always the most talkative, were the radiating lights. The best of friends, they delighted in sly digs at each other, and the subtle challenge was readily accepted. When they got on reminiscences, they were like rival game-cocks, and the flow of social and political anecdote was continuous. Kinglake, as historian of the Crimean war, had been the arbiter of heated disputes and the Rhadamanthus of reputations: I happen to know that men in high positions had descended to depths of absolute servility in courting

him. Hayward had been the confidential agent in many a delicate political negotiation: he had been a sort of mayor of the palace in Lady Waldegrave's political assemblies, where none were admitted to the inner sanctuary without the password. Both were men of honour, and so far their lips were sealed. But, with the lapse of time, many secrets had ceased to be secret, and they would talk freely of the past, knowing well when to stop. Death suddenly dissolved that fair company. Hayward went first, and then Chenery and Gregory: Bunbury was soon to follow. Forster was gone, Kinglake alone was left, and it signified the less that deafness was growing on him. It was sad to see him at his solitary seat in the nook which for so long had been the centre of sociability; to stand at the old man's shoulder and speak to him loudly and in vain. Yet still, like all thoroughbred men of letters, he would drop and die in harness. Not long before the end I saw him in his study, bowing like a strong Issachar between two burdens. On either side of him was a great sack of documents, and papers were heaped up on his writing-table. A kindly man, and specially kindly to young literary aspirants, he loved an epigrammatic sneer. One saying of his Hamley was fond of quoting. Looking at old Mr Villiers, then father of the Commons, he remarked with his meditative drawl, "A clever man, a very clever man, before he softened his brain by studying the newspapers!"

No one of the guests was more in his element at Magna Charta Island than Laurence Lockhart: perhaps there was no one who would have been more missed by the editor. He was one of the two "Lauries" who were house pets: the other was Laurie Oliphant. Lockhart in his younger days was the incarnation of exuberant spirits and the delight of his merry regiment. But those who knew him best loved and admired him most when he rose to heavy trouble, and was carrying his load of ill-health with placid heroism and resignation. I have listened to the hacking cough in an adjacent bedroom, and seen him come down to breakfast apparently in the brightest spirits. The effort must have been great, but not so great as might have been imagined, for his was a sunny temperament. The keen zest for fun, translated into dramatic performance, had sometimes nearly landed him in compromising situations. He could dress up to act a part, like a *Maitre Lecocq* or a *Sherlock Holmes*. Scott might have said of him as of that queen of mimicry, Miss Graham, "Gae 'wa, gae 'wa, the Deil is ower grit wi' you." I remember his recalling some of his youthful escapades as we walked back through the woods in the moonlight to Schwalbach after a dinner at Schlangenbad. Once at Gibraltar the subaltern got himself up as an admiral, and called in that character on the commandant of the garrison. He frequently figured as an old general at London dinners, with a gruff voice growling

over a starched necktie; and as a successful impostor must have a confederate, the confederate on these occasions was Lady Charlotte Locker, the first wife of Frederick Locker Lampson. That fun of his overflowed in his earliest literary effort, 'Doubles or Quits.' When it appeared in 'Maga' it had a great success, and no one appreciated the humour more than the editor. Indeed, though Lockhart had a profound belief in his friend's literary judgment, he mistrusted his love of humour and his leaning to a lively companion. "Blackwood likes anything that makes him laugh," he used to say; but he had lofty ambitions, and did not care to be admired in the rôle of the mountebank. He rose nearer to his aspirations in 'Fair to See,' and still higher in 'Mine is Thine,' which abounds in delicate sentiment. I told him then that he ought to be well content with the approbation of the public and the praise of the reviewers. "Yes," he said complacently; "I think it fetched them, but I believe I can do better yet." So doubtless he could have done had health been spared him, for he had the enthusiasm of the genuine artist, and would have scorned to throw off pot-boilers. His heart was in his writing, and he never showed the serenity of his temper more than when a three-parts finished manuscript was burned at Rome, owing, as was believed, to the malice of a servant.

Laurie Lockhart was fond of excitement and travel; he had a roving commission from the 'Times' in the Franco-German

war, and once, as we found afterwards, we had been unknowingly within cannon-shot of each other when behind German batteries at the bombardment of Strasburg. But Laurie Oliphant was emphatically a bird of passage, and in some sort, in his early life, a stormy petrel. Whenever there was trouble he was skimming the waves, shaking the spray from his wings in sheer enjoyment of the tempest. He was all the more plucky that he was a fatalist and predestinarian. He was not an ideal war-correspondent, for he risked himself far too freely. I have been told by a *confrère*, by no means over-cautious, that even Zouaves condemned the Englishman's rashness. Yet that strange and self-contained nature, when it had fallen under the influence of the false prophet of the Far West, came to believe in warnings, and to shudder at omens. The prophet gave his gifted *protégé* a long tether, and though he would send him to sell oranges on Transatlantic platforms, would also encourage him to take profitable literary engagements. Oliphant was 'Times' correspondent in Paris when the Versailles troops were being kept at bay by the Commune. He had had the order of recall, and had for once disregarded it. Then came a second and more peremptory summons from the Transatlantic Seer announcing a sign. The sign came, to his mind, on the day of the absurd demonstration of the unarmed pacificators in the Rue de la Paix, and he accepted it, as under a shower of rifle-balls he was

dragging the wounded under shelter in the doorway of Blount the banker. So much I heard from himself, and I heard more from Mowbray Morris. He went home to his quarters at the Chatham, packed his portmanteau, and hurried off to London. It was the very moment when a 'Times' correspondent should have stuck to his post, and never did a 'Times' correspondent dismiss himself under similar circumstances. But Oliphant was a genius *hors de règle*, and the journal paid him the extraordinary compliment of condoning the offence and employing him again.

I had seen him before, established in the Champs Élysée in comparative ease and comfort, with his brougham standing at the door, when he was always making the rounds of the Ministerial offices, and when M. de Blowitz, acting in his absence, was reporting debates at Versailles. He prided himself on De Blowitz as his greatest discovery, and was eloquent on the qualifications of that remarkable man. He said that his memory was as good as the most accurate shorthand reporting, and that as an interviewer he could mimic the accents and dramatise the actions of the interviewed. I saw him again when his mother and his bride had been sent to a place of safety. It was immediately before the outbreak of the Commune, when he had discarded silken head-wear and frock-coat, and was always bustling about the disturbed quarters of Paris in soft felt hat and tweed shooting-coat.

I had been waiting for the trouble that had never come off, and had waxed impatient. He warned me that I would not have to wait much longer; but one day, after a look at the guns peacefully parked on Montmartre, I went off, carrying one of his packets to his agent at Calais. Two days afterwards the guns were seized by the insurgents.

Oliphant was a bird of passage, but there was no calculating his migrations. One month he was at Haifa or in his summer lodge on Carmel, looking down, as he used to say, on the valley where Elijah put Baal's prophets to the sword. Then a fancy would take him for the pavements of Pall Mall, and some fine morning he would walk into the Athenæum and shake hands as if you had dined together the evening before. I never met a man who had done so much, and might have done so much more, who had so little self-assumption. He would ask an old acquaintance if he might lunch with him, as if he were receiving instead of conferring a favour. He drew men like a magnet, for they knew the richness of his mind and the rare charm of his talk. Table would be added to table, till the *tête-à-tête* widened to a company. As his friend and kinsman Walter Pollock used to say, Laurie had a way with him that would wile the bird off the tree. Now that he is gone, I feel the old effort in disengaging myself from his company, for if I gave memory the rein there might be matter for a volume.

One summer Sunday when

passing through Edinburgh John Blackwood took me on a visit to Hill Burton. Morningside had not stretched so far southwards as it does now, and "the Book-Hunter" was established among his books in an old grey mansion, Craighouse, beyond it, somewhat heavily shaded by surrounding trees. Many people would have found it cheerless: it seemed singularly suited to him. I see him now sitting in a central cell, the centre of a labyrinth of dusky little rooms, with short flights of stone steps and narrow passages. Burton, like Jonathan Oldbuck, was happy in his family circle, and had only to emerge from his den to find himself in sunshine. As he sat among his books, one could not help thinking of the spider in the intricately woven web-work to which it alone had the clue. For, like Monkbarns exhibiting his treasures to Lovel, Burton would jump up, and groping about his shelves in the dim religious light, hand down some dusty tome of priceless interest to connoisseurs. He needed no catalogue, and, like Archibald Constable, could tell his volumes by the touch. And I can see him again standing in the hall of the Athenæum, for he loved occasional visits to London, and revelled in researches in the British Museum. In his later years he certainly did not sacrifice to the Graces. I see him, with the short grey hair and the benign features, in sublime unconsciousness that his old-fashioned shirt-collar had started its fastenings at the back, and, drooping over one of the

ears, gave him the air of a lop-eared rabbit. But in his youth the sedentary antiquary had been an athlete. Like Christopher North he had enjoyed many a walk with his knapsack over the Highland hills, and he wrote the brightest of monographs on "the Cairngorms." Talking of his Highland rambles reminds me of Burton's neighbour, John Skelton—the "Shirley" of the magazines—who lived somewhat farther afield in his "Hermitage" under the Braid Hills, where, like Walton at Wakefield Hall, he sought to make a sanctuary for wild creatures. "Shirley" is best known as historian and essayist; but he was the prose-poet of Nature, and the brightest of his work, to my mind, was done in holiday-time, when he was watching the sea-birds on northern seas, or hunting up the Osmunda fern in the western glens. Unfortunately such sketches as "Among the Summer Isles" and "An Arcadian Summer" were only printed for private circulation.

Last, but not in any sense the least, of the friends I owed to acquaintance with Blackwood was Colonel Grant, the famous African traveller. With his towering, muscular figure—*de complé*, as the French have it—he looked the very man for "A Walk Across Africa." With that commanding form and his pleasant but determined face, he looked the very man to make his way among savages without falling back on firearms. After all the fine work he accomplished, there was no bloodguiltiness on his con-

science. When he had married and taken up house in Grosvenor Street, he was the most genial of entertainers, and gathered hosts of friends around him. Naturally he took a deep interest in the Geographical Society, and I am grateful for invitations to dinners of the fellows and introductions to distinguished members. The staunchest of comrades, he was loyally devoted to Speke, and warmly espoused his quarrels. The most kindly of men, and absolutely trustworthy, you could give implicit credence to anything he said. Yet I have been staggered when, with his face hardening as I had never seen it, he spoke of the intrigues of rival African explorers, which would have been incredible had they been told by any one else. I had them afterwards confirmed on independent authority, yet I have hesitated even to hint at them. Grant had always walked with his eyes open, and was interested in other things than the problem of the Nile sources. Even if you knew little of botany, nothing was more agreeable than to be taken into his back-room and den to turn over the pages of his collections of Central African flora, with running commentaries on the circumstances in which the plants had been gathered.

With the death of the editor of the 'Edinburgh Review' a portly and familiar figure disappeared from the Athenæum. A martyr to gout, latterly Henry Reeve moved with measured pace, and the silver-headed

stick was by his side even when presiding at his own dinner-table. His was a noticeable face, and never to be passed unregarded. The eye, with almost a dash of the disdainful in it, the full mouth, and somewhat heavy jaw all indicated character and determination. In truth, he was a strong man who loved to have his own way, and who had for the most part succeeded in getting it. When he took a liking he was eminently companionable. Gout is not an emollient of the temper, and when you drop in on an elderly gentleman with a leg swathed in flannels you are ready to make allowances. But some of the pleasantest hours I have passed have been in calling on Reeve when his persistent enemy had laid him by the heels. He welcomed a breath from the outer world, and he was one of the few literary editors who kept himself abreast, from the catholicity of his likings, of the literature of the latest hour. His surroundings showed the man, for the collection in his well-stored library was miscellaneous, and all the volumes were handsomely bound. But as mortal bliss is never perfect, his sorrow was that his books were divided. Half of them were in London, the other half in his pleasant Hampshire home. He did his best by dividing them in some sort of classification, and in especial his admirable collection of French memoirs was set aside for lighter reading in the country. No one had a shrewder

flair in books or a more experienced judgment born of instinct. In him the Longmans lost an adviser on whom they absolutely relied. It was not only that in a few pregnant lines he would pronounce on the merits of a manuscript, but he could say whether a book was likely to sell, and how far it would fetch the public fancy at the moment. In arranging with his contributors his rule was to inquire if they had reviewed the book elsewhere. He feared repetitions, and detested *rechauffés*. But he grudged what he considered a good article when it had gone astray. I remember the case of Froude's 'Carlyle,' when a writer came heavily down elsewhere on the biographer for the excessive candour with which he had satirised his subject. Reeve remarked again and again, "I wish I had that article for the 'Edinburgh.'" Most editors who are worth their salt look out for rising talent. Reeve was ever on the watch for it platonically, simply because he was charmed by a clever book and hailed the promise of the writer's future. He was the first who introduced me to Barrie—in his works—and I recollect the enthusiasm with which he expatiated on the wonderful insight of 'The Window in Thrums' before the sails of the obscure Kirriemuir youth had caught the breezes of popularity. So it was Reeve who first told me of Cable and his graphic sketches of life in the Southern States;

but he always had an eye on American novelists, and more than one American writer had the appreciative notice from him which was the presage of reputation among his own countrymen.

Reeve died an octogenarian, in full intellectual vigour. Almost to the last he had written the political articles in his Review. He may be said to have been cradled in literature, and was launched in politics as a lad. He came of a literary stock, when Norwich was a provincial centre of letters. He was sent abroad in his teens, with the best introductions from his aunt, Mrs Austin, the second of the "Three Generations of Englishwomen." He learned to speak French like a native, and wrote German so fluently and correctly that for many years he was a regular contributor to leading Prussian and Bavarian periodicals. When barely of age, he was enlisted on the staff of the 'Times,' and he has told me how very many thousands he had been paid for leaders. For more than forty years he was autocrat of the 'Edinburgh'; but on accepting the appointment he had stipulated that his connection with the 'Times' should not cease. For editing the great historical Quarterly, he had quite exceptional qualifications. A thorough cosmopolitan and fond of travel, he numbered acquaintances among the leading men in the great capitals of Europe. Partly as a cause and partly as a consequence, he was in close touch

with the chiefs of the Liberals at home. Cosmopolitan as he was, his sympathies were French, and before the fall of the Empire, he was the valued *ami de la maison* at the Legation in Albert Gate. Among his regular foreign correspondents were such men as St Hilaire, Thiers, Guizot, Victor Cousin, De Rémuset, and De Broglie; yet he never permitted those relations to influence his conduct, and there is a letter from Mrs Austin to St Hilaire, deprecating the Frenchman's indignation at an article by Reeve on the Suez Canal. For as to the Canal, he agreed with Lord Palmerston. He was in close and constant intercourse with the Orleans Princes, and especially with the Duc d'Aumale, who had submitted to him the 'Memoirs of the Condés.' The last time he crossed the Channel was in response to a warm invitation from the Duke to Chantilly: he had dreaded the effort, for he was in failing health, but found that the visit had amply repaid him. Indeed he was one of those men to whom intellectual society was animation and inspiration. He frequently lunched at the Athenæum—always in the same corner between fire and window at the top of the room—and almost invariably on a Sunday after attending service in the Temple. Then after a cigar he would start on what he called his *giro*, a round of afternoon calls. Walking with Reeve up St James's Street was like riding with Delane down Rotten Row. It was a perpetual lifting of the hat and waving of the hand.

In his luxurious official quarters the editor of the 'Review,' as Registrar of the Privy Council, was in frequent communication with Cabinet Ministers, from whom he was in the way of obtaining early if not exclusive information. By the way, there was no epithet he detested more than "exclusive," when applied to society. His old friend Greville, Clerk of the Council, had paid him the high compliment of bequeathing him his Memoirs in manuscript, with *carte blanche* as to the editing. The legacy was profitable in some respects, perhaps prejudicial in his official capacity. The interest of the Memoirs is in their unreserved frankness, and the publication of those relating to the reign of Queen Victoria naturally gave rise to heated discussion. They touched the reputations of the living and excited the relatives of the dead. The "Gruncher," as Greville was styled, was cynically truthful. They had the honour of a debate in the House of Commons, when the late Sir William Fraser was epigrammatically severe. Lord Houghton was of opinion that Reeve had done his delicate work with creditable tact and judgment. Delane said that if two or three pages had been cancelled, there was nothing to which fair objection could be taken. I fancy Reeve cared little for unfriendly criticism. He had justifiable confidence in his own judgment, believing, moreover, that excessive suppression and mutilation would have been a betrayal of his trust.

MARY AMELIA SPOT.

MARY AMELIA SPOT belonged by rights to Dore-Apple, a fishing village about a mile and a half from Dunstable Weir. 'Twaddn't much o' a place, though they tell that in the time o' the Armady deeds were done off it. Nowadays, howsomever, the men were mostly a parcel o' dirty-mouthed drunkards and the women-folk hard o' tongue. Taken as a whole, there was more drangs than streets in Dore-Apple, and right at bottom o' the most narrowzome drang lived Mary Amelia Spot. A plain-featured woman Mary Amelia was, and had niver, I reckon, tasted much o' the soft side o' a man's tongue till Job Tremmy comed a-courting her. Folks said 'twas all o' a piece wi' the rest o' un to hike down to Dore-Apple in search o' a wife, zeeing that 'twud be hard to meet wi' his ekal for drink up to Dunstable Weir. Not that he didn't have his sober times, when he earned a good wage, but beer had sich encouraging ways for Job that wance on the tap's scent there was no parting 'em wan from t'other till he had taste o' the barrel. In drink 'twas marvelous what kindly things Job had to say about women-folk, though he saw 'em much as the rest o' us when sober. Still, if you minded him o' what he'd said, he wudn't go back on his word, and I can most believe that that's how 'twas he and Mary Amelia Spot comed to be man and wife. No wan iver

heard tell 'zackly what happened when he clapped eyes on her fust, but wan Sunday morning he comed across to my cottage wi' a terrible serious face on 'un.

"Zack," says he, "I be gwaying a-courting, and I want 'ee to lend me a hand wi' the wuda."

I reached my hat down from the nail behind the door and vallered un out. Us didn't zay naught, and Job he hurried along thio fast I thought he must be wonderful set on zeeing the maid. When us comed to the tap o' the hill above Dore-Apple he stapped quat and rubbed the sweat off his face wi' the back o' his hand.

"Whativer will her be like by light o' sober sense?" he zaid to hiszulf kind o' zarrerful.

I didn't make no answer, not having zeen the maid, and Job he pushed on ahead wance again till, after a bit, us comed to Mary Amelia's cottage. The door stood open, and us went in. Her was sitting, a bucket atween her knees, peeling taties. My wud, but her was plain! I kind o' drawed back, thinking maybe us had come to the wrong house; then I slipped a glance across at Job and I saw un straighten up, though his face had a divered look as if he sore doubted whether he had spunk to zee un droo' wi' the job. "Crikes!" says I to myself, "God Almighty made

women, 'tiddn't for us to complain."

Job, he took a step forrard, then he tarned to me. "Clean," he says. 'Twas her one good point, and he lighted on it wonderful straight. Hearing us speak, Mary Amelia Spot raised her eyes: wan o' 'em was blue, t'other pure white 'cept a small darkish dob high up in the left corner near the lid.

"I reckoned on 'ee coming in later to take a bit o' dinner," she said. "Maybe you'll drap in again after church, the bell's ringing still."

Us got outside and walked kind o' trembly to the end o' the drang. Then I drapped a hand on Job's shoulder.

"Run!" I says.

"Run?" says he.

"And niver come a-nigh Dore-Apple again as long as you live," I says.

He struck his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

"Me and Mary Amelia Spot be promised wan to t'other," says he.

"Vorgit it," I says.

At that he drowed me such a look, and tarning, went back to the cottage wi'out another word.

The vallering Sunday he and her was called in church, and all the lads hiked down to Dore-Apple to zee what the maid was like. They comed back again marvellous quiet, for they was young and didn't know but what they'd soon be marrying theirzelves. Job, he took to drinking something fearful to behold, and the more he drank the more good points

he found in Mary Amelia Spot, till wan or two o' the more inexperienced went down again to Dore-Apple to take a second look at her. After thic us had the wedding. Job axed me to be best man, so I stud aside un at the altar, and as I cast an eye acrass at Mary Amelia Spot I didn't vorgit to thank the Almighty that her waddn't no bride o' mine. Wance they was married curiosity fell asleep, the sight o' a plain-vaytured wife having naught unnatural about it to most folk.

Job's cottage stood over against mine,—a banging high wall ran along each side o' the road for a matter o' fifty yards between us and the next house. Mary Amelia was a great stay-at-home, and the neighbours niver drapped in, having used up all the attention they had for her, so, outside o' me, her saw no wan. I was in to the cottage most days, for there was sommat about the woman that drawed me back to look at her again and again. The amount o' work her wud git droo in the day was wonderful to behold. Her took in washing, and such was her feeling for starch that the gentry for miles round sent in their falleds, and Mary Amelia niver failed to give 'em satisfaction. Zeeing that money was plentiful, and not being a competitive man, 'twaddn't long afore Job left off gwaying to work; for what was the use o' two wearing theirzelves to the bone? Zometimes, though, he'd call round and collect the bills; then us could all have a rare spree-about, for Job was open-

handed wi' the best o' 'em. I used to wonder what the poor woman thought o' his spending the money her worked hard to earn; but her kept herzulf to herzulf, and Job told up fine tales about her vartues as the drink passed round. Indeed, most o' us was inclined to agree wi' un, for there had niver been so much free beer to be had in the parish since election day.

'Twas getting well on towards Christmas when Mary Amelia took to her bed, and the night after her fell sick Job came across to tell me he was the father o' a little maid. He wor looking a bit anxious—as well he might, for 'tiddn't every man that has such an earnzome woman to work for un. I axed who the child favoured, Job being a very passable-looking man. He didn't make no answer for a bit, but zot hiszulf down afore the fire and groaned marvellous touching. All to wance he lifted up his head.

"Her's the very moral o' her mother, even to the eyes," he tummil'd out.

I wor silent, not having aught to zay, and Job he stretched a trembly hand across and laid it 'pon tap my knee.

"There be two Mary Amelias in the world now," he said, "for I shall name the maid arter her mother."

Then he rose up from his chair and went away. I heard arterwards that he was in to the Red Lion drinking, zome-thing fearful to behold.

Mary Amelia was slow to take strength, and one might zay that her niver rightly got

back to herzulf again, though, as soon as her could move, her slipped away to the wash-tub, and the house smelt o' the hot iron the same as afore. The child was a puny, ailing, little skiddick, and what wi' wan thing and t'other Job began to lose patience wi' life. He'd sit all day down to the Red Lion a-sipping at his glass, only instead o' warming his heart, the spirit kind o' tarded un sour. Us niver got no free drinks from un, though I for one missed the man's cheerful ways more'n the ale: still, 'twaddn't altogether satisfactory to lose touch o' Mary Amelia's earnings jest when winter was beginning to shape. Zometimes the lads wud try and draw Job on to talk o' women-folk; but he zim'd to ha' lost faith, and zeed 'em eye to eye much the same as the rest o' us. I thought to mezulf that 'twas curious the way things falled out, for I had growed to respect Mary Amelia out o' ordinary.

Wan night, jest as I was drapping off to zlape, I was brought back to attention by the sound o' a sharp cry. I zot up in bed and listened, but naught came o' it, zo I closed my eyes and didn't unbutton 'em again till morn-ing. Mary Amelia was standing aside her door when I went to my work at daybreak: her whisked round and was out o' sight in a minute, but not afore I had zeed an ugly black bruise on the face o' her. "Job iddn't the sort that 'ud raise his hand against a woman," I said to myzulf. Down to Dore-Apple the men beat their wives

regular, and 'twaddn't long afore I learned that Job had taken to do the zame. Maybe that zich conduct didn't noways surprise Mary Amelia, for arter that first night her niver called out, though many a time I've zot up in bed and listened sort o' anxious, for, being single, I'd had no taste o' the aggravation o' women. Dunstable Weir considered itzulf a cut above Dore-Apple, and no wan in our village had been known to do more'n threaten his wife wi' the stick; so when bit by bit the neighbours began to suspect how things was atween Job and Mary Amelia they felt sore wi' 'em both. There's no doubt that Job wud ha' been axed to leave straight away had folks been sure there was truth in the tale. They questioned me time and again, but I niver told 'em aught: if Mary Amelia held to silence, there zim'd no reason for me to complain. Somehow I think she suspicioned that I was her friend, though her always tarded a proud face on me, the same as her did to the rest. How hard the poor woman worked in they days! Many's the time I've thought to myzulf, "Mary Amelia desarves a peaceful old age more'n most."

Well, a matter o' dree years hiked by, and naught happened worth the mention, and then, wan winter's night as I zot rubbing a bit o' grease on my boots, there was a pull at the latch, and who should walk in but Mary Amelia. Things had been gwaying from bad to worse over opposite. I hadn't been nigh the cottage for a

week or more, for I felt that an extry pair o' eyes be throwed away when a man has no business to mind but his own, and I knowed that Mary Amelia was much o' my mind, though her never put tongue to wuds to say so. Howsomever there her stood, looking terrible piteous out o' her as-usual eye.

"Zack," her said, "the child's sick."

"Poor little skiddick! Shall I go for the doctor?"

"No, 'tiddn't that," her answered, stopping quat.

The clock in the corner struck ten, and as the hands stretched theirzelves past the hour I saw her glance round tremorful towards the street.

"'Tis closing-time down to the Red Lion," her said. I knowed then her wor afraid o' Job's distarbacious ways.

"The child's now but falled asleep," her continued. "I wouldn't have her woke sudden for worlds, and the men-folk make a deal o' clatter trapezing past the house."

Tremmy's was the last cottage on our side o' the village, so there wadn't no wan but Job likely to come this way. I didn't make no comment, but vallered her acress to her cottage, though how I was to keep Job out o' his own home was moren I could fathom. Howsomever, when us got inside there he was, and the sight o' un took Mary Amelia back considerable. It didn't need a second glance at Job's face to zee that, though not sober, he wadn't no more than what you might call friendly drunk; and pleased enough I was to mark

that the sour look had gone from his eyes, for I thought to mezulf that wi' management things would settle down comfortable for the night. I hadn't reckoned wi' the accumulation o' merriment that was in the man, for, what wi' having been on the cross so long and what wi' being by nature vivacious, naught would satisfy Job but that Mary Amelia should stand up then and there and start dancing. Now, there was little o' the light fantastic about Mary Amelia, and when her had taken off her boots and fixed an eye on the zlaping child her heaved that poor un-gainly body o' hers up and down; Job, he fell to laughing fair to split his sides, though, maybe because he wadn't so drunk as us gave un credit for, he did most o' his merriment zilent. Plazed to zee that the child zlept on undisturbed, Mary Amelia capered wonderful to behold. The moon riz and shone down 'pon tap us all. All-to-wance the child gave a bit o' a sigh, opened its eyes, and looked from wan to t'other o' us sort o' wearied. I thought for certain 'twud start and bawl, but no; tired maybe o' the antics o' this world, the little skiddick drapped back wance more on the pilly, buttoned up its little eyes, and jest died right there in front o' us all.

'Twas done so unostentatious like that Mary Amelia didn't fathom first o' long what the child had been after. When her did, she drapped down aside the cradle wonderful un-noiseiful and laid her plainzome

face agin the plainzome face o' her child. I went back home, for I cudn't do no good by biding.

'Twaddn't long arter that that Job Tremmy falled out o' the back o' a cart and broke his neck. A good riddance, most folk thought, though I cudn't help baing a bit zarry, having known the man these many years and more. Mary Amelia took widowhood as her took most things, zilent. Not that her neglected her husband now he was dead, for her borrowed Varmer Burden's pony and trap, drove over to Bideford and bought a wonderful shiny tombstone into Mr Baker's wi'

"Sorely tried, and gone before;
You've falled on earth, you fall no
more,"

written on it in gold lettering picked out wi' red. Every wan in the village held that this was doing the thing handsome.

After the vust Zunday her went back to work, and washed and starched away harder than ever. Zometimes I'd drap in and watch her o' an evening, and the thought wud come over me that I'd like to zee they worn red hands o' hers idle for a while. I'd niver been no marrying man mezulf, the maid I fancied not fancying me; but, bit by bit, as the weeks went on the idee kind o' growed in my heart to up and marry Mary Amelia. Howsomever, I wadn't gway-ing to do nothing rash, and when I walked up to Varmer Burden wan Zunday to talk the matter over wi' he, us

counted no less than sixteen widdies in the parish o' Dunstable Weir, letting alone Dore-Apple, that wud ha' been only too willing to hang up their bonnets in my back kitchen. Be that as it may, I didn't tummil to none o' 'em: they was a fast lot, most, and having worried their Joes into the grave, wud ha' liked to do the zame by me. Mary Amelia was a different sort altogether, and I had a mind to give her the taste o' a quiet life. "Her shall larn what 'tis to have a man that don't drink to fend for," I said to mezulf, and wi' they wuds on my lips I hiked right acrass to Tremmy's cottage and axed her to be my wife.

The widdy listened to all I had to zay wonderful unconcerned, which, taking into consideration that her was more than usual plainzome for a woman, made me veel jest a small bit sore. Howsomever, I'm willun' to admit I shudn't ha' troubled much over the matter if her hadn't flung my own looks in my face.

"Zack," her said, "you'll make no personable second arter my poor Job."

Well, thought I, and that from a woman vaytured the like o' her! I didn't make no comment, holding that a man can't court and be testy at wan and the zame time; but it sort o' comed over me, that whativer good qualities Mary Amelia had, gratitude wadn't wan o' 'em. Then I kained acrass at they wored-out hands o' hers, and the sight o' 'em called to my mind

what scant cause the poor soul had iver had to be grateful. Well, arter a deal o' pressing Mary Amelia consented to marry me. The neighbours were a bit sniffy over it, reckoning that I wanted to zit idle while her worked herzulf to death; and though I told 'em her wadn't gwaying to put a hand to any outside job when wance wife o' mine, they none o' 'em believed a wud o' what I said. I had been in regular work since a long time back, and not baing a spending man, had managed to lay by a tidy bit. The week us was gwaying to be married I took the money out from a hole in the wall where I'd laid it, and bought some new fixings for the kitchen, also a Bible and a feather fan to stand on the table in the parlour windy; but afore I fetched a stick o' the furniture home from Bideford I set to and whitewashed the cottage inside and out. I axed Varmer Burden to drap in when 'twas all fixed up tidy, which he did.

"Well, Zack," says he, casting a sort o' unzeeing eye round, "I niver thought to zee 'ee mated; but there, the women be all for marrying, no matter who 'tis."

I showed un the Bible and the feather fan; he zim'd too much taken up in thought to note 'em.

The neighbours all comed to the wedding, and us had a wonderful lot o' gifts, mostly chiny dogs for the mantel-shelf, though wan man from Dore-Apple who had been in furren parts made Mary Amelia a

present o' a small poisonous eel in a glass box half full o' mud. Sich a gift had never been zeen in the village afore, and folks agreed that there must be a meaning to it, and 'twud be certain sure to bring us good luck; so me and Mary Amelia us each took hold o' the little glass box wi' a finger and thumb and carried un in and laid un on the parlour table atween the Bible and the feather fan.

Us was married on a Saturday, and the vallering Monday morning I got up and dressed myzulf as zoon as iver it was light, went down to the back-yard, took up my axe, and then and there I split Mary Amelia's wash-tubs into small pieces only fit for firing. I was jest making the chips up into bundles when who should come into the yard but Mary Amelia.

"Law, Zack!" her said, "wheriver did 'ee get all they nice dry chips?"

"Out o' your old wash-tubs," I answered kind o' unconcerned, for, arter all, when I comed to think o' it, 'twas a spendthrift thing to do. Mary Amelia didn't fathom what I meant. "I niver saw no chips there overnight," her said.

"They was wash-tubs then."

"Be 'ee daft, Zack?"

"No, Mary Amelia," I answered, "I bain't daft; but I want to zee they hands o' yours idle for a bit, that's all."

Her stood, kaining terrible lonzome like down on the bits o' chips.

"I've been used to work all my life," her said, and went into the house wi'out another

wud. When I came back from work at dinner-time her eyes were red and swollen, jest for all the world as if her had been crying past belief.

"Well," thought I to mezulf, "'tiddn't always kindness that fetches."

Mary Amelia wadn't wan o' they that get fat on idleness, for each month that hiked by left her thinner and more sorry-looking than the last, till there was times when I wondered to myzulf if her got up and worked while I was azlape. Wan night I bided awake jest to zee what her might be arter; but, beyond sighing, her didn't do naught. I woke her up and axed what her was sighing the like o' that for. Her falled all o' a tremble. That's what comes o' marrying a woman used to the feel o' the stick!

"I iddn't gwaying to touch 'ee, Mary Amelia," I said, proud to be minded that I was a different sort o' man altogether from Job.

A kind o' resigned look staled across the vace o' her, and I thought to mezulf, "Poor soul, her's still mixating me up 'long o' the dead." But her wadn't.

"Let me zlape, Zack," her said; "for then if I fret, least-ways I don't know o' it."

"What have 'ee got to fret over, Mary Amelia?" I axed. "Haven't I bided by my wud and tooked good care o' 'ee?"

"Ay, the best o' care," her answered.

"Well, zlape and forgit you war iver married to t'other man."

She closed her eyes weariful. "Ees, I'm always glad o' a bit

o' zlappe," her said, and wi' that her buttoned up her eyes wance again.

The vallering day when I comes back from work I marked a smell o' spirits about. When I axed Mary Amelia if her noted aught, she said that her'd been mending an old suit o' Job's clothes. I didn't make no comment, because Job had drunk so 'mazing much in his time it might well be that his clothes still leaked o' the liquor. Howsomever, the weeks went on, and I was a bit surprised to find the smell o' spirits as markful as iver, and I told Mary Amelia to hang the clothes on the line or else give over mending 'em. But her answered that fresh air didn't make no impression on Job's coats and weskits, though the cloth was too good to be drowed away. Being a careful man, I didn't say no more, and the matter passed from my mind till wan day old Varmer Burden stapped me in Mucksey Lane, where I had a bit o' a job, hedging and ditching.

"Zack," says he, laying wan o' they banging great hands o' his 'pon tap my shoulder, "what be this tale I hears o' 'ee having taken to drink on the quiet?"

"I don't know naught o' sich tales," I answered. "I've niver been nigh the Red Lion since the day I was married."

"Maybe," he said, "but you sends your wife there to get drink for 'ee reg'lar. I've seen her come out o' the public more'n wance mezulf. I was that took aback I couldn't find wuds," and Varmer Burden let slide the hand from off my

shoulder. "'Twud ha' been a better sized consarn if you'd fetched the drink yourzulf," he said.

"I'll thank 'ee to mind your own business," I answered, tarn-ing back wance more to work; but he wadn't no ways satisfied.

"Who cud her git the drink for if 'twadn't for 'ee, Zack?" he said sort o' 'pologising.

I laughed sharp out: "I shall drink when and how I've a mind to," and wi' that Varmer Burden was fo'ced to be content, for not a wud more cud he git out o' me. When he was gone I let fall the bill-hook out o' my hand, swarmed up an old allum that grew 'pon tap the bank, and kained across to where my cottage stud, the best part o' a mile away. The smoke was creeping up droo' the trees, and the little bit o' a place looked powerzome unconsarned. I cud most zee Mary Amelia in the big chair azide the dresser, where her had tooked to sitting o' late. There was a deal o' waiting to be past over afore the charch clock struck sax and I was free to put up my tools and go back along home. I tarned over to myzulf what I shud zay, but I hadn't got no forrader wi' the wuds when the big bell telled out the hour. I put my things together and started, fast fust o' all, then zlowing down. It comed over me that 'twud be as well to go in by the front door and kind o' take Mary Amelia unaware. Howsomever, I went in at the back the zame as usual, only maybe I was a bit longer putting away my tools, because they falled

all o' a heap on the stone pavement and made sich a clatter that Mary Amelia comed to the windy to zee what the noise was about. There wadn't no tea ready, but I was willun to wait, not being over and above hungry. Wan o' Job's weskits lay 'pon tap the table, smelling terrible barefaced o' spirits. I had a mind to drow the weskit into the fire and be done wi' the stench wance and for all, but zommat made me hold my hand. Arter all, there wadn't much to be said agin a bit o' a weskit. Mary Amelia went out to fill the kettle at the pump, and I thought maybe 'twud be as well to give a look inside the dresser. Howsom-ever, I wadn't sharp enough, for her comed back in afore I'd stirred a stap from where I stud. When us had had tea and the things had been cleared away, I took my week's wage and laid the whole o' it in Mary Amelia's hand. Her looked down at the money sort o' mixed, curious and eager, becasse, afore this, I'd niver gived her more'n a part o' what I had arned.

"You didn't reckon on it being so much?" I axed.

"No," her answered. "You arn a higher wage than I thought."

"Mary Amelia," I said, sort o' earnest, "since me and you have got married, I've strove as I've niver strove afore. I want to zee 'ee comfortable and cared for. You've had a deal to put up with in your time, but I don't ax more o' 'ee than to do the best you can by your-zelf——"

Her tarned the money over and over afore answering, then her drowed it down on the table. "Why do 'ee give me such a deal all-to-wance?" her said resentful-like.

"'Tis safer wi' 'ee than lying about in my pocket."

Us was both zilent for a long while arter that, then Mary Amelia comed across to where I zot.

"Let me go back to wark, Zack," her said. "I was niver made for an idle woman."

'Twadn't comfortzome to hear her talk zo, for I'd set my heart on her having an easy time; but life is a quare consarn, and 'tiddn't always the softest cushion that makes the softest seat.

"Do as it plazes 'ee best, Mary Amelia," I said. Her put wan o' her wored-out hands 'pon tap o' mine. "'Tis more'n money 'ee be giving me, now, Zack," her answered, and wi' that us both went upstairs to bed.

Well, the wash-tubs wance bought, the ginelfolks was only too willun' to send in their fal-lals. As for Mary Amelia, her packed away Job's weskits in the old press in the attic, and the cottage took agin to smelling o' the hot iron.

Varmer Burden was that plazed wi' the way things had falled out that he stapped me wan Zunday arternoon ez I was gwaying into charch and shook me by the hand.

"I always zed, Let the right man take 'ee the right way, you wud pull up, Zack," he tumm'l out, and, not waiting for answer from me, he stalked

into charch, content, no doubt, to take his praise from the hands o' the Almighty Hiszulf.

It takes zommat more'n the past to make the present, how-zomiver, and 'twadn't long afore I larned that Mary Amelia's washing didn't give the satisfaction that it had done wance. Her hadn't the zame use o' her iron, and her feel for starch wadn't so sure as it had been in the old days. The ginelfolks were slow to leave her; but bit by bit their custom went elsewhere, till at last naught but stray furreners' trash comed our ways at all. It zim'd cruel like that a few years' idleness shud wark sich a change in a woman's power, and I knaw'd well enough that in her heart o' hearts Mary Amelia laid the blame at my door. Her didn't zay naught—'twadn't her nater to cast hard thoughts at a man; but her kind o' felt the more, sucking a deal o' furren feeling out o' the zilence. I always larned when the ginelfolks had been angered wi' her, becace it was her custom at sich times to take Job's spiritous-smelling weskit out o' the press and lay it sort o' bare-faced on the kitchen-table. 'Twadn't often folks dropped in our way: now and again Varmer Burden would tie his nag to the fence and let fall a few wuds. He comed wance when Mary Amelia was by herzulf, and took the trouble to ride all round by Mucksey Lane to tell me that the house was a long way off baing clean. I said, what wi' the washing and wan thing and t'other, Mary Amelia hadn't time to mind

sich things; but he answered 'twas well known in the village that Mary Amelia's washing wadn't a patch on what it had been in Job's time, and no wan sent her work on thic account.

I didn't zay no more, though 'tiddn't over and above pleasant to hear sich wuds from a neighbour's lips. Arter thic day I niver laid the whole o' my arnings in Mary Amelia's hand, but kept part o' the wage to ha' zommat to vall back on. There was a bit o' whitewash over from the last time I did down the walls; so I got up early the next morning and put a fresh coat on 'em, and gave a stroke or two o' green paint to the windies. A pedlar chanced to pass by jest as I was giving the finishing touch, so I called un acrass and bought a row of chiney jugs—for Mary Amelia had a loose-vingered hand wi' sich o' late. Her comed in herzulf and stud watching, none too plazed I cud tell by the way her had o' wiping her dry hands on her apron,—a trick o' hers when put out.

"Whativer be 'ee making all this to do for, Zack?" her axed.

"I'm getting things a bit vitty for 'ee."

"Wadn't they to your taste afore?"

"A good wife desarves a good home."

But Mary Amelia wadn't no friend to mealy-mouthed folk.

"I've niver been a good wife to 'ee," her rapped out sharp, "and, what's more,

flummery won't make me wan."

Then her tarned on her heel and went upstairs. I was fo'ced to git my own breakfast and hike to wark wi' naught in the basket to stand atween me and sax o'clock. It fell out that I met Varmer Burden ez I was coming home along from wark, and, knowing that the house was looking out o' usual vitty, I axed un sort o' casual to drap in and git some bulbs he fancied. Us hadn't got more'n than lifted the latch o' the gate when, what shud I zee bang in the middle o' the path, like a signpost wi' BEWARE writ on it, but Job's weskit. I stapped quat, and wud ha' axed Varmer Burden to do the like, but he was plump inside the cottage afore I had time to open my mouth.

"Twadn't more than wan step acress the threshold he took afore he whipped round and waited for me to join un, which I was amazing slow to do.

"There's been a royal smash-up here," he said, sort o' beckoning me forward.

Sure anuff the whole row of chiney jugs for which I'd paid four and ninepence thic morning lay in small pink bits 'pon tap the floor.

"'Tis that varmint o' a cat," I tummeled out, though, truth to tell, there wadn't no such thing about the place.

"I niver heard tell that you had a cat," said Varmer Burden.

"Begore, and I cud wish the same! I was vule anuff to buy wan into Bideford," I

answered terrible smart—but there, a lie is always a fluid thing.

The door atween the kitchen and front room was a bit ajar, and at this identical moment what shud I catch sight o' but Mary Amelia herzulf lying her length on the parlour floor. I was that took back I cudn't stir hand nor foot, and as I stud waiting for the worst, there comed a banging great snore bassooning droo' the house.

"Whatever's that?" said the Varmer, drawing back a step.

"An old white owl in the parlour chimney," I answered.

"I niver heard tell that you had an owl in your parlour chimney," said he, sort o' suspicious-like.

"Law, ess," said I, "and a powerful worrit her be."

Varmer Burden leaned forward till I thought for sure he must vall on that long, pointed, curious nose o' his.

"Whatever's that?" he axed, pointing his vinger at wan o' Mary Amelia's feet that stretched past the crack o' the door.

"A boot," I said.

"Be there a fut in it?"

"Have'n 'ee iver seen a boot by itzulf afore —"

"Not up-ended the zame as thic."

All-to-wance the boot twitched back out o' sight.

"There be a fut in it," said Varmer Burden sort o' triumphant.

"And the meazles as well," I put in.

"What!" said the old varmer, jumping a good dree feet

backwards droo the doorway. "Why iver didn't 'ee tell me that afore?"

"Becase I've always heard tell that you was scart out o' your life o' the disease."

He didn't wait to hear further, and when I made sartin that I had zeed the last o' un, I went out the house and locked the door behind me.

A matter o' twelve miles up the river was the parish o' Little Dunstable. 'Twas there that I was born, and as I locked the door ahind me, the thought comed droo my head that I wud dearly like to zee the little place wance again. I stapped acress to ax my master for a day's leave, and he said I might make it two. The moon stud in her third quarter, and as I was minded to walk to Little Dunstable that night, I didn't waste no time in starting. I had a brother, a cobbler, who lived about a mile on this side o' the village, and I thought maybe that, baing wan o' the family, I might spake out a bit fuller to he than to t'other folks. Howzomiver, though I stayed into the second day, I didn't say naught to un, and I wadn't altogether zarry to tarn my vace home along wance more. My heart gi'ed a bit o' a blob when I caught sight o' my cottage agin, and I cudn't but wonder what Mary Amelia wud ha' to say. No smoke peered sort o' expecting droo the trees, but I'd growed used to finding the fire out. The little gate was off the hinges and lay on its back azide the road, as forlorn as a capzised duck. Bits o' straw and paper littered the

garden, and the flowers was trampled past uprising. I stud gapnesting round, the like o' any furren loon, then I took dree banging great steps and thrust open the door o' the cottage.

"Mary Amelia!" I hammered out.

But there wadn't no Mary Amelia. Naught but the bare walls and boards. Her had gone, and took every stick o' the furniture 'long wi' her.

I niver vallered her up to try and git the things back, though I knawed that, according to the law, a married woman hadn't got no claim to more'n her gold ring and the bit o' boot-lace her ties her hair wi'; but Varmer Burden told me he had caught sight o' her wance into Barnstaple, and he added zommat that has made bad blood atween he and me.

Dree years ago last Christmas her comed back. 'Twas a wild-featured night, raining and blowing anuff to scare most folks into keeping atween the blankets. I was zlaping 'pon tap a couple o' boards I'd nailed to a spare box or two. Baing by nature a careful man, I'd niver made no outlay on furniture zince Mary Amelia wadn't in need o' aught from me. When fust I heard the knock on the door I was for biding where I was, but there was zommat in the feeble clappingerting zound that kind o' minded me o' the lonzomeness o' the world outzide. I pulled on an extry pair o' trousers, for the cold wadn't to be denied, slipped acress the kitchen, and opened the door. A blast o'

wind swirled round the bare room and out agin, taking the light wi' it, and I was fo'ced to go to the mantel-shelf to fumble for a fresh match. My fingers was all thumbs, and I cudn't make naught out o' the lucifers; yit, though 'twas too dark to zee aught, I kind o' suspicioned who it was that had come in on me thic sudden.

"Mary Amelia, do 'ee reckon you cud git a light out o' the blamed sticks?" I axed sharp-like.

She took the box from my hand and struck a match, and us looked wan into t'other's vace. A shiver ran droo me, though maybe 'twas zommat more'n cold that gripped hold o' my heart jest then.

"I haven't got no right to come back to 'ee, Zack," her said.

My lips got sort o' trembly, and the wuds fell back unspoke.

"'Tis a wild night for 'ee to be out in, Mary Amelia," I answered arter a bit.

Her leaned agin the dresser and coughed zommat fearzome to hearken to. All-to-wance she zim'd to slip and vall sideways on the floor. When I bent over to raise her up, I zeed a little stream o' blood thread itzulf across her lips: I lifted her on to the bed and was for fetching the doctor, but her wadn't have me go.

"'Tiddn't no manner o' use, Zack," her said. "I shud be

dead afore he comed, and there's thic that I must tell 'ee."

Wi' that, her fell zilent for a terrible number o' minutes. I kept piling on all my spare clothes 'pon tap of her poor trembly body, for, though I wud ha' gi'ed a deal to help her jest then, I niver was wan to know the right thing to do when took by surprise.

A bit o' a smile comed into her vace; maybe her suspicioned I was wishful o' plazing her.

"You was always willun, Zack," her said.

"I be zlow to larn, Mary Amelia," I answered, taking her hand. She gripped it close; then her head falled back, and I thought that all was over wi' her, poor soul. But wance more her opened her eyes.

I stooped down and placed my ear close to her lips.

"You should ha' taken the stick to me, Zack," her murmured. "When iverything went agin me, I was rispacted then."

"I rispact 'ee, Mary Amelia," I said. "I've always rispacted 'ee."

"'Twudn't be right to rispact me now," her answered; "for I be——"

Death took the wuds from her lips, and though I cried out arter her terrible loud, I doubt if she heard.

No matter, the Almighty knaws that there be folks that rispact Mary Amelia Spot.

ZACK.

MEASURING SPACE.

SINCE the beginning of last autumn astronomers have been engaged in a renewed attack upon the grandest problem of their science—the measurement of the distance of the sun and of the scale upon which our solar system is built. Fifty observatories of the northern world are allied upon the campaign, combining their forces in the common interest of advancing along a new road which has suddenly been opened to them just when it seemed that all farther advance was for the present blocked.

In the history of astronomy during the last thirty years of the nineteenth century there is the record of a long series of efforts to determine this distance, in which the attack was made from every side, with every resource which the rapid advance in power of instrument and power of new method had added to the armament at the disposal of the astronomer. When, less than four years ago, the account was published of the last stages of the campaign, it was announced that the distance of the sun from the earth is 92,874,000 miles. The number might conceivably be wrong by as much as a couple of hundred thousand miles, but there was nothing to encourage any further attempts to revise it. Combined effort and personal skill had been pushed to the uttermost, and the comfortable feeling prevailed that

the figures would remain undisturbed for many years to come, until some new instrument or method, transcending the powers of our present equipment, invited a new attempt.

That was only three years ago; and to-day astronomers are once more in the thick of the attack, with larger observing forces than have ever before been combined in a common cause. There has been no great growth of instrumental power, no discovery of a more powerful method to warrant the renewed activity, but in a most unexpected direction a new path has been opened, and along it in the old order the forces are being pushed forward. There is that outstanding uncertainty of some 200,000 miles to be reduced. It can never entirely disappear; the narrow dimensions of our earth furnish a very inadequate base from which to measure so vast a distance; but while there is a possibility of halving the margin of doubt the matter cannot be allowed to rest.

Forty years ago our knowledge of the sun's distance was based upon the observation of the transit of Venus in 1769, and the accepted value was 95,000,000 miles. For more than a century there had been no opportunity of revising the measures, and the whole astronomical world awaited eagerly the pair of transits which were to take place in 1874 and 1882, in the confident expectation of

arriving then at a trustworthy result.

The dramatic character of the operations that were undertaken aroused a general public enthusiasm for the problem. Parliaments were called upon to vote large supplies. Expeditions from all countries fitted out to the most remote corners of the earth, and an occasional tale of bodily hardships added a touch of human interest to scientific doings. Best of all, wherever over half the world the sky was clear people had themselves from their own doorsteps watched through smoked glasses the planet Venus pass, a small dark body, across the shining surface of the sun; and they were curious to know what advantage the astronomers had gained in going so far afield.

The answer is not far to seek. On the rare occasions when the planet Venus, passing directly between our earth and the sun, is seen apparently projected upon the latter as a round black spot, observers at widely-separated stations measure at carefully determined instants of time the position of the planet upon the sun's disc. And because they are watching from different points, the aspect of the phenomenon is not quite the same at the two stations. There is a slight shift in the position of the planet, a very small difference indeed, but still a quantity which can be measured with refined instruments, and which, combined with a careful determination of the length of the base line

between the two stations, gives eventually the distance of the sun. The more widely separated the stations the greater is the shift to be measured and the more powerful is the method. So the expeditions went, some of them, to far-distant lands, to New Zealand, to South America, and to antarctic Kerguelen Island; and there they realised to the full what a world of difference there is between work amidst the conveniences of a permanent observatory and work in the discomforts of a temporary observing camp.

They had come to observe a phenomenon which could never be presented to the sight more than twice in a lifetime. That fact alone prevents any man from becoming an experienced observer of transits of Venus. Attempts had been made to get over this difficulty by constructing models which gave a very fair representation of the phenomena, and the observers were assiduously practised in the observation of artificial transits. But there was something which could not be imitated and studied beforehand—the effect of the sun lighting up the atmosphere of the planet and surrounding it with a halo of brightness.

This appearance seems to have come as something of a surprise to the observers of the transit of 1874, and it had a serious effect upon their observations. The accounts which had come down of the transit of 1769, and the preliminary practice upon artificial transits, had prepared them for a certain

sequence of events, and they had to note by the chronometer the exact moment at which each happened. Even if everything had come to pass as was expected, it was a severe trial of nerve and skill. The difficulties of working in a temporary camp can be barely indicated. The instruments suffer slight mishaps upon the journey, and there is no workshop in which to repair them; chronometers which have travelled rough roads in tropical climates are but a poor substitute for the standard clocks which have been left at home. There is the ever-present consciousness of the irreparable effect of some failure at the critical moment, of instrumental mishap or cloudy sky. It is at best a bad preparation for the supreme moments of a man's life, when he has to reap in a few precious minutes the fruits of years of labour. And to crown the difficulties there came this unexpected appearance of a ring of light round the planet, which confused itself with the edge of the sun and rendered uncertain the most important observations of all—the determination of the instants when the planet enters upon and passes off the sun's disc.

This was the classical method of determining the distance of the sun. It had met with a fair measure of success in early years at the transit of 1769, and for the following hundred years, during which no transits occurred, it had been taught in the schools and established in the text-books. And when in 1874 it was put again to the

test, it broke down, as we have seen. Unfortunately the newer methods which were tried on the same occasion proved disappointing also. Photography was pressed into the service because it can record its impressions very quickly and without emotion. Its function was to produce pictures of the event, and the astronomer hoped that he would be able to study and measure those pictures at his leisure. The hopes which were built upon this new method were unfulfilled in the end. The photographs proved hard to measure, and the results were not satisfactory.

It was soon realised, long before the final results were brought together and the calculations completed, that the observation of a transit of Venus might, after all, fail to give the desired improvement in our knowledge of the sun's distance. Unexpected difficulties had arisen in 1874, and it was hard to see how they could be avoided on the occasion of the next transit in 1882. The short interval of eight years was not enough to complete the discussion of the first batch of results, and the preparations for the transit of 1882 must go forward. But the distinguished astronomer who is now his Majesty's astronomer at the Cape had shared in the difficulties of 1874, and was not content to risk another failure in the same way. While the world was preparing to try again at the transit of Venus in 1882, he conceived the bold idea of forestalling their efforts by securing the desired result

single-handed in 1877. In that year, the year of the discovery of his two satellites, the planet Mars came unusually near the earth—a mere 30,000,000 miles away. If the planet's distance could be well determined the problem of the distance of the sun was solved. For the relative proportions of the distances of the planets from the sun, and consequently from one another, are known with an accuracy far exceeding our knowledge of the distance in miles of any one of them. If one distance be determined the rest can be immediately deduced from it, and so the distance of Mars from the earth will give us the distance of the earth from the sun.

So Sir David Gill set out in the summer of 1877 to determine the distance of the planet Mars. His instrument was the heliometer, which is the most refined and beautiful instrument ever invented for measuring directly the distance between two points in the sky not very far apart, the angular distance of star from star, or of planet from star. The station chosen for the observations was on the island of Ascension, close to the equator; and it was close to the equator for this reason, that determinations of the distance of a planet or of the sun require that observations shall be made at two widely separated stations. There are two distinct ways of satisfying this condition. One way is to send observers to very distant parts of the earth, as was done in the transit of Venus expeditions. The other way is less troublesome. The observer makes a

first set of observations early in the evening, and goes to bed. While he is asleep, the earth in its rotation is carrying him and his instrument round with it, and before dawn he can repeat the observations of the evening before from a point thousands of miles away from where they were made.

It is clearly an advantage to be near the equator, for there the distance traversed during the night is greatest. So Ascension was chosen for a station, and the heliometer was set up on the shore of Mars Bay. Throughout the late summer and early autumn of 1877 Mars was visible all through the night. Early in the evening its place among the surrounding stars was measured. During the night the rotation of the earth transported the observatory some six thousand miles away, and when in the morning the planet was, from the new point of view, compared with the same stars, the shift in its position among them was measured, and the amount of the shift was a measure of the distance of the planet.

The simplicity of the scheme almost ensured its success. Personality of one observer and peculiarities of one instrument only were involved. Unfavourable skies and minor mishaps were powerless to wreck the work—for it extended over months instead of minutes, and the failure of one night was turned into the success of the next. In 'Six Months in Ascension' the astronomer's wife has given a delightful account of the small trials and the great

successes of the expedition, and of the triumphant return to England at the end of 1877, with results which all the transit of Venus expeditions of 1882 could scarcely hope to rival.

The necessary calculations were not long delayed, and they gave for the distance of the sun 93,080,000 miles,—two millions less than the original result from the transit of 1769, and a million and a-half greater than the distance which had been obtained from a rediscussion of those observations. The uncertainty had been nearly two million miles, and it was reduced by these observations of Mars at Ascension to not much more than 300,000 miles. It was a notable result to be achieved by the efforts of one man,—a triumph of individual skill, and a greater triumph of foresight. It has been mentioned that the expedition to Ascension was undertaken because Sir David Gill had early convinced himself that the transit of Venus expeditions would not fulfil the hopes that had been built upon them. That forecast has been amply justified. The work has taken many years to complete, and even now is not quite all published, and the results are discordant and uncertain to an amount greater than the 300,000 miles to which the Mars observations had reduced the uncertainty in our knowledge of the sun's distance.

But the result of these Mars observations was not long allowed to stand unchallenged. It was soon pointed out that there was one possible source of

error that had not been eliminated,—which had, indeed, at that time scarcely been recognised. It is a small secondary effect of the refraction to which the rays of light from a star or planet are subject when they pass through our atmosphere, and in virtue of it the image of a planet low down in the sky, when it is examined in the telescope, is found to have a slight blue border along the upper and a red border along the lower edge of its disc. In the case of Mars this might produce a particularly noticeable result, for the ruddy planet was often observed in a blue twilight sky. The blue border would then be lost in the blue sky, and the red border would be assimilated with the red disc of the planet, so that the planet would always appear slightly displaced. It was an effect almost inappreciable in magnitude, but if it acted at all, it would always act in the same direction, and that is the most pernicious kind of error to which observations can be liable.

In fact, when we arrive at an astronomical result from the combination of a long series of observations, the estimate which we are able to form of the uncertainty of our result is entirely invalidated if it can be shown that there is a possibility that any cause, however small, has introduced an error always in the same direction. It could not be denied that the Mars observations were at least open to such a suspicion because of the atmospheric difficulty to which we have referred; and there was nothing for it but to

renew the attempt upon the sun's distance in still another way.

Mars is not the only planet whose distance can be well determined by direct observation. Between Mars and Jupiter there is a large family of small planets, which are farther from the sun than Mars, and consequently at their nearest are farther from the earth than Mars at his nearest. But this disadvantage is more than balanced by the fact that they are indistinguishable in appearance from the stars which surround them: they escape almost entirely that atmospheric trouble which brought Mars into disrepute, and their small images can be observed with very much greater accuracy. In the years 1888 and 1889 three of these small planets, Iris, Victoria, and Sappho, were at their nearest to the earth. It was resolved to make a final effort to determine their distance from the earth, and thence to obtain one more determination of that elusive quantity, the distance of the sun, which had already been the subject of so many disappointing quests.

On this occasion no one was able to repeat the programme of 1877, and make a single-handed determination from a station near the equator. A great scheme was organised of co-operation between the Cape Observatory and the observatories of the northern hemisphere, to make observations as simultaneous as possible of the positions of these planets among the surrounding stars. It was

a return towards the older plan which had been used in the transit of Venus work, of observing from widely-separated stations. There were five northern observatories engaged, against one in the south. But the climate of the northern hemisphere was in the scale against them, and in the result the forces were well balanced.

Very soon it appeared that the observations which were made were of unexampled accuracy. One after another the tables in the possession of astronomers failed to respond to the demand made upon them, and finally the whole calculations had to be repeated with more extensive and accurate tables than had ever before been employed in the work. The situation has been celebrated by an Oxford astronomer-poet in a verse which puts the matter in a nutshell:—

“They used to measure our distance
from the sun
By watching transits of Venus.
Now they use of the planets one
That doesn't even come between us.
And Dr Gill declares he's able
By using the heliometer
To beat the seven-figure logarithm table,
Or any known arithmometer.”

Only four years ago two enormous volumes were issued from the Cape Observatory containing a complete account of the work. The distance of the sun was found to be 92,874,000 miles, with an uncertainty of a couple of hundred thousand.

It should be noticed that this last result agrees with the earlier determination from the observations of Mars within the limits of uncertainty which were found

for that result. The limits of uncertainty had now been reduced, and it was hard to see what more could be done. Indeed, astronomers would have been quite content to let the matter rest for some years. These determinations of the distance of the sun are laborious in the extreme, and there was much else waiting to be done.

And yet to-day we are once more in the thick of a new attack on the problem. A small planet has been recently discovered, which comes on favourable occasions very much nearer to the earth than any body except our own moon. In August of 1898 a German astronomer was searching for two small members of the huge family of minor planets: they had long been lost. The wanderers escaped the keen grasp of the photographic plate, but it caught a prize for which that whole family would gladly be bartered—a minor planet, indeed, in point of size and brilliance, but moving in a most unusual path. The new planet is perhaps not a hundred miles in diameter, and would be in no wise distinguished or important if it moved among its peers. But some unknown cause has placed Eros, thus aptly named after the little wayward god, in a path such as no minor planet had ever before been known to pursue, a path which brings it on rare occasions very near the earth. During this last winter the first occasion has fallen out: we shall have to wait thirty years for a better opportunity of determining the

planet's distance, and it was impossible to neglect such a chance of determining by this means the distance of the sun within the limits of 100,000 miles. And so astronomers have plunged anew into the work; the observations are finished, and the calculations are begun.

For the first time in this solar - parallax hunting photographic methods have to a great extent superseded the heliometer and other instruments of visual observation; and to this will be greatly due whatever measure of success may be achieved. There is still matter for controversy concerning the respective merits of photographic and visual measures, when each method can be given full scope. But there can be no doubt that when it is a case of utilising odd half-hour breaks in almost continuous cloud, such as was experienced last winter, the advantage is all on the side of the photographic plate, which does its work in a minute or two, and allows the observer to make his measurements upon it at leisure. It is fortunate that English astronomers have been able to rely entirely on their photographic telescopes. At Greenwich, Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin long series of photographs have been obtained, which will serve a two-fold purpose. Whenever the weather has permitted work at each end of a night there will result an independent determination of the planet's distance, after the manner of the Mars' work at Ascension, based upon

the distance which the observatory itself has moved during the night. And when such pairs of observations made in Europe are wanting there still remains the chance that somewhere in America they may have obtained, at their end of the long base line, observations which will combine with the observations made in Europe to give a second result.

The vastness of the labour which has been and is being expended upon the solution of this problem of the sun's distance from the earth is no whit out of proportion to the immense importance of the matter in astronomy. The distance of the sun is the unit in which all distances in our solar system are measured; nay more, the distances of the fixed stars from our system are expressed in terms of it; nor, further, without an accurate knowledge of it is it possible either to determine accurately the velocities with which those stars are moving towards us or away from us, or to take the next step of measuring the speed and the direction of the

motion through space of the sun and its system of planets. All depend upon an accurate knowledge of the distance of the sun from the earth, and no labour can be deemed too great if it extends this knowledge even by a little. As to the present enterprise, it will be years before the measures and calculations are completed and we can judge of its success. However it may result, even if the value of the sun's distance which is obtained is no better than the value at present accepted, the labour will not have been thrown away, for two great ends will have been achieved. The value of photographic methods will have been tested against visual observation in a way which has never before been done so completely: that will be the gain to practical astronomy. And the mutual understanding, the co-ordination of methods, and the unity of purpose that will be gained in so great a co-operation for a common end, will remain as an endowment to the future of science when the work is over.

OF MEN AND MATTERS IN OUR VILLAGE.

"HE were as cranky as be d—d when he had a mind that way, were old John Ball; but I'm main sorry as he've been took, and so I tell yer. There's many of 'em as is left as ain't got half his grit, no nor a quarter either, though they holds theirselves a bit straighter."

Such was the funeral oration pronounced by Job Billing, when at a good old age my quondam friend and acquaintance, the hump-backed cobbler, joined the majority; and albeit there was about Job's peroration a distinct spice of personality, emphasised by the side-look he cast upon my person, I am in no way inclined to cavil at his decision.

It was seldom the habit of our sexton, when he passed remarks on those for whom he performed the last earthly service, to err on the side of clemency. Possessing all the roughness and callousness of the gravedigger in "Hamlet," yet lacking the redeeming wit, he compensated for the absence of this quality by exhibiting a double portion of caustic surliness. And there were times when I was almost fain to fancy that he took exception to the presence on week-days of any living creature except himself in the churchyard, and would vastly have preferred to see the unauthorised intruder "lying in the grave" than standing "out of it." Yet I may not deny that there were moments when the

man Job commanded my warm admiration—not, however, in his capacity as gravedigger, but when he toilsomely blew the organ on Sundays. That one and the same man could work that cumbrous and cranky machine, and yet find breath to bellow out a psalm in a voice to be envied by a bull of Bashan, at such times as he fancied that the choir stood in need of a little extraneous assistance, was in itself a very wonderful performance. But even yet more wonderful was the masterly manner in which, without letting the wind go out of the organ, Job would suddenly emerge from his obscurity and collar the ringleader of a set of godless urchins, who had some excuse for their disgraceful behaviour Sunday after Sunday, inasmuch as they were condemned to occupy a row of benches at the back of the organ, where it was almost impossible for them to take any part in the service. I will say this much for Job—he allowed them a very fair amount of tether. Making faces or pulling long noses at any visible member of the congregation, eating peppermints, cracking nuts, shuffling on the forms, or kicking each other,—all these passed muster as things to be expected of them, and so venial offences; but when it came to ear-pullings, fisticuffs, or book-fights, out from his den, like a spider from its web, would spring the avenger Job Billing, and a boy once collared,

having been chucked unceremoniously into a dark recess beneath the body of the organ, only reappeared, a dusty and tear-stained figure, when the last notes of the voluntary had been played.

I am not at the present, however, so much concerned with Job Billing, his likes and dislikes, and his performances as gravedigger and organ-blower, as with the man who was the subject of his remarks to me.

There is no doubt that the death of old John Ball has left a gap in our parish society. If Lucilius and other satirists in Rome, if to a minor extent the Thersites of Shakespeare exercised any influence in the Greek host, then in our quiet village the old hump-backed cobbler, shrewd of tongue and ready of repartee, was a man to be reckoned with. Possibly, as others similarly afflicted have done before him, he presumed upon his bodily infirmity—nay, even gathered prestige from the fact that he was “nobbut a poor crittur to look at.” Would Saul of Tarsus, we often wonder, have been quite so wholly admirable if he had not had some grievous thorn in the flesh to buffet him? Would his patient courage, his transcendent audacity in the presence of danger, have appealed to us so strongly, if we pictured him to ourselves as a giant like that other Saul, or even as a muscular Christian?

Possibly, again, physical disability made poor old John take a jaundiced view of humanity, and nurse in his heart of hearts a standing grievance against those of his fellow-creatures who

stood upright in their shoes. Certain at any rate it is that, so far as I can remember, at nearly all times and in nearly all company he posed as a member of the opposition or even as an obstructionist, and was seldom over-careful either to measure his words, to qualify his judgments, or to be afflicted by respect of persons. But there was this conspicuous merit about his social methods—the worst that John Ball would say about man, woman, or child would be said face to face, and when in some of his more amenable moments he retailed some of his impertinences for a third person's benefit, he was not prone either to exaggerate or to embellish. It may also be added in the way of commendation, that, as language goes in his walk of life, he was essentially a clean-tongued citizen; and if now and again he accentuated some assertion by a word commencing with a big, big D, he was a total abstainer from those less forcible but infinitely lower grade of expletives so extensively employed by the lower orders.

Where few people had the old man's good word, our worthy rector and his sister were held by him in especial favour, and the lady seldom allowed a week to pass without paying a visit to the cobbler's den. Fancying on one occasion when she was going from home for a few days that old John was rather failing, she recommended him to her brother's especial care during her absence, and I had it on the best authority that the rector paid his quaint parishioner several pastoral visits.

"The Reverend," quoth old John to me, "he's a bit lonesome without the old lady. Why, he've dropped in here quite neighbour-like three times in the week, and sat in that there chair as you're sitting in now for an hour or more, just as he should have summun to talk to. Not as I minded him a-coming; I were quite sorry for the old gentleman."

Not only was he partial to the members of the rectory household, but John was always intensely loyal to his own parish church, though the building could, alas! lay claim to no architectural beauty. Once he spent a week in London with some relations, and, curious to learn what sort of impression the metropolis had made upon him, I went to visit him on his return.

"I don't take much count on that Lunnon of yours, Master George," he said; "a smoky, smelly hole, that's what I calls it. And church! Why, they took me to St Paul's, a cathedral they calls it, and I never see such a ramshackle old place in all my born days. 'You come down to the country along o' me,' says I, 'and I'll show you something like a church.' And preachin'! why, the Reverend here would preach the inside out of the chap as I heard in half no time. 'No more of your Lunnons or St Paulses for me,' says I; 'no, thank you.'"

When our good rector brought off his great *coup* and induced the bishop to come down and consecrate our new burial-ground, John Ball so far took a personal interest in the

matter as with some pain and peril to get himself hoisted to the top of a handy gate from which he could view the procession of clergy as they solemnly paced round the new enclosure. Our parish having long lain in the depths of darkness, and a bishop being altogether an unknown quantity, there were those who were inclined to classify their spiritual lord among "wenuses, griffins, unicorns, men-at-arms," and similar "fabulous creatures." Johnnie Ball, without going quite so far as this, had prepared himself to see at anyrate an ecclesiastical giant, and it took me a good quarter of an hour by the clock to disabuse the old fellow's mind of the notion that an ambitious curate of considerable bodily presence, to which he added dignity by the assumption of a formidable biretta, was not the veritable Simon Pure.

"He were a fine figure of a man leastways," remarked John, *apropos* of the supposed bishop.

I held my tongue and awaited developments, for, indeed, great man as he was, our venerable father in God in nowise identified himself in my mind with the figure of an Agamemnon or a Hercules.

"And it were a 'mazing fine 'elmet as he weared."

"Great Scot, man!" I exclaimed, "that wasn't the bishop; that was the parson at Hawksley."

John stared at me for a moment, and then proceeded to argue the point, evidently holding the theory that fine feathers ought to make fine birds.

"Which were he then?" he inquired at last, and I hastened to explain that his lordship had brought up the rear of the procession.

"What, him as were in they great shirt-sleeves? Why, he was the meanest-looking old crittur as ever I clapped eyes on," and John ceased to show any further interest in the matter.

Now a word as to that biretta, which, I will own, seems to my Protestant mind a comfortless and incongruous form of headdress at all times, yet more especially incongruous as worn in the company wherein I next beheld it. I had promised to go and have supper and spend a night with my friend the curate of Hawksley, at all times a most companionable man. Having come to supper straight from an evening service, he sat down to the meal in a cassock. After supper we adjourned to his study to smoke, and presently, after remarking that he felt rather chilly in a thin cassock, he arrayed himself in an old college blazer, bright red with a blue border. When after another few minutes, on commencing to snuffle, he concluded that he was in for a cold in the head, and elected to don the biretta as the warmest available headdress, the Jewish high priest, or the Greek Church archimandrite, could hardly have been more gorgeously arrayed.

However, to return to our subject, if there is no doubt that the advent of our bishop did create a considerable sensation and made the day

memorable in the history of our parish, neither his personal appearance nor the depth of his learning—for indeed a sermon he preached was far above the comprehension of our rustics—impressed the community so much as the versatility of his gastronomic performances. And I fear me that he is still handed down to tradition not as the great orator or the profound theologian, but as "him what ate old Tom Ives's gander."

It had occurred to our rector that bishops, like other beasts, are all the more amiable for a little feeding, and, that nothing might be wanting to ensure the success of the day, a tent had been chartered for the occasion, and arrangements had been made for a public luncheon. The affair resolved itself into a sort of club-feast, after the manner of Jack Ginger's ever-famous supper. Here and there, it is true, a few subscriptions in specie were accepted; but the bulk of the offerings came in kind. While the rector and good old Tom Campion supplied the drinkables, the solids came from a variety of sources, and the committee who organised the entertainment showed a considerable knowledge of human nature when they managed to rouse that spirit of jealous emulation, apart from which an undertaking of the sort could hardly have proved successful.

"Now, Mrs Pittams, what are you going to send us towards the bishop's luncheon?"

"Nothing as I knows on. Whoever said as I were agoing to send anything?"

This in rather an aggressive tone, as of a woman whose character has been attacked.

"Oh, but I think you will. There is Mrs Higgs, now, over the way——"

"And what have Jane 'Iggs give you?"

"Oh, she has promised us three couple of fine chickens."

"Then," with ready promptitude, "I'll send in four couple of ducks. I reckon as there's more picking on a duck nor on a fowl. Leastways they counts more on 'em at market. But there, Jane 'Iggs, she allus were that close. She ain't one as'll give away more nor she's obligated."

Dick Marsh, a rising young farmer who killed his own mutton, sent a fat saddle, and a noble sirloin was thereupon extracted from the village butcher, who had no intention of allowing himself to be outdone in generosity by a "tup-penny-'alfpenny bloke as can't afford to send his things to market."

Where the curate indefinitely, and the rector with more caution, gave pretty well every contributor to understand that the guest of the day should eat of his or her own particular ware, contributions on all sides flowed in apace, and as the remains of the banquet were by arrangement to go to the poor of the parish, a good deal of outside interest was taken in the proceedings.

It was most unfortunate under the circumstances that Mr Thomas Ives, the parish churchwarden, should have been confined to the house at

the time by a sprained ankle. However, instigated thereto by the curate, he undertook to provide a couple of his famous geese, and as the plumpness of the Higgs's chickens and the excellence of the Pittams's ducks had been duly expatiated upon, the worthy churchwarden was fairly on his mettle as to the quality of his geese.

"Who's Higgs, and who's Pittams!" he said contemptuously; "I could buy either of 'em up any day in the week. I ain't agoing to have no Higgses nor no Pittamses say as I didn't do a thing handsome while I were about it. So just you see as you kills the biggest pair of birds as there is."

Such was the order given to the head-labourer on the farm, a first cousin of my own man Alfred, and about a match for him in intelligence. He carried out his instructions all too literally, and promptly executed a gigantic gander, the father of many families.

The bishop, when duly invited to partake of this king of the feast, eyed the provender rather doubtfully.

"Just a very small slice, my lord," said the rector. "It was sent by our parish churchwarden, who, I regret to say, cannot be here to-day. He is laid up on his back, poor dear old man, and it will be a great consolation if I could tell him that you had eaten some of his famous goose."

Thus exhorted, the bishop accepted his fate, and gallantly essayed to tackle a substantial slice of the four-year-old gander.

"He's a very old parishioner," presently suggested the rector.

"So I should imagine," said the bishop drily, accepting the remark as referring to the gander,—"quite patriarchal."

Having with some difficulty successfully negotiated one mouthful of the tough and highly flavoured delicacy, our spiritual pastor was casting about for a method of avoiding the necessity of eating any more without hurting anybody's feelings.

"Do you know," he now said in a confidential whisper, "I don't think that I am very wise in eating such—such generous food in the middle of the day. I really have not got quite the digestion of an ——" he was on the point of saying ostrich, I fancy, but he fortunately recollected himself in time and substituted "of a curate. And I think I shall be more prudent if I take instead a slice of chicken."

But the bishop, after all, was not really the injured party. A week later I was walking out with the rector, and seeing Mr Ives, who could now hobble about by the aid of a stick, standing by the pond in his field, we stopped to pass the time of day to him.

"Very glad to see you out and about again, Thomas," said the rector heartily.

Mr Ives muttered some inaudible reply, and showed no inclination to enter into conversation. But the rector was not to be put off so easily.

"We missed you very much at the luncheon the other day, Thomas. Those were famous geese that you were kind enough

to send us. The bishop ate a slice of the biggest."

"Then all I can say is as he've gotten more teeth than sense," growled out the farmer. "I allus held as Dick Barker he done as fullish a job as here a one and there a one when he killed t'old gander; but a man as ate un did a main sight fullisher."

"Old gander, eh—what?" exclaimed the rector.

"Why, he took an' killed my old gander as gotten first prize at show three year ago come Christmas, as I wouldn't have parted with for ten suvrens or twenty bishops neither!" and savagely digging his stick into the ground, the aggrieved churchwarden hobbled off.

The story leaked out in course of time, and was of course duly exaggerated. And, as I said before, to this day, if any mention is made of the bishop's visit, his lordship is spoken of as "Him what ate old Tom Ives's gander."

But to return to my friend John Ball. On the question of his good churchmanship I am not inclined to commit myself to any positive opinion, and though I used to cherish a suspicion that by being a fairly regular attendant at our parish church he conceived that he was paying a direct compliment to the rector, I might have been doing the old fellow an injustice. Certain at anyrate it is that he warmly resented any outside interference with his religious convictions, and promptly nipped in the bud a daring attempt made by Mrs Roden to win him over to her way of thinking.

"What a filthy pipe, John!" I remarked to him one day, as I stood watching him while he was punching some holes in a pair of skate-straps for me.

"Well, nobody never arsted you to smoke un, did they? Put 'un back on shelf. I keeps 'un there a-purpose."

"On purpose for what?" I inquired.

"To keep old Sally Roden in her place, or leastways out of mine—comes to the same thing, I reckon."

"Why, does she often come here?"

"Only comed onst as I knowed on, onst too often it were," and he punched the last hole in my skate-strap with expressive viciousness.

"What did she want with you, John?"

"What did she want along o' me? You'd best go and arst her if you wants to know. I didn't want her messing around, and that's flat. And I soon got shot on her, quick-step she went," and old John chuckled to himself over the recollection as he handed me the strap.

Having got what I wanted, I had no particular excuse for prolonging my visit; but I gathered from John's manner that a little patience on my part would secure a continuation of a story which I was anxious to hear. For fully five minutes the perverse old fellow hammered away at the sole of a boot which he had picked up, without paying the slightest attention to my presence. Then suddenly he looked up, with a twinkle in his eye.

"What, not gone a-skating yet? Well, then, this is how it

were. I meets the old lady in the street, and she's on at me as I weren't at church on a Sunday morning. Well, and I weren't there—it ain't allus as I can get, though I goes more oftener than some of 'em, as you knows yourself. But I tells her as I ain't over-fond of walking. 'Well, then,' says she, 'why don't you come to my chapel, as is nearer, of an afternoon?' And I says as I don't hold with they chapels, not as I knows no more about 'em than I counts as you does, Master George. But I knowed as she wouldn't like my saying as I didn't hold with them. Ho, but she up and says, 'I'll give you a little book to read on it, John,' says she. 'I ain't a-gotten no time for reading of no little books,' I tells her. 'Well, then,' says the old lady, 'I'll come in one day and read to you while you works.' Well, arter a bit she comes, and I were all ready for her. I were 'nition hard of hearing that day, as a man oughter to be when there's women-folk about. So soon as she's sotten down in chair, I outs with my pipe and lights un. I had putten un away for six months or more acos he were that strong as I couldn't abide un no longer, and he took a powerful lot of drawing. It were all about a gardin as she read, and I reckon as yon chap as preaches in village hall he were meant to be gardener. But I were powerful hard o' hearing that day.

"Read us that bit about they taters again, will you, missis?" says I, after a bit.

"Why, John," she says, a-looking up and a-coughing,

'there beant nothing about taters in the book.'

"'Nor in the gardin neither?'" says I.

"'Not in our gardin, my good man.'

"'Then if you've got a gardin and ain't got no taters set, I don't hold wi' your gardener.'

"'Ah, but, John,' she says, 'ours is a spiritual gardin.'

"'Then,' says I, 'you oughter to have a licence for un which you ain't got, and I don't hold wi' that neither. But read up, missis, if so you're set on reading. I be terrible hard of hearing.'

"Well, she downright screeches for three minutes or more, and then a puff of bacca-smoke gets down her throat and sets her off a-coughing.

"'I never could abide they smoking kerridges,' says she, a-wiping of her eyes.

"'I counts as half of them as rides in 'em is druv there so as they shouldn't allus have women-folk messing around,' says I, and with that she goes."

Political leanings John Ball had none, except that in politics, as in most other matters, his sympathies were with the Opposition, and he voted with consistent regularity against whichever party was in power.

Where there was no political conviction but an abundance of innate obstinacy, argument fell flat.

"Turn and turn about is fair play, Master George," he remarked when I attempted to canvass him. "It's time as t'other folk had a show."

"But you don't want everything upset, John?"

"Don't know as I don't," was the reply. "Who knows as I shouldn't come out atop if it were so? But I don't see as one set of folks upsets things more than t'other. And nobody don't want to meddle wi' old Queen."

"I don't know so much about that. Some of your Radicals would like to do away with royalty altogether."

"Let un do away wi' un, then, for all as John Ball cares, so long as they don't meddle wi' old lady."

"You surely don't want old institutions upset?"

"Don't know as I do, and don't know as I don't. I'm not one as holds wi' no 'stitutions. They putten me at a 'stitution or a 'firmary once when I were a boy to see as how they couldn't get my back straight, and I were there two months or better, and look at me now."

Such was the man, then, who having attained the age of seventy years in our quiet parish, passed away and left neither kith nor kin to mourn him, a man grievously afflicted from his youth up, who took life as he found it, as other men take their wives, for better or for worse, who with sturdy independence went his way along a thorny path, bent in body but erect in spirit, neither crying aloud for the sympathy of men nor yearning for the love of woman.

And I hold that our village is the poorer for his loss.

DOOM CASTLE: A ROMANCE.¹

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXXI.—FLIGHT.

LONG after, when Count Victor Jean de Montaiglon was come into great good fortune, and sat snug by charcoal-fires in the chateau that bears his name, and stands, an edifice even the Du Barry had the taste to envy, upon the gusset of the roads which break apart a league to the south of the forest of Saint Germain-en-Laye, he would recount, with oddly inconsistent humours of mirth and tense dramatics, the manner of his escape from the cell in the fosse of the great MacCailen. And always his acutest memory was of the whipping rigour of the evening air, his temporary sense of swooning helplessness upon the verge of the fantastic wood. "Figure you! Charles," would he say, "the thin-blooded wand of forty years ago in a brocaded waistcoat and a pair of dancing-shoes seeking his way through a labyrinth of demoniac trees, shivering half with cold and half with terror like a *forçat* from the *bagne* of Toulouse, only that he knew not particularly from what he fled nor whereto his unlucky footsteps should be turned. I have seen it often since—the same place—have we not, *mignonne*?—and I avow 'tis as sweet and friendly a spot as any in our own neigh-

bourhood; but then in that pestilent night of black and grey I was like a child, tenanting every tiny thicket with the were-wolf and the sheeted spectre. There is a stupid feeling comes to people sometimes in the like circumstances, that they are dead, that they have turned the key in the lock of life, as we say, and gone in some abstraction into the territory of shades. 'Twas so I felt, messieurs, and if in truth the ultimate place of spirits is so mortal chilly, I shall ask Père Antoine to let me have a greatcoat as well as the viaticum ere setting out upon the journey."

It had been an insufferably cruel day, indeed, for Count Victor in his cell had he not one solace, so purely self-wrought, so utterly fanciful, that it may seem laughable. It was that the face of Olivia came before him at his most doleful moments—sometimes unsought by his imagination, though always welcome; with its general aspect of vague sweet sadness played upon by fleeting smiles, her lips desirable to that degree he could die upon them in one wild ecstasy, her eyes for depth and purity the very mountain wells. She lived, breathed, moved, smiled, sighed in this

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same austere atmosphere under the same grey sky that hung low outside his cell; the same snowfall that he could catch a glimpse of through the tiny space above his door was seen by her that moment in Doom; she must be taking the flavour of the sea as he could sometimes do in blessed moments even in this musty *oubliette*.

The day passed, a short day with the dusk coming on as suddenly as if some one had drawn a curtain hurriedly over the tiny aperture above the door. And all the world outside seemed wrapped in silence. Twice again his warder came dumbly serving a meal, otherwise the prisoner might have been immeasurably remote from any life and wholly forgotten. There was, besides his visions of Olivia, one other thing to comfort him; it was when he heard briefly from some distant part of the castle the ululation of a bagpipe playing an air so jocund that it assured him at all events the Chamberlain was not dead, and was more probably out of danger. And then the cold grew intense beyond his bearance, and he reflected upon some method of escape if it were to secure him no more than exercise for warmth.

The window was out of the question, for in all probability the watch was still on the other side of the fosse—a tombstone for steadfastness and constancy. Count Victor could not see him now even by standing on his box and looking through the aperture, yet he gained something, he gained all, indeed, so pregnant a thing is accident—even

the cosy charcoal-fires and the friends about him in the chateau near Saint Germain-en-Laye—by his effort to pierce the dusk and see across the ditch.

For as he was standing on the box, widening softly the aperture in the drifted snow upon the little window-ledge, he became conscious of cold air in a current beating upon the back of his head. The draught, that should surely be entering, was blowing out!

At once he thought of a chimney, but there was no fire-place in his cell. Yet the air must be finding entrance elsewhere more freely than from the window. Perplexity mastered him for a little, and then he concluded that the current could come from nowhere else than behind the array of marshalled empty bottles.

"*Tonnerre!*" said he to himself, "I have begun my career as wine merchant rather late in life or I had taken more interest in these dead gentlemen. *Avancez, donc, mes princes!* your ancient spirit once made plain the vacancies in the heads of his Grace's guests; let us see if now you do not conceal some holes that were for poor Montaiglon's profit."

One by one he pulled them out of their positions until he could intrude a sensitive hand behind the shelves where they had been racked.

There was an airy space.

"*Très bon! merci, messieurs les cadavres,* perhaps I may forgive you even yet for being empty."

Hope surged, he wrought eagerly; before long he had

cleared away a passage—that ended in a dead wall!

It was perhaps the most poignant moment of his experience. He had, then, been the fool of an illusion! Only a blank wall! His fingers searched every inch of it within reach, but came upon nothing but masonry, cold, clammy, substantial.

“A delusion after all!” he said, bitterly disappointed. “A delusion, and not the first that has been at the bottom of a bottle of wine.” He had almost resigned himself again to his imprisonment when the puffing current of colder air than that stagnant within the cell struck him for the second time, more keenly felt than before, because he was warm with his exertions. This time he felt that it had come from somewhere over the level of his head. Back he dragged his box and stood upon it behind the bottle-bin, and felt higher upon the wall than he could do standing, to discover that it stopped short about nine feet from the floor, and was apparently an incompleated curtain partitioning his cell from some space farther in.

Not with any vaulting hopes, for an egress from this inner space seemed less unlikely than from the one he occupied, he pulled himself on the top of the intervening wall and lowered himself over the other side. At the full stretch of his arms he failed to touch anything with his feet. An alarming thought came to him: he would have pulled himself back, but the top of the wall was crumbling to his

fingers, a mass of rotten mortar threatening each moment to break below his grasp, and he realised with a spasm of the diaphragm that now there was no retreat. What—this was his thought—what if this was the mouth of a well? Or a medieval trap for fools? He had seen such things in French castles. In the pitch darkness he could not guess whether he hung above an abyss or had the ground within an inch of his straining toes.

To die in a pit!

To die in a pit! good God!—was this the appropriate conclusion to a life with so much of open-air adventure, sunshine, gaiety, and charm in it? The sweat streamed upon his face as he strove vainly to hang by one of his arms and search the cope of the crumbling wall for a surer hold with the other; he stretched his toes till his muscles cramped, his eyes in the darkness filled with a red cloud, his breath choked him, a vision of his body thrashing through space overcame him, and his slipping fingers would be loose from the mortar in another minute!

To one last struggle for a decent mastery his natural manhood rose, and cleared his brain and made him loosen his grip.

He fell less than a yard!

For a moment he stopped to laugh at his foolish terror, and then set busily to explore this new place in which he found himself. The air was fresher; the walls on either hand contracted into the space of a lobby; he felt his way along for twenty paces before he

could be convinced that he was in a sort of tunnel. But figure a so-convenient tunnel in connection with a prison cell! It was too good to be true.

With no great surrender to hope even yet, he boldly plunged into the darkness, reason assuring him that the *cul-de-sac* would come sooner or later. But for once reason was wrong: the passage opened ever before him, more airy than ever, always dank and odorous, but with never a barrier—a passage the builders of the castle had executed for an age of sudden sieges and alarms, but now archaic and useless, and finally forgotten altogether.

He had walked, he knew not how long, when he was brought up by a curious sound—a prolonged, continuous, hollow roar as of wind in a wood or a sea that rolled on a distant beach. Vainly he sought to identify it, but finally shook aside his wonder and pushed on again till he came to the apparent end of the passage, where a wooden door barred his progress farther. He stopped as much in amazement as in dubiety about the door, for the noise that had baffled him farther back in the tunnel was now close at hand, and he might have been in a ship's hold and the ship all blown about by tempest, to judge from the inexplicable thunder that shook the darkness. A score of surmises came quickly, only to be dismissed as quickly as they came; that extraordinary tumult was beyond his understanding, and so he applied himself to his release. Still his lucky fortune remained

with him; the door was merely on a latch. He plucked it open eagerly, keen to solve the puzzle of the noise, emerging on a night now glittering with stars, and clamant with the roar of tumbling waters.

A simple explanation!—he had come out beside the river. The passage came to its conclusion under the dumb arch of a bridge whose concaves echoed back in infinite exaggeration every sound of the river as it gulped in rocky pools below.

The landscape round about him in the starshine had a most bewitching influence. Steep banks rose from the riverside and lost themselves in a haze of frost, through which, more eminent, stood the boles and giant members of vast gaunt trees, their upper branches fretting the starry sky. No snow was on the spot where he emerged, for the wind, blowing huge wreaths against the buttresses of the bridge a little higher on the bank, had left some vacant spaces, but the rest of the world was blanched wellnigh to the complexion of linen. Where he was to turn to first puzzled Count Victor. He was free in a whimsical fashion, indeed, for he was scarcely more than half-clad, and he wore a pair of dancing-shoes, ludicrously inappropriate for walking in such weather through the country. He was free, but he could not be very far yet from his cell; the discovery of his escape might be made at any moment; and even now while he lingered here he might have followers in the tunnel.

Taking advantage of the uncovered grass, he climbed the bank and sought the shelter of a thicket where the young trees grew too dense to permit the snow to enter. From here another hazard of flight was manifest, for he could see now that the face of the country outside on the level was spread as with a tablecloth, its white surface undisturbed, ready for the impress of so light an object as a hopping wren. To make his way across it would be to drag his bonds behind him, plainly asking the world to pull him back. Obviously there must be a more tactical retreat, and without more ado he followed the river's course, keeping ever, as he could, in the shelter of the younger woods, where the snow did not lie or was gathered by the wind in alleys and walls. Forgotten was the cold in his hurried flight through the trees; but by-and-by it compelled his attention, and he fell to beating his arms in the shelter of a plantation of yews.

"*Mort de ma vie!*" he thought while in this occupation, "why should I not have a roquelaire? If his very ungracious Grace refuses to see when a man is dying of cold for want of a coat, shall the man not help himself to a loan? M. le Duc owes Cammercy something for that ride in a glass coach, and for a night of a greatcoat I shall be pleased to discharge the family obligation."

Count Victor there and then came to a bold decision. He would, perhaps, not only borrow a coat and cover his nakedness, but furthermore cover his flight

by the same strategy. The only place in the neighbourhood where he could obscure his footsteps in that white night of stars was in the castle itself—perhaps in the very fosse whence he had made his escape. There the traffic of the day was bound to have left a myriad tracks, amongst which the imprint of a red-heeled Rouen shoe would never advertise itself. But it was too soon yet to risk so bold a venture, for his absence might be at this moment the cause of search round all the castle, and ordinary prudence suggested that he should permit some time to pass before venturing near the dwelling that now was in his view, its lights blurred by haze, no sign apparent that they missed or searched for him.

For an hour or more, therefore, he kept his blood from congelation by walking back and forward in the thicket into which the softly breathing but shrewish night wind penetrated less cruelly than elsewhere, and at last judged the interval enough to warrant his advance upon the enterprise.

Behold then Count Victor running hard across the white level waste of the park into the very boar's den—a comic spectacle, had there been any one to see it, in a dancer's shoes and hose, coatless and excited. He looked over the railing of the fosse to find the old silence undisturbed.

Was his flight discovered yet? If not, it was something of a madness, after all, to come back to the jaws of the trap.

"Here's a pretty problem!" he told himself, hesitating upon the brink of the ditch into which dipped a massive stair—"Here's a pretty problem! to have the roquelaire or to fly without it and perish of cold, because there is one chance in twenty that monsieur the warder opposite my chamber may not be wholly a fool and may have looked into his mousetrap. I do not think he has: at all events, here are the alternatives, and the wiser is invariably the more unpleasant. *Allons! Victor, adieu! que pourra, and Heaven help us!*"

He ran quickly down the stair into the fosse, crept along in the shelter of the ivy for a little, saw that no one was visible, and darted across and up to a postern in the eastern turret. The door creaked noisily as he entered, and a flight of stairs, dimly lit by candles, presented itself, up which he ventured with his heart in his mouth. On the first landing were two doors, one of them ajar; for a second or two he hesitated with every nerve in his flesh pulsating and his heart tumultuous in his breast, then hearing nothing, took his courage in his hands and blandly entered, with his feet at a fencer's balance for the security of his retreat if that were necessary. There was a fire glowing in the apartment—a tempting spectacle for the shivering refugee—a dim light burned within a glass shade upon the mantel, and a table laden with drug-vials was drawn up to the side of a heavily-curtained bed.

Count Victor compassed the whole at a glance, and not the least pleasant part of the spectacle was the sight of a coat—not a greatcoat, but still a coat—upon the back of a chair that stood between the bed and the fire.

"With a thousand apologies to his Grace," he whispered to himself, and tiptoed in his soaking shoes across the floor without reflecting for a second that the bed might have an occupant. He examined the coat: it had a familiar look that might have indicated its owner even if there had not been the flageolet lying beside it. Instinctively Count Victor turned about and went up to the bed, where, silently peeping between the curtains, he saw his enemy of the morning so much in a natural slumber as it seemed that he was heartened exceedingly. Only for a moment he looked; there was the certainty of some one returning soon to the room, and accordingly he rapidly thrust himself into the coat and stepped back upon the stair.

There was but one thing wanting—a sword. Why should he not have his own back again? As he remembered the interview of the morning, the chamber in which he had left his weapon at the bidding of the Duke was close at hand, and probably it was still there. Each successive hazard audaciously faced emboldened him the more; and so he ventured along, searching amid a multitude of doors in dim rushlight till he came upon one that was different from its neighbours only inasmuch as it had

a French motto painted across the panels. The motto read "Revenez bientôt," and smiling at the omen, Count Victor once more took his valour in his fingers and turned the handle. "Revenez bientôt" he was

whispering softly to himself as he noiselessly pushed in the door. The sentence froze on his lips when he saw the Duchess seated in a chair, and turned half round to look at him.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE INDISCRETION OF THE DUCHESS.

There was no drawing back; the circumstances positively forbade it, even if a certain smile following fast upon the momentary embarrassment of the Duchess had not prompted him to put himself at her mercy.

"A thousand pardons, Madame la Duchesse," he said, standing in the doorway. "*Je vous dérange.*"

She rose from her chair composedly, a figure of matured grace and practised courtliness, and above all with an air of what he flattered himself was friendliness. She directed him to a seat.

"The pleasure is unexpected, monsieur," she said; "but it is a moment for quick decision, I suppose. What is the cue? To be desperate?"—here she laughed softly,—“or to take a chair? Monsieur has called to see his Grace. I regret exceedingly that a pressing business has called my husband to the town, and he is unlikely to be back for another hour at least. If monsieur—assuming desperation is not the cue—will please to be seated——”

Count Victor was puzzled for a second or two, but came farther into the room, and, seeing the lady resume her seat, he availed

himself of her invitation and took the chair she offered.

"Madame la Duchesse," he went on to say with some evidence of confusion that prejudiced her the more in his favour, "I am, as you see, in the drollest circumstances, and—pardon the *bêtise*—time is at the moment the most valuable of my assets."

"Oh!" she cried with a low laugh that gave evidence of the sunniest disposition in the world—"Oh! that is not a pretty speech, monsieur! But there! you cannot, of course, know my powers of entertainment. Positively there need be no hurry. On my honour, as the true friend of a gentleman who looked very like monsieur, and was, by the way, a compatriot, I repeat there is no occasion for haste. I presume monsieur found no servants—those stupid servants!—to let him into the house, and wisely found an entrance for himself? How droll! It is our way in these barbaric places; people just come and go as they please; we waive ceremony. By the way, monsieur has not done me the honour to confide to me his name."

"Upon my word, Madame la Duchesse, I—I forget it myself

at the moment," said Count Victor, divining her strategy, but too much embarrassed to play up to her lead. "Perhaps madame may remember."

She drew down her brows in a comical frown, and then rippled into low laughter. "Now, how in the world should I know if monsieur does not? I, that have never"—here she stared in his face with a solemnity in which her amusement struggled—"never, to my knowledge, seen him before. I have heard the Duke speak of a certain M. Soi-disant; perhaps monsieur is Monsieur Soi-disant?"

"*Sans doute*, Madame la Duchesse, and madame's very humble servant," acquiesced Count Victor, relieved to have his first impression of strategy confirmed, and inclining his head.

She looked at him archly and laughed again. "I have a great admiration for your sex, M. Soi-disant," she said; "my dear Duke compels it, but now and then—now and then—I think it a little stupid. Not to know your own name! I hope monsieur does not hope to go through life depending upon women all the time to set him at ease in his chair. You are obviously not at ease in your chair, Monsieur Soi-disant."

"It is this coat, Madame la Duchesse," Count Victor replied, looking down at the somewhat too ample sleeves and skirt. "I fell into it——"

"That is very obvious," she interrupted, with no effort to conceal her amusement.

"I fell into it by sheer acci-

dent, and it fits me like an evil habit, and under the circumstances is as inconvenient to get rid of."

"And still an excellent coat, monsieur. Let me see; has it not a familiar look? Oh! I remember; it is very like one I have seen with the Duke's Chamberlain — poor fellow! Monsieur has doubtless heard of his accident, and will be glad to learn that he is out of danger, and like to be abroad in a very short time."

This was a humour touching him too closely; he replied in a monosyllable.

"Perhaps it was the coat gave me the impression that I had seen monsieur somewhere before. He reminds me, as I have said, of a compatriot who was the cause of the Chamberlain's injury."

"And is now, doubtless, in prison," added the Count, bent on giving evidence of some inventiveness of his own.

"Nay! by no means," cried the Duchess. "He was in a cell, but escaped two or three hours ago, as our watchman discovered, and is now probably far away from here."

"Ah, then," said Count Victor with nonchalance, "I dare say they will speedily recapture him. If they only knew the way with any of my compatriots it is to put a woman in his path, only she must be a woman of *esprit* and charm, and she shall engage him, I'll warrant, till the pursuit come up, even if it takes a century and the axe is at the end of it."

The Duchess coughed.

The Count hemmed.

They both broke into laughter.

"Luckily, then," said she, "he need have no anxiety on that score, should he meet the lady, for the pursuit is neither hot nor hearty. Between ourselves, monsieur, it is non-existent. If I were to meet this person we speak of, I should—but for the terror I know I should feel in his society—tell him that so long as he did not venture within a couple of miles of this castle he was perfectly safe from interference."

"And yet a dangerous man, Madame la Duchesse," said Count Victor; "and I have heard the Duke is determined on his punishment, which is of course proper—from his Grace's point of view."

"Yes, yes! I am told he is a dangerous man, a very monster. The Duke assured me of that, though, if I were to tell the truth, Monsieur Soi-disant, I saw no evidence of it in the young gentleman when I met him last night. A most harmless fellow, I assure you. Are monsieur's feet not cold?"

She was staring at his red-heeled dancing-shoes.

"*Pas du tout!*" he replied promptly, tucking them under his chair. "These experiments in costume are a foible with me."

There was a step along the corridor outside, which made him snap off his sentence hurriedly and turn listening and apprehensive. Again the Duchess was amused.

"No, monsieur, it is not his

Grace yet: you are all impatience to meet him, I see, and my poor company makes little amends for his absence; but it is as I say, he will not be back for another hour. You are interested, doubtless, in the oddities of human nature: for me, I am continually laughing at the transparency of the stratagems whereby men like my husband try to lock their hearts up like a garden and throw away the key before they come into the company of their wives. I'm *sure* your poor feet must be cold. You did not drive? Such a night of snow too! I cannot approve of your foible for dancing-shoes to wade through snow in such weather. As I was saying, you are not only the stupid sex sometimes, but a most transparent one. I will let you into a little secret that may convince you that what I say of our Count What's-his-name not being hunted is true. I see quite clearly that the Duke is delighted to have this scandal of a duel—oh! the shocking things duels, Monsieur Soi-disant!—shut up. In the forenoon he was mightily vexed with that poor Count What-do-you-call-him for a purely personal reason that I may tell you of later, but mainly because his duty compelled him to secure the other party to the—let us say, outrage. You follow, Monsieur Soi-disant?"

"*Parfaitement*, Madame la Duchesse," said Count Victor, wondering where all this led to.

"I am a foolish sentimentalist, I daresay you may think—for

a person of my age (are you quite comfortable, monsieur? I fear that chair does not suit you)—I am a foolish sentimentalist, as I have said, and I may tell you I pleaded very hard for the release of this luckless compatriot of yours who was then in the fosse. But, oh dear! his Grace was adamant, as is the way with dukes, at least in this country, and I pleaded in vain."

"Naturally, madame; his Grace had his duty as a good subject."

"Doubtless," said the Duchess; "but there have been occasions in history, they assure me, when good subjects have been none the less nice husbands. Monsieur can still follow me?"

Count Victor smiled and bowed again, and wished to heaven her Grace the Duchess had a little more of the gift of expedition. He had come looking for a sword and found a sermon.

"I know I weary you," she went on complacently. "I was about to say that while the Duke desires to do his duty, even at the risk of breaking his wife's heart, it was obvious to me he was all the time sorry to have to do it, and when we heard that our Frenchman had escaped I, take my word for it, was not the only one relieved."

"I do not wonder, madame," said Montaiglon, "that the subject in this case should capitulate to—to—to the——"

"To the loving husband, you were about to say. La! you are too gallant, monsieur, I declare. And as a matter of fact the true explanation is less to my husband's credit and less

flattering to me, for he had his own reasons."

"One generally has," reflected the Count aloud.

"Quite! and in his case they are very often mine. Dear Archie! Though he did not think I knew it, I saw clearly that he had his own reasons, as I say, to wish the Frenchman well out of the country. Now could you guess what these reasons were?"

Count Victor confessed with shame that it was beyond him.

"I will tell you. They were not his own interests, and they were not mine, that influenced him: I had not to think very hard to discover that they were the interests of the Chamberlain. I fancy his Grace knows that the less inquiry there is into this encounter the better for all concerned."

"I daresay, Madame la Duchesse," agreed Count Victor; "and yet the world speaks well of the Chamberlain, one hears."

"'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you!'" quoted the Duchess sententiously.

"It only happens when the turf is in our teeth," said the Count, "and then *De mortuis* is a motto our dear friends use more as an excuse than as a moral."

"I do not like our Chamberlain, monsieur; I may frankly tell you so. I should not be surprised to learn that my husband knows a little more about him than I do, and I give you my word I know enough to consider him hateful."

"These are most delicate considerations, Madame la Duchesse," said the Count, vastly charmed by her manner but

naturally desirous of the open air. Every step he heard in neighbouring lobbies, every slammed door, spoiled his attention to the lady's confidences, and he had an uneasy sense that she was not wholly unamused at his predicament, however much his friend.

"Delicate considerations, true, but I fear they do not interest Monsieur Soi-disant. How should they indeed? Gossip, monsieur, gossip! At our age, as you might say, we must be chattering. I *know* you are uncomfortable on that chair. Do, monsieur, please take another."

This time he was convinced of his first suspicion that she was having her revenge for his tactless remark to her husband, for he had not stirred at all in his chair, but had only reddened, and she had a smile at the corners of her mouth.

"At my age, Madame la Duchesse, we are quite often impertinent fools. There is, however, but one age—the truly golden. We reach it when we fall first in love, and there love keeps us. His Grace, Madame la Duchesse, is, I am sure, the happiest of men."

She was seated opposite him. Leaning forward a little, she put forth her hand in a motherly unembarrassed way, and placed it for a moment on his knee, looking into his face, smiling.

"Good boy! good boy!" she said.

And then she rose as if to hint that it was time for him to go.

"I see you are impatient; perhaps you may meet the Duke on his way back."

"Charmed, Madame la Duchesse, I assure you," said the Count with a grimace, and they both fell into laughing.

She recovered herself first to scan the shoes and coat again. "How droll!" said she. "Ah, monsieur, you are delightful in your foibles, but I wish it had looked like any other coat than Simon MacTaggart's. I have never seen his without wondering how many dark secrets were underneath the velvet. Had this coat of yours been a perfect fit, believe me I had not expected much from you of honour or of decency. Oh! there I go on chattering again, and you have said scarcely twenty words."

"Believe me, Madame la Duchesse, it is because I can find none good enough to express my gratitude," said Count Victor, making for the door.

"Pooh! Monsieur Soi-disant, a fig for your gratitude! Would you have me inhospitable to a guest who would save me even the trouble of opening my door? And that, by the way, reminds me, monsieur, that you have not even hinted at what you might be seeking his Grace for? Could it be—could it be for a better fit in coats?"

"For a mere trifle, madame, no more than my sword."

"Your sword, monsieur? I know nothing of Monsieur Soi-disant's sword, but I think I know where is one might serve his purpose."

With these words she went out of the room, hurried along the corridor, and returned in a moment or two with Count Victor's weapon, which she

dragged back by its belt as if she loathed an actual contact with the thing itself.

"There!" she said, affecting a shudder. "A mouse and a rapier, they are my bitterest horrors. If you could only guess what a coward I am! Good night, monsieur, and I hope—I hope"—she laughed as she hung on the wish a moment—"I hope you will meet his Grace on the way. If so, you may tell him 'tis rather inclement weather for the night air—at his age," and she laughed again. "If you do not see him—as is possible—come back soon; look! my door bids you in your own language—*Revenez bientôt*. I am sure he will be charmed to see you; and to make his delight the more, I shall never mention you were here to-night."

She went along the lobby

and looked down the stair to see that the way was clear; came back and offered her hand.

"Madame la Duchesse, you are very magnanimous," he said, exceedingly grateful.

"Imprudent, rather," she corrected him.

"Magnanimity and Prudence are cousins who, praise *le bon Dieu!* never speak to each other, and the world is very much better for it." He pointed to the motto on the panel. "I may never come back, madame," said he, "but at least I shall never forget."

"*Au plaisir de vous revoir*, Monsieur Soi-disant," she said in conclusion, and went into her room and closed the door.

"Now there's a darling!" said the Duchess as she heard his footsteps softly departing. "Archie was just such another—at his age."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—BACK IN DOOM.

The night brooded on the Highlands when Count Victor reached the shore. Snow and darkness clotted in the clefts of the valleys opening innumerable on the sea, but the hills held up their heads and thought among the stars—unbending and august and pure, knowing nothing at all of the glens and shadows. It was like a convocation of spirits. The peaks rose everywhere white to the brows and vastly ruminating. An ebbing tide too, so that the strand was bare. Up on the sands where there had been that folly of the morning the waves rolled in an ascending lisp, spilled upon at

times with gold when the decaying moon—a halbert-head thrown angrily among Ossian's flying ghosts, the warrior clouds—cut through them sometimes and was so reflected in the sea. The sea was good—good to hear and smell; the flying clouds were grateful to the eye; the stars—he praised God for the delicious stars not in words but in an exultation of gratitude and affection, yet the mountain-peaks were most of all his comforters.

He had run from the castle as if the devil had been at his red heels, with that ridiculous coat flapping its heavily braided skirts about his calves; passed

through snow-smothered gardens, bordered boding dark plantations of firs, leaped opposing fell-dykes whence sheltering animals ran terrified at the apparition, and he came out upon the seaside at the bay as one who has overcome a nightmare and wakens to see the familiar friendly glimmer of the bedroom fire.

A miracle! and mainly worked by a glimpse of these blanched hills. For he knew now they were an inseparable part of his memory of Olivia, *her hills, her sheltering sentinels*, the mere sight of them Doom's orison. Though he had thought of her so much when he shivered in the fosse, it had too often been as something unattainable, never to be seen again perhaps, a part of his life past and done with. An incubus rode his chest, though he never knew till now when it fled at the sight of Olivia's constant friends the mountains. Why, the girl lived! her home was round the corner there dark-jutting in the sea! He could, with some activity, be rapping at her father's door in a couple of hours!

"*Grâce de Dieu!*" said he, "let us leave trifles and go home."

It was a curious sign of his preoccupation, ever since he had escaped from his imprisonment, that he should not once have thought on where he was to fly to till this moment when the hills inspired. "Silence, thought, calm, and purity, here they are!" they seemed to tell him, and by no means unattainable. Where (now that he had time to think of it) could he possibly go to-night but to the

shelter of Doom? Let the morrow decide for itself. *À demain les affaires sérieuses!* Doom and—Olivia. What eyes she had, that girl! They might look upon the assailant of her wretched lover with anything but favour; yet even in anger they were more to him than those of all the world else in love.

Be sure Count Victor was not standing all the time of these reflections shivering in the snow. He had not indulged a moment's hesitation since ever he had come out upon the bay, and he walked through the night as fast as his miserable shoes would let him.

The miles passed, he crossed the rivers that mourned through hollow arches and spread out in brackish pools along the shore. Curlews piped dolorously the very psalm of solitude, and when he passed among the hazel-woods of Strone and Ach-natra, their dark recesses belled continually with owls. It was the very pick of a lover's road: no outward vision but the sombre masses of the night, the valleys of snow, and the serene majestic hills to accompany that inner sight of the woman; no sounds but that of solemn waters and the forest creatures to make the memory of her words the sweeter. A road for lovers, and he was the second of the week, though he did not know it. Only, Simon MacTaggart had come up hot-foot on his horse, a trampling conqueror (as he fancied); the Count trudged shamefully undignified through snow that came high upon the silken stockings, and long ago had

made his dancing-shoes shapeless and sodden. But he did not mind that: he had a goal to make for, an ideal to cherish timidly. Once or twice he found himself with some surprise humming Gringoire's song, that surely should never go but with a light heart.

And in the fulness of time he approached the point of land from which he knew he could first see Doom's dark promontory if it were day. There his steps slowed. Somehow it seemed as if all his future fortune depended upon whether or not a light shone through the dark to greet him. Between him and the sea rolling in upon a spit of the land there was—of all things!—a herd of deer dimly to be witnessed running back and forward on the sand as in some confusion at his approach: at another time the thing should have struck him with amazement, but now he was too busy with his speculation whether Doom should gleam on him or not to study this phenomenon of the frosty wilds. He made a bargain with himself: if the isle was black, that must mean his future fortune; if a light was there, however tiny, it was the star of happy omen, it was—it was—it was several things he dared not let himself think upon for fear of immediate disappointment.

For a minute he paused as if to gather his courage and then make a dash round the point.

Ventre Dieu! Blackness! His heart ached.

And then, as most men do in similar circumstances, he

decided that the test was a preposterous one. Why, faith! should he relinquish hope of everything because—

What! the light was there. Like a fool he had misjudged the distance in the darkness, and had been searching for it in the wrong place. It was so bright that it might be a star estrayed, a tiny star and venturesome, gone from the keeping of the maternal moon and wandered into the wood behind Doom to tangle in the hazel-boughs. A dear star! a very gem of stars! a star more precious than all the others in that clustered sky, because it was the light of Olivia's window. A plague on all the others with their twinkling search among the clouds for the little one lost! he wished it had been a darker night that he might have only this one visible.

By rights he should be weary and cold, and the day's events should trouble him; but, to tell the truth, he was in a happy exaltation all the rest of the way. Sometimes the star of hope evaded him as he followed the bending path, trees interposing: he only ran the faster to get it into his vision again, and it was his beacon up to the very walls of Doom.

The castle took possession of the night.

How odd that he should have fancied that brave tower arrogant: it was tranced in the very air of friendliness and love—the fairy residence, the moated keep of all the sweet old tales his nurse was used to tell him when he was a child in Cammercy.

And there he had a grateful

memory of the ringleted middle-aged lady who had alternately whipped and kissed him, and in his night's terrors soothed him with tales. "My faith!" said he, "thou didst not think thy Perrault's 'Contes des Fées' might, twenty years after, have so close an application to a woman and a tower in misty Albion."

He walked deliberately across to the rock, went round the tower, stood a moment in the draggled arbour — the poor arbour of dead ideals. Doom, that once was child of the noisy wars, was dead as the Château d'Arques save for the light in its mistress's window. Poor old shell! and yet somehow he would not have had it otherwise.

He advanced and rapped at the door. The sound rang in the interior, and presently Mungo's shuffling steps were heard and his voice behind the door inquiring who was there.

"A friend," answered Count Victor, humouring the little old man's fancy for affairs of arms.

"A friend!" repeated Mungo with contempt. "A man on a horse has aye hunders o' frien's in the gutter, as Annapla says, and it wad need to be somethin' rarer to get into Doom i' the mirk o' nicht. I opened the door to a frien' the ither nicht, and he gripped me by the craig and fair choked me afore I could cry a barley."

"*Peste!* Do not flatter my English so much as to tell me you do not recognise Count Victor's accent through a door."

"Lord keep's!" cried Mungo,

hastily drawing his bolts. "Hae ye changed ye'r mind already and left the inns? It's a guid thing for your wife ye're no marrit, or she wad be the sorry woman wi' sic a shiftin' man."

His astonishment was even greater when Count Victor stood before him a ludicrous figure with his too ample coat.

"Dinna tell me ye hae come through the snaw this nicht like that!" he cried incredulous, holding up his candle the better to examine the figure.

Count Victor laughed, and for an answer simply thrust forth a sopping foot to his examination.

"Man, ye must hae been hot on't!" said the servant, shaking his cowed head till the tassel danced above his temple. "Ye'r shoon's fair steeped wi' water. Water's an awfu' thing to rot ye'r boots: I aye said if it rotted ane's boots that way, whit wad it no' dae to ane's stomach? Oh, sirs! sirs! this is becomin' the throng hoose, wi' comin's and goin's and raps and roars and collieshangies o' a' kin's. If it wasna me was the canny gaird o't it's Himsel' wad hae to flit for the sake o' his nicht's sleep."

"You behold, Mungo, the daw in borrowed plumes," said Count Victor as the door was being barred again. "I hope the daw felt more comfortable than I do in mine," and he ruefully surveyed his apparel. "Does Master Mungo recognise these peacock feathers?"

Mungo scanned the garment curiously.

"It's gey like ane I've seen on a bigger man," he answered.

"And a better, perhaps, thought my worthy Mungo. I remember me that our peacock was a diplomatist and had a huge interest in your delightful stories."

A movement of Mungo's made him turn to see the Baron standing behind him a little bewildered at this apparition.

"*Failte!*" said the Baron, "and I fancy you would be none the waur, as we say, of the fireside."

He went before him into the *salle*, taking Mungo's candle. Mungo was despatched for Annapla, and speedily the silent abigail of visions was engaged upon that truly Gaelic courtesy, the bathing of the traveller's feet. The Baron considerably made no inquiries: if it was a caprice of Count Victor's to venture in dancing shoes and a borrowed jacket through dark snow-swept roads, it was his own affair. And the Count was so much interested in the new cheerfulness of his host (once so saturnine and melancholy) that he left his own affairs unmentioned for a while as the woman worked. It was quite a light-hearted recluse this, compared with that he had left a week ago.

"I am not surprised you found yon place dull," at the last hazarded the Baron.

"*Comment?*"

"Down-by, I mean. I'm glad myself always to get home out of it at this season. When the fishers are there it's all my fancy, but when it does not smell of herring, the stench of lawyers' sheepskins gets on the top and is mighty offensive to

any man that has had muckle to do with them."

"Dull!" repeated Count Victor, now comprehending; "I have crowded more experience into the past four-and-twenty hours than I might meet in a month anywhere east of Calais. I have danced with a duchess, fought a stupid duel, with a town looking on for all the world as if it were a performance in a circus with lathen weapons, moped in a dungeon, broken through the same, stolen a coat, tramped through miles of snow in a pair of pantoufles, forgotten to pay the bill at the inn, and lost my baggage and my reputation—which latter I swear no one in these parts will be glad to pick up for his own use. Baron, I'll be shot if your country is not bewitched. My faith! what happenings since I came here expecting to be killed with *ennui!* I protest I shall buy a Scots estate and ask all my friends over here to see real life. Only they must have good constitutions; I shall insist on them having good constitutions. And there's another thing—it necessitates that they must have so kind a friend as Monsieur le Baron and so hospitable a house as Doom to fall back on when their sport comes to a laughable termination, as mine has done to-night."

"Ah! then you have found your needle in the haystack after all?" cried Doom, vastly interested.

"Found the devil!" cried Montaiglon, a shade of vexation in his countenance, for he had not once that day had a thought of all that had brought him

into Scotland. "The haystack must be stuck full of needles like the bran of a pin-cushion."

"And this one, who is not the particular needle named Drindarroch?"

"I shall give you three guesses, M. le Baron."

Doom reflected, pulled out his nether lip with his fingers, looking hard at his guest.

"It is not the Chamberlain?"

"*Peste!*" thought the Count, "can the stern unbending parent have relented? You are quite right," he said; "no other. But it is not a matter of the most serious importance. I lost my coat and the gentleman lost a little blood. I have the best assurances that he will be on foot again in a week or two, by which time I hope—at all events I expect—to be out of all danger of being invited to resume the entertainment."

"In the meantime here's Doom, yours—so long as it is mine—while it's your pleasure to bide in it if you fancy yourself safe from molestation," said the Baron.

"As to that I think I may be tranquil. I have, there too, the best assurances that the business will be hushed up."

"So much the better, though in any case this seems to have marred your real engagements here in the matter of Drindarroch."

Count Victor's turn it was to feel vexation now. He pulled his moustache and reddened. "As to that, Baron," said he, "I pray you not to despise me, for I have to confess that my warmth in the mission that brought me here has abated

sadly. You need not ask me why. I cannot tell you. As for me and my affair, I have not forgotten, nor am I likely wholly to forget; but your haystack is as *difficile* as you promised it should be, and—there are divers other considerations. It necessitates that I go home. There shall be some raillery at my expense, doubtless — *Ciel!* how Louis my cousin will laugh!—but no matter."

He spoke a little abstractedly, for he saw a delicate situation approaching. He was sure to be asked—once Annapla's service was over—what led to the encounter, and to give the whole story frankly involved Olivia's name unpleasantly in a vulgar squabble. He saw for the first time that he had been wholly unwarranted in taking the defence of the Baron's interests into his own hands. Could he boldly intimate that in his opinion jealousy of himself had been the spring of the Chamberlain's midnight attacks on the castle of Doom? That were preposterous! And yet that seemed the only grounds that would justify his challenging the Chamberlain.

When Annapla was gone then Doom got the baldest of histories. He was encouraged to believe that all this busy day of adventure had been due to a simple quarrel after a game of cards, and where he should have preferred a little more detail he had to content himself with a humorous narrative of the escape, the borrowing of the coat, and the interview with the Duchess.

"And now with your permission, Baron, I shall go to bed," at last said Count Victor. "I shall sleep to-night like a *sabot*. I am, I know, the boldest of beggars for your grace and kindness. It seems I am fated in this country to make free, not only with my

enemy's coat, but with my dear friend's domicile as if it were an inn. To-morrow, Baron, I shall make my dispositions. The coat can be returned to its owner none the worse for my use of it, but I shall not so easily be able to square accounts with you."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—IN DAYS OF STORM.

In a rigorous privacy of storm that lasted many days after his return, and cut Doom wholly off from the world at large, Count Victor spent what but for several considerations would have been—perhaps indeed they really were—among the happiest moments of his life. It was good in that tumultuous weather, when tempests snarled and frosts fettered the country-side, and the sea continually wrangled round the rock of Doom, to look out on the inclemency from windows where Olivia looked out too. She used to come and stand beside him, timidly perhaps at first, but by-and-by with no self-consciousness. Her sleeve would touch his, sometimes indeed her shoulder must press against his arm and little strands of her hair almost blow against his lips, as in the narrow apertures of the tower they watched the wheeling birds from the outer ocean. For these birds she had what was little less than a passion. To her they represented the unlimited world of liberty and endeavour; at sight of them something stirred in her that was the gift of all the wandering years of that old Ulysses,

her grandfather, to whom the beckoning lights of ships at sea were irresistible; and though she doted on the glens of her nativity, she had the spirit that invests every hint of distant places and far-off happenings with magic parts.

She seemed content, and yet not wholly happy: he could hear her sometimes sigh, as he thought, from a mere wistfulness that had the illimitable spaces of the sea, the peopled isles and all their mystery, for background. To many of the birds that beat and cried about the place she gave names, investing them with histories, recounting humorously their careers. And it was odd that however far she sent them in her fancy—to the distant Ind, to the vexed Pole itself—with joy in their travelling, she assumed that their greatest joy was when they found themselves at Doom. The world was a place to fare forth in as far as you could, only to give you the better zest for Doom on your return.

This pleased her father hugely, but it scarcely tallied with the views of one who had fond memories of a land where sang the nightingale in its

season, and roads were traversable in the wildest winter weather: still Count Victor was in no mood to question it.

He was, save in rare moments of unpleasant reflection, supremely happy, thrilling to that accidental contact, paling at the narrow margins whereby her hair escaped conferring on him a delirium. He could stand at a window all day pretending interest in the monotonous hills and empty sea, only that he might keep her there too and indulge himself upon her eyes. They—so eager, deep, or busied with the matters of her thoughts—were enough for a common happiness; a debauch of it was in the contact of her arm.

And yet something in this complacency of hers bewildered him. Here, if you please, was a woman who but the other night (as it were) was holding clandestine meetings with Simon MacTaggart, and loving him to that extent that she defied her father. She could not but know that this foreigner had done his worst to injure her in the inner place of her affections, and yet she was to him more friendly than she had been before. Several times he was on the point of speaking on the subject. Once, indeed, he made a playful allusion to the flautist of the bower that was provocative of no more than a reddened cheek and an interlude of silence. But tacitly the lover was a theme for strict avoidance. Not even the Baron had a word to say on that, and they were numberless the topics they discussed in this enforced sweet domesticity.

A curious household! How it found provisions in these days Mungo alone could tell. The little man had his fishing-lines out continually, his gun was to be heard in neighbouring thickets that seemed from the island inaccessible, and when gun and line failed him it was perhaps not wholly wanting his persuasion that kain fowls came from the hamlet expressly for "her ladyship" Olivia. In pauses of the wind he and Annapla were to be heard in other quarters of the house in clamant conversation—otherwise it had seemed to Count Victor that Doom was left, an enchanted castle, to him and Olivia alone. For the father relapsed anew into his old strange melancholies, dozing over his books, indulging feint and riposte in the chapel overhead, or gazing moodily along the imprisoned coast. That he was free to dress now as he chose in his beloved tartan entertained him only briefly; obviously half the joy of his former recreations in the chapel had been due to the fact that they were clandestine: now that he could wear what he chose indoors, he pined that he could not go into the deer-haunted woods and the snowy highways in the *breacan* as of old. But that was not his only distress, Count Victor was sure.

"What accounts for your father's melancholy?" he had the boldness one day to ask Olivia.

They were at the window together, amused at the figure Mungo presented, as, with an odd travesty of the soldier's strategy, and all unseen as he

fancied, he chased a fowl round the narrow confines of the garden bent upon its slaughter.

"And you do not know the reason for that?" she asked, with her humour promptly clouded, and a loving and pathetic glance over her shoulder at the figure bent beside the fire. "What is the dearest thing to you?"

She could have put no more embarrassing question to Count Victor, and it was no wonder he stammered in his reply.

"The dearest," he repeated. "Ah! well—well—the dearest, Mademoiselle Olivia; *ma foi!* there are so many things."

"Yes, yes," she said impatiently, "but only one or two are at the heart's core." She saw him smile at this, and reddened. "Oh, how stupid I am to ask that of a stranger! I did not mean a lady—if there is a lady."

"There is a lady," said Count Victor, twisting the fringe of her shawl that had come of itself into his fingers as she turned.

A silence followed: not even he, so versed in all the evidence of love or coquetry, could have seen a quiver to betray her even if he had thought to look for it.

"I am the one," said she at length, "who will wish you well in that; but after her—after this—this lady—what is it that comes closest?"

"What but my country!" cried he, with a surging sudden memory of France.

"To be sure!" she acquiesced, "your country! I am not wondering at that. And ours is the closest to the core

of cores in us that have not perhaps so kind a country as yours, but still must love it when it is most cruel. We are like the folks I have read of—they were the Greeks who travelled so far among other clans upon the trade of war, and bound to burst in tears when they came after strange hills and glens to the sight of the same sea that washed the country of their infancy. 'Thalatta!'—was it not that they cried? When I read the story first in school in Edinburgh, I cried, myself, 'Lochfinne!' and thought I heard the tide rumbling upon this same rock. It is for that; it is because we must be leaving here my father is sad."

Here indeed was news!

"Leaving!" said Count Victor in astonishment.

"It is so. My father has been robbed; his people have been foolish; it is not a new thing in the Highlands of Scotland, Count Victor. You must not be thinking him a churl to be moping and leaving you to my poor entertainment, for it is ill to keep the pipes in tune when one is drying tears."

"Where will you go?" asked Count Victor, disturbed at the tidings and the distress she so bravely struggled to conceal.

"Where? indeed!" said Olivia. "That I cannot tell you yet. But the world is wide, and it is strange if there is any spot of it where we cannot find some of our own Gaelic people who have been flitting for a generation, taking the world for their pillow. What is it that will not come

to an end? My sorrow! the story on our door down there has been preparing me for this since ever I was a bairn. My great-great-grandfather was the wise man and the far-seeing when he carved it there—'Man, Behold the End of All, Be nocht Wiser than the Hiest. Hope in God!'" She struggled courageously with her tears that could not wholly be restrained, and there and then he could have gathered her into his arms. But he must keep himself in bounds and twist the fringes of her shawl.

"Ah, Olivia," said he, "you will die for the sight of home."

At that she dashed her hand across her eyes and boldly faced him, smiling.

"That would be a shameful thing in a Baron's daughter," said she. "No, indeed! when we must rise and go away, here is the woman who will go bravely! We live not in glens, in this house nor in that, but in the hearts that love us, and where my father is and friends are to be made, I think I can be happy yet. Look at the waves there, and the snow and the sea-birds! All these are in other places as well as here."

"But not the same, but not the same! Here I swear I could live content myself."

"What!" said she, smiling, and the rogue a moment dancing in her eyes. "No, no, Count Victor; to this you must be born like the stag in the corrie and the seal on the rock. We are a simple people, and a poor people—worse fortune!—poor and proud. Your world is dif-

ferent from ours, and there you will have friends that think of you."

"And you," said he, all aglow in passion but with a face of flint, "you are leaving those behind that love you too."

This time he watched her narrowly: she gave no sign.

"There are the poor people in the clachan there," said she; "some of them will not forget me, I am hoping, but that is all. We go. It is good for us, perhaps. Something has been long troubling my father more than the degradation of the clans and all these law pleas that Petullo has now brought to the bitter end. He is proud, and he is what is common in the Highlands when the heart is sore—he is silent. You must not think it is for myself I am vexing to leave Doom Castle; it is for him. Look! do you see the dark spot on the side of the hill yonder up at Ardno? That is the yew-tree in the churchyard where my mother, his wife, lies: it is no wonder that at night sometimes he goes out to look at the hills, for the hills are over her there and over the generations of his people in the same place. I never knew my mother, *mothruaigh!* but he remembers, and it is the hundred dolours (as we say) for him to part. For me I have something of the grandfather in me, and would take the seven bens for it, and the seven glens, and the seven mountain moors, if it was only for the sake of the adventure, though I should always like to think that I would

come again to these places of heredity."

And through all this never a hint of Simon MacTaggart! Could there be any other conclusion than the joyous one—it made his heart bound!—that that affair was at an end? And yet how should he ascertain the truth about a matter so close upon his heart? He put his pride in his pocket and went down that afternoon with the Chamberlain's coat in his hands. There was a lull in the wind, and the servitor was out of doors caulking the little boat, the argosy of poor fortunes, which had been drawn up from the menacing tides so that its prow obtruded on the half-hearted privacy of the lady's bower. Deer were on the shore, one sail was on the blue of the sea, a long way off, a triumphant flash of sun lit up the innumerable glens. A pleasant interlude of weather, and yet Mungo was in what he called, himself, a *tirravee*. He was honestly becoming impatient with this undeparting foreigner, mainly because Annapla was day by day the more insistent that he had not come wading into Doom without boots entirely in vain, and that her prediction was to be fulfilled.

"See! Mungo," said the Count; "the daw, if my memory fails not, had his plumes pecked off him, but I seem fated to retain my borrowed feathers until I pluck myself. Is it that you can have them at the first opportunity restored to our connoisseur in *contes*—your friend the Chamberlain?

It comes to occur to me that the gentleman's wardrobe may be as scanty as my own, and the absence of his coat may be the reason, more than my unfortunate pricking with a bodkin, for his inexplicable absence from—from—the lady's side."

Mungo had heard of the duel, of course; it was the understanding in Doom that all news was common property inasmuch as it was sometimes almost the only thing to pass round.

"Humph!" said he. "It wasna' sae ill to jag a man that had a wound already."

"Expiscate, good Master Mungo," said Count Victor, wondering. "What wound already? You speak of the gentleman's susceptible heart perhaps?"

"I speak o' naethin' o' the kind, but o' the man's airm. Ye ken fine ye gied him a push wi' your whinger that first night he cam' here wi' his fencible gang frae the Maltland and play-acted Black Andy o' Arroquhar."

"The devil!" cried Count Victor. "I wounded somebody, certainly, but till now I had no notion it might be the gentleman himself. Well, let me do him the justice to say he made rather pretty play with his weapon on the sands, considering he was wounded. And so, honest Mungo, the garrison was not really taken by surprise that night you found yourself plucked out like a periwinkle from your wicket? As frankness is in fashion, I may say that for a while I gave you credit for treason to the house, and treason now it

seems to have been, though not so black as I thought. It was MacTaggart who asked you to open the door?"

"Wha else? A bonny like cantrip! Nae doot it was because I tauld him Annapla's prophecy aboot a man with the bare feet. The deil's buckie! Ye kent yersel' brawly wha it was."

"I, Master Mungo! Faith, not I!"

Mungo looked incredulous.

"And what ails the ladyship, for she kent? I'll swear she kent the next day, though I took guid care no' to say cheep."

"I daresay you are mistaken there, my good Mungo."

"Mistaken! No me! It wasna' a' thegither in a tantrum o' an ordinar' kind she broke her tryst wi' him the very night efter ye left for the inns doon by. At onyrate, if she didna' ken then she kens noo, I'll warrant."

"Not so far as I am concerned, certainly."

Mungo looked incredulous. That any one should let go the chance of conveying so rare a piece of gossip to persons so immediately concerned was impossible of belief. "Na, na," said he, shaking his head; "she has every word o't, or her faither at least, and that's the same thing. But shoon or nae shoon, yon's the man for my money!"

"Again he has my felicitations," said Count Victor, with a good-humour unfailing. Indeed he could afford to be good-humoured if this were true. So

here was the explanation of Olivia's condescension, her indifference to her lover's injury, of which her father could not fail to have apprised her even if Mungo had been capable of a miracle and held his tongue. The Chamberlain, then, was no longer in favour! Here was joy! Count Victor could scarce contain himself. How many women would have been flattered at the fierceness of devotion implied in a lover's readiness to commit assassination out of sheer jealousy of a supposititious rival in her affections? But Olivia—praise *le bon Dieu*!—was not like that.

He thrust the coat into Mungo's hands and went hurriedly up to his room to be alone with his thoughts, that he feared might show themselves plainly in his face if he met either the lady or her father, and there for the first time had a memory of Cecile—some odd irrelevance of a memory—in which she figured in a masque in a Paris garden. Good God! that he should have failed to see it before: this Cecile had been an actress, as, he told himself, were most of her sex he had hitherto encountered, and 'twas doubtful if he once had touched her soul. Olivia had shown him now, in silences, in sighs, in some unusual *aura* of sincerity that was round her like the innocence of infancy, that what he thought was love a year ago was but its drossy elements. Seeking the first woman in the eyes of the second, he had found the perfect lover there!

(To be concluded.)

SHAKESPEARE AND THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

I.—THE KEY TO THE SONNETS ENIGMA.

MATTHEW ARNOLD has imagined a meeting with Shakespeare in the Elysian fields, and what he would say in reply to the remark—such a remark, we may suppose, as one master of verse is privileged to make to another—that he has frequent lines and passages entirely unworthy of him and in a strain quite false: he would smile, and reply that he knew it quite well himself, and what did it matter? One wonders whether his august and glorified shade would be as complacent over the criticisms passed upon his Sonnets: for example, by Steevens, one of his able editors, who held the Sonnets as a whole to be entirely unworthy of him, declaring that Malone's care for the text and the meaning was misplaced, that "his implements of criticism, like the ivory rake and golden spade of Prudentius, are on this occasion disgraced by the objects of their culture"; or by the scrupulous Hallam, who wished that they had never been written, for all their many beauties; or by the latest and most diligent student of his personal history, Halliwell-Phillips, who thinks that the Sonnets "would be the most powerful lyrics yet given to the world" if they revealed the poet's inmost thoughts and feelings, but denies (how futile to deny it!) that they refer to real persons and events (except perhaps in a few instances), for

the reason that, "if the personal theory be accepted, we must concede the possibility of our national dramatist gratuitously confessing his sins and revealing those of others, proclaiming his disgrace, and avowing his repentance."

There are other judgments upon the Sonnets, some of them widely current and authoritative or definitive in form, which express or imply a similar reflection upon the poet's character—subserviency to a patron, paltry jealousy of a rival, and a love-affair "of no normal type." Hamlet was prophetic in his dying words, beseeching Horatio not to follow him out of life, but absent him from felicity awhile to tell his story—

"O good Horatio, what a wounded
name,
Things standing thus unknown, I leave
behind me!"

Shakespeare had to be his own Horatio in guarding his good name to posterity. He prepared his Sonnets for the press and had them published in 1609, probably among the last things he did before he left London. If he had any belief at all in their promise of an eternity of fame to himself (S. 107) and to the principal person addressed in them (S. 81), he must have looked on the book as testamentary. But he must have known that he was throwing an enigma to the

world, to make what it could of; and therefore he went as far as he thought fit in supplying a key. The division of the Sonnets into two main groups, and the arrangement in sequences of those in the larger group, are indications of at least ordinary care; while the printed text gives here and there (as the sequel will show) such clues as typography can give to the identity of persons. He might indeed have been more explicit, for example by writing headings to the several sonnets, as some of his contemporaries did; but he seems to have been chary of revealing more than circumstances warranted at the time. At the end of the volume he printed a remarkable poem, "A Lover's Complaint," which, if also enigmatic, seems to be meant somehow to help out the story of the Sonnets ("their distract parcels in combined sums"); and in it he has left a valuable hint of what his method was in the enigma—he gives us his view of the capabilities and uses of the sonnet as a lyrical form. It is the more necessary to recall this hint, inasmuch as Wordsworth has missed it in his categories of sonnet-writers. ("Scorn not the sonnet," &c.) His first example is, "With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart"; but some have doubted the fact, Browning among them. It would have been more correct to have added, "and with the same key he locked up his meaning." His own view of the sonnet is hardly expressed by any of Wordsworth's examples; it is called "deep-brained," and is

likened to the diamond, the emerald, the sapphire, or the opal—

"each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made
some moan."

There are only a few of the whole one hundred and fifty-four Sonnets so vehement and impassioned as to have no place for wit; in some even of the gravest kind, and in all the gay, there is wit everywhere. One is apt to think that Milton's characteristics of "L'Allegro" and of "Il Penseroso," if they were ever being mixed, would best express the spirit and method of the Sonnets—the "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" of the cheerful man, with the "sage and solemn tunes" of the pensive man, "where more is meant than meets the ear." It is noteworthy that Milton uses in "Il Penseroso" a striking figure, "forget thyself to marble," which he had used before in his Epitaph on Shakespeare: surely he was thinking of the Sonnets of 1609 quite as much as of the Folio of 1623:—

"For whilst to th' shame of slow-en-
deavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each
heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued
book
Those Delphic lines with deep impres-
sion took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereav-
ing,
Dost make us marble with too much
conceiving."

It is a long way from that to a certain modern view, which sees in the Sonnets either "frigid conceits," or such veiled personal meanings as the author never meant to be given to the world.

The most damnable of all the recent heresies is, that the Sonnets were abstracted from the author's desk, and published without his leave by a low bookseller, who at the same time annexed the "Lover's Complaint,"—"with characteristic insolence," as Mr Sidney Lee thinks. The single ground of this queer hypothesis is, that the dedication of the volume is made by the publisher and not by the author—as if the author had not an obvious and imperative reason for putting forward the convenient publisher to dedicate the book to its "only begetter" (the phrase covering a sly joke), wishing him all happiness now that years had passed and by-gones were by-gones, the reason, namely, that, on the book's own showing, they had met last in a deadly quarrel, and had parted with the *envoi* of S. 125 flung at his false friend's head by the angry playwright:—

"Hence, thou suborn'd *Informer!* a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control."

How can any one maintain that the quarto of 1609 had not been prepared for the press by the author himself? Mr George Wyndham, who has made the editing of Shakespeare's Poems (1898) a labour of love, has shown that the longer sequence of one hundred and twenty-six Sonnets is, at all events, a natural order, which hardly admits of rearrangement, and must have been designed. He finds evidence also of the author's care for his copy, as one

piece, if not also for the proof-sheets of the book, in the high degree of uniformity with which italics (with capitals) are used for certain words to the number of thirty-six, as well as in the methodical use of capitals for a much larger group of common nouns (some two hundred) which he classifies under five heads. It is, of course, arguable that the copy had been found by the supposed thief in a condition all ready for the press; and it may be urged that the printed text shows so many errors and so much careless pointing that the author could hardly have taken pains to correct the proofs, and possibly may not have seen them. But the state of the text, which, as Boaden said, is "neither careless nor inelegant," is not that of a book printed without the author's knowledge. Any one who is curious to see the difference between a pirated edition and an author's edition of a work of that age may compare the 4th edition of Davison's 'Poetical Rapsodie,' 1621, with any of the three editions printed in his lifetime. Supposing the copy to have been stolen, and printed without his knowledge, he could have stopped it as he stopped one or more Plays, and as he probably stopped some of the sonnets which were circulating among his friends: a book made up of 'Amores' by J. D. (Sir John Davies) "with certeine othyr sonnetes by W. S." was entered on the Stationers' Register, 3rd January 1600, by Eleazer Edgar, but is not heard of again.

The words printed in italics with initial capitals will strike every one who uses the original text. There is one in the second line of the opening sonnet—namely, *Rose*: it is the keynote. There is another, *Hews*, in S. 20, which is obviously a play between a proper name and the common noun “hew,” or “hue.” In Sonnets 135 and 136 there are ten printings of *Will*, to pun with the word for volition or desire, and one more in S. 143 (“for my name is *Will*”). Besides these thirteen, there are twenty-three more, which Mr Wyndham accounts for severally (all but the *Informers* of S. 125) as “either a proper name, or else of Greek or Latin extraction.” But that is hardly the correct principle. All the names from classical mythology, along with *Eve* from Biblical, are printed uniformly in italics to the number of eleven, and with these the adjective *Grecian* is included by a slip. The vigilance with which these scattered names had been underlined is in marked contrast to the carelessness of Thomas Watson’s ‘Tears of Fancy,’ a posthumous volume of sonnets (1593), in which nineteen of the names from Ovid are in italics and fourteen of them in roman (in a copy which wants Sonnets 9-16).

Next we come to a group of words, not only of Latin or Greek “extraction,” as Mr Wyndham says (which would be a wide class), but pure Latin or Greek or Arabic—*Quietus*, *Interim*, *Audit* (twice), *Statue*

(elsewhere *statua*), *Abism*, and *Alcumie*—every instance of the kind is in italics except one “audit” and one “alcumie.” In the “*Lover’s Complaint*” the close observance of the rule is almost startling. There is only one word in italics in the whole forty-seven stanzas—namely, *Alloes*, bitter aloes, in stanza 39, being a pure Greek word of three syllables like *statua* in Latin; and that is the only word in all the poem that calls for italics, according to the typographical rules deduced from the Sonnets.

There remain only four of the italicised words to deal with, besides *Rose*, *Hews*, and the eleven *Wills*—namely, *Informers*, *Autumne*, *Heriticke*, and *Alien* in the “alien pen” of the rival poet of S. 78. It may be said that “alien” is Law Latin like “audit,” and should be in the same group; but it was much too old a synonym for “stranger” to be still treated as a pure Latin word, having been in Wyclif’s Bible both as an adjective and a substantive; besides, there is no propriety in using it in “alien pen” for its literal meaning: it is italicised just because it is used for some other purpose. So also the italics in “thou suborn’d *Informers*” are a special underlining, the sting of which would have been felt by the person to whom the sonnet was written. *Autumne* in S. 104, in the context of six other seasons or months not in italics, may be meant to mark the poet’s own season—

“That time of year thou may’st in me
behold.”

Heritike occurs in the remarkable phrase of S. 124, "policy, that Heretic" (compare "T. Night," iii. ii. 33), which has a sufficient meaning in the original Greek sense of "policy, that free-to-choose"; therefore the italics, to distinguish its use here from its ordinary ecclesiastical use elsewhere (eight times in the Plays). After these, we are left with *Rose*, *Hews*, *Alien*, and the *Wills*; and these contain the key or keys to the enigma of the real personages and events of the Sonnets.

Malone's explanation of the line in S. 20—

"A man in hew, all *Hews* in his controlling"

—was that *Hews* (Hughes) was some one's surname; but he had not attempted to construe "Controlling all *Hews* (or Hughes) in his own hew"—i.e., in his own mien or aspect. *Hews* is not a surname singular, with a possessive ending, but the plural of a proper name, as the "all *Hews*" requires it to be. It is a play upon one of the baronies or courtesy titles of the Earl of Pembroke, Fitzhugh, or Fitzhew; so that the line construes: "A man in hew, [my lord Fitzhew],—the lord of all the sons of Hew." In like manner, in the opening couplet of S. 1—

"From fairest creatures we desire
increase,
That thereby beauty's *Rose* might
never die"

—*Rose* is my lord Rose, my lord Ros of Kendal, another of the Pembroke baronies. The only

real barony of the earldom of Pembroke at that time was Herbert of Cardiff, which was young Herbert's proper courtesy title; but his father, the second earl, who was much engrossed with genealogy and heraldry, had annexed, on the death without issue of his maternal uncle Lord Parr in 1571, a whole garland of ancient or semi-legendary baronies, two of which—Marmion and St Quentin—were, according to Dugdale, never alive at all as baronies of the realm, while the other three or four were probably defunct—namely, the primary barony of Parr and its pendants Fitzhugh, Ros of Kendal, and Hart (in Northamptonshire), the last having been a new creation by patent of 38 Henry VIII. to the last Lord Parr. All of these, excepting Hart, continued to be given as Pembroke baronies as late as the 1812 edition of Collins's 'Peerage,' and it is clear that they were in actual use in Shakespeare's time, from a sonnet of Francis Davison (1602) addressed to William, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Herbert of Cardiff, Marmion, and St Quentin.

Shakespeare's favourite among these courtesy titles appears to have been my lord Ros, which made a good pet name as my lord Rose. The imagery of the *Rose* (always with a capital), including its colours, perfumes, distilled essence, thorns, and canker, recurs in sonnet after sonnet, and may run through all the fourteen lines, as in S. 54 and S. 95. In the latter there is a line which is con-

clusive proof that he knew W. H. by the name of Rose:—

“How sweet and lovely dost thou
make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant
Rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding
name!
Oh in what sweets dost thou thy sins
inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy
days,
(Making lascivious comments on thy
sport)
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of
praise:
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
Oh what a mansion have those vices
got,
Which for their habitation chose out
thee,
Where beauty’s veil doth cover every
blot,
And all things turns to fair that eyes
can see!”

What other name than Rose can be said, in the naming of it, to bless an ill report? As Bishop Hall says: “Anything passes well under the rose.” The sonnet might have been headed either *Sub Rosa* or *Couleur de Rose*. Again, as late as S. 109, we find in the last line, “Save thou, my Rose,” although not one word in the sonnet leads up to it as a figure of speech: it is the old pet name escaping from him, the same name as in S. 89:—

“and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall
dwell.”

That the sweet name was Rose is the more probable from the parallel case of Rosaline in “Love’s Labour’s Lost”:—

“When tongues speak sweetly, then
they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her.”

The other Pembroke baronies were not so well suited to

allegorical or paronomastic uses; the single attempt with Fitzhew, “all Hews in his controlling,” is ingenious but not neat. It is not easy to pun upon Parr, while Marmion and St Quentin are best left alone. But one can imagine Hart (Heart) being treated like Ros, and it is not impossible that occasional puns upon it are intended. The pair of anti-thetic sonnets, 46 and 47, upon the heart and the eye, are, however, best explained as a parody of Watson’s jingling pair, 19 and 20 of the ‘Tears of Fancy.’ It is probable that the garland of semi-legendary or defunct Pembroke baronies was a subject of banter at the time; and that hypothesis might be tried to explain the mysterious Sonnet 31, which would be headed, “Dead Baronies alive again”:—

“Thy bosom is endeared with all
hearts
Which I by lacking have supposed
dead;
And there reigns Love and all Love’s
loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought
buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol’n from
mine eyes
As interest of the dead, which now
appear
But things remov’d that hidden in thee
lie.
Thou art the grave where buried love
doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers
gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did
give,
That due of many now is thine alone.
Their images I lov’d I view in thee
And thou (all they) hast all the all
of me.”

Besides the genealogy, the

heraldry of the Pembroke family comes also into two sonnets. The extraordinary imagery of the apostrophe to Time in S. 19, a lion with retracted claws, a tiger with toothless jaws, and a phoenix, are very nearly the supporters and crest of the Pembroke arms, the panther supporter being changed into a tiger, and the wyvern of the crest into the more familiar and equally fabulous phoenix :—

“Devouring Time, blunt thou the
Lion’s paws,
And make the Earth devour her own
sweet brood :
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce
Tiger’s jaws,
And burn the long-lived Phoenix in her
blood.”

To explain the second line one must go to heraldry. The lion as the brood of the earth is the heraldic lion *issuant*, as Milton also conceives him in his primal creation, “Par. Lost,” vii. 463 ; the sweet brood of the earth being devoured by its mother is the lion in the opposite heraldic situation, whatever the term for it may be.

The second instance is S. 105, which might be headed with the Pembroke motto—*“Ung je servirai”* :—

“Let not my love be called Idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an Idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises
be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow
kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
Therefore my verse to constancy con-
fin’d,
One thing expressing, leaves out differ-
ence,” &c.

The “Idolatry” and “Idol” of

the opening lines point clearly to a portrait (as in “Two Gent. of Ver.,” iv. ii. 129) which would have had the family motto painted on it. One of the engraved portraits of Lord Pembroke has *Ung je servirai* in large letters round the border.

The identity of the person addressed in the first series of sonnets with Lord Pembroke being thus determined beyond reasonable doubt, according to the original guess of Mr Heywood Bright of Lincoln’s Inn (1818), on grounds which his fastidiousness in completing his proof kept him from ever publishing, and according to the evidence of Mr Boaden in 1832, which Hallam and many others have held to be sufficient for practical assent although it was not a “strict” proof, it becomes easy to fix the dates of the several events which inspired certain groups of the Sonnets. The opening series—1-17—addressed to a youth unwilling to marry, are explained by the unsuccessful project of marriage, in 1597, between Lord Herbert, aged seventeen, and Bridget Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. In the spring of 1598 young Herbert commenced residence in London, and appeared at Court—

“His years but young, but his experi-
ence old ;
His head unmellow’d, but his judgement
ripe”

—like Proteus arriving at the Court of Milan in “The Two Gentlemen of Verona.” An intimacy with Shakespeare appears to have been struck up

at once, the traces of which are in the affectionate and admiring Sonnets 1-32. If it should seem, as it seemed to Hallam, that these and other sonnets betray an "excessive and misplaced affection," it should be kept in mind as explaining the writer's obviously sincere compliments to the young noble, "the world's fresh ornament," that Clarendon, in his faithful portrait of Lord Pembroke, declares him to have been "the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age." Before long ("he was but one hour mine") an unpleasantness arose between them about the lady whom the poet regarded as his mistress. This comes into eight sonnets as a very serious matter; but after S. 42 it is dropped, and does not appear again until S. 93, but for a passing reference to slander or suspicion, like a crow in the clear sky, in S. 70. The Sonnets from 43 to 63 correspond with an uneventful period, during part of which the writer seems to have been on tour as an actor. Next comes a striking sequence of three, 64-66, which suit exactly the title of one of Spenser's poems, "The Ruins of Time," and were probably inspired by that poet's sad death in ruined circumstances at his lodging in King Street, Westminster, on 10th January 1599. The series of ten which follow, 67-76, are notable chiefly for their despondent tone, and for one probable hint of suicide in S. 74 ("the coward conquest of a wretch's knife"). Then comes the remarkable episode

of the Rival Poet in nine sonnets, 78-86, with the bitter feelings which it left behind, in six more sonnets. S. 77, the next before the rival-poet series begins, gives us a clue to the date. It is written to accompany the gift of a blank-book, or table-book, in which it was probably inscribed. Malone pointed out that it was the custom to make such gifts on New Year's Day; but Steevens cited the case of Lord Orrery sending Swift a pocket-book on his birthday, with just such another sonnet written in it. The theme was the lapse of time; and as it is young Herbert's natal years ("thy precious minutes") rather than calendar years that are meant, the occasion was probably his birthday. If we take it to have been his nineteenth birthday, the date of S. 77 would have been 8th April 1599. The very next sonnet opens the affair of the rival poet, which with its bitter sequel may be supposed to carry us towards the end of that year. There was then a break in the correspondence for the greater part of a year—spring, summer, and autumn being named as the seasons of absence. Mr Wyndham has found a clue to the date in S. 98:—

"From you have I been absent in the
spring,
When proud pied April, dressed in all
his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every
thing:
That heavy *Saturn* laught and leapt
with him."

He has ascertained that Saturn was in opposition on 4th April

1600, 17th April 1601, and 29th April 1602, rising as a bright planet about sunset in the first year, and at a gradually later hour in the Aprils of the two next years. Our choice is really limited to the April of 1600 by two valuable clues to the dates which are contained in the following group of sonnets, 100-126. The first of these is in S. 104, which counts the seasons that had passed since their friendship began: thrice had winter shaken the leaves from the trees, thrice had autumn turned to yellow, thrice had April perfumes burned hot in June. Starting from the spring of 1598, we should now be in the middle of the third winter, 1600-1601. The other clue confirms this, the national event of S. 107—

“Not mine own fears nor the prophetic soul,” &c.

The queen, under the figure of the mortal Moon, had endured, or emerged from, an eclipse, and the sad augurs were mocking their own presages. This was the foiled attempt of the Earl of Essex, with a large following of peers, knights, and squires, to overthrow the queen's rule on 7th and 8th February 1601. There had been a notable eclipse the year before, on which Woodhouse's Almanack for 1601 based a prognostication that its influence would be felt in the State from 20th January 1601 until November. When the rebellion of Essex took place, the populace were so impressed by Woodhouse's prophecy that

the Government thought it necessary to call in the copies of the paltry book. There was no other event in Elizabeth's reign which threatened her in the same way. In the Directions for Preachers issued in time for the Sunday after the attempt it was stated: “If he had not been prevented, there had never been a rebellion in England since Richard II. more desperate and dangerous. The rebellion in the North was far off, and thereby not so perilous. The Great Armada of Spain was but a thunderclap, the noise being greater than the danger, and her Majesty's subjects faithfully united to encounter it.” Shakespeare's “own fears,” for his liberty “supposed as forfeit to a confined doom,” are explained by the fact that some of Essex's friends went, on the Thursday or Friday before, to the Globe Theatre, and there arranged with Augustine Phillips, Shakespeare's fellow-actor and friend, to play on the Saturday “the deposing and killing of Richard II.,” and promised to give the actors forty shillings more than ordinary to do so, the play being “so old and so long out of use that they should have a small company at it.” Essex's friends went over the water to see the play, after dining “at Gunter's”; the gossip of the day gives the impression that the play they had seen was “Henry IV.,” whereas it was undoubtedly “Richard II.” Phillips was examined before the Privy Council; the actors of the Globe probably had their fears, but

none of them appear to have been arrested.

In the drama of the Sonnets, as in most dramas, the leading motive is a love-affair, which appears as early as S. 33, and leads to rapid developments and passionate scenes in the last group of sonnets. But the episode of the Rival Poet, which comes between, is also an integral part of the drama, and hardly second to the other in its bearing upon Shakespeare's fortunes. It will be most convenient to take it first.

The first thing is to identify the rival poet. Having done so, we shall find that his identity throws a new light upon the real issue involved, which, in turn, explains the "tragic intensity" (Wyndham) of the sonnets that follow. In the nine sonnets upon the rival poet himself, 78-86, there are four clues to his identity, one of which has been used already by Boaden to show that Samuel Daniel was the poet meant. It will be shown that the rivalry was really a struggle to gain the Pembroke interest in the competition for the office of Poet-Laureate and its substantial pension, vacant on the death of Spenser.

The first clue to Daniel is in the italicised word of "*Alien* pen" in the third line of the 78th sonnet, which opens the subject rather abruptly. "*Alien*" is not the adjective which would have been applied to the rival's pen for its aptness; it would not have been an apt word unless the other poet had been a foreigner, which is out of the question. The word is chosen,

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and printed in italics with a capital, for the sake of an anagram. It is an anagram of Daniel all but the D. It is also an imperfect anagram (nothing unusual then, see Manningham's Diary, Camden Soc., 1868, p. 18) of Alleyn or Aleyn, and a perfect anagram of the last in the archaic spelling "alyen." Thomas Alleyn, well known as a necromancer (see Fuller and Aubrey), is stated by Anthony Wood to have cast Herbert's nativity, and is supposed to have enjoyed the patronage and hospitality of the Pembroke family. It appears from S. 86 that the other poet had astrological "compeers by night"; and Boaden, following up a hint originally given by Steevens, discovered him in Daniel, who had been young Herbert's tutor at Wilton, and must there have "come within the very lime-twigs of the necromancer's spells." The sonnet is explicit enough:—

"Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to
write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me
dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by
night,
Giving him aid, my verse astonished;
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelli-
gence."

Steevens thought that this meant Dr John Dee. He was the greatest necromancer of his time, and was countenanced by many of the nobility as well as by the Queen, who presented him, in 1596, to the wardenship of the college at Manchester (he had aspired to a deanery). Although Boaden did not see that this astrologer

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was not resident in London when the sonnet was written (as he did not work out the dates at all), yet he was led to associate Alleyn with the "compeers by night" because the latter had cast Herbert's nativity; so that Daniel, Dee, and Alleyn were all pointed at. And that is the explanation of "*Alien pen*"—an anagram which Boaden did not suspect. It is Daniel without D (Dee), but with Aleyn, who would stand for the "affable familiar ghost." There is nothing in Daniel's writings which betrays a knowledge of the black art, nor has anything of the kind been found in any other contemporary poet, unless in a (prose) piece by Nash. How could one expect it? The subject itself was under the rose, and, even if it had not been so, Daniel was much too circumspect to have proclaimed himself an adept. But there was no reason why Shakespeare should not let the black cat out of the bag—in the angry mood in which he wrote S. 86.

Another clue to Daniel is in the line of S. 85:—

"And precious phrase by all the Muses
filed."

Meres, whose '*Palladis Tamia*' of 1598 places Shakespeare in effect above all the poets of the day by naming him nine times and in every category of excellence (while Daniel is only in four), uses the same figure: "The Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase if they would speak English." This compliment must have

been well known; and Shakespeare gives it a ludicrous turn in transferring it from himself to his rival, by setting all the Muses to work at the filing of his phrases, the hit at Daniel being pointed at the title of his poem "*Musophilus*" (1599), which is near enough to "Muses filed," and has for its subject all the arts and sciences (not including black art).

There is a third clue to Daniel in the lines of S. 82:—

"The dedicated words which writers
use
Of their fair subject, blessing every
book."

Daniel was singular in his use of dedications, varying them in different presentation copies, and so occasioning many of those "cancels" (also of his title-pages) which are the delight of bibliophiles. Allowing for a bold hyperbole, it might have been said that he blessed every copy by dedication. The best instances are of the folio edition of his works issued for presents in 1601 (to the public in 1602), the copy of which given by him to Sir Thomas Bodley's new library at Oxford has a special printed blessing of the book for the use of the library, while the Bridgewater House copy, now in the British Museum, has the dedication to Elizabeth. There must be other instances known; otherwise Dr Grosart, Daniel's editor, would hardly have generalised the fact thus: "Examination of the successive issues (private or semi-private and published) of his Poems reveals that Samuel Daniel was wont to

insert special Dedications and Addresses in gift copies of his books" (Works, i. 2). There appears to be another gibe of the same kind in S. 85:—

"While comments of your praise,
richly compiled,
Reserve their Character with golden
quill."

Daniel used gilding in his printed pages, as in some of the copies of the "Panegyricke Congratulatorie" to James I. on his accession, and may have done so also in autograph dedications.

The last clue to Daniel is in the repeated use of the ship-allegory, in two sonnets, 80 and 86. The contrast in S. 80 between the rival poet's ship "of tall building and of goodly pride" sailing over the soundless deep, and his own saucy bark of light draught among the shallows, is very nearly the same figure in which Ben Jonson is contrasted with Shakespeare in Fuller's 'Worthies.' But whereas the contrast there is between the two as poets and wits differently gifted, in the Sonnets it is rather between the skill and luck of two men embarked upon the sea of patronage; and in that respect it is easy to see why Daniel should have been figured as a tall and goodly ship, or as a ship in proud full sail. He had inserted into the text of his "Civil Wars" (1595), near the beginning, a passage about himself which could not have escaped notice: it is in the dedication to Lord Mountjoy:—

"And thou, Charles Mountjoy, born
the world's delight,

That hast received into thy quiet
shore
Me tempest-driven, fortune-tossed
wight,
Tir'd with expecting and could hope no
more."

If Shakespeare meant anything by using the ship-allegory of his rival twice, the train of his ideas would have been that Daniel had thriven at the hands of patrons since the date of these pathetic lines to Lord Mountjoy, that he had made progress in the art of social navigation, and was able to take the sea with greater assurance, bearing down upon "the prize" with "the proud full sail" of experience and success. On the other hand, his own modest boat was likely to prove "worthless" and to be "cast away."

These phrases from the allegory of ships show clearly enough that the rivalry was no mere jealousy for jealousy-sake, and no mere contest of wits to try who could gratify my lord most; but that it was a contest for a real prize and for the Pembroke interest in the same. The *envoi* of the last sonnet of the series, which has puzzled the commentators and has led to various readings, gives the most pregnant hint of all. He mentions the things that were not the cause of his silence and discomfiture, and concludes:—

"I was not sick of any fear from
thence;
But when your countenance fill'd up
his line,
Then lack'd I matter, that enfeebled
mine."

Daniel's "line" was his certificate (as in marriage lines, or, in

the singular, in "Meas. for Meas.," i. 5. 56), which Herbert had filled up; "certificate" being the term commonly given in the State Papers to an application for an office. The office was that of Poet-Laureate, to which a pension of fifty pounds a-year was attached, equal to four hundred of our money.

There is a note among Anthony Wood's collections for his 'History of the University of Oxford,' that he had been told by one Ed. Joyner that "Spenser was poet-laureate to Queen Elizabeth: when he died Samuel Daniel succeeded him, and him Ben Jonson." It may seem remarkable that we should have to depend on such casual evidence for the crowned poets of the time of Elizabeth, seeing how well authenticated are the laureateships of Tate, Rowe, Eusden, Pye, and others. However, the ever-diligent Malone has proved that Spenser was Poet-Laureate, with a pension of fifty pounds a-year, from 1591 to his death in 1599. He cited, in his 'Life of Dryden' (1800), the patent for Spenser's pension, which he had found in the Rolls House shortly before (Pat. 33 Eliz., p. 3); and he showed that the omission of the title of Poet-Laureate from the document meant nothing, inasmuch as it was omitted equally from the patents of Ben Jonson and Davenant. The story was, that Lord Treasurer Cecil had objected to giving a pension for skill in rhyme, and that Spenser's pension, which the queen pressed upon him, was therefore given for other good and suffi-

cient considerations. But Cecil might have pleaded precedent: for Bernard André, who is actually called the King's Poet-Laureate, is given his pension by mandate of 2 Hen. VII. "in consideration of the increase of virtue and learning accruing to many persons at Oxford and elsewhere from his teaching." It was not until Ben Jonson's second patent, from Charles I., 23rd April 1630, which also raised the salary, that the "services of his wit and pen" were mentioned, besides the conventional "good and acceptable services heretofore done and hereafter to be done." It was not until Dryden's patent, 1670, that title and pension were joined. Lastly, it was unusual for the Poet-Laureate to style himself so on his title-pages. Davenant's publisher used the fact as an advertisement in a note to the posthumous folio of his works; but he himself either used the style of "His Majesty's Servant" or nothing at all, and Dryden did the same after him. Southey appears to have been the first eminent wearer of the laurel to sport the title; by Wordsworth's time all shyness has disappeared, for in his title-pages of 1847, he is "William Wordsworth, D. C. L., Poet-Laureate, &c., &c."

Although Malone left no doubt that Spenser was made Poet-Laureate, he denied that Daniel succeeded him, and asserted that the office was vacant from Spenser's death on 10th January 1599 until Ben Jonson's appointment on 1st January 1616. So far as con-

cerns appointment by Letters Patent, it must be admitted that Malone was right. The writer has gone over the ground again, and can only confirm Malone. The two volumes of Patent Books (Pells) in the Record Office, for the period concerned, do not contain the enrolment of a pension to Samuel Daniel; there is one to John Daniel of forty pounds for political services, on 19th August 1595, which is also the only pension under the name of Daniel in Dr Julius Cæsar's MS. list of pensions granted by Elizabeth, and payable at her death. But if Samuel Daniel did not get the poet's pension by Letters Patent, there is much evidence to bear out Anthony Wood's statement, that he succeeded to the office of the Poet-Laureate on Spenser's death, his honorarium coming indirectly from some benefice in the Queen's gift. The first piece of evidence goes to show that there was a competition among the poets for the vacant place. This is proved by a poem of Francis Davison, in his 'Poetical Rapsodie' of 1602, a miscellany of verses by himself and others written at various times. He addresses a kind of metrical testimonial to "Samuel Daniel, Prince of English Poets," which is so like in method to the prose one of Meres in favour of Shakespeare in 1598 that Davison might have had the latter in view. He shows that Daniel had produced three kinds of verse—lyrical in his "Sonnets to Delia," tragical in his "Rosa-mond" and "Cleopatra," and heroical in his "Civil Wars."

Some excelled in one kind, some in another, some in a third—

"But thou alone art matchless in them all."

Next he compares him to Alexander coming after Philip: as the former grieved lest his predecessor had left him no conquests to make, so Daniel was afraid that Spenser had used up all the laurel—

"Lest laurel were not left enough to frame
A nest sufficient for thine endless name."

But as that pearl of Greece soon after pass'd
In wondrous conquests his renowned sire,
And others all whose names by Fame are plac'd
In highest seats: so hath thy Muse surpass'd
Spenser, and all that do with hot desire
To the thunder-scorning laurel crown aspire."

Davison adds at the end of his testimonial the familiar tag, "Non equidem invideo, miror magis"—as much as to say, "I am not in for it myself."

The competition among the poets for the laurel crown and pension may be supposed to have lasted through the summer of 1599. Some traces of it may yet be found in the correspondence of Sir Robert Cecil and of the Earl of Essex at Hatfield, when the printing of the Calendar of the MSS. has been brought down to that year. The eligible candidates, besides Daniel, would have been Drayton, Lodge, Chapman, Shakespeare, and perhaps Ben Jonson. Shakespeare's

early patron, Lord Southampton, was absent all the summer in Ireland as General of the Horse to Lord Essex, and is not known to have been in London until October, when he was seen constantly at the theatres. Essex himself was losing favour with the queen. It is probable that Shakespeare trusted most to the influence of the Pembroke family, and especially of young Herbert, who had access to the queen and was powerful beyond his years, as shown by his father's letter of thanks to the queen for her favour to his son (State Papers, 19th September 1599).

But the Pembrokes had an earlier and more particular *protégé* in Daniel, who had been tutor at Wilton, and had been encouraged to make his first essays in verse by the countess, Mary Sidney, herself a versifier and the sister of a distinguished poet; and it is probable that the desertion of his cause which Shakespeare blamed young Herbert for, may have been at his mother's instigation. While there can be no doubt that there was a keen competition for the laureateship, several aspiring to it, as Davison said, "with hot desire," it does not follow that any one got it. Yet there is sufficient evidence in Daniel's own works that he became, in effect, the Laureate in 1599, and that he was in receipt of the queen's bounty, in one form or another, before 1601. The best evidence is that he thanked the queen, in a dedication of his folio of 1601, for some substantial

favour which had placed him in ease and comfort:—

"I who, by that most blessed hand
sustain'd,

In quietness do eat the bread of rest,
And by that all-reviving power obtain'd
That comfort which my Muse and
me hath blest."

The obvious meaning of these lines has been missed hitherto, owing to the mistake of Daniel's recent editor in taking "Her Sacred Majestie" to have been Anne, queen-consort of James I. (who made Daniel one of the grooms of her chamber previous to 1607), although the date is 1601, her Majesty the hereditary reigning sovereign, and her name twice given as Eliza. The quietness and comfort in which he was eating the bread of rest in 1601 correspond exactly with the picture of him in his house and garden "in Old Street, nigh London," where he "would be obscure for two months together," as Winstanley and Fuller say. His easy circumstances have been referred to his Court employment under James I. and the queen; but we have his own word for it that they began under Elizabeth, and the best explanation of "that comfort which my Muse and me hath blest" is some benefice in lieu of the poet's pension. There is, indeed, evidence in a letter of 8th April 1595 from Fulke Greville to Sir R. Cecil, that the queen had promised Daniel so many years, in reversion, of the parsonage of Shawfleete in the Isle of Wight, which up to that time he had not got: "Sir, you shall do a good deed to help the poor man; many will thank you."

But it was Lord Mountjoy who came to his rescue in 1595 as a private patron; and it is significant that, in dedicating his quarto of 1599 to that nobleman, he speaks of his help in the past tense as if he had become independent of him, hoping to repay his patron's former kindness by conferring fame on him—"I that lived by thee would have thee live with me."

One more piece of evidence should settle the question whether Daniel was the Laureate or not. It is derived from the symbolism and blazonry of his title-pages in the years 1599, 1601, and 1603. The 1599 quarto of his works is a composite volume of five poems, which had all been printed off with separate sheet-marks, and four with separate engraved title-pages. The three first of these are either the plain engraved title of 1595 or slight modifications of it; but the last in the volume, and presumably the latest executed, being a new title to "Cleopatra," is an altogether original design, which should

mean either that the author was now Poet-Laureate, or that he was expecting his patent for the office. At the left upper corner of the border is a female figure with a quill-pen in her right hand, and a laurel crown held aloft in her left hand. The corresponding figure on the right is blowing the trumpet of fame. At the foot of the border, on either side, are the supporters of Elizabeth's arms, the lion and dragon. The cross-piece of the border over the title is ornamented with a pair of laurel sprigs, which are overhung by a pair of broad oak-leaves. The folio of 1601 has the full royal arms of Elizabeth both on the title-page and at the head of the page of dedication. The "Panegyricke Congratulatorie," which was delivered to James I. at Burleigh Harrington, Rutlandshire, in his progress to London in the spring of 1603, also bears the Elizabethan royal arms: the poem itself, some sixty stanzas long, is just such as the Poet-Laureate would have hastened to compose for the occasion.

(*To be continued.*)

"PAST CARIN'."

BY HENRY LAWSON.

IT was the first morning at our selection on Lahey's Creek. Things looked a lot brighter than they did the night before. Things always look brighter in the morning—more so in the Australian Bush, I should think, than in most other places. It is when the sun goes down on the dark bed of the lonely bush, and the sunset flashes like a sea of fire and then fades, and then glows out again, like a bank of coals, and then burns away to ashes—it is then that old things come home to one. And strange, new-old things too, that haunt and depress you terribly, and that you can't understand. I often think how, at sunset, the past must come home to new-chum blacksheep, sent out to Australia and drifted into the bush. They can't have much brains, as a rule, or the loneliness would drive them mad.

I'd decided to let James (Mary's brother) take the team for a trip or two. He could drive alright; he was a better business man, and no doubt would manage better than me—as long as the novelty lasted; and I'd stay at home for a week or so, till Mary got used to the place, or I could get a girl from somewhere to come and stay with her. The first weeks or few months of loneliness are the worst, as a rule, I believe, as they say the first weeks in jail

are—I was never there. I know it's so with tramping or hard graft¹: the first day or two are twice as hard as any of the rest. But, for my part, I could never get used to loneliness and dulness; the last days used to be the worst with me: then I'd have to make a move, or drink. When you've been too much and too long alone in a lonely place, you begin to do queer things and think queer thoughts—provided you have any imagination at all. You'll sometimes sit of an evening and watch the lonely track, by the hour, for a horseman or a cart or some one that's never likely to come that way—some one, or a stranger, that you can't and don't really expect to see. I think that most men who have been alone in the bush for any length of time—and married couples too—are more or less mad. With married couples it is generally the husband who is painfully shy and awkward when strangers come. The woman seems to stand the loneliness better, and can hold her own with strangers, as a rule. It's only afterwards, and looking back, that you see how queer you got. Shepherds and boundary-riders, who are alone for months, *must* have their periodical spree, at the nearest shanty, else they'd go raving mad. Drink is the only break

¹ "Graft," work.

in the awful monotony, and the yearly or half-yearly spree is the only thing they've got to look forward to: it keeps their minds fixed on something definite ahead.

But Mary kept her head pretty well through the first months of loneliness. *Weeks*, rather, I should say, for it wasn't as bad as it might have been farther up-country: there was generally some one came of a Sunday afternoon—a spring-cart with a couple of women, or maybe a family,—or a lanky shy bush native or two on lanky shy horses. On a quiet Sunday, after I'd brought Jim home, Mary would dress him and herself—just the same as if we were in town—and make me get up on one end and put on a collar and take her and Jim for a walk along the creek. She said she wanted to keep me civilised. She tried to make a gentleman of me for years, but gave it up gradually.

I forgot to tell you that some time after I brought Jim home from Gulgong, and while I was at home with the team for a few days, nothing would suit Mary but she must go over to Brighten's shanty and see Brighten's sister-in-law—the woman who saved little Jim's life when he had convulsions on the road. I'd smoothed over that story and shortened it a lot, when I told it to Mary—I didn't want to upset her. So James drove her over one morning in the spring-cart: it was a long way, and they stayed at Brighten's overnight and didn't get back till late the next afternoon. I'd got the place in a

pig-muck, as Mary said, "doing for" myself, and I was having a snooze on the sofa when they got back. The first thing I remember was some one stroking my head and kissing me, and I heard Mary saying, "My poor boy! My poor old boy!" I sat up with a jerk. I thought that Jim was gone again. But it seems that Mary was only referring to me. Then she started to pull grey hairs out of my head and put 'em in an empty match-box—to see how many she'd get. She used to do this when she felt a bit soft. I don't know what she said to Brighten's sister-in-law or what Brighten's sister-in-law said to her, but Mary was extra gentle for the next few days.

It would take her a long time to pull the grey hairs out of my head now. But—ah, well!—I suppose it was all my own fault. They say you only see the mistakes of life when you look behind. You only see the miseries then—the sufferings that had to be and couldn't be helped.

Well. It was the first morning on the creek; I was greasing the waggon-wheels, and James out after the horse, and Mary hanging out clothes, in an old print dress and a big ugly white hood, when I heard her being hailed as "Hi, missus!" from the front slip-rails.

It was a boy on horseback. He was a light-haired, very much-freckled boy of fourteen or fifteen, with a small head, but with limbs, especially his bare, sun-blotched shanks, that might have belonged to a grown

person. He had a good face and frank grey eyes. An old, nearly black cabbage-tree hat rested on the butts of his ears, turning them out at right angles from his head, and rather dirty sprouts they were. He wore a dirty torn Crimean shirt; and, with the wide waist-band gathered under a green-hide belt, a pair of man's moleskin trousers rolled up above the knees. I noticed, later on, that, even when he wore trousers short enough for him, he always rolled 'em up above the knees when on horse-back, for some reason of his own: to suggest leggings, perhaps, for he had them rolled up in all weathers, and he wouldn't have bothered to save them from the sweat of the horse, even if that horse ever sweated.

He was seated astride a three-bushel bag thrown across the ridge-pole of a big grey horse, with a coffin-shaped head, and built astern something after the style of a roughly put up hip-roofed box-bark humpy.¹ His colour was like old box-bark, too, a dirty bluish-grey; and, one time, when I saw his rump looming out of the scrub, I really thought it was some old shepherd's hut that I hadn't noticed there before. When he cantered it was like the humpy starting off on its corner-posts.

"Are you Mrs Wilson?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said Mary.

"Well, mother told me to ride acrost and see if you wanted anythink. We killed lars' night,

and I've fetched a piece er cow."

"Piece of *what*?" asked Mary.

He grinned, and handed across the rail a sugar-bag with something heavy in the bottom of it, which nearly jerked Mary's arm out when she took it. It was a piece of beef, that looked as if it had been cut off with a wood-axe, but it was fresh and clean.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" cried Mary. She was always impulsive, save to me sometimes. "I was just wondering where we were going to get any fresh meat. How kind of your mother! Tell her I'm very much obliged to her indeed." And she felt behind her for a poor little purse she had. "And now—how much did your mother say it would be?"

The boy blinked at her, and scratched his head.

"How much will it be," he repeated, puzzled. "Oh—how much does it weigh, I s'pose—yer—mean. Well, it ain't been weighed at all—we ain't got no scales. A butcher does all that sort of think. We just kills it, and cooks it, and eats it—and goes by guess. What won't keep we salts down in the cask. I reckon it weighs about a ton, by the weight of it, if yer wanten know. Mother thought that, if she sent any more, it would go bad before you could scoff² it. I can't see——"

"Yes, yes," said Mary, getting confused. "But what I

¹ "Humpy," a rough hut.

² "Scoff," eat.

want to know is, how do you manage when you sell it?"

He glared at her, and scratched his head. "Sell it? Why, we only goes halves in a steer with some one, or sells steers to the butcher—or maybe some meat to a party of fencers or surveyors, or tank-sinkers, or them sorter people——"

"Yes, yes; but what I want to know is, how much am I to send your mother for this?"

"How much—what?"

"Money, of course, you stupid boy," said Mary. "You seem a very stupid boy."

Then he saw what she was driving at. He began to fling his heels convulsively against the sides of his horse, jerking his body backward and forward at the same time, as if to wind up and start some clockwork machinery inside the horse, that made it go, and seemed to need repairing or oiling.

"We ain't that sorter people, missus," he said. "We don't sell meat to new people that come to settle here." Then, jerking his thumb contemptuously towards the ridges, "Go over ter Wall's if yer wanten buy meat; they sells meat ter strangers." (Wall was the big squatter over the ridges.)

"Oh!" said Mary, "I'm so sorry. Thank your mother for me. She is kind."

"Oh that's nothink. She said to tell yer she'll be up as soon as she can. She'd have come up yisterday evening—she thought yer'd feel lonely comin' new to a place like this—but she couldn't git up."

The machinery inside the old horse showed signs of starting.

You almost heard the wooden joints *creak* as he lurched forward, like an old propped-up humpy when the rotting props give way; but at the sound of Mary's voice he settled back on his foundations again. It must have been a very poor selection that couldn't afford a better spare horse than that.

"Reach me that lump'er wood, will yer, missus?" said the boy, and he pointed to one of my "spreads" (for the team-chains) that lay inside the fence. "I'll fling it back agin over the fence when I git this ole cow started."

"But wait a minute—I've forgotten your mother's name," said Mary.

He grabbed at his thatch impatiently. "Me mother—oh!—the old woman's name's Mrs Spicer. (Git up, karnt yer!)" He twisted himself round, and brought the stretcher down on one of the horses "points" (and he had many) with a crack that must have jarred his wrist.

"Do you go to school?" asked Mary. There was a three-days-a-week school over the ridges at Wall's station.

"No!" he jerked out, keeping his legs going. "Me—why I'm going on fur fifteen. The last teacher at Wall's finished me. I'm going to Queensland next month drovin'." (Queensland border was about four hundred miles away.)

"Finished you? How?" asked Mary.

"Me edgercation of course! How do yer expect me to start this horse when yer keep talkin'?"

He split the "spread" over

the horse's point, threw the piece over the fence, and was off, his elbows and legs flinging wildly, and the old saw-stool lumbering along the road like an old working bullock trying a canter. That horse wasn't a trotter.

And next month he *did* start for Queensland. He was a younger son and a surplus boy on a wretched, poverty-stricken selection; and as there was "northin' doin'" in the district, his father (in a burst of fatherly kindness, I suppose) made him a present of the old horse and a new pair of Blucher boots, and I gave him an old saddle and a coat, and he started for the Never Never Country.

And I'll bet he got there. But I'm doubtful if the old horse did.

Mary gave the boy five shillings, and I don't think he had anything more than a clean shirt and an extra pair of white cotton socks.

"Spicer's farm" was a big bark humpy on a patchy clearing in the native apple-tree scrub. The clearing was fenced in by a light "dog-legged" fence (a fence of sapling poles resting on forks and X-shaped uprights), and the dusty ground round the house was almost entirely covered with cattle-droppings. There was no attempt at cultivation when I came to live on the Creek; but there were old furrow-marks amongst the stumps of another shapeless patch in the scrub near the hut. There was a wretched sapling cow-yard and calf-pen, and a cow-bail with

one sheet of bark over it for shelter. There was no dairy to be seen, and I suppose the milk was set in one of the two skillion rooms—or lean-to's behind the hut—the other was "the boys' bedroom." The Spicers kept a few cows and steers, and had thirty or forty sheep. Mrs Spicer used to drive down the Creek once a-week, in her rickety old spring-cart, to Cobborah, with butter and eggs. The hut was nearly as bare inside as it was out—just a frame of "round-timber" (sapling poles) covered with bark. The furniture was permanent (unless you rooted it up), like in our kitchen: a rough slab table on stakes driven into the ground, and seats made the same way. Mary told me afterwards that the beds in the bag-and-bark partitioned-off room ("mother's bedroom") were simply poles laid side by side on cross-pieces supported by stakes driven into the ground, with straw mattresses and some worn-out bed-clothes. Mrs Spicer had an old patchwork quilt, in rags, and the remains of a white one, and Mary said it was pitiful to see how these things would be spread over the beds—to hide them as much as possible—when she went down there. A packing-case, with something like an old print skirt draped round it, and a cracked looking-glass (without a frame) on top, was the dressing-table. There were a couple of gin-cases for a wardrobe. The boys' beds were three-bushel bags stretched between poles fastened to uprights. The floor was the

original surface, tramped hard, worn uneven with much sweeping, and with puddles in rainy weather where the roof leaked. Mrs Spicer used to stand old tins, dishes, and buckets under as many of the leaks as she could. The saucepans, kettles, and boilers were old kerosene-tins and billies. They used kerosene-tins, too, cut longways in halves, for setting the milk in. The plates and cups were of tin; there were two or three cups without saucers, and a crockery plate or two—also two mugs, cracked and without handles, one with "For a Good Boy" and the other with "For a Good Girl" on it; but all these were kept on the mantelshelf for ornament and for company. They were the only ornaments in the house, save a little wooden clock that hadn't gone for years. Mrs Spicer had a superstition that she had "some things packed away from the children."

The pictures were cut from old copies of the 'Illustrated Sydney News' and pasted on to the bark. I remember this, because I remembered, long ago, the Spencers, who were our neighbours when I was a boy, had the walls of their bedroom covered with illustrations of the American Civil War, cut from illustrated London papers, and I used to "sneak" into "mother's bedroom" with Fred Spencer whenever we got the chance, and gloat over the prints. I gave him a blade of a pocket-knife once, for taking me in there.

I saw very little of Spicer. He was a big, dark, dark-haired and whiskered man. I had an idea that he wasn't a selector at all, only a "dummy" for the squatter of the Cobborah run. You see, selectors were allowed to take up land on runs, or pastoral leases. The squatters kept them off as much as possible, by all manner of dodges and paltry persecution. The squatter would get as much freehold as he could afford, "select" as much land as the law allowed one man to take up, and then employ dummies (dummy selectors) to take up bits of land that he fancied about his run, and hold them for him.

Spicer seemed gloomy and unsociable. He was seldom at home. He was generally supposed to be away shearin' or fencin' or "wirkin'" on somebody's station. It turned out that the last six months he was away it was on the evidence of a cask of beef and a hide with the brand cut out, found in his camp on a fencing contract up-country, and which he and his mates couldn't account for satisfactorily, while the squatter could. Then the family lived mostly on bread and honey, or bread and treacle, or bread and dripping, and tea. Every ounce of butter and every egg was needed for the market, to keep them in flour, tea, and sugar. Mary found that out, but couldn't help them much—except by "stuffing" the children with bread and meat or bread and jam whenever they came up to our place—for Mrs

Spicer was proud with the pride that lies down in the end and turns its face to the wall and dies.

Once, when Mary asked Annie, the eldest girl at home, if she was hungry, she denied it—but she looked it. A ragged mite she had with her explained things. The little fellow said—

"Mother told Annie not to say we was hungry if yer asked; but if yer give us anythink to eat, we was to take it an' say thenk yer, Mrs Wilson."

"I wouldn't 'a' told yer a lie; but I thought Jimmy would split on me, Mrs Wilson," said Annie. "Thenk yer, Mrs Wilson."

She was not a big woman. She was gaunt and flat-chested, and her face was "burnt to a brick," as they say out there. She had brown eyes, nearly red, and a little wild-looking at times, and a sharp face—ground sharp by hardship—the cheeks drawn in. She had an expression like—well, like a woman who had been very curious and suspicious at one time, and wanted to know everybody's business and hear everything, and had lost all her curiosity, without losing the expression or the quick suspicious movements of the head. I don't suppose you understand. I can't explain it any other way. She was not more than forty.

I remember the first morning I saw her. I was going up the Creek to look at the selection for the first time, and

called at the hut to see if she had a bit of fresh mutton, as I had none and was sick of "corned beef."

"Yes—of—course," she said, in a sharp nasty tone, as if to say, "Is there anything more you want while the shop's open?" I'd met just the same sort of woman years before while I was carrying swag between the shearing-sheds in the awful scrubs out west of the Darling river, so I didn't turn on my heels and walk away. I waited for her to speak again.

"Come—inside," she said, "and sit down. I see you've got the waggon outside. I s'pose your name's Wilson, ain't it? You're thinkin' about takin' on Harry Marshfield's selection up the Creek, so I heard. Wait till I fry you a chop and boil the billy."

Her voice sounded, more than anything else, like a voice coming out of a phonograph—I heard one in Sydney the other day—and not like a voice coming out of her. But sometimes when she got outside her everyday life on this selection she spoke in a sort of—in a sort of lost groping-in-the-dark kind of voice.

She didn't talk much this time—just spoke in a mechanical way of the drought, and the hard times, "an' butter 'n' eggs bein' down, an' her husban' an' eldest son bein' away, an' that makin' it so hard for her."

I don't know how many children she had. I never got a chance to count them, for

they were nearly all small, and shy as pickaninnies, and used to run and hide when anybody came. They were mostly nearly as black as pickaninnies too. She must have averaged a baby a-year for years—and God only knows how she got over her confinements. Once, they said, she only had a black gin with her. She had an elder boy and girl, but she seldom spoke of them. The girl, "'Liza," was "in service in Sydney." I'm afraid I knew what that meant. The elder son was "away." He had been a bit of a favourite round there, it seemed.

Some one might ask her, "How's your son Jack, Mrs Spicer?" or, "Heard of Jack lately? and where is he now?"

"Oh, he's somewheres up country," she'd say in the "groping" voice, or "He's drovin' in Queenslan'," or "Shearin' on the Darlin' the last time I heerd from him." "We ain't had a line from him since—les' see—since Chris'mas 'fore last."

And she'd turn her haggard eyes in a helpless, hopeless sort of way towards the west—towards "up-country" and "Out Back."

The eldest girl at home was nine or ten, with a little old face and lines across her forehead; she had an older expression than her mother. Tommy went to Queensland, as I told you. The eldest son at home, Bill, (older than Tommy) was "a bit wild."

I've passed the place in smothering hot mornings in December, when the droppings

about the cow-yard had crumpled to dust that rose in the warm, sickly, sunrise wind, and seen that woman at work in the cow-yard, "bailing up" and leg-roping cows, milking, or hauling at a rope round the neck of a half-grown calf that was too strong for her (and she was tough as fencing-wire), or humping great buckets of sour milk to the pigs or the "poddies" (hand-fed calves) in the pen. I'd get off the horse and give her a hand sometimes with a young steer, or a cranky old cow that wouldn't "bail-up" and threatened her with her horns. She'd say—

"Thenk [thank] yer, Mr Wilson. Do yer think we're ever goin' to have any rain?"

I've ridden past the place on bitter black rainy mornings in June or July, and seen her trudging about the yard—that was ankle-deep in black liquid filth—with an old pair of Blucher boots on, and an old coat of her husband's, or maybe a three-bushel bag over her shoulders. I've seen her climbing on the roof by means of the water-cask at the corner, and trying to stop a leak by shoving a piece of tin in under the bark. And when I'd fixed the leak—

"Thenk yer, Mr Wilson. This drop of rain's a blessin'! Come in and have a dry at the fire and I'll make yer a cup of tea." And, if I was in a hurry, "Come in, man alive! Come in! and dry yerself a bit till the rain holds up. Yer can't go home like this! Yer'll git yer death o' cold."

I've even seen her, in the ter-

rible drought, climbing she-oaks and apple-trees by a makeshift ladder, and awkwardly lopping off boughs to feed the starving cattle.

"Jist tryin' ter keep the milkers alive till the rain comes."

They said that when the pleuro-pneumonia was in the district and amongst her cattle she bled and physicked them herself, and fed those that were down with slices of half-ripe pumpkins (from a crop that had failed).

"An', one day," she told Mary, "there was a big barren heifer (that we called Queen Elizabeth) that was down with the ploorer. She'd been down for four days and hadn't moved, when one mornin' I dumped some wheaten chaff—we had a few bags that Spicer brought home—I dumped it in front of her nose, an'—would yer b'lieve me, Mrs Wilson?—she stumbled onter her feet an' chased me all the way to the house! I had to pick up me skirts an' run! Wasn't it redic'lus?"

They had a sense of the ridiculous, most of those poor sun-dried bushwomen. I fancy that that helped save them from madness.

"We lost nearly all our milkers," she told Mary. "I remember one day Tommy came running to the house and screamed: 'Marther! [mother] there's another milker down with the ploorer!' Jist as if it was great news. Well, Mrs Wilson, I was dead-beat, an' I giv' in. I jist sit down to have a good cry, and felt for my

han'kerchief—it *was* a rag of a han'kerchief, full of holes (all me others was in the wash). Without seein' what I was doin' I put me finger through one hole in the han'kerchief an' me thumb through the other, and poked me fingers into me eyes, instead of wipin' them. Then I had to laugh."

There's a story that once, when the bush, or rather grass, fires were out, all along the Creek on Spicer's side, Wall's station hands were up above our place, trying to keep the fire back from the boundary, and towards evening one of the men happened to think of the Spicers: they saw smoke down that way. Spicer was away from home, and they had a small crop of wheat, nearly ripe, on the selection.

"My God! that poor devil of a woman will be burnt out, if she ain't already!" shouted young Billy Wall. "Come along, three or four of you chaps"—(it was shearing-time, and there were plenty of men on the station).

They raced down the Creek to Spicer's, and were just in time to save the wheat. She had her sleeves tucked up, and was beating out the burning grass with a bough. She'd been at it for an hour, and was as black as a gin, they said. She only said when they'd turned the fire: "Thenk yer! Wait an' I'll make some tea."

.

After tea the first Sunday she came to see us, Mary asked—

"Don't you feel lonely, Mrs Spicer, when your husband goes away?"

"Well—no, Mrs Wilson," she said in the groping sort of voice. "I uster, once. I remember, when we lived on the Cudgeegong river—we lived in a brick house then—the first time Spicer had to go away from home, I nearly fretted my eyes out. And he was only goin' shearin' for a month. I muster bin a fool; but then we were only jist married a little while. He's been away drovin' in Queenslan' as long as eighteen months at a time since then. But" (her voice seemed to grope in the dark more than ever) "I don't mind,—I somehow seem to have got past carin'. Besides—besides, Spicer was a very different man then to what he is now. He's got so moody and gloomy at home, he hardly ever speaks."

Mary sat silent for a minute thinking. Then Mrs Spicer roused herself—

"Oh, I don't know what I'm talkin' about! You mustn't take any notice of me, Mrs Wilson,—I don't often go on like this. I do believe I'm gitting a bit ratty¹ at times. It must be the heat and the dulness."

But once or twice afterwards she referred to a time "when Spicer was a different man to what he was now."

I walked home with her a piece along the Creek. She said nothing for a long time,

and seemed to be thinking in a puzzled way. Then she said, suddenly—

"What-did-you-bring-her-here-for? She's only a girl."

"I beg pardon, Mrs Spicer."

"Oh, I don't know what I'm talkin' about! I b'lieve I'm gettin' ratty. You mustn't take any notice of me, Mrs Wilson."

She wasn't much company for Mary; and often, when she had a child with her, she'd start taking notice of the baby while Mary was talking, which used to exasperate Mary. But poor Mrs Spicer couldn't help it; and she seemed to hear, all the same.

Her great trouble was that she "couldn't git no reg'lar schoolin' for the children."

"I learns 'em at home as much as I can. But I don't git a minute to call me own; an' I'm ginerally that dead-beat at night that I'm fit for nothink."

Mary had some of the children up now and then later on, and taught them a little. When she first offered to do so, Mrs Spicer laid hold of the handiest youngster and said—

"There—do you hear that? Mrs Wilson is goin' to teach yer, an' it's more than yer deserve!" (the youngster had been "cryin'" over something). "Now, go up an' say 'Thenk yer, Mrs Wilson.' And if yer ain't good, and don't do as she tells yer, I'll break every bone in yer young body!"

¹ "Ratty," mad or eccentric.

The poor little devil stammered something, and escaped.

The children were sent by turns over to Wall's to Sunday-school. When Tommy was at home he had a new pair of elastic-side boots, and there was no end of rows about them in the family—for the mother made him lend them to his sister Annie, to go to Sunday-school in, in her turn. There were only about three pairs of anyway decent boots in the family, and these were saved for great occasions. The children were always as clean and tidy as possible when they came to our place.

And I think the saddest and most pathetic sight on the face of God's earth is the children of very poor people made to appear well: the broken worn-out boots polished or greased, the blackened (inked) pieces of string for laces; the clean patched pinafores over the wretched threadbare frocks. Behind the little row of children hand-in-hand—and no matter where they are—I always see the worn face of the mother.

Towards the end of the first year on the selection our little girl came. I'd sent Mary to Gulgong for four months that time, and when she came back with the baby Mrs Spicer used to come up pretty often. She came up several times when Mary was ill, to lend a hand. She wouldn't sit down and condole with Mary, or waste her time asking questions, or talking about the time when she was ill herself. She'd take

off her hat—a shapeless little lump of black straw she wore for visiting—give her hair a quick brush back with the palms of her hands, roll up her sleeves, and set to work to "tidy up." She seemed to take most pleasure in sorting out our children's clothes, and dressing them. Perhaps she used to dress her own like that in the days when Spicer was a different man from what he was now. She seemed interested in the fashion-plates of some women's journals we had, and used to study them with an interest that puzzled me, for she was not likely to go in for fashion. She never talked of her early girlhood; but Mary, from some things she noticed, was inclined to think that Mrs Spicer had been fairly well brought up. For instance, Dr Balanfantie, from Cudgeegong, came out to see Wall's wife, and drove up the Creek to our place on his way back to see how Mary and the baby were getting on. Mary got out some crockery and some table-napkins that she had packed away for occasions like this; and she said that the way Mrs Spicer handled the things, and helped set the table (though she did it in a mechanical sort of way), convinced her that she had been used to table-napkins at one time in her life.

Sometimes, after a long pause in the conversation, Mrs Spicer would say suddenly—

"Oh, I don't think I'll come up next week, Mrs Wilson."

"Why, Mrs Spicer?"

"Because the visits doesn't do me any good. I git the dismals afterwards."

"Why, Mrs Spicer? What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, - I - don't - know - what I'm-talkin'-about. You mustn't take any notice of me." And she'd put on her hat, kiss the children—and Mary too, sometimes, as if she mistook her for a child—and go.

Mary thought her a little mad at times. But I seemed to understand.

Once, when Mrs Spicer was sick, Mary went down to her, and down again next day. As she was coming away the second time, Mrs Spicer said—

"I wish you wouldn't come down any more till I'm on me feet, Mrs Wilson. The children can do for me."

"Why, Mrs Spicer?"

"Well, the place is in such a muck, and it hurts me."

We were the aristocrats of Lahey's Creek. Whenever we drove down on Sunday afternoon to see Mrs Spicer, and as soon as we got near enough for them to hear the rattle of the cart, we'd see the children running as fast as they could split¹ to the house, and hear them screaming—

"Oh, marther! Here comes Mr and Mrs Wilson in their spring-cart."

And we'd see her bustle round, and two or three fowls fly out the front door, and she'd lay hold of a broom (made of a

bound bunch of "broom-stuff"—coarse reedy grass or bush from the ridges—with a stick stuck in it) and flick out the floor, with a flick or two, perhaps, round in front of the door. The floor nearly always needed at least one flick of the broom on account of the fowls. Or she'd catch a youngster and scrub his face with a wet end of a cloudy towel, or twist the towel round her finger and dig out his ears—as if she was anxious to have him hear everything that was going to be said.

No matter what state the house would be in she'd always say, "I was jist expectin' yer, Mrs Wilson." And she was original in that, anyway.

She had an old patched and darned white table-cloth that she used to spread on the table when we were there, as a matter of course ("The others is in the wash, so you must excuse this, Mrs Wilson"), but I saw by the eyes of the children that the cloth was rather a wonderful thing to them. "I must really git some more knives an' forks next time I'm in Cobbora," she'd say. "The children break an' lose 'em till I'm ashamed to ask Christians ter sit down ter the table."

She had many bush yarns, some of them very funny, some of them rather ghastly, but all interesting, and with a grim sort of humour about them. But the effect was often spoilt

¹ "Split"—i.e., split their legs apart, I suppose. Besides bush-born slang—and it is very expressive and original—we in Australia get slang words and dialect words from all the world.

by her screaming at the children to "Drive out them fowls, karnt yer," or "Take yer maulies [hands] outer the sugar," or "Don't touch Mrs Wilson's baby with them dirty maulies," or "Don't stand starin' at Mrs Wilson with yer mouth an' ears in that vulgar way."

Poor woman! she seemed everlastingly nagging at the children. It was a habit, but they didn't seem to mind. Most bush-women get the nagging habit. I remember one, who had the prettiest, dearest, sweetest, most willing, and affectionate little girl I think I ever saw, and she nagged that child from daylight till dark—and after it. Taking it all round, I think that the nagging habit in a mother is often worse on ordinary children, and more deadly on sensitive youngsters, than the drinking habit in a father.

One of the yarns Mrs Spicer told us was about a squatter she knew who used to go wrong in his head every now and again, and try to commit suicide. Once, when the station-hand, who was watching him, had his eye off him for a minute, he hanged himself to a beam in the stable. The men ran in and found him hanging and kicking. "They let him hang for a while," said Mrs Spicer, "till he went black in the face and stopped kicking. Then they cut him down and threw a bucket of water over him."

"Why! what on earth did they let the man hang for?" asked Mary.

"To give him a good bellyful

of it: they thought it would cure him of trying to hang himself again."

"Well, that's the coolest thing I ever heard of," said Mary.

"That's jist what the magistrate said, Mrs Wilson," said Mrs Spicer.

"One morning," said Mrs Spicer, "Spicer had gone off on his horse somewhere, and I was alone with the children, when a man came to the door and said—

"'For God's sake, woman, give me a drink!'

"Lord only knows where he came from! He was dressed like a new chum—his clothes were good, but he looked as if he'd been sleeping in them in the bush for a month. He was very shaky. I had some coffee that morning, so I gave him some in a pint pot: he drank it, and then he stood on his head till he tumbled over, and then he stood up on his feet and said, 'Thank yer, mum.'

"I was so surprised that I didn't know what to say, so I jist said, 'Would you like some more coffee?'

"'Yes, thank yer,' he said—'about two quarts.'

"I nearly filled the pint pot, and he drank it and stood on his head as long as he could, and when he got right end up he said, 'Thank yer, mum—it's a fine day,' an' then he walked off. He had two saddle-straps in his hands."

"Why, what did he stand on his head for?" asked Mary.

"To wash it up and down, I suppose, to get twice as much taste of the coffee. He had no hat. I sent Tommy across to Wall's to tell them that there was a man wandering about the bush in the horrors of drink, and to get some one to ride for the police. But they was too late, for he hanged himself that night."

"O Lord!" cried Mary.

"Yes, right close to here, jist down the creek where the track to Wall's branches off. Tommy found him while he was out after the cows. Hung to the branch of a tree with the two saddle-straps."

Mary stared at her, speechless.

"Tommy came home yelling with fright. I sent him over to Wall's at once. After breakfast, the minute my eyes was off them, the children slipped away and went down there. They came back screaming at the tops of their voices. I did give it to them. I reckon they won't want ter see a dead body again in a hurry. Every time I'd mention it they'd huddle together, or ketch hold of me skirts and howl.

"'Yer'll go agen when I tell yer not to,' I'd say.

"'Oh, no, mother,' they'd howl.

"'Yer wanted ter see a man hangin',' I said.

"'Oh, don't, mother! Don't talk about it.'

"'Yer wouldn't be satisfied till yer see it,' I'd say; 'yer had to see it or burst. Yer satisfied now, ain't yer?'

"'Oh, don't, mother!'

"'Yer run all the way there, I s'pose?'

"'Don't, mother!'

"'But yer run faster back, didn't yer?'

"'Oh, don't, mother.'

"But," said Mrs Spicer, in conclusion, "I'd been down to see it myself before they was up."

"And ain't you afraid to live alone here, after all these horrible things?" asked Mary.

"Well, no; I don't mind. I seem to have got past carin' for anythink now. I felt it a little when Tommy went away—the first time I felt anythink for years. But I'm over that now."

"Haven't you got any friends in the district, Mrs Spicer?'

"Oh, yes. There's me married sister near Cobborah, and a married brother near Dubbo; he's got a station. They wanted to take me an' the children between them, or take some of the younger children. But I couldn't bring my mind to break up the home. I want to keep the children together as much as possible. There's enough of them gone, God knows. But it's a comfort to know that there's some one to see to them if anythink happens to me."

One day—I was on my way home with the team that day—Annie Spicer came running up the creek in terrible trouble.

"Oh, Mrs Wilson! something terribl's happened at home! A trooper" (mounted policeman—they called them "mounted troopers" out there), "a trooper's

come and took Billy!" Billy was the eldest son at home.

"What?"

"It's true, Mrs Wilson."

"What for? What did the policeman say?"

"He—he—he said, 'I—I'm very sorry, Mrs Spicer; but—I—I want William.'"

It turned out that William was wanted on account of a horse missed from Wall's station and sold down-country.

"An' mother took on awful," sobbed Annie; "an' now she'll only sit stock-still an' stare in front of her, an won't take no notice of any of us. Oh! it's awful, Mrs Wilson. The policeman said he'd tell Aunt Emma" (Mrs Spicer's sister at Cobborah), "and send her out. But I had to come to you, an' I've run all the way."

James put the horse to the cart and drove Mary down.

Mary told me all about it when I came home.

"I found her just as Annie said; but she broke down and cried in my arms. Oh, Joe! it was awful! She didn't cry like a woman. I heard a man at Haviland cry at his brother's funeral, and it was just like that. She came round a bit after a while. Her sister's with her now. . . . Oh, Joe! you must take me away from the bush."

Later on Mary said—

"How the oaks are sighing to-night, Joe!"

Next morning I rode across to Wall's station and tackled the old man; but he was a hard man, and wouldn't listen

to me—in fact, he ordered me off the station. I was a selector, and that was enough for him. But young Billy Wall rode after me.

"Look here, Joe!" he said, "it's a blanky shame. All for the sake of a horse! And as if that poor devil of a woman hasn't got enough to put up with already! I wouldn't do it for twenty horses. *I'll* tackle the boss, and if he won't listen to me, I'll walk off the run for the last time, if I have to carry my swag."

Billy Wall managed it. The charge was withdrawn, and we got young Billy Spicer off up-country.

But poor Mrs Spicer was never the same after that. She seldom came up to our place unless Mary dragged her, so to speak; and then she would talk of nothing but her last trouble, till her visits were painful to look forward to.

"If it only could have been kep' quiet—for the sake of the other children; they are all I think of now. I tried to bring 'em all up decent, but I s'pose it was my fault, somehow. But I can't bear disgrace—I can't bear disgrace."

I was at home one Sunday with Mary and a jolly bush-girl named Maggie Charleworth, who rode over sometimes from Wall's station (I must tell you about her some other time; James was "shook after her"), and we got talkin' about Mrs Spicer. Maggie was very warm about old Wall.

"I expected Mrs Spicer up

to-day," said Mary. "She seems better lately."

"Why!" cried Maggie Charls-worth, "if that ain't Annie coming running up along the creek. Something's the matter!"

We all jumped up and ran out.

"What is it, Annie?" cried Mary.

"Oh, Mrs Wilson! Mother's asleep, and we can't wake her!"

"What?"

"It's—it's the truth, Mrs Wilson."

"How long has she been asleep?"

"Since lars' night."

"My God!" cried Mary, "*since last night?*"

"No, Mrs Wilson, not all the time; she woke wonst, about

daylight this mornin'. She called me and said she didn't feel well, and I'd have to manage the milkin'."

"Was that all she said?"

"No. She said not to go for you; and she said to feed the pigs and calves; and she said to be sure and water them geraniums."

Mary wanted to go, but I wouldn't let her. James and I saddled our horses and rode down the creek.

Mrs Spicer looked very little different from what she did when I last saw her alive. It was some time before we could believe that she was dead. But she was "past carin'" right enough.

EGYPT: ENGLISH WAXING AND FRENCH WANING.

"WHY is a white spot painted on both sides of the bows of every Chinese craft?" I once inquired of a resident at Hong-kong, and the bored answer was, "Oh, I don't know; nothing particular, I suppose. I never noticed it." I addressed my persistent question to a Chinaman, and the explanation was to the following effect: "Those two spots, two eyes. Why you laugh? You number one fool-o. Suppose ship no have eyes, how can see? if no can see, knock against rock and makee sink." Thus the raw newcomer picked up an amusing trait of Chinese character and reasoning which had altogether escaped the observation of the ten-years-in-the-country-and-speak-the-language-man. Similarly it is possible that my residence in Egypt, even though brief,—or rather precisely because brief,—may enable me to impart to my readers some interesting incidents and momentous considerations which the old stager, with perceptions blunted by use, would deem unworthy of notice. It is even possible I may awaken the attention of some slumberers to the immense potentialities of good and evil involved in British work in Egypt; to the latent value of a country which thirty years hence may rival in importance our richest colonial possessions; and to the startling development which we have effected since the French endeavours to "embêter les Ang-

lais" were baffled at Fashoda. I repudiate the arrogant aim of informing the world about Egypt generally: all who are really well acquainted with the country are warned off from these pages.

Bright, handsome, ay, splendid, Cairo. One's first sensation is surprise that the city of the 'Arabian Nights' and Haroun-al-Raschid, the oriental town held in bondage by Napoleon and Kléber, the nucleus of bitter cruelty exercised by former Khedives, and in later times the headquarters of European political chicane and financial fraud, should have been transformed into a happy and prosperous metropolis, combining the charm of Eastern romance with the magnificence of a twentieth-century civilised capital. On the one hand are broad streets, noble public edifices, picturesque private buildings, and lovely gardens; on the other hand are labyrinths of lanes and mazes of bazaars, gloomy with embroidered hangings, rich with Eastern wares, and oriental to the core, saving that they are neither cumbered with garbage nor nauseous with effluvia. Carriers bear goatskins distended with water for "Ho, every one that thirsteth." Arabs pray to the common Father of Mussulmans and Christians with an intense devotion reckless of ridicule; Rebekahs, with pitchers balanced on head, walk in matchless grace; Abraham, Isaac,

and Jacob, and many another patriarch, thread their way in contemplative dignity. Then there are the ex-abodes of former spendthrift Khedives; the Gizeh Palace, now a museum, and the Ghezireh Palace, now a hotel, whereof the extensive grounds are more replete with the beauties of tropical foliage than the hothouses of Kew. Finally, we have the Kasr-el-Nil bridge, a splendid structure spanning a splendid river, halloved by Bible history, and of engrossing interest through records stretching back into hundreds, into thousands, of years, until lost in the twilight of fable. The inception of the modern structural splendours dates from a period antecedent to English rule; they have been developed under English administration. Even the Gallic names of streets, on blue plates of Paris fashion, have within the last eighteen months been transformed into a hotch-potch of British vernacular.

The recent comparative displacement of the French, and substitution of the English, language in the large towns, such as Cairo and Alexandria, in the centres of population, such as Assiout, Luxor, and Assouan, and indeed throughout 600 miles of the Nile valley up to the first cataract, is a fact of deep and convincing significance. True, in Cairo French is often the language of official decrees and municipal notices, and is largely employed in Government correspondence, where British heads of departments sometimes exchange written communications in the

dog-French of which the "modern sides" of Harrow, Eton, and our most noted public schools boast. French is habitually spoken by the subordinate servants in hotels, and French newspapers, which flourished in their turpitude three years ago, continue to spit an unremunerative venom. But, with these exceptions, the most frequent medium of communication between Europeans and Egyptians is English. Policemen, railway employees, custom-house servants, Government minor officials, custodians in the museums, tramcar conductors, cabmen, shopkeepers in the bazaars, pedlars in the streets, and that multitudinous and singular race called donkey-boys, in the great majority of cases address the visitor in English, occasionally in French, and rarely in German—though, by the way, the use of that language is markedly becoming more frequent. Likewise in the Nile valley the same holds good, with the steamboat crews and stewards, the guardians of tombs and temples, the fellaheen loafers and barrage labourers, the native guides, the vendors of antique curios manufactured yesterday, and the huckster of holy beetles (stone scarabs) alleged to be coeval with Rameses, but really recently extracted from the digestive organs of a turkey, whereby an aspect of age has been imparted to them.

Operations are generally opened with such phrases as, "Backsheesh for poor blind man;" "I show you temple: yes, very nice;" "You want scarab;" "I sell curio for two

bobs ;" "This number one good donkey; call'um Lillie Langtry." The chorus of the Phylæ boatmen is "Heep, heep, hurrah! zank you, zank you; verra good fellow." Slang and swearing are expounded in pure Billingsgate. "You no b'lieve what hotel porter abuse me," explained my maligned donkey-boy. "Hotel porter bl—y fool-man." "You mustn't swear," I remonstrated with conventional decorum. "What for no swear? Use bad words for bad man, good words for good man; hotel porter bl—y fool-man." Still further investigating the alleged substitution of languages, I noticed, especially in the country districts, another corroborative feature. Natives in any degree conversant with a language beyond Arabic speak French if they are over, say, thirty years of age—i.e., if they have attended school when the influence of France was paramount—whereas the younger generation have recourse almost invariably to English. This conviction was clinched by statistics, not bruited abroad to deceive, but dug out to inform. Pupils receiving instruction in State-supported institutions are compelled to learn one European language of their own selection, and prior to 1882 the option in the great majority of cases was for French. In 1889 the proportion was 74 per cent French and 26 per cent English; in 1899 the figures were reversed to 78 and 22 respectively. Now English is almost invariably chosen. One official informed me that in his own district near Port Said, where it might be

assumed that the influence of France would be exceptionally powerful, 95 per cent chose French; but that since the Fashoda incident the proportion has been reversed to 97 per cent in favour of English.

In addition to the fact of language, there has prevailed in Cairo an English tone, an English atmosphere, difficult to define, yet ubiquitously obvious. The casual conversation both of new-comers and of old residents, when it does not bear directly on Egypt, is centred almost exclusively on English matters. The interests of our nation, the Cape war, the debates in Parliament, the proceedings of the Royal Family, the arrival of visitors, the gatherings of society, and the forthcoming race-meetings, are topics almost as constant here as in London; nor would the explanation alone be valid, "because the European majority is English." The same preponderance existed formerly, without the same engrossment. The affairs of France and of its republic, and the local interests of the French section, are now unaffectedly ignored, as of little moment in this part of the world. The stream of traffic, whether vehicular, equestrian, or pedestrian,—apart from its native element,—almost reminds the visitor of an incipient Piccadilly in June. The Egyptian police, generally English-clad and with some ludicrous traits of the London Bobby, regulating the throng, civil when invoked and abstaining from unnecessary interference, is in direct opposition

to the meddlesome muddling of the Parisian *sergents de ville*. "Il est défendu" has no counterpart here.

Wayfarers speed quickly about their business or their pleasure; and the dawdling out-of-door life of the Boulevards is non-existent. Tram-car and omnibus passengers spring on to their vehicles without being harassed by the French formalities of the sequence of tickets and the formation of "la queue." Shipping agents and bankers, post-office authorities and theatre bureaux, carry on business on strictly English lines without *guichet* or triplicate copies, and discard the sand-sprinkling to mop up ink, without which documents in France are apparently invalid. At the railway-stations passengers are neither hustled into pens nor cooped within barriers, and guards and station-masters are servants of the public instead of acting as masterful lictors. The wares in shops are of English importation, whether gaiters, golf-sticks, or Beecham's pills. Above all, the sense of freedom is complete: passports, permits to leave the country, registration of domicile, and papers of identification—causes of resentful irritation in Russia, France, and Germany—are as little needed in Cairo as in London, Edinburgh, or Henley-on-Thames.

The one feature, however, which contributes more powerfully than aught else to produce on a casual visitor a sense of all-powerful British sway is the constant sight of the

English uniform—English exclusively. A French *kepi*, a German *pickel haube*, or a stay-supported foreign tunic would be as anomalous at Cairo as at Aldershot. In former days the town was in British military possession; now it is a normal peaceful habitat of a portion of our army. It is not represented by large bodies massed in display on a Champ de Mars—not even by small armed detachments swaggering through the streets to the rattle of a German drum or the fanfare of a French horn. The leaven of our small garrison of about 3000 men is of a much more quiet, universal, and matter-of-course nature. Our barracks at Abbasieh, the Citadel, and Kasr-el-Nil are on outskirt-sites, from which the main population can only catch the echoes of *reveillé* and retreat, and through the iron palings of which Egyptians gaze in perplexity at our soldiers toiling in the sun at cricket or football. Elsewhere guard reliefs of seven or nine men, isolated sentries, orderlies, military clerks, and fatigue parties pace about their business; soldier comrades in twos or threes stroll about the streets and public gardens, while officers, in undress during the day and in mess-dress at night, congregate at social rendezvous, the clubs, and hotels.

About this military element there is not the slightest appearance of masterfulness or of subjection on the part of the native population, who are on terms of humble good-fellowship with our privates, and

who regard with admiring appreciation the open-handed and equitable dealing of our officers. Our bands play weekly in central public localities, and draw around them crowds of Egyptians, charmed with the music and bewildered at the bagpipes, which to all Orientals are suggestive of a tom-cat breathing forth on the tiles his melodious notes of a passionate love.

The combined influences which I have quoted — English language, English officials, English administration, English habits, and English soldiery — inevitably, almost unconsciously, produce the sensation that in Cairo we are in a district as essentially a part of our Empire as Gibraltar or Malta, as Cape Town or Calcutta. In vain does the mind argue that, in theory, Egypt is unquestionably not a British possession — is not even a British Protectorate; that we are merely assistants and advisers, or at most supervisors in that sense of powerlessness which Lord Wolseley has recently declared was his function of Commander-in-Chief; that the true ruler is the Khedive — whom, by the way, I noticed driving in a vehicle little removed from a hack cab, and destitute of that splendour without which a titular ruler in the East is regarded by his subjects with contempt; that Egypt is independent and administered by an Egyptian Government *de jure*. The illogical *de facto* retort persists: "I don't care; the shadow may be represented by khedival

rule; the substance is vested in the sway of England."

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge compels me to admit that the influx of Anglo-Saxondom illustrates the paradox that certain insanitary features occasionally characterise certain conditions of health. Within the last two years the plague of globe-trotters, trippers, and tourists has constituted an evil only a shade less obnoxious than that of locusts, frogs, and lice. The Cairo throng is no longer mainly composed of prostrate invalids, erudite travellers, and well-behaved English gentlemen; it is now infested with swarms of mushroom plutocrats and society parasites. What Hamlet calls the "mincing, jigging, and ambling" of the female portion, and the peacocking and prancing of the males, are strangely out of place, are eminently repulsive, in this Eastern clime. In a certain enormous hotel at Cairo the jostling of afternoon parties and five-o'clock teas, and the noisy hustling of midnight dances, were more appropriate to the Riviera than to the Nile. The extravagance of dress of one-half of the women was only a shade less conspicuous than the insufficiency of costume in the other half. The diamonds would arouse the envy of Kimberley. I observed one female so fettered with diamond rings as to be unable to grasp her knife and fork. Englishmen who have not travelled 3000 miles for the purpose of tacking on to their lives an inferior

imitation of a London season, will probably take refuge in the lovely gardens of the Ghezireh Hotel outside the town, or will pursue their study of the wonders and beauties of Egypt in a Nile steamer. The 'Arrys and 'Arriets are scared away from this resort by high prices; shallow cacklers become subdued, and the companionship is that of gentlemanlike educated intelligence. The nationalities are made up mainly of English, several Australians, a few French and Germans, an occasional Italian, and a large percentage of Americans. If the last furnish a few types of arrogance in speech and slovenliness in aspect, they are more than counterbalanced by highly favourable representatives of the United States—especially ladies unsurpassed in refinement, in charm of manner, and in plenitude of information.

Cairo, Alexandria, and the Delta—in area smaller than Belgium—do not comprise one-half the population, or one-quarter of the inhabited and contingently productive territory of Egypt, and it is instructive to study how far "English waxing and French waning" is applicable to the Nile valley. The maps show that the distance, in a bee-line, from Cairo to Assouan is 600 miles; but this statement of length is misleading, because the breadth is a mere fraction in comparison: the only fertile, and therefore inhabited, area of Upper Egypt is restricted to a fringe along the river-banks, varying

in breadth from a few yards to a few miles, and never exceeding nine miles. Therefore a scrutiny of this long ribbon comprises the scrutiny practically of the entire Nile valley. At our halting-places, about thirty-six in number, I remained sometimes for days, sometimes for a few hours, sometimes for a few minutes, and in every instance, whether of town, village, or hamlet, the stubborn fact was manifest that English spirit had been infused into Egyptian rule, converting it from placid weakness into active muscle. The local police is as distinctly the result of English training as is the London A Division the product of Scotland Yard. Smart and erect; semi-military, but not soldier-tyrants, well armed and cleanly equipped, intelligent, resolute, and knowing when to act and when to forbear, Egypt has had placed at her disposal within the last few years a corporeal virility competent to ensure order, to repress riots, and to uphold her Government. It is true that in former years there was a semblance of police rule based on a system of French gendarmerie. It was but a semblance. It was several degrees preferable to the personal savage sway of Mehemet Ali, of Ibrahim Pasha, and of other miscreants who aimed at introducing the frightful *régime* of the strength of civilisation stripped of its mercy and equity. But the utmost success of the French system resulted in a force of the same calibre as that with

which we contended at Tel-el-Kebir; in calling into existence a rabble army, made up of poltroons, led by a rebel chief, whose fighting powers resembled the warfare of sheep against wolves or of men against demons. Yet with these identical constituents a large armed force has now been permanently established, which on its civil side has been a successful substitute for legalised pillage under the name of administration, for bitter slavery under the term of corvee, and for fiendish cruelty under the name of kourbash. On the military side the force, by dint of patient laborious training under English officers, materially contributed in enabling Lord Kitchener to win Atbara and Omdurman. Hypercriticism might perhaps hold that one of the defects of the Egyptian Constabulary is an excess of deference for every Englishman. A word, even a gesture, and Policeman X of Thebes will dash forward, clear away the throng of fellaheen, drive away the crowd of beggars, and disperse the donkey-boys, and will not hesitate to have recourse to "stick" if their importunity has become troublesome.

The material prosperity both of Upper and of Lower Egypt since the country passed under the rule of the British has advanced with such strides that it is difficult to realise its condition prior to Arabi's rebellion. Sheep and cattle have multiplied tenfold, the dwellings have been improved from burrows into mud-huts,

and the water-supply, whether for pasha or peasant, is regulated with strict justice. The inhabitants, whether of towns or of fields, are invariably friendly, and anxious to enter into communication with their visitors. Though their main motives may be self-interest, this does not affect the fact that guides and interpreters, headmen of villages, custodians of tombs and temples, and a certain proportion of the fellaheen, habitually addressed us in broken English, and that, unless they are of middle age, as already explained, they are seldom able to speak one word of French. With some cunning and a great deal of industry they have made a regular study of the Englishman's characteristics and weaknesses, of his fancies and fads. At a word they will desist from their wonted unmerciful thrashing of donkeys; they enter into the ways of explorers and into the interests of investigators, and, with the keenest sense of humour, they are in ecstasies of genuine delight at a joke. They ape the English demeanour and forms of objurgation with amusing fidelity. One urchin, seeking to curry favour with me, after listening to my reiterated and pettish rejection of guides, thus addressed his ragged companions with outstretched arm, peremptorily pointed finger, and haughty demeanour: "No, no, I no want you, leave me 'lone, go 'way this minute, I say. Come 'long, Francis" (my companion).

It is somewhat difficult for a European, in continual contact

with a spaniel-like submissive-ness, to resist a tendency to overbearing action. For instance, first experience of the yelling competition for employment, of the fathomless self-abasement, of the piteous supplication for some such trifle as a cigarette, of the grovelling importunity for backsheesh, produces a feeling of amusement: this sensation quickly subsides into boredom, which finally develops into irritation, until at last exasperation prompts one to look this way and that way and to smite the Egyptian, who dodges, but never dreams of resenting, the stick,—for the dark, timid, slender Egyptian shrinks from the resolute spirit and strong muscle of the fair race. But, on the whole, the treatment of natives by Englishmen is considerate and just. This last attribute possesses, in the eyes of a native who is unable to recognise cheating as a fault, a value difficult to overrate. "By the word of an Englishman" is held a guarantee of good faith more binding than any oath which superstition can devise, because no English gentleman who has contracted to pay a shilling would dream of discharging his obligation with sixpence.

On more than one occasion I noticed certain somewhat pathetic instances of good feeling entertained towards the white man. Following the track to Abydos, where there was not a sign of a European, I met a native funeral procession, with its customary train of wailing, shrieking, dishevelled mourners.

As a matter of course, we bared our heads to the relic of humanity who had passed into that eternal life which fools call death. A few minutes afterwards a fellah came up to me, and, laying his hand upon my arm, said in grateful tones, "You good man; you salaam poor dead 'un. I thank you, my gentlemen." At Luxor an Arab headman thus bade me adieu, "We very sorry you go. You say come again next year. How can tell next year? See how quick Queen Victoria die. We very sorry. We used to say 'God save the Queen.' Now we say 'God save the King,' but that not same ting." Again a donkey-boy to whom I had been friendly, expressing his regret at my departure, informed me that in recollection of me he intended to designate two newly purchased jackasses "Colonel Knollys and Misser Francis" (my companion). Wishing to draw him out, I replied, "Oh, you will soon forget all about me, and call the donkeys after some other customer." His feelings were much hurt, and he assured me earnestly, "No, my gentleman. Suppose you come here next year you find all same ting. Always old donkey Colonel Knollys, and young donkey Misser Francis." *Absit omen.*

Irrigation! The very word is associated with deadly dullness, with the shibboleth of Indian nomenclature, and with the statistics of colonial finance. Its full import is as difficult to grasp as the philosophical terms "subjective" and "objective,"

and its details are as trivial as the minutiae of sacerdotal sanctity. Yet to write half-a-dozen pages about Egypt and to ignore the subject of irrigation would constitute the same affectation of omission as a disquisition on Lord Nelson without a reference to Trafalgar, or an essay on the Duke of Wellington without an allusion to Waterloo. A still more important consideration is that the merits of English, and the demerits of French, administration must to a great extent be gauged by their respective success or failure in grappling with the difficulty of irrigation—vital above all others to the prosperity, to the very existence, of the Egyptian people. Picture to yourself, reader, a territory equal in area to two-thirds of European Russia, with a climate of ideal excellence and delight, with a salubrity which qualifies it for the world's sanatorium, but with a soil as infertile as ground glass, practically destitute of rain from year's end to year's end, and watered by only a single river, which for 1000 miles is unfed by tributary, brook, or streamlet. Yet this one river can be so utilised as to cause a considerable portion of the desert to blossom like the rose. The Nile, that great stream, which not only fertilises but constitutes the highway of traffic¹ for the country, rushing down to the sea, has deposited a plain of alluvium which even in this semi-tropical latitude causes the

plains to rival in verdure an English May. The storage and the distribution of the waters of the Nile may be so divested of technicalities as to be plain as A B C, to interest intensely, to charm, and to awaken an admiring awe at the beautiful adaptations of that unseen Providence which men nickname chance.

During a fixed period in the year heavy tropical rains flood the equatorial lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza, the sources of the White Nile, and 3100 miles distant from the Mediterranean. Similar downpours in the territories about the Abyssinian mountains, 1600 miles from the Delta mouths, feed the Blue Nile and the Atbara. Their combined effects cause a progressive inundation throughout the whole length of the river. At Assouan it begins in the middle of July, reaches its maximum in October, and thenceforth steadily declines, so that in May the Nile is a conglomeration of shallows, and its vicinity a withered area of dust-plains. During the flood season the valley of the Upper Nile, varying in breadth from four miles in Nubia to fifteen miles in Egypt proper, resembles an enormous lake; while in the Delta the whole country is a land of artificial rivers, the canals are filled, the dykes are in a condition of overflow, and innumerable streamlets lead the water over every inch of ground which is at a practicable level. The country is, however, acutely

¹ I have not attempted to deal with the subject of railways in Egypt. Its importance is indisputable and obvious, but its details are dull.

sensitive to any deficiency in, or excess of, moisture. For example, should the maximum rise at Assouan amount to only 21 feet, famine will result in several localities. If it exceeds 28 feet, the crops will rot, many thousands will be reduced to misery and starvation. The ground is not tilled before being sown, the seed is simply scattered over the ooze, "the bread is cast on the waters, and is found after many days." Wherever the river is conducted vegetation rushes into life with a speed and a luxuriance which is astounding, so that three and even four crops can be obtained in one year; but wherever a higher level cuts the land off from the beneficent irrigation, the soil declines to grow a single blade or a radish. At Beni Hassan I found I could stand astride over the line of demarcation, cut as sharply as with a knife, with one foot buried in clover and the other sunk in sand.

I have used the expression "admiring awe" as applied to the benefits conferred by the Nile. Were its water of the ordinary river-nature, however abundant the supply, it would not produce a tithe of the actual results. Its beautiful speciality consists in its being charged with constituents of remarkably fertilising property. The Atbara furnishes volcanic dust, the White Nile fine white clay and decayed vegetation, the Blue Nile rich alluvium. The combination may be compared to a boundless quantity of

liquid guano placed at the disposal of ungrateful man without costing him a penny. The first sight of my bath on board a river-steamer dismayed me. The muddy mess looked more nasty than the slops of the traditional workhouse bath. When the water was drained off a thin film was deposited at the bottom, and constituted an object-lesson. This thin film revealed the fertilising matter in suspension, which causes Egypt to teem with fruitfulness without a single spadeful of manure.

Intimately connected with the torrential overflow of the Nile are two features which call for special notice, because they directly bear on the credit and honour due to English travellers. The present generation are prone to speak lightly of — almost to forget — the services of noble explorers, such as Speke, Grant, and Baker. As I have already pointed out, the Great Lakes constitute the main reservoirs which feed the river, and their replenishment is intimately connected with the branches of the Upper Nile and its sources traced by Speke. The lofty motives which actuated our illustrious fellow-countryman were finely illustrated by his reply to the late John Blackwood,¹ who had suggested to him that he was unduly risking his life by returning to Africa for the express purpose of ascertaining the exact source of the head stream of the great river. The eyes of the gentle-hearted,

¹ 'Maga's' Editor and Head.

diffident-mannered man flashed fire as he energetically exclaimed, "Blackwood, what do you think my feelings to my Queen and my country would be did some little Frenchman walk into the district and, in advance of an Englishman, discover the fountainhead of the Nile?" He predicted that, once the country from Suakim to Dongola was governed by the Queen, it would become the granary of England, which seems likely to be fulfilled.

Another achievement which deserves mention is the removal of the "sudd"—masses of dense vegetable matter, both living and dead, which block up certain of the reaches of the Upper Nile, and reduce the river in parts to little more than a swamp. From time to time further small floating islands of vegetation fasten themselves on to the sudd, which becomes consolidated and overgrown with grass and reeds, and in one instance measured three-quarters of a mile in width. Merely to cut a channel through this intervening obstacle would be attended with very incomplete results; it was necessary to remove it altogether. This was effected during the early part of 1900 by Major Peake and his able subordinates, Lieutenants Fell and Drury, R.N. Deep ditches were dug through the solid peat, the main mass became detached and floated down stream, subsequently gradually breaking up in its course, and a wide, deep, swiftly-flowing channel was opened up. The volume of water thus set free

was enormous, immediately and materially affecting the irrigation of Lower Egypt, and the operation must be pronounced a brilliant engineering feat. The reader may better understand the foregoing by the simile of a gutter-stream flowing towards a gully. Leaves, sticks, and stones may have blocked the current and have caused the road to be flooded. But when these impediments are raked away, the water instantly resumes its downward course with the rush of a small Niagara. It is not anticipated that the removal of the sudd will affect the amount of the fertilising matter held in suspension.

Inasmuch as without irrigation the whole of Egypt would be an uninhabitable desert, its rulers from the remotest ages—dating from Mena, B.C. 4400—have exerted their utmost and unremitting efforts to ensure and extend its action. Up to the end of the eighteenth century, however, their expedients were limited to canals, trenches, primitive water-wheels, and manual water-buckets or "shadoofs," saving in the case of the Joseph of the Bible, who at Pharaoh's command constructed a reservoir which fertilised the Fayum province, and who in some measure regulated the flow of the Nile. The process of irrigation was controlled neither by system nor skill, and the preservation of the river-banks and canals was ensured only by exercise of a cruelty and an expenditure of human life compared to which the rule of Nero was mild, and the hecatombs of

Napoleon were but as a drop in the bucket. The consequence was that more than half the fertilising fluid rolled down by the Nile was washed into the sea in sheer waste. In 1799 Napoleon suggested that a dam, or a "barrage" according to the more Anglicised term, should be constructed at Cairo to hold back the surplus water and irrigate a larger area: in 1833 some pottering measures were initiated to put this scheme into effect, and in 1843 the work was seriously taken in hand by a Frenchman, Mougél Bey, in the service of Mehemet Ali. After twenty-four years' labour the result proved a failure; in 1863 the force of the dammed-up water was found to be too powerful for the masonry, and had not the sluices been raised, the entire structure would have been swept away. Thereupon, after an interregnum of dawdling and inefficiency, the aid of English engineers was invoked, and in 1884 the original barrage had been so strengthened and repaired that it had been rendered safe. Its complete restoration, plus some important additions, was concluded in 1891, and forthwith the agricultural prosperity of the entire Delta advanced by leaps and bounds. It has long since repaid by increased revenues, raised from easily borne increased taxes, every penny of the money expended on it.

It cannot be said that the part which the French played in these barrage operations redounded on the whole to their credit. It is certain they were

much hampered by the impatience and folly of successive Khedives, and by their false position as advisers and not as directors. It is also certain that they were still more adversely affected by their own evil *régime*, under which there was at least a connivance of the cruel corvée and the ruthless kourbash—and of all the boons conferred on Egypt by England none has been of greater value than the entire abolition of this brutal tyranny; by their laxity in financial transactions, which trod closely on the margin of corruption; by their weak sense of duty; by their strong sense of jealousy towards the English, and their still greater animosity towards their own countrymen. In 1883, when the French civil engineers realised the hopeless failure of their own barrage, they "made off," and carried away with them all the plans and statistics. By this pitiful spite the English were compelled to begin *de novo* the entire work of exploration and estimates. No explanations, however, can refute the statement that the French barrage was a dismal failure, and that the English barrage is a brilliant success—a success, by the way, which confers high honour on Sir Colin Moncrieff, Mr Willcocks, General Rundall, R.E., Major Brown, and other Engineer officials.

That this was not due to a fortuitous concurrence of accidents is further proved by the additional barrages undertaken by the English, which will duplicate and triplicate the

agricultural wealth of Upper Egypt. The Assiout and Assouan works, 200 miles apart, were begun in 1898, and when I visited them last January they were in so forward a state of completion that their final success was placed beyond question. To enter into the details of Sir John Aird's magnificent enterprise — the most splendid of its kind ever attempted — would far exceed the limits of this paper. I must therefore content myself with stating that its result will be to improve enormously the existing fertility, to double the area under cultivation and the produce of the country, and to provide additional food sufficient to support nearly five million human beings.

Should the foregoing statement chance to come under the notice of an Egyptologist, archæologist, or artist, it will probably evoke from him an outburst of indignation: the barrage near Assouan will partly submerge and practically destroy the island of Phylæ with its temple. Scathing denunciations have been hurled against the design and its designers: "Is a priceless monument of antiquity, one of the world's most precious gems, to be for ever lost to civilisation merely in order that a few more fellahs may grow a little more cotton, sugar, and rice? Is £ s. d. to take peremptory precedence of artistic beauty? Must all charms flee at the mere touch of cold philosophy? Why not build the dam elsewhere?" Lord Leighton publicly declared that

"any tampering with Phylæ would be a lasting blot on the English occupation of Egypt."

Compassion on humanity, which some may possibly consider denotes a loftier appreciation of the beautiful than the sickly hysteria of artistic dilettanteism, replies, "To feed in perpetuity a vast additional number of human beings — the increase has been estimated at five millions — to mitigate their normal miseries of starvation, poverty, and pain, ought not that to take precedence of the retention of an object of architectural beauty gazed at annually by two or twenty thousand tourists, and by ten or a hundred artistic pundits?"

The destruction of a beautiful Phylæ, admittedly deplorable, does not constitute the destruction of a beautiful "unique" temple. Structures of a similar nature, and vying with one another in beauty, are innumerable along the Upper Nile. "Go elsewhere" would practically amount to a prohibition of the work, because any other site would be shackled with prohibitive difficulties. The sole reply to Lord Leighton's dictum is that "a great many wise men have uttered a great many foolish and wrong sayings."

Arguing the question with some fiery pro-Philistines at Luxor, I suggested to them the following parallel — not more strained than most parallels: "Supposing you were required to decide on the alternative of saving from fire or shipwreck some incomparable picture — say the Sistine Madonna —

or a baby, which would you elect?" "The baby!" clamoured the women. "The picture!" shouted the men; "the Sistine Madonna has no duplicate, whereas there are plenty of babies." Pushing my argument into the territory of the preposterous, "On whom, then, will you have compassion,—on five million human sufferers, or on the pylons and hypostyles of Phylæ?" The artist-bigots turned the subject.

To sum up my attempted exposition of "French waning." The prejudices of many European countries and of all cold hearts and narrow minds are against us, and to part with prejudice costs us more than to part with ought else, except money. But where the judgment of our critics is not like the pupil of the eye, which contracts in proportion as more light is cast upon it, I suggest that the indictment against the French is substantiated. I submit that not merely circumstantial but direct evidence, historical records, admitted facts, and, above all, incontestable results, prove the French rule to have been disastrous to Egypt, to the Egyptians, to European interests, and to civilisation. I point to the systematic laxity of their subordinates, and to the frequent corruption of their higher officials; and to their failures in the vital work of irrigation. I urge that under their sway the finances lapsed into the rottenness of desperate bankruptcy; that justice, law, and order were at best ignored, and at worst scouted; and that the

natives were crushed into a condition of slavery and misery more than usually pitiable because less than usually resisted. At last the tocsin sounded: when in 1882 the French nation refused to join us in saving the country from the horrors of anarchy, and their fleet steamed away from Alexandria, they decided the fate of France as a participator in the rule of Egypt. That July day marks the beginning of a claim on the part of England to govern, or at least to semi-govern, a territory the savagedom of which would be hostile both to her own welfare and to that of Europe.

To focus attention on my attempted demonstration of "English waxing." Has not England indicated her claim? "Entirely through motives of self-interest" is the illogically spiteful retort of the French. Do motives annihilate facts? Is it, or is it not, a fact that under our administration the financial and general prosperity have burst forth into a luxuriance which is hateful to France, and of which neither Seti nor Thothmes ever dreamed? Is it, or is it not, a fact that a system of civil and criminal justice has been established under English jurisdiction, and has prevailed during several years; that sanitary regulations have been enforced on the old, and elementary education exacted for the young; that the kourbash and the corvee are as much out of date now as the rack and the thumbscrew—that not a day's forced labour can be exacted, or a lash of the whip can be in-

flicted, save with the liability to penal retribution? Is it, or is it not, a fact that equity and freedom, health and happiness, prevail to an extent which ten years ago would have been regarded as a reverie of Utopia? It would be difficult to quote the case of any other country which, in so brief a period of tolerable government, has made equal strides in prosperity. But institutions, like trees, can never produce their proper fruits if there be perpetual tampering with their roots. Can any reasoner of average intelligence maintain that righteousness requires us to cease splendid work because of the pettishness of French susceptibilities; that we ought to pretermitt successful irrigation undertakings, and the repression of tyranny; that justice requires us to hurl back this fair country into the reign of misery, ruin, and misrule—or that we should hold our hand in the path of progress, though the ultimate issue must be a veiled protectorate, or even a practical annexation, in spite of all the Parisian vapourings about Fashoda? I must really apologise for putting a question which admits of but one reply from every one who is not a bigot or a knave. The whining reproach of inconsistency—that bugbear of weak minds—sometimes addressed to England, “You once undertook to leave Egypt, yet there you are still, and ap-

parently you mean to stay,” may be dismissed in a single sentence. We “undertook” under conditions not simply differing from, but in active antagonism to, the emergencies which have been subsequently developed; when there was reason to be assured that evacuation would not involve disaster to European interests, deplorable consequences to the civilisation of the world, and the gravest perils to our empire. To adhere to an undertaking whereof the vital conditions have been annihilated would be to perpetrate a crime.

Possibly even the cold utilitarian will not altogether scoff at the further reflections of the warm sentimentalist. Why has our administration been attended with such noble results, involving, as is habitually the case with mankind, hatred in direct proportion to the good effected? Because our Anglo-Egyptian administrators have thought a great deal of duty and very little of *gloire*; because, besides being able, they have been laborious and upright; because they have been gentlemen, not only *sans peur* but *sans reproche*; because their main aspirations have ever been centred in the supplication—

“Découvrez moi le mal afin de l’éviter ;
Découvrez moi le bien, pour au moins
le tenter.”

HENRY KNOLLYS,
Col. late R.A.

THE FUTURE OF OUR CAVALRY.

NEARLY thirty years ago the late Sir George Chesney, than whom our country has never produced a more original and logical military thinker, gave a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution on the "English Genius and Army Organisation," in which he explained what he considered to be the true principles that should guide England's efforts to form an efficient army. Acknowledging "that England is always destined to act with a small army," he dwelt on the necessity that it should consist of "really picked men," and that in it "not only should every soldier be effective for the actual business of fighting, but every soldier should be as superior to the ordinary conscript of Europe as the British soldier in India is to the ordinary sepoy of a native chief." And, for the employment of these men, he said:—

"The army of the future, in my view, should be an army of horse-men—not merely cavalry or mounted riflemen, but men trained to the highest degree of excellence in either line; men who should be to other soldiers what the knights of old were to the ordinary men-at-arms—a body quite irresistible; which would sweep away any cavalry of the kind that is commonly to be found in armies, and which, able to move and operate with great rapidity in any direction, would be equally beyond overthrow by any infantry that could be brought against it. . . . I would observe, however, that I do not suppose the creation of this new force would obviate the necessity for infantry, or artillery, or

engineers; only—and here is the main point—instead of these horse-men being merely a subsidiary body, that the other branches would act in offensive warfare as auxiliaries to the fighting first line, composed of these, our irresistible horsemen."

Sir George Chesney's proposals were received in blank silence by his very distinguished audience, as they involved a complete rearrangement of military ideas, and they were opposed to all the traditional convictions of soldiers old and young. Wisdom has been in some sort justified, however. What would have been the result in South Africa if we had been able to put 30,000 or 40,000 (the numbers mentioned by Sir George Chesney) highly trained and practically equipped mounted soldiers in the field in October 1899? We are not, indeed, prepared to go with Sir George Chesney to the extreme lengths of thinking that infantry and artillery should only be auxiliaries to our fighting line of the future; but the rude teaching of recent war has certainly emphasised the truth of the principles which he worked out in the study, and forces us to think that mounted soldiers may play a very leading part in future military operations, and, in fact, that we may believe their influence will be as great as, if not greater than, at any period in the history of the past.

It is worth while to notice, in connection with Sir George Ches-

ney's proposals, that there are not wanting some signs among Continental military students that the principle of enormous national armies is not altogether considered to be without fault. National armies must always be very useful for lines of communication and also to furnish reinforcements. The immense frontage, however, covered by troops in modern battles will make it impossible to put more than a certain number of men in line; and the difficulties of supply and transport will very possibly make it desirable to have few and highly trained soldiers in preference to very large numbers of armed men whose military spirit and efficiency are only respectable.

England has never been remarkable for the strength of mounted soldiers that she could send to war. Her cavalry, as far as it went, has always been excellent in quality, but it has seldom been in sufficient numbers to have any marked influence on a campaign, or even on an individual engagement. The military credit of the country has generally been maintained by its infantry, and, till the beginning of the operations in South Africa, it was undoubtedly very generally the opinion of high military authorities that cavalry was of secondary importance, and that good infantry soldiers would be able to do almost all the fighting required by the State.

It is very true that at Salamanca and Waterloo masses of British horsemen charged with crushing effect; but in most of our campaigns the cavalry

honours were won by small bodies, seldom, if ever, exceeding the strength of a regiment. At Villers-en-Couche, Sahagun, Aliwal, the actions in the Mutiny campaign, and on many other occasions that could be mentioned, there were only a few squadrons, though, of course, they were often supported by allies or by horsemen drawn from subject races in our service. The nominal brigades that charged at Balaklava were only a few hundreds strong. In Africa, however, we have seen really large bodies of mounted men employed, and in General French's great movement on Kimberley over 5000 men were collected. We have supplemented our regular cavalry by mounted infantry, colonial corps, and yeomanry, and all of them have been endeavouring to carry out the duties indicated by Sir George Chesney as being all-important in modern war. That the thousands of mounted men who have been in the field have not produced more effect than has resulted from their efforts is due to an indifferent state of preparation, to the inferior condition, sometimes the inferior class, of their horses, to imperfect equipment, and to lack of familiarity with the conditions of modern war. All have done their best, and their best has been very good indeed; but they have been grievously handicapped, and, through no fault of their own, have been unable to exercise their full power and to show their full value.

We think that it is tolerably evident that, of whatever

branches our future army is to be composed, and whatever may be the relative consequence that we assign to each of these branches, the mounted part of England's forces now demands very particular consideration, and has an importance so vast that every citizen should take an interest in it. No excuse, therefore, is necessary for directing public attention to some of the more urgent questions that arise, if our military organisation is to follow, in some degree, the lines which were indicated by Sir George Chesney, and have been, as we think, undeniably emphasised by recent experience.

Our mounted forces of the future will probably come under three classes—cavalry, mounted infantry, and yeomanry; but in great operations these will generally all work together, and most of their duties will be identical. Occasions may arise which will demand the special attention of cavalry, or the special action of mounted infantry; but, broadly speaking, all will work for the same ends and will be under one command. We may therefore at present devote our attention to cavalry, as they will be in many respects the most important, and in most duties they must serve as a model to the other two.

It was insisted on by Sir George Chesney that the ideal mounted soldiers should be trained to the highest degree of excellence both as cavalry and mounted riflemen. This is "a large order," but it is to be, and must be, accomplished. What cavalry has to aim at in the

future is to be able to utilise every kind of fighting power, and it must not consider that any one method of action is more its province than another, though it may more often be used in some services than in others. There is especially one old-standing military belief which must be thrown aside once for all. It has been said over and over again that the same man cannot be trained to fight equally well mounted and dismounted. Dr Johnson defined a dragoon as "a kind of soldier that serves indifferently either on foot or on horseback," and the great doctor has always been held to have unwittingly enunciated a great military truth. But war and the conditions of war have very vastly changed, and the cavalry soldier will now be of little value if he cannot fight, and fight well, both in the saddle or on the ground. He must be ready and capable either to hold or attack a position on foot, or to ride with dash and vigour against opposing forces when circumstances are favourable or occasion demands the sacrifice. And that the doing of these two kinds of duties may reasonably be expected from the same men has been proved by incidents in the late war, when cavalry that have been acting to a great extent on foot have charged boldly and with effect. At Diamond Hills there was no lack of dash among the 12th Lancers and the Household Cavalry, though both corps had up to that time done nothing but dismounted work throughout the campaign.

Before going any further we would like to say a word about the possible use of the time-honoured shock tactics of cavalry. Many people, many practical soldiers indeed, hold that the days of charging with the *arme blanche* in the face of modern firearms have gone for ever, but we cannot think that they are altogether justified in their opinion. As long as troops are cool, steady, and under command, it would no doubt be almost impossible for cavalry to attack them with any chance of success, unless they were taken very completely by surprise, or were found under some special circumstances which interfered with their fire, such as fog, &c. We say designedly almost impossible, for, in order to attain a worthy end, cavalry may be called upon to sacrifice itself, and, if it does so, the end may be gained by the sacrifice. Firearms were not quite so good in 1870 as they are to-day, but they were very sufficiently destructive, and yet at Mars la Tour, Bredow's weak brigade (six or seven squadrons) charged greatly superior numbers with tremendous and profitable effect, though at the price of terrible losses.

Even in South Africa we have seen slow-moving infantry, toiling up rocky hillsides, turn their enemy out of chosen positions; and it seems not improbable that, on a tolerably flat open country, circumstances may present themselves which would permit swiftly-advancing cavalry to strike a blow much as it did in bygone times. The very effectiveness of modern

arms will, we cannot but think, give not infrequent opportunities to cavalry which are well led and ride straight at the critical moment. Infantry that has been long exposed to fire, or has been by any accident exposed to its full effect for even a very short time, must be liable to great, if possibly only temporary, disorganisation and loss of *moral*, and would be an easy prey to a watchful cavalry leader whose squadrons were available and prompt. What would have been the result on Lord Methuen's force on the fatal day at Magersfontein if, after the blast of fire that shattered the Highland brigade, the Boers had been able to let loose even one effective regiment of well-trained cavalry? Those who were on the spot can best answer the question. We may pass over the possible encounters of cavalry with cavalry. They will probably retain much the same conditions as formerly. There will be a certain use of firearms, but the ultimate decision will rest with the employment of mounted tactics, and the effective rush of man and horse.

With regard to what we may call the preliminary training of our cavalry, there is little to be said. *Pace* numerous critics, our system of equitation is very good indeed, and it is not too much to say that, for all practical purposes, no cavalry in Europe contains better horsemen than does that of England. Nothing has ever yet been suggested, within the capabilities of man and horse, in which our soldiers do not excel, and, if our country finds it desirable to

maintain a large mounted force, the efficiency of that force will certainly not be deteriorated by any lack of skill in equitation. And, if we can always count upon having soldiers who can ride, we may rest assured that, when they are put together in squadrons, they will always be able to manœuvre. Whether, however, our manœuvre formations, particularly in forming columns of route, may not be greatly and advantageously simplified, is a matter that will require careful attention; but it is so essentially technical that we cannot here discuss it.

To come to broader questions, we fear that it must be allowed that, as riflemen, the training of our mounted soldiers, in common with our infantry, and almost to a greater extent than our infantry, is still very defective, and must be essentially improved.

In 'Maga' a very practical paper on "Army Shooting"¹ appeared in March. It was by "An Infantry Officer," and was intended to apply to infantry, but every word of its teaching touches cavalry also. There is one point, however, in which we venture to think that its recommendations may be enlarged. Cavalry, even more than infantry, suffer from not having a rifle-range in close proximity to their quarters. Infantry soldiers may without much inconvenience be taken to their range, even if it is at some distance, for the time occupied is of no particular

importance; but this cannot so easily be done with cavalry, at least in the early stages of their training, say during the first year of their service, for their horses must be attended to, and their time is necessarily broken into by riding drills. Morris-tube ranges are, no doubt, very useful, but they cannot give practice which will quite satisfactorily replace the use of service ammunition. We think that in, or close by, every cavalry quarter there should be a rifle-range, even if it is only 300 or 500 yards. It must necessarily, of course, be carefully protected by screens, as is the case in many practice-ranges on the Continent, and there would be no difficulty in making such a range perfectly safe, while at the same time it retains the essential conditions of having varying light and passing currents of air of varying strength. The targets, whatever they might be, should be reduced in size to make up for the shortness of the range, and there is no reason why some of them should not be made to move or to appear and disappear. Such a range would not have all the advantages of one of full proportions, but it would do perfectly well for all preliminary instruction, and would enable men to become familiar with their weapons in the early days of their soldiering, or to practise enough to maintain a good measure of efficiency after they had been thoroughly trained. We believe that no nation, as

¹ "Army Shooting, and its Improvement," 'Blackwood's Magazine' for March 1901.

a nation, shoots better than the Swiss, and, in Switzerland, short ranges such as we suggest are in common use.

For the regular practice of the trained soldiers it matters not whether the rifle-range is at some distance, for they can ride to it, and this will be in some degree an advantage, as they will thus be partially placed in service conditions. And, with regard to unlimited practice, the cavalry of to-day, armed with our present magazine carbine or any other small-bore weapon, have an immense advantage over their predecessors who used the Martini carbine. The Martini kicked so severely that few soldiers, and certainly no recruits, could fire more than a comparatively small number of rounds at a target without grave inconvenience. We have constantly seen men stuffing towels and newspapers under their jackets to protect their shoulders; and we remember one weakly and inexperienced recruit whose collar-bone was broken by the kick of his carbine. With the modern weapon, on the contrary, almost any number of rounds may be fired: there is no kick, and the shoulder is never bruised.

But will the carbine be the only weapon to be carried by our cavalry? Some people are much inclined to say Yes, and to add that, for charging purposes, it will be sufficient to fix a sort of dagger-bayonet on to the firearm, which would then be used as a kind of lance. This idea is not unfavourably looked upon by certainly at least one of our best cavalry leaders, who has

had as much experience in the field as any other officer of his arm. Still we cannot reconcile ourselves to entertaining it, and we do not think that it can in any way be considered to be logically sound. All wars are not going to be like that in South Africa in their conditions, and we must not allow our judgment to be carried away by our recent experiences. We must also remember that, even though the *arme blanche* had very few opportunities of showing its power, it inspired a very wholesome degree of funk into our enemies, who constantly evacuated positions when cavalry had outflanked them, and there was any possibility that they might be exposed to lance or sword. It is, of course, impossible that our cavalry should in the future burden themselves as they have done hitherto with the weight of both sword and lance besides a carbine. We must choose between the two, therefore, and it certainly seems as if the lance is the one to be retained. The lance has been advancing in favour in our army during recent years, for lances have been given to the front-rank men of all regiments except the Household Cavalry and Hussars. Presumably, therefore, its merits are indisputable, for they must have been well weighed by the many officers who are competent to give an opinion from personal experience of the weapon, both in war and in the sports of peace.

In the meantime perhaps we should do well to allow hussars and the household cavalry still to retain their swords, and to

give the lance to all other cavalry soldiers. The swords, however, that are to be provided, for hussars at anyrate, should be very different from the ill-balanced articles now in use, so heavy that not even the most powerful men could wield them in a *mêlée* for five minutes without paralysing fatigue, and carried in a steel scabbard, which makes a constant clatter in the ranks, is very conspicuous in the sun's rays, and most effectually blunts the edge of the weapon. Our sword-exercise should also be altogether remodelled; but that, again, is a technical question into which we have neither space nor inclination to enter at present.

Probably there is no more pressing problem to be solved with regard to our cavalry in the future than that of the weight which is to be carried by the horse. There is a general impression that the great load that weighs so heavily on a trooper is made up of all sorts of comforts and conveniences belonging to the rider. Sir Charles Napier's scathing criticism of the English light cavalry soldier in his day is remembered, and it is assumed that what the great general believed to be true then is true still. But Sir Charles Napier sometimes allowed himself to speak without duly weighing his words. Even fifty years ago the responsibility for the great weight carried by an English cavalry horse on service could only be laid in a very small degree on the carriage of extra frippery, and in the field to-day all extras have been rigorously eliminated

from the animal's load. This load is composed of articles which must be always forthcoming on a campaign, and, if they are not otherwise provided for, they must be carried by the horse. And it may surprise many people to know that the weight of these essential articles is certainly over seven stone, made up by saddlery, numnah, arms, ammunition, cloak, horse-blanket, waterproof-sheet, a day's corn for horse and rations for man, with one or two indispensable items, such as picket-peg and wire-cutters. There are no extra garments for the man, except perhaps a spare shirt and woollen cap. Now, all these things must be carried, if the health of man and horse and the fighting power of man are to be considered at all, and it is clear that they *must* be considered.

Apparently there are two alternatives — either we must have a number of led spare horses, as our enemy the Boers have had, or we must have light carts, perhaps like the Indian tongas or the Cape carts, which have been found so useful during the war by the corps fortunate enough to possess them. The first-named resource has some advantages, but it involves the employment of many men to lead and tend the animals. This suited the Boers very well, for they made use of Kaffirs, a Helot race which required, or at least received, little consideration, and large numbers of horses were also available. But it would not equally be applicable to British cavalry, except possibly in India, where native followers can be pro-

cured. Elsewhere we have no inferior race available for such service, and Englishmen would be too expensive in every sense. There would always be difficulty also in providing sufficient horses. Remains the plan of having light carts, into which everything not immediately required may be thrown. Three or four light carts would be required for each squadron, and even then difficulties would arise. After a day's march on service, possibly including some fighting, some men may have to remain on outpost duty, some may be detached suddenly, and certainly some will be found to have fallen out either on account of wounds or accident. Now, if the necessities of these men are in the squadron carts, it is only too likely that they will not always be to hand when they are wanted, and very considerable hardship will be caused to individual men and horses.

The whole subject bristles with difficulties, but they must be resolutely faced. Even at the risk of some occasional hardship (which, indeed, would probably be made up for by the reduced strain on the horse's powers and by the animal's improved condition), some of the present equipment must be divorced from the saddle. The saddle itself, which is now made extremely strong, and therefore proportionately heavy, in order to support the weight of the articles now attached to it, might then be considerably lightened, and this would still further reduce the horse's load. The bridle, too, may be less massive and complicated than

it now is. Some enthusiasts have gone so far as to suggest that the soldier's weapons may be somewhat reduced in weight. The sword and scabbard may be, and should be, as we have already said, much lighter than they now are; but the lance, if it is to be trustworthy, cannot well be lightened even by an ounce; and, with regard to the carbine, the general trend of opinion is that it should have a longer range, and therefore have a slightly longer barrel, with consequently some increase in weight. If, however, all contingencies are to be reasonably well provided for, it does not appear to be possible to reduce the load on the troop-horse's back below fifteen stone, including the rider, who in his uniform will scale on an average between eleven and twelve stone. This will be a vast improvement on the present condition of things, and we shall have the considerable satisfaction of knowing that at anyrate no European cavalry is so lightly equipped.

And with regard to the horses on which our cavalry will be mounted, we cannot help believing that they ought to be of a very different class from the animals that have been used in the past, and that they must lead a very different life from that which has been the rule for British troopers. Even if we make all allowances for being sent into the field before they had recovered the condition lost on the voyage, for being insufficiently fed, for being badly supplied with water, and for being loaded with a crushing weight, it

appears tolerably evident that the average English troop-horses failed in South Africa. Very excellent judges have confidently asserted that they lacked breeding, they lacked stamina, and that they were difficult to feed. At home they could pass through a month of summer manœuvres without breaking down, but that was nearly their limit; and on war service they were unable to withstand hardship, and they disdained any but the choicest food.

We must, if possible, find tougher, hardier, sounder animals than those which have contented us heretofore. And the question at once arises, whether, for military purposes, we have not gone in too much for size (and by size we mean height), sometimes indeed losing sight of the necessity for equivalent bone and girth. It has been borne in upon us lately that it is not the tall horses that are most enduring and most able to adapt themselves to the rough conditions of a campaign. Without taking into account the ponies on which our enemies have been mounted, and the ordinary Cape horses and Basutos which have carried so many of our irregular corps, we believe there is no doubt that the cobs sent from England have given a very good account of themselves,—better comparatively than have the tall troopers of the regular cavalry.

It is too often forgotten that all English thoroughbred horses (and our troopers are valuable only in proportion to the amount of pure blood in their veins) are descended, roughly speaking,

from three great sires imported into England from the East about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and that these three progenitors were each only fourteen hands high. The change in the physical conditions of the race has been brought about by careful breeding, and by a different manner of life and different nourishment from those that fell to the lot of the original Arab or Barb. The race has increased in height and in speed over comparatively short distances, but, *pari passu*, it has become more delicate in constitution and less able to exist under natural conditions. We may well consider, therefore, whether, for the purposes of a large proportion of our mounted soldiers, we should not be wise to revert to a smaller, more compact type of horse than has been lately employed. There is an old saying, "A good big horse is better than a good little one"; but this, like all other proverbs, is only true with reservations, and all horsemen well know that greater height in a horse does not necessarily mean that the animal has greater strength in every direction. We may appeal also to the experience of all travellers and explorers, which seems to tell that it is the small, even the very small, horses which, on poor and scanty food, have been best able to do the hardest work, to go through the longest and most trying journeys.

In our own islands we possess several breeds (Exmoor ponies, Welsh and Irish ponies, &c.) which yield to no animals in the world in the essential qualities that we require. May

we not consider the possibility, by the admixture of Arab blood or otherwise, of producing, in connection with these breeds, a small type of horse that is sound, hardy, and very enduring? It may be said that no breed will be produced by private enterprise for Government purposes alone; but even now there is a very considerable demand for small active horses for many purposes, and, above all, polo is rapidly becoming a national game. The animals that it demands must not be more than 14·2 in height, and if breeders tried to produce polo-ponies, the stock that did not turn out exactly suitable for the game would be precisely what we think some of our cavalry might well take. We say particularly some of our cavalry, for we must still believe that for special purposes we should always have a proportion of heavy cavalry. This would, of course, only mean men mounted on comparatively big horses of a better class than our present troopers, who, while performing all ordinary work, would be spared from employment on scouting, reconnaissance, and similar fatiguing duties except in case of emergency, and would be retained for the occasions on which shock-power was especially desired. It is possible, indeed, that cavalry reconnaissances on a large scale may soon be considered of doubtful value. One man on a bicycle can often find out more than a cavalry division; and there is apparently

a great future for specially trained patrols, aided by the portable field telegraph, or even, it may be, by a wireless telegraphic apparatus. Once more, however, we must shy at a very involved and difficult subject. But, if the principle of largely employing small and hardy horses was adopted, we must be careful that in their treatment in the service they must have no chance of losing or deteriorating their peculiar qualities. The pampered life of our troopers must be a thing of the past. This in no way means lack of care and attention to a horse's real wants, but it does mean a very considerable alteration in our present peace system of military stabling and stable management.¹

Because we have ventured to advocate the employment of comparatively small horses, it must not be supposed that we wish to follow up the argument by proposing that they should be ridden by very small (or apparently small) men. Practical experience teaches us that, if men are powerful and in good condition, there is not above a very few pounds difference between the weight of an individual who is 5 feet 5 inches and one who is 5 feet 7 inches or 5 feet 8 inches, and it may be accepted as a general rule that the better the class from which a man comes the taller he will be. And we must have men who are not only powerful and active, but of as good a quality as possible, if they are to do the work that

¹ This subject was considered by 'Maga' in October 1896, in an article on "Cavalry Stabling."

will be required from them. The household cavalry in South Africa were of course selected from their regiments as not being the most gigantic of the stately cuirassiers, but they were all very much above the middle size. We have the best authority for saying that, in the efficient performance of all duties, there was no cavalry in the field that was better than they, and not many that were their equals. They had all the advantage of belonging to a very superior class of men, and there has been no suggestion that their length of limb and weight detracted from it.

It is a scientific fact that typical Englishmen of the upper classes are, at twenty years old, from 5 feet 8 inches to 5 feet 9 inches in height, and of a lower class about 5 feet 7 inches. Two or three years later, under favourable conditions, both classes of men are about the same height. Men who are shorter than the typical height are generally so because they have been born under unhealthy circumstances, because at some time in early life they have suffered from disease, or because they have had bad or insufficient food. In any case these causes of arrest of growth take away greatly from an individual's physical value when he arrives at maturity. Men who are taller than the typical height, on the other hand, may not improbably be better than typical men in the performance of one effort of strength, but they will not have so much stamina, and, after long-continued trials, a greater proportion of the typical

than of the very tall men will survive. It is to be noted, however, that an excess of height is better than a deficiency. A man 6 feet high is, generally speaking, physically better than a man of 5 feet 6 inches. It may be urged that the French and other nations employ smaller men in their armies than do the English, but we must then remark that the typical Frenchman (for instance) is some inches shorter than the typical Englishman, and our neighbours can therefore be contented with men of 5 feet 1 inch or 5 feet 2 inches for military service.

It has often been said also that we should enlist for our cavalry men like jockeys, second horsemen or whippers-in; but there is not a sufficient supply of well-nourished muscular pigmies, and men of the classes that we have named, however strong they may be in their bodies, generally have, to an experienced medical eye, some defect about the legs. Now a man who is in any way weak or deficient is, more than ever in present circumstances, undesirable as a cavalry soldier.

No. We know what is the size of a typical Englishman. Let us enlist men as near that size as possible, the nearer the better; and let us be thankful if we can get them in sufficient numbers.

Sir George Chesney insisted that in the ranks of the ideal mounted force which he contemplated for England's service, only picked men should be found. Well, it is difficult, when men are being enlisted, to

pick them in the sense that he meant. It is impossible at first sight to say whether any individual who presents himself will or will not be a first-rate soldier. Men are like horses: some are flat-catchers, and some do not disclose their real good qualities till after long acquaintance. All Englishmen nowadays have had some education, and their intelligence has been more or less cultivated; all men who pass into the service are subjected to a tolerably searching physical examination, so it is not until after a soldier has been in a corps for some time that an opinion can be formed whether he is so markedly intelligent and so physically capable as to be worthy of a place in a *corps d'élite*.

Happily, whatever difficulties there may have been during the past in recruiting for the army, there has generally been an amply sufficient supply of excellent men for cavalry. How well they represented the best class in the English population (what Sir George Chesney called "the typical Englishman, the sturdy well-fed representative Englishman—men self-reliant, intelligent, fit to take care of themselves") is proved by the more than respectable positions in social life which were occupied by the greater part of the cavalry reservists who have been mobilised for the present war. It is probable that, with the increased advantages that will be offered, we shall in the future secure the services of as many of the same class as we require. Most of them will, after a year or two of instruc-

tion, come up even to Sir George Chesney's standard of "irresistible horsemen." Those that do not then, mentally and physically, arrive at the requisite level, may be permitted to take their discharge, with the option of being transferred to some other arm of the service for which they are more fitted.

We have not said, nor do we propose to say, anything about the officers who are to command our cavalry. 'Maga's' opinion about all the officers of our army has been expressed before to-day in no uncertain terms. We most conscientiously believe that the gentlemen who now hold, or are candidates for, commissions only require opportunity and encouragement to make themselves past-masters of the art of war in every detail, and we have Ministerial assurance that opportunity, encouragement, and stimulus are to be forthcoming in the immediate future. We may be permitted to quote from a private letter the opinion formed about our cavalry officers in South Africa by a civilian (not a newspaper correspondent) who had exceptional opportunities of seeing the work that they did in the field: "The colonels do all that is in their power, and are absolutely sound in their loyalty to orders. The subaltern boy is a perfect marvel, fearless, possessed of a marvellous amount of military tact, and completely to be relied on." As material from which to form leaders of her mounted forces, what more could the country want?

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE CANDID FRIEND—HIS DANGEROUS JEREMIADS—ENGLAND'S DISSOLUTION—
—THE COMPETITION OF GERMANY AND AMERICA—THE EXPORTS OF
GREAT BRITAIN—THE CRITICS OF THE ARMY—A SCOURGE OF
MINISTERS—MR CHILDERS'S LIFE—THE QUEEN AND MR GLADSTONE—
THE BUDGET—SIR ALFRED MILNER'S RETURN.

"Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heav'n, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend*!"

DURING the past year the Pro-Boers, lending an eager ear to every unsupported calumny, have displayed with an acrid insolence the hatred they bear to their own country. England can do no right—that is their motto; and so keen is their joy in what they believe England's failure, that no concession would appease their greedy detestation. Happily they find approval where they pledge their affection—abroad; at home their spiteful ignorance is sternly disregarded save in their own packed and guarded meeting-houses. But there is another cannibal active in the land, who would publicly devour his own kin. And he is more dangerous, because less ingenuous, than the disciples of Stead. For he is a *Candid Friend*: he wishes nothing but well to the Empire. It is nothing less than patriotism which moves him to reveal the horrid truth that Great Britain is ruined body and soul. Of course, there is one possible method of retrieval. If only the rulers of the empire will listen to the profound advice of the *Candid Friend*, all

will be well. So he wanders up and down, fatuous and irascible. You may hear him in clubs murmuring, "Monstrous! monstrous!" He bustles about, prophesying disaster, and growing every day more and more arrogant. Nor can we pass him by with a shrug of contempt, for the man has an easy knack of deceiving the unwary. His noisy protestation of patriotism does not sound so hollow as it should to those who know not the type, while the facile schemes which he sketches over a whisky-and-soda seem quite pleasant to his friends through the haze of tobacco-smoke. Moreover, he loses no opportunity of ill-doing: being idle, he is preternaturally busy in his idleness. He is carried hither and thither in a whirlwind of talk; he writes uninformed articles in sensational journals, and he is so desperately in love with himself that he spurns his muffin every day that his name does not shine in print.

The *Candid Friend*, then, is a grotesque figure; but unhappily he is dangerous as well as grotesque. His reckless jeremiads are read by thousands ignorant

as himself, and since he appeals to the imposing vanity of smug persons, he is sure of a large and appreciative audience. The mob takes a genuine pride in what it believes to be the mistakes of others. A gentle glow of superiority warms the heart of the citizen when he is told that this general is a madman, or that Minister a miscreant. Republics have been known to live upon abuse of this kind, and there are many in England who would push their country, if they could, into the lowest pit of democracy. So the Candid Friend, knowing his audience, shouts that England is on the very point of dissolution. Her trade is gone to Germany or America; the late war, which has made us the laughing-stock of Europe, proves our incapacity to fight; and as for our navy, everybody knows that it is a collection of tin-pots, every one warranted to go to the bottom at the mere sight of an enemy. Such is the story which we read day after day in our newspapers, and the Candid Friends, who are never weary of telling it, reckon little enough of the harm which they may inflict.

For even if the charges, thus hastily brought, were true, our Candid Friends would still be the enemies of their country. Policy should dictate a subtler method of reform. Suppose a merchant of the City to feel the sting of competition. Would he straightway proclaim his decadence to the world? Would he confess in the face of all competitors that he knew he was worsted, and though he did not propose to shut up

shop, he was eager for the encouragement of his rivals to announce an approaching defeat? The many brawlers who clamour day after day for "efficiency" assure us that their ambition is to "run the Empire" upon what they inelegantly describe as "business lines"; and forthwith they adopt a policy which would ruin the most prosperous business in a month. In brief, had they the management of the Empire, they would publish it abroad that the Empire was bankrupt in money and in courage, and leave the Empire's remains to be eaten by the vultures from abroad. But our Candid Friends, were they in loyal earnest, would seek another means of improvement. They would secretly assail the Chambers of Commerce, in whose hand lies the prosperity of our merchants. They would study our shortcomings, and conceal them until they had discovered a quick and perfect remedy. In fact, they would introduce the simple principles of business into their agitation. They would modestly hide their own head, that the work of their ambition might be the more efficiently accomplished. And when they had finished their task, no one would be the wiser; the Empire only would have profited. But so quiet a triumph would not suit our Candid Friends. It would not ensure what they most earnestly desire, a full and flagrant advertisement. It would not enable them to brag that they alone knew how to save the country. Wherefore, they do their utmost to discredit Great Britain in the eyes

of the world, and are content, because for a brief hour they have themselves posed as patriots—misunderstood.

Mean as their method is, the harm they do is not easily calculable. Commerce, as a wise-acre said of fame, is a very subtle thing: destroy prestige, and you may destroy reality. If articles are published day by day in our papers, signed by alleged patriots, who declare that commerce has deserted us, that we have no ships, and that we are cowards all, our commerce, though not our courage, is already in danger. "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," is a sound motto, and a hundred "patriots" have done their best during the last year to hang our dog of an Empire. Germany and America have absorbed all our trade—so we read in all the popular prints; and if this falsehood is repeated often enough, the world may begin to believe it. Then the world will cease to regard England as a mart, it will buy no goods that are not made either in Germany or the States, and the Candid Friends will have achieved their purpose nobly. They will whisper a fat and drowsy "I told you so," and flatter themselves that the country was ruined because the country's Ministers rejected their advice.

For a moment we have supposed that all the complaints which have been made against our Empire found an excuse in fact. But even this vast supposition does not justify the groaners. What, then, shall we say of our critics when we find their figures false and their

reproach superfluous? Unhappily we can say nothing, for it is no crime to libel a nation, and the Candid Friend may work his worst, with the full assurance that no punishment will befall him. However, his certain immunity does not touch his honour; it merely makes him more active in defamation, and here is the substance of his charge. England, says he, has lost or is fast losing her trade. The competition of Germany and America is in his opinion too violent to be withstood. The new commercial Powers, he declares, are "stealing" our customers; and we might pertinently ask, *Why stealing*, O Candid Friend, *why stealing*? His argument is as largely fortified by figures as by venom, and he has no difficulty in proving to his own satisfaction that the trade of our rivals is increasing faster than our own. But the true basis of his argument is terror. He seems to resent a competitor with a craven fear. Yet he should know that competition has always been the impetus of the English trade; and why should we dread without that which we cheerfully accept within? If it be true that Germany and America can supply a more useful "article" at a lower price than ourselves, by all means let them take the market, or let us bestir our manufacturers to claim supremacy on the only admissible ground of excellence. Nor will our manufacturers, if they be worthy the national esteem, sit down quietly under the first stress of competition.

The dastards who air their candour in the press may tremble in their German-made shoes. The manufacturers whose decadence is deplored know far better the meaning of enterprise, and we are pleased to leave the future of England in their hands. The real proof of decay is not in the growing competition, but in the cowardice of those who dread it; and we should be truly miserable if we put the words of our critics higher than the deeds of our industrious manufacturers. In brief, history cannot show a more dastardly episode than that which has lately disgraced us, and the sooner we cease to groan about competition the sooner shall we tackle it with address, and by our sure success silence the tongues of those who live by pessimism.

Ignorance, as we have said, is the sure mark of "candour," and the following passage from the 'Shifting Scenes' of Sir Edward Malet, who has a profound knowledge both of America and of Germany, should shame the waverers.

"It is a singular thing," says Sir Edward, "that while we English, of all nations of the world, have recognised and experienced the enormous advantage to progress which comes from competition in every branch of our internal development, we cannot bring our minds to view the competition of other nations as destined to produce the same progress for the benefit of the world, and to welcome it as a further incentive to our own action and as a preventive to our going to sleep. There is no question that the rapid advance of Germany has given us a rude and healthy shaking, and that we owe to it a great part of our own progress in recent years.

"I will put it broadly. Look at a map of Africa published before 1885, and compare it with a map of to-day. You will see that vast tracts of territory in the east, west, and south have been added, I will not say to the dominions, but certainly to British dominion: there is not a square foot of these additions to our territorial influence which has not been sanctioned by treaty or agreement, and most of these have been due to the initiative of Germany. Prince Bismarck called together the Congo Conference—it confirmed to us the basin of the Niger. In Count Caprivi's time we acquired by agreement with Germany the protectorate of Zanzibar, and the sphere of British influence which extends to the head-waters of the Nile, and we agreed upon the boundaries of the British territories, including Rhodesia in the south. . . .

"The activity of the Germans redoubled ours, and if the regions which came under our influence were, as is said, merely bounded by paper tracings, still their development has begun, and its progress is due to the healthy competition which Germany has forced upon us. To what do we owe the alacrity with which our House of Commons has voted every increase in the estimates of the Navy which successive Governments of late years have proposed? Has it not been due to the growth of foreign colonial aspirations, the chief and most engrossing being German?"

Of course it has, and there is room upon the surface of the globe for all of us. No advantage can be won by the perversely exaggerated jingoism which blenches at the sight of a German outside his own country. We have our Colonies, and we are proud of them, nor do we propose to yield one inch of them to the encroachment of foreigners. But we know the value of a colonial policy well enough not to condemn the expansion of our neighbours with a timid hypocrisy. And as we

should not shirk competition, as we should not fear the advance of Germany, so we cannot accept the garbled statistics of the grumblers. One serious fallacy vitiates the most pessimistic figures. It is obvious that a new firm at the outset of its career will make more progress than an old-established rival, and in certain trades both Germany and America are new firms. The new firm starts (so to say) from scratch. It brings into the market something unseen before. The old-established firm, on the other hand, if it has done itself justice, has already reached a high point of development ; its excellence is known to all customers ; and an increase of profit is manifestly more difficult than it was when the trade was young and untried. The most enterprising factory cannot do more than its utmost, and it is no mark of decadence if, having attained its climax, it rests solidly upon the heights. The real competition, in fact, between England and Germany and America will not begin until Germany or America is so close upon England's heels that England suffers. But the figures of Mr Broomhall, the statistician, prove that we have not as yet any reason to fear. We are content to take his figures with his comment, since they show that, if we do not possess the whole earth, we are yet secure against the bankruptcy prophesied by so many peevish " patriots."

" The annual gross exports of merchandise from the United Kingdom, Germany, and the United States of America, as given in the Statistical Abstract of the Board of Trade, divided among the inhabitants of the respective countries, during the period from 1879 to 1899, split up into three equal terms of seven years :—

Periods.	United Kingdom. Total exports per capita.	Germany. Total exports per capita.	U.S.A. Total exports per capita.	Germany and U.S.A. combined. Total exports per capita.
1879 to 1885	£8 4 1	£4 17 5	£3 2 2	£7 19 7
1886 to 1892	8 0 11	4 8 4	2 14 1	7 2 5
1893 to 1899	7 9 0	3 12 2	2 18 9	6 10 11

"The above decreases are due to the fall in value of late years ; the actual volume of trade has, of course, greatly increased. Besides showing that the Briton is doing more, man for man, than his two great rivals combined, the above statement proves that he is increasing his lead. In the foregoing the export business only has been taken into account, and, moreover, no credit has been claimed for the great preponderance of the British shipping and financial interests, in which this kingdom is *facile princeps*."

Yet our Candid Friends still invite ruin by telling the world that England has finished her career.

Having demolished British trade, the Candid Friend proceeds to demolish the British army. The country's interests, we are told on every side, were shamefully betrayed during the war. Indeed this betrayal is so commonly taken for granted that the busybodies of the press, now unhappily to be reckoned with, seem to keep the proper paragraphs standing in type. Our generals cannot lead, our soldiers dare not fight, our transport has broken down hopelessly, our doctors are

habitually drunk, and while the troops are starved in the field, they are murdered in the hospitals. These we believe are the commonplaces of criticism, and as such they have been telegraphed from one end of the world to the other. It is the mark of the foreign "patriot," as of our own, that he accepts the utterances of war-correspondents as gospel-truth, and the opinion of the best-known military historian in Germany would do credit to a halfpenny newspaper or to the most candid of our critics. This famous historian, then, according to the most valuable essay with which Lieut.-Colonel Henderson prefaces Count Sternberg's ingenuous 'Experiences of the Boer War' (London: Longmans), declares "that khaki was not taken into wear until after many defeats; that the English infantry attacked in solid line; that volleys were the only species of fire employed; and that the Boers never made use of the spade." Such statements as these might well have been made, and no doubt have been made, by a hundred correspondents, who are eager to reform their country, and whose honour does not oblige them to accuracy. Worse than this: it is accepted as a commonplace by the writers in newspapers, and other persons ignorant of warfare, that the behaviour of our generals in the Transvaal has been ridiculous. The mass of evidence, which is gradually growing upon the other side, is not likely to change the baseless views held by our detractors.

For the next year or two they will denounce Lord Lansdowne, Lord Roberts, and all our army, and then, having turned a moral somersault, they will point with a finger of pride to the men whom they now insolently traduce. Wellington's conduct of the Peninsula aroused an even bitterer contempt in the minds of the ignorant than Lord Roberts's splendid march upon Bloemfontein. But nevertheless it is well to point out that men who know their business are content with our conduct of the war. Lord Roberts is a fair man as well as a skilful leader, and his despatches, recently published, prove that our transport and organisation were admirable. Moreover, as Colonel Henderson has clearly pointed out, the campaign in Africa has entirely changed the face of warfare. The difficult country, the smokeless powder, the flat trajectory of the small-bore rifle, and the invisibility of the man who uses it, have imposed upon us a new art of battle. Yet neither the foreign critics nor our own wise "patriots" have given us any credit for readily accepting the new conditions. At a lecture delivered in Vienna, before the Austro-Hungarian Staff, says Colonel Henderson, "it was stated that there were times when the troops could not be got to advance after a loss of only 3 to 9 per cent, and that at Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso they took to flight." Of course this sapient lecturer produced no evidence of his statements. He was probably con-

tent to filch the falsehood from the press. But, says Colonel Henderson, "had he known that the troops at Colenso retired by order of the general-in-chief, and retired with the utmost unwillingness; had he known that at Stormberg they were suddenly assailed by a heavy flank fire at short range, that, instead of running in panic, they advanced upon the enemy, and only retired when they found that he was posted on the crest of an inaccessible cliff; had he known that at Magersfontein the Highland Brigade held on, in a perfectly hopeless position, in the mid-summer blaze of a South African sun and without water, for more than nine long hours; had he known that throughout the campaign the great difficulty was not to get the men to advance, but to prevent them advancing prematurely,—he would probably have realised that the failures of an indomitable soldiery were due to mistakes in leading and to the peculiar conditions of modern battle." The evidence of competent soldiers, however, who are "content to know that the manhood of the race shows no sign of deterioration," is quite helpless to convince the smart rhetoricians, who are convinced that the Empire is not run on "business lines." They know much better than to accept what they would call "interested" testimony. Nor do they willingly hear the rare praise of impartial foreigners; their mind being fixed hopefully upon disaster, they laugh when Count Sternberg explains that "modern arms have ren-

dered it much easier to act on the defensive, and very much more difficult to assume the offensive." For them it is enough to count heads, and to assert that an efficient army would have overmatched our achievement in half the time. For ourselves we prefer to believe Count Sternberg, whose "Military Reflections" are a lucid and intelligent piece of criticism, and who declares in all good faith that "no Continental army would have done better than the English with the same or even somewhat greater numbers; and I personally doubt if, as regards practical equipment, technical smartness, and readiness, a Continental army would have done so well."

The gentlemen who, under the guise of "patriots," wantonly assail their country need not be numbered nor particularised. They are everywhere voluble, posing as "business experts" in the great reviews, and echoing the voice of their masters in the columns of the daily press. But we may take one flagrant example of reckless criticism—not because it is more intelligent than the others, but because it covers in its easy stride the whole field of human enterprise. Mr Arnold White, then, is profoundly dissatisfied with his country, and in a little work entitled 'Efficiency and Empire' (London: Methuen & Co.) he has kindly volunteered to put matters straight for us. "England," he says, "has received a warning to re-organise her Education, her system of Imperial Defence, and the Administration of her

public affairs." He is quite sure that if a clean sweep is not made of everybody and everything at once, the ruin of the nation will begin with the first decade of the twentieth century. Well, we may be doomed to extinction; but if we survive, we shall not owe our survival to the tedious rhetoric of Mr White. Where'er this burning patriot turns his gaze, he finds a like failure. The War Office, of course, has betrayed the country; the Foreign Office is "our most incapable department"; the unreadiness of the Navy is a constant menace; the Treasury is corrupt; the Consular Service is a patent disgrace, &c., &c., &c. We have heard of all this a thousand times: it has been said with tiresome iteration ever since the beginning of the last century, and yet England has marvelously prospered and increased. But what the groaners have omitted to do is to provide a remedy. Mr Arnold White is no better than his class. He contradicts himself a dozen times: he complains on one page that the Foreign Office is closed to the talents, and presently admits that the help of outsiders is always asked in an emergency; now he declares that "most of the land worth having on this planet that was not occupied at the beginning of last century is British"; now he murmurs that during the past century "the practical directing ability of the kingdom has deteriorated." We leave him to reconcile these statements. We would only suggest that something may

be said for a "deteriorating ability" which occupies all the land worth having on this planet.

But not only is Mr White's criticism inconsistent — it is fruitless and mischievous to boot. He indulges in the commonplace aspirations for efficiency and control, without reflecting that he is not strange in his desire for these very solid virtues. Yet when he descends to details, his remedies are as visionary as his proof. Above all, he would punish our politicians by impeachment; he would encourage resignation at the slightest rebuff; and he is indignant that the conduct of the Boer war has not led to a change of Ministers. In fact, he would, if he could, reduce England to the vain hysteria which has rendered the government of France so dangerous an enterprise. He would expose every man who accepted office to a charge of incompetence or malversation. At the beginning of the century, says he with pride, Calder, Melville, and Whitelocke were impeached. This concatenation of names brilliantly illustrates his sense of history and of justice. Calder was reprimanded, it is true; but the incident is no matter for pride, and the ill-used officer was afterwards promoted. Melville, again, was impeached that a left-handed blow might be struck at Pitt, and Melville was acquitted by his peers on all counts. The case of Whitelocke was very different: he was most properly disgraced, and he ended an inglorious career in retirement. But of

the three instances quoted by Mr White, two are solemn warnings against political hysteria, while the third is a precedent which has constantly been followed, and which is never likely to go out of fashion. Does Mr White suppose that no officers have been broken during the past campaign? And would he have us follow our predecessors, who in his view were also incompetent, even in their mistakes?

If the State be unsound, we would not have its disease concealed from our Ministers, who are its proper doctors; but no good can come of showing its sores, hideously exaggerated, at the street-corner. And however unsound it may be, it does not yet stand in need of such nostrums as quacks and charlatans may prescribe. There is a dignified method of treatment ordained by our constitution, and if the doctors, now seated at what our critics would call the "bedside," are inefficient, there is a very simple way of discharging them. In other words, our Ministers are responsible to Parliament and to the country; they need not listen to the clamour of the press, nor tremble at the irresponsible threatening of impeachment. Moreover, none of the remedies proposed are agreeable to our national pride. Our Candid Friends believe that they can save the State by suddenly converting their countrymen into something else. The panic-monger would hastily transform the Briton into a Frenchman. He would urge his compatriots to lay aside all their ancient stoicism;

he would persuade them that calmness under a reverse was the mark of timidity; and if he dared carry his argument to a conclusion, he would have capped Colenso by a revolution. This process of disintegration was commenced twenty years ago, and after Majuba Sir Evelyn Wood was already convinced that "our character had undergone some change—I believe from increasing Continental intercourse." But while the panic-mongers would make us French, the pedants would make us German. We are not mechanical enough to please those who believe that nothing is admirable outside Berlin. Yet nothing will ever be gained by taking on a false complexion. Whatever we have achieved in the past, we achieved because we were Englishmen; and in the future the same qualities will have the best chance of success. If we are to preserve the Empire we have made, we must develop along our own line. We must be neither sham Frenchmen nor sham Germans; we must remain genuine Englishmen, despising not our limitations. Until the end of time we shall make mistakes, and reckon not of them; until the end of time we shall prove that a character compacted of extraordinary perseverance and occasional stupidity is not the worst equipped for the struggle of life. At anyrate, we are neither mountebanks nor machines, nor have we hitherto displayed the democratic hatred of all governors, which in some countries makes the true patriotism a disgrace.

Mr Arnold White's theory of government, for instance, is based upon suspicion. He would insist upon the "vigilant supervision" of postmen and Ministers alike. But in all States you must trust somebody; and if the Prime Minister is not secure without a spy, to whom shall the spy acknowledge allegiance? *Quis custodiet custodes?* The ideal safeguard, of course, will never be found, and a generous confidence is always better than a policy of Peeping Tom. Yet our constitution, even though it be the growth of time and chance, is more efficiently protected than any other devised by the wit of man. Behind the people speak the Commons, behind the Commons frown the Peers, behind the Peers the Crown suggests. In the last resort the Crown yields, and, if we consider the limitations of the human intellect, perhaps it is better that the Crown should counsel rather than command. A wise Queen is not always on the throne, and unhappily we cannot make a rule from the wisdom of Victoria. Yet nothing is clearer than that, if Mr Gladstone had accepted his sovereign's advice, we should have been saved millions of treasure and thousands of lives. Such is one of the lessons taught by the 'Life of the Right Hon. Hugh Childers' (London: John Murray), which has recently been published. As a school of politics we know no better book: we only regret that it touches a period of disaster, and that Mr Childers served so callous a master as Mr Gladstone. For Mr Childers every Englishman must cherish a qualified admiration. He was the very type of the expert administrator. He managed no department that he did not improve. He was too complacent sometimes; sometimes he showed himself narrow-minded, as when from fear of an "anomaly" he would persuade the Commander-in-Chief to address his letters no longer from the time-honoured "Horse Guards," but from the busy "War Office." But the real lesson of this 'Life' of Mr Childers is the wisdom of our Queen. She knew all things, she followed the course of every war and of every negotiation; she gave her advice simply, and it was always sound. That the Government rejected it was no fault of hers, while it was our disaster. Her knowledge of affairs is as remarkable as her rapid judgment; and there is no doubt that, had there been no Mr Gladstone in the background, implacable in his levity, Mr Childers would readily have welcomed the wisdom of the Queen. Above all things, the Queen showed a warm sympathy with her sailors and soldiers. The first letters which she addressed to Mr Childers advocated the wearing of beards in the navy, and prove that she was always mindful of the comfort of our forces. But never did she forget that the empire depended upon the efficiency of our troops. So she writes, in 1880, "Trusting that no reductions in the army are contemplated, and asking whether, on the contrary, an increase should not be

thought of." So on another occasion: "The Queen cannot believe that Mr Childers desires to destroy all *esprit de corps*;" and when, after the miserable fiasco of Majuba, Mr Childers took every step to enable a successful advance to be made, and recommended that the command should be intrusted to Sir Frederick Roberts, the Queen replied: "Entirely approve; had thought of this myself." But then you read with shame and confusion that "the Cabinet did not feel convinced that what had occurred at Majuba justified their breaking off the negotiations they had ordered Sir G. Colley to open with Kruger." There speaks the timid tortuous voice of Gladstone, which, unhappily, was able to silence the experienced wisdom of the Queen and the energetic patriotism of Mr Childers. But the Queen is always justified of her counsel. Throughout the Egyptian troubles she alone kept in the straight path. She strongly warned the Government not to send out the troops "before all that is required is ready"; she insisted that Arabi should be punished with proper severity; and when the worst seemed over she was firm in suggesting that the troops should not be too hastily withdrawn. But what could Queen and country avail against a histrionic Minister, who despised disaster and would not brook opposition?

The chief lesson, then, taught by Mr Childers's 'Life' is the wisdom of the Queen, which might have averted the war which has harassed us for more

than a year. No wonder Lord Kimberley has since confessed the fault which he once committed in opposing her judgment. No wonder Mr Gladstone has been covered with an obloquy which shrouds no other statesman of the century. For if the Queen be the true hero of the drama, Mr Gladstone is the supreme villain, and the part which he plays in this 'Life' of Mr Childers illustrates the worst danger of our constitution. Mr Gladstone ruled the country against the judgment of the Queen and without the sympathy of his colleagues. Mr Childers does not often mention him, and very seldom with approval. Thus in 1876 he writes: "The Anti-Turkish agitation is noisy, but I do not think very deep. . . . People are beginning to doubt the wisdom of playing the Russian game; and, for my part, while I should be only too glad to see the Turk out of Europe, I would willingly pay an income-tax of 2s. 6d. in the pound to keep the Russian out of Constantinople." Yet, for all the opposition of his colleagues, Mr Gladstone went on the stump, with what result we know.

This, indeed, is the great danger of our constitution—the influence of the actor. But happily the actor makes a rare appearance in politics, and Mr Gladstone will not soon find a rival. None the less, it is a curious situation. On the one hand, Mr Gladstone, with a flood of words, and a callous disregard of facts; on the other, stern practical men such

as Mr Childers and Lord Hartington, powerless to combat their leader. And in acquiescence Mr Childers showed his weakness. Shrewd as he was, and eminent in business, he could not make his influence felt outside his department. He took up less room in the world than the less efficient politician who led him. And so firm was the hold Mr Gladstone had upon his colleagues, that they seem to have endured the last indignity rather than resign. Majuba must needs have been a heavy blow to Mr Childers, yet he sanctioned the surrender. Throughout the Egyptian embroilment, when Mr Gladstone, with his usual ingenuity, declared that though we had bombarded Alexandria we were not at war, Mr Childers hardly conceals his contempt. But Mr Gladstone always had his way, and his tragic career proves with unfortunate lucidity that a democracy's most serious danger is the gift of eloquence. Indeed, he who would understand the real strength and weakness of his country will learn far more from a study of Mr Childers's simple, straightforward biography than from the sermons of a hundred pessimists.

Mr Arnold White, if he had had his own "short way" with Ministers, would have driven Sir Michael Hicks-Beach from power. But happily the Chancellor of the Exchequer has survived the wrath of his enemies to frame another Budget. It is impossible that his method of defraying the very

heavy expenses incurred by the Empire should please every one, but the patriotism of the country will make light of the extra burden placed upon it, and though sugar-brokers and coal-owners may exercise the privilege of complaint, the hardship will soon be forgotten, and the soundness of Sir Michael's finance will be generally recognised. For the British Empire cannot be administered with a niggard hand. If the Exchequer revenue has grown to the enormous sum of £140,019,000, the Exchequer expenditure has correspondingly increased under what the Chancellor happily described as "the blighting influence of the Treasury." Expenditure, in fact, is popular, and the deficit of this year may not merely be put down to the war in South Africa. England to-day is spending far more on her navy and her army than ever before, and no parliamentary candidate would have a chance of election who went to his constituents with the old-fashioned extravagant cry of retrenchment. What economy has cost us during the past years everybody knows: we saved the expense of a campaign in 1881; we sacrificed Delagoa Bay in order to put a few thousands in our pocket; and upon Mr Gladstone and his henchmen must fall a share of the responsibility for our increased expenditure. However, we face the increase with a light heart and a grateful mind. The war was none of our seeking, and we have overcome its difficulties with admirable energy. There remains to

pay the piper, and how shall it best be done?

The year's expenditure is £183,592,000, and Sir Michael's proposals for meeting the deficit and providing for the future are as sensible as they are moderate. In the first place, he has raised the income-tax, and in the second he has insisted upon a broader basis of revenue. The additional 2d. in the income-tax will neither surprise nor appal the country; and though we have so long been accustomed to direct taxation that an indirect tax comes with something of a shock, the perfect justice of the small impost levied on sugar will appeal to all. During the Crimean war the sugar-tax varied from 13s. 4d. to 20s. per cwt. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach proposes to put no higher duty than 4s. 2d. a cwt. upon refined sugar, graduated for raw sugar by the degrees of polarisation. This duty will produce rather more than £5,000,000, and will cause difficulty to none. The other tax, which has been violently discussed, is levied, at the rate of 1s. per ton, upon exported coal. Now this duty, as the Chancellor points out, will be paid neither by the producer nor by the English consumer. It will come out of the pockets of those merchants abroad who find the use of English coal essential. A juster impost we cannot imagine. Coal is a material which differs from all others. "It is not like corn, or wool, or cotton, or timber," said Sir Michael,—“raw materials which the beneficence

of nature and the labour of men are continually producing: coal once extracted from our earth is gone. It is capital, not interest.” More than that, coal is the true source of all our wealth and prosperity. Without it we could not have supported our manufactures at home, nor made our vast Empire over-seas. So that every ton of coal sent abroad is a possible weakening of our resources. If, therefore, the impost of a shilling per ton checks in a measure the export of our coal, no damage will be inflicted upon our national interests. That the coal-owners should express a vain indignation was inevitable, but the coal-owners will win little or no sympathy from the people. A long blank winter has been rendered far more difficult of support by the immense increase in the cost of coal; and, though a feeling of carelessness for the interests of the coal-owners may be illogical, it is entirely consonant with human nature. For the rest, Sir Michael proposes to raise a loan of £60,000,000; and while we might have preferred a bolder Budget, including a larger loan and an unraised Income-tax, we may yet congratulate ourselves that we are able to meet a special emergency with a financial scheme at once simple and straightforward.

But not even Sir William Harcourt's commentary upon the Budget indicates so clearly the irreconcilable attitude of the Pro-Boers as their reception of the news that Sir Alfred Milner has been granted a brief holiday. For two years

our High Commissioner has held a post of infinite difficulty and danger. He has won the respect of all patriots, the undying hatred of all traitors. He is peculiarly detested by the Pro-Boers because he will not endure their policy of shuffle. "Butcher and bolt" is no motto for him, while his determination to protect all good citizens is naturally distasteful to those who believe surrender to be the first duty of governors. Wherefore the campaign of falsehood is industriously pressed. Sir Alfred Milner's holiday is said to be a mere cover for retirement: once the High Commissioner is home again, we are told, he will be unceremoniously kicked upstairs. Of course he will not, as even the Pro-Boer press knows full well. The incident may be explained in the simplest terms: the patriot has as good a right to a holiday as the inventor of treason; and it is the first interest of the Empire that Sir Alfred Milner should begin the great work of reconstruction with the freshness that only rest and health can give. The truth, as always, is so simple as to escape the Radical press of England and the virulent press of France. To be misinformed is the point of honour with French journalists, and the 'Débats' has not lost its latest opportunity. Sir Alfred Milner, says the ignorant critic of the 'Débats,' is one of the chief obstacles to peace, and the British Government "does not hesitate to remove Sir Alfred Milner in order to rid England of a ruinous war." Do they live in a fool's paradise, such journalists as this, or have they a natural love of falsehood? Whatever be their temperament, they will no doubt persist in their policy of fog until Sir Alfred Milner returns to his post, and then in the meddling pursuit of some other enemy they will forget their ignorant hostility of to-day. To Sir Alfred their hatred is the highest compliment. The man who serves his country well is proud to be maligned by his country's foes, at home or abroad. And if, on the one hand, Sir Alfred is the victim of idle detraction, on the other he possesses the confidence of his Government and of all loyal Englishmen. Africa has been the grave of many a reputation. There is one reputation—Sir Alfred's—to which Africa has given a new and a generous life. England will always honour the man who has served her with the serene energy and the enlightened firmness which have ever distinguished our High Commissioner; and while we shall welcome him home with a proud enthusiasm, it is with perfect confidence that we shall speed him parting to complete the work which he has so nobly begun.

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CHARITY.

BY "LINESMAN."

Scene—A deep wooded gorge abutting on the winding Tugela below Mount Alice. *Dramatis personæ* — 30,000 men, with several things on their minds, preparing to bivouac. *Time*—Hot still nightfall on February 4, 1900. Such was a glimpse, as it were, into the "flies" before the curtain was rung up on the great spectacular drama of Vaal Krantz, General Buller's third attempt at the relief of beleaguered Ladysmith—third, most exhausting, and most hopeless, most often thought of by those who strove in the bloody trio, perhaps most worthy of thought in its squandered gallantry, endurance, and discipline. Judged by the evangelical aphorism, it was in other ways the greatest of the three failures which, whilst almost unnerving England,

nerved her retreating soldiers to a pitch of absolute unconquerableness on the triumphant anniversary of Majuba. Colenso was Faith, absolute Faith: defeat was impossible; the only doubt of victory its extent, whether it would not by its completeness dash to the ground the hopes of many comrades still upon the seas in a frenzy of expectancy, ardour, and suspense. Spion Kop was—until it began—Hope itself. This was the way to do it; could men believe their eyes when they saw the right way so wrongly taken that Hope lay a-dying at the very wicket-gate? But Vaal Krantz was pure Charity. It never could have succeeded; men say it was never meant to succeed, being but a stop-gap or semi-breve interpolated by the big,

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plodding, puzzled player, all astray amidst the intricacy of the tremendous music he was called upon to perform, yet unwilling to be altogether silent. Macaulay's schoolboy (cock-sure child of how delightfully cock-sure a parent) would have seen at a glance the absurdity of the position tenanted for two terrific days by but one passive brigade of the whole eager army. His father, whilst recording his youthful scorn, would have borne limpid and nervous testimony to the heroism of that battered unit. It was pure Charity, suffering long, enduring all things, that generals at their wits' end might pull themselves together; most of all that Ladysmith, now wellnigh choked in the unceasing hug of its adversary, might feel his strong arms loosen a little as he felt the blows redoubling from without.

Hence this army, lately marched from Spearman's camp, in the wooded gorge below Mount Alice, with two heavy reverses to brood upon with that portion of its mind which craniologists, and others addicted to the pastime of destroying the mystery of the human body without adding to its beauty, aver to be solely given over to things of the past, and in the future the possible cataclysm of the surrender of the division now known to be *in extremis* in the invested town. Something must be done, good or bad; nothing good appeared, so this army cheerfully set itself to illustrate bravely and with blood, for scoffers and the text-

books of the future, the very worst strategical attempt at doing nothing for Charity's sake ever attempted with live men and live shells.

In attempting to describe the ground upon which the battle of Vaal Krantz took place, it is impossible to get away from the trite simile of a theatre, a magnificent theatre with five square miles of stage, and for auditorium an immense half-moon of green hills and ridges. Battles are not commonly fought on such spectacular country, for fine levels leading up to high ground mean heavy losses to the attackers, and the utter impossibility of anything but the most bull-headed of tactics. Vaal Krantz was perhaps the most picturesque battle ever fought; it was also the most ridiculous tactically. The Boer position was strong beyond description. Overlooking our left towered Spion Kop, overlooking our right the still loftier Doornkloof, whilst Brakfontein, a ridge of lower elevation, joined the two with a long sweeping semicircle, entrenched from ridge to base; heavy guns on Spion Kop, heavier guns on Doornkloof, guns of all sorts between, 3-inch Creusots, pom-poms, a curious nondescript firing segment shell, 7-pounders, 15-pounders, and perhaps 10,000 rifles,—never was there an army with a more varied *répertoire* than this of Louis Botha's, nor was commander ever blessed with ground more favourable to the best use of each weapon, or with an enemy more certain to draw upon himself the full capacity of each. Vaal Krantz

itself, a mere foothill, almost indistinguishable beneath the heights beyond, lies nearly inside the right or eastern horn of the mighty crescent; below it flows the Tugela with many a convulsion as it worries its way through the eastern hills, but taking a course nearly directly north and south back towards Mount Alice and Potgeiter's Drift. Along its right bank runs, first the beautiful leafy road, and beyond the steep wooded heights of Schwartz Kop, whose terraces of solid dark green had been occupied by Lord Dundonald for some days. Away back at Potgeiter's Drift British troops were already across the river, holding a hummocky little kopje three miles from all parts of the Boer position as a bridge-head to the pontoon behind them. Behind the kopje squatted a battery of 5-inch guns; upon Mount Alice, behind and across the river, lived the 47's; and along the terraces and in the dense woods of Schwartz Kop men were straining and hauling all night at steel hawsers, until with almost superhuman labour heavy ordnance was actually perched upon the flat summit, a sight almost as wonderful to behold as the terrible work they did next day. Alack that man's greatest efforts should be made for the destruction of his kind! the strength, skill, and endurance which are given to his greatest works of mercy are but languid in comparison.

Meanwhile the host, hidden away in the wooded gorge below Mount Alice, slumbered

beneath the trees through the short beautiful summer's night; dark forms everywhere—in the long grass, behind boulders, under waggon; over all absolute silence, and the aroma of a South African valley yielding up in the darkness the scented heat of the blazing day before. One of the punishments for passions intrinsically evil is that objects intrinsically lovely and joyous connected with them can become hateful or sad. Men have been known to loathe women, or flowers, or certain beautiful melodies, from recollections called up by each. War is a passion intrinsically evil: no man of the Natal army will ever inhale the heavy, sensuous, almost gorgeous, smell of hot crushed grass and mimosa without a vision of bursting shells and writhing bodies coming before his eyes, and the sound of smothered shrieks to his ears.

Réveillé at 4 A.M.; a bright bustling morning; all the valley alive with the sound and movement of thousands of men astir and setting about breakfast. Not a word of battles and murder and sudden death; the hillside, five minutes after the men had been roused, resembled an immense picnic, with its groups of pals breakfasting amicably in circles—the thoughtless more thoughtless than ever, the thoughtful less thoughtful than at bedtime the night before. About 6 A.M. the "fall in" sounded, and a few moments later the long column was filing down the steep valley. As each company debouched from its

depths a universal "Oh!" of admiration from its hundred mouths greeted the vastness and splendour of the suddenly unfolded view, followed in many cases by a low whistle as the tremendous strength of the enemy's position dawned upon the staring men. There it was, the swimming plain with its rampart of green heights, the former to be crossed, the latter to be won: it needed no Jomini to see the difficulties of both, nor did a man deserve to be called an alarmist who proclaimed them both impossible. But the towering crags of Schwartz Kop on the right, with the big guns so cleverly concealed in their forests, were a comforting factor, and as usual all men hoped the best. The first portion of the advance of the column — Hildyard's, Hart's, and Lyttelton's brigades—lay along the right bank of the river, under the leafy avenue which fringes the stream on its left, and the rocky bush-covered foot of Schwartz Kop on its right. What a lovely walk for a man in peace-time, rod in hand instead of rifle, compassing the death of a few fat trout, and not, as now, licking his dry lips with the thought and hope of a bloody holocaust of living men! The sun was now high in the heavens, and as the troops marched along under the cool checkered shadows of the trees, pipes in mouths, collars loosened, they began to wonder somewhat when the show would begin. That there was to be a "show" no one

doubted: two lessons had sufficed to explode the myth that the "Boers would never stand," which no men had bruited about in the early days more confidently than the Colonials, whose chief boast it had been that they, and they alone, knew the Dutchman and how things should be done. Suddenly the well-known voice of a 4.7 gun roared from the summit of Mount Alice behind us, followed by another and another. It was the showman's gong! "Walk up! walk up! ye who would witness mighty things; there is no charge, unless Fortune, mistress of the show, should suddenly call upon you for the fee of your life!" Boom! boom! What is amiss with Brakfontein that its round green cheeks grow haggard and rugged, emitting flame and ochreous smoke? Boom! boom! See the great jagged slits that appear beneath the blows of the lyddite, and the brown bruises that start out from the emerald slopes when a shell, having dived with a yell into the soft turf, bursts with muffled thunder and rends its prison into a thousand fragments. Boom! boom! A trench has been fairly hit, and up into the air spouts a geyser of madder brown, with black somethings in its jet, which the marching Britons, with low savage grunts of approval, hope are legs and arms. It is a terrible thing modern heavy gunfire, so terrible that its archetype the thunderstorm has at last been ousted from its place

as a simile of wrath and grandeur; so terrible that it is impossible to despise the human race which numbers men who can endure—ay, and keep their nerve and rage—under its appalling visitations. Up on Schwartz Kop the long guns have not yet spoken; they are to be a surprise sprung upon the enemy when the real knot of the day comes to be tackled. How portentous is the silence of the great green crag! We who know with what it is tenanted think strange thoughts as the shells from Mount Alice sing over our heads. How grimly the long silent tubes lurk amongst the trees, watching the work of their comrades already in action, and perhaps whispering each one to his mighty brother, "Fine work, fine work; but wait!"

Meanwhile we of the river-side column have left the trees behind us, and move out into an open U-shaped plain lying in a bend of the river, which has turned sharply away from our left towards Brakfontein, to reappear again close to our right under the forward foot of Schwartz Kop. About 2000 yards in front, at the central point of the bend, lies Vaal Krantz itself—a hog-backed kopje of huge boulders, backed by the long lowering sweep of Brakfontein, curving away to the westward and to the eastward,—first a level plain with Munger's Farm like a little island in the midst of it, then the high green billows of Doornkloof rising crest above crest, completely dominating

the whole expanse below it. As we settled down in the blazing sunshine for what turned out to be a wait of hours, Schwartz Kop spoke at last, and out from the thickets on its summit rushed a 4·7 shell towards Brakfontein, to join its comrades from Mount Alice. At the same time two or three batteries of 15-pounders, drawn up on our right, opened a tremendous fire upon Vaal Krantz itself—every gun of the long line booming in turn, until the sound of them was like the rhythmic thumping of a big drum. No Paradise that rocky fortress even now, but comfortable compared to the hell it will be—tenable only by devils, not men. And now, for the first time, a hint as to the plan of attack is conveyed to the waiting battalions. There is first of all to be a feint attack delivered against the face of Brakfontein across the level plain; General Wynne's brigade (late poor General Woodgate's, *pro patria mortuus*) has been left behind at Potgeiter's for this purpose. It is to bear all the semblance of reality, and will be all but pushed home, drawing—it is hoped—the bulk of the enemy from their widespreading intrenchments to a point opposite the threatened danger. This accomplished, a dash is to be made for Vaal Krantz—a pontoon is at this moment being laid just below us at Munger's Drift under a brisk rifle fusilade, over which the assaulting columns will pass,—another dash upon a green hill to the east of Vaal Krantz, and then—

but then the hints did not even venture to hint: apparently, like the operations they foreboded, they died a lingering death at this stage, for there was no word of complementary or supporting movements by other portions of the force.

But things are getting too exciting to inquire: the feint attack has already begun—the finest sight of the war, perhaps of any war. Heralded by a tremendous blast of artillery big and little, which smote upon Brakfontein like the blows upon an anvil—dinting it, battering its smooth edge into irregular and smoking crenelations, finally setting it ablaze from summit to base, one dull red hill of flame. General Wynne's long lines stole out from behind the kopje at Potgeiter's and began to roll across the plain—the movement a facsimile of Colenso, in all its bravery, and, this time only, apparent folly. How steadily they tramp across the veldt, a dozen long stripes of yellow figures, each with 200 deaths on his atomic person—an example of latent power if ever there was one! On their left two batteries trotted forward under the very shadow of Spion Kop and the western heights of Brakfontein, halted, unlimbered, and prepared for action in the collected and ceremonious manner which years of 94-lb. shrapnel will never blow away from the British gunner. A spurt of crimson flame from one of their guns, and the artillery of the feint attack is in action.

So far the enemy has been

silent as usual, though one column has now rolled up along the river opposite his left, and another brazenly flowed straight towards his centre and right, though fifty guns have been thundering at him for two hours, blowing his trenches into shreds, and if the occupants are mortal men their nerves with them. The Boers have introduced many strange things into modern warfare, queer boast for the only white nation on earth without an army, but nothing stranger and more difficult to deal with than this grim silence before a battle—nay, according to military ideas, until the battle is half over. The accepted theory has always been that it were well to destroy or shake the *morale* of the enemy's advance by accurate shell-fire at long range, necessarily becoming more accurate as the distance shortened, until at the moment of assault the defenders might have to deal with men already shaken and glutted, with half their *vim* evaporated by losses and the fear of death. But with any other troops than British—for their *morale* is so steadfast and unshakable that for argumentative purposes they may be actually presumed to have none—one can imagine nothing more gloomy and terrible than this deathly silence of crowded trenches and frowning gun-pits. Even on the imperturbable British private it is not altogether without its effect, and one may notice a corresponding silence—a bad sign with our soldiers in action—and uneasy glances at the hill-tops and

ridges from eyes which would flash and glare at every flash of the guns lurking along them, if the latter would but play the game and start their bellowing at the men who mean to take them. But there comes a moment when even Boer nerves yield, and some one raises his rifle and fires: how well the British army knows that solitary shot! It is supposed to be from the Dutch general, a signal for all to commence firing; but I wager that it comes from some youthful Boer crouching and trembling in his trench, not with fear, but with that agony of something, perhaps of joy, which attacks most brave fighting men before the leash is removed and they are sent to their work. Were it a preconcerted signal, as the Boers pretend, it would be (the actions of Boer generals mostly are) much better timed, and would crack out when the assaulting columns were so closely committed that even a bloody retreat would be difficult, and a victorious rush impossible for lack of men to make it. At Colenso, another thousand yards and the army of Natal would have been no more; but the single rifle spoke, 10,000 trembling fingers pressed trigger before the echoes had died away, and the army of Natal was saved. Let there be no delusions about Colenso; it was not destruction but salvation: once in the river-bed, nothing human could have prevented the most awful massacre of modern times, compared to which Maiwand and Isandlwana would have been but affairs of patrols, and

the British nation might have become, instead of merely sorry, wellnigh insane.

It rang out, this single shot, when Wynne's leading line had reached to within 1500 yards of the foot of Brakfontein, and on the instant was followed by the roar of thousands of rifles from end to end of the intrenched ridge. We could see the white spurts of dust dancing about the long yellow lines; but they kept steadily on, until even we, who were in the secret, began to wonder whether we were not to witness a real onslaught after all. At the same time a heavy gun on Spion Kop and several smaller ones on Brakfontein itself opened upon the batteries on Wynne's left. Their fire was rapid and accurate: it could hardly help being the latter, for gunners are but seldom blessed with so fair a mark as a line of guns at medium range drawn up on an open plain 1000 feet below. Right amongst the guns the shells dropped and burst, sometimes apparently exactly on one of the little frog-like shapes squatting nozzle heavenwards in its appointed place, hiding it altogether in a whirlwind of brown dust; but before it could blow away, before even the anxious "Ah!" had died on the lips of the spectators, out from the bosom of the cloud would leap the red tongue of flame which told that the smothered piece was countering the blow, and away up upon the crest of the ridge a defiant little ball of snowy smoke showed that from there, at any rate, it was not safe to sit and gloat over

British batteries in action. A fine sight, but finer was to come, when Wynne, having accomplished his object, gave the word to his lines to retire. Then the enemy, imagining that they were witnessing a second Colenso, rose as one man and poured shot and shell into the receding brigade. Calmly, without hurry, and with little loss, the gallant "feinters" withdrew themselves from the zone of fire, their retirement being covered by the continuous fire of the imperturbable batteries. The result was natural enough: every Boer gun was slewed round until it bore upon the guns beneath. For pure wild excitement the next quarter of an hour must have exceeded anything in the annals of warfare. It seemed impossible that those guns could get away: over them, between them, right upon them, burst a storm of projectiles, dashing up the earth in dun clouds, hiding guns, gunners, and horses; the guns were surely lost, and something like a groan burst from all the waiting and watching thousands away on the right. But it was quickly changed to a roar of applause, as out from that tornado, quietly and in order, every man and officer in his place, trotted those incredible gunners across, not away from, that belching ridge, pursued every step by huge shells, not a bolt or bar missing, not a sign of hurry, no lashing or spurring of horses, but a composed and rhythmic trot, jingle, jingle, jingle, across the plain towards us, whilst overhead and on every side yelled and roared

the projectiles from the angry Dutch guns. Magnificent, and war too, though 'twas hard to believe it, as the batteries in column of route filed past us, taking ground to the right, with the gunners sitting placidly on the limbers, and the drivers jog-jogging, as careful as ever about taut traces and the other minutiae which have made the British artillery-driver the wonder of his world. I looked into the faces of these men as they passed: did they know what they had done, and, if they did, in the name of the Wonderful what was it in them that gave them power to do it? Civilian reader, if in the future you should see, as, alack! you probably will, a British gunner reeling flushed and unlovely from some reeking public-house, an object of offence to your cleanly mind, turn not up your nose Pharisee-wise, thanking Pandora that other things from her box fell to your share; but imagine to yourself that this man might be one of those who dragged the charge intrusted to him from out the whirlwind, amid hideous clamour and appalling danger, or remember, at least, that he is of the same breed and cloth. You are a poor fish-like man if your heart does not warm to him, and his folly does not fade away and be utterly lost in the magnificence of which he is capable.

Thus reinforced, the artillery on the right, who had been steadily pounding away at Vaal Krantz and its neighbouring heights, redoubled the fire, to prepare the way for the real assault of the day. Now, too,

Schwartz Kop disclosed its full broadside for the first time, and tremendous was the bombardment of the next hour. It is hopeless to attempt description of heavy artillery fire so as to be understood by those whom peaceful fate has not allowed to see or hear it. From the kop above us perhaps twenty enormous projectiles a minute were roaring their way towards the ridge 3000 yards ahead, each bearing 50 lb. of lyddite. As they smote their objective, Vaal Krantz reeled and shook, quivering through the haze of green and yellow smoke, bellowing back from its hollow caves at its tormentors as the shells burst with a reverberating roar even louder than that of the guns which had launched them. Just in front of us thirty or forty 15-pounders were swinging shrapnel with a continuous peal at the same unhappy hill, sweeping the crest-line from end to end with its terrible avalanche of bullets. One could see the ground beneath the snowy puffs of smoke paling and smoking as the shower of lead whisked along it, tearing up the dark surface and disclosing the lighter soil beneath. Every now and then a big shell from the naval guns would fail to burst properly, and up into the air rushed a thick oily column of dark green smoke, as the charge, instead of detonating and shivering its steel prison into a hundred shouting fragments, merely opened its walls and died with a muffled thunderous groan in the charred hollow it had blasted for itself in the

ground. Sometimes, when a movement of men was discernible on the ridge, a salvo was discharged, and the blow, as if from an Almighty hand, would alter the shape of the rocks before our very eyes. A terrible thing, a salvo, a thing of horror and wild terror to the frail bodies crouching before it; how grand is the mind that can keep them there! a mind as resistless in its way as the shrieking shell itself. A fine thing is courage: the Boers have their full share of it. They cling to the shattered rocks, lying flat upon the ground and feeling it quake as another messenger from the sailors crashes somewhere in their neighbourhood. Perhaps the bombardment slackens for a moment, and cautiously each man lifts his face from the ground, and begins to peer over his boulder. But the air, like the ground, is alive and angry, there is a crack as of a colossal whip overhead, and a storm of lead rushes down from the sky into the pale upturned faces, dashing some of them red and shapeless down to the ground again. No need of cover to these: they have taken shelter behind a stronger thing than rock! But the others still crouch, stern minds combating and defeating trembling bodies; this ridge is theirs to hold, and by the help of the ancient God of the *voortrekkers*, their fathers, they will hold it: a fine thing is courage!

Meantime, under this terrific uproar, the Engineers are imperturbably pegging away at their bridge down at Munger's Drift, as fine a performance in

its way as anything done during the battle. They were under a heavy rifle-fire, and suffered not a little, losing, I think, eleven men of the bridging party, and having every pontoon and plank struck by the Boer marksmen told off to harass them. If one were to sit down and think out an example of extreme discomfort and strain, requiring courage of the most real sort, I think that this job of carrying heavy weights slowly and carefully, tying elaborate knots, and adjusting unwilling timbers, all under a steady and well-aimed shower of bullets, would exceed anything that one could imagine unassisted by experience. No rush and cheering here, only the pain of battle without its antidote—excitement; only a slow, methodical, and intensely responsible bit of skilled workmanship to get through, whilst the bullets whistle overhead, or thud dully into the wet planks, or more dully still into the bodies of comrades straining at the ropes and pontoon lashings. Many a man who would have dashed alone at Vaal Krantz itself would have found his fingers strangely useless and his strength fled had he set himself to work at this bridge under its shadow. Major Irvine and his sappers are experts in other things than engineering, in bravery as well as bridge-building, in modesty as well as mechanics: no branch of the army has done better or more hazardous work in the campaign than the R.E., or talked less about it.

At 2 P.M. the last plank is laid, and the gallant sappers, methodical to the last, clear

up the *débris*, collect spare stores, and retire up the bank, while the batteries, big and little, thunder and shriek harder than ever; typhoons of splintering steel break over Vaal Krantz: if there is anything left alive upon it we shall know it soon—the time for the assault has come. One can hear no orders, the tremendous voices of the guns seem to fill all space, but Lyttelton's brigade, the Light Brigade, lineal descendants of Crawford's in this latter-day war, rise as one man, shake themselves into order, and de-file down the slope towards the bridge, which looks strangely lonely and dangerous now that the busy little crowd of workers which has clustered about it all the morning has departed. There is only one human figure near it, a pitiful little figure with uplifted arms, the dead body of a sapper lying beside his task at the far end of the planking. Marching down the hill through the scrubby trees, one's eye was held by this solitary corpse as if by some landmark one must not lose; we shall soon be alongside it: which of us shall cross the dark bridge that poor Sapper Jones has crossed within the next hour? Strange to say, the thought is not terrifying: it fits in with the deep clamour of the guns, the sight of the brown kopje ahead, and the smell of the steaming battery horses close by, as part of a single experience. A battle is a kaleidoscope to the brain and senses, as it is an earthquake to the instincts. A dead man

is but a tile in the weird mosaic, the thought of death but another; it is not till afterwards that one is horrified at one's absence of horror, or sad to remember that some one jested in the presence of unutterable sadness. Well, well, were it not so men would not fight at all, and there is no good metal save that of which the fibres have been welded and knit upon the anvil. The Durhams lead the way, followed by the 1st Rifle Brigade, the Scottish Rifles, and the 60th, the Devons, lent from the 2nd Brigade, with a mission of their own bringing up the rear. There is a pause, and then a glorious dash for the bridge: the Light Brigade had never more need of swift feet; the bridge has long been marked by every gun and rifle on the Boer position. A storm of bullets from front and right whit viciously upon the wood-work, or splash up the thick water on either side like a thunder - shower. The pom-pom opens at once, its weird knocking coming from behind a low green hill to the right of Vaal Krantz. Its stream of shells arrive; like a whirlwind they leap into the throng of doubling men on the rocking pontoon. The casualties are few but terrible; the face is swept from the head of one eager soldier, who lives and stands a moment unconscious of his frightful fate. Another is disembowelled, and he too, wretched lot, lives, pleading horribly to comrades hurrying by with averted heads to spare a moment from the killing ahead to kill him. It is well

that all men should know what war is. Ye Oliviers with your "light hearts," your cause must be just indeed if things like these do not weigh upon you. But the Light Brigade sweeps on, 1000 men have crossed before the Boer gunners have time to reload, though the rifle-bullets pour from the hill-tops in a constant wailing stream, not all into the water. A party of riflemen from a low hill on the extreme right cause the greatest annoyance: the bridge is in full view of them, and their fire rains upon it with scarcely a bullet astray. Four Maxim guns are hastily turned upon them; but a million bullets lash round their hiding-place without effect, and to the end of the day the bridge was under a steady and accurate fire from these plucky Dutchmen.

And now the Light Brigade is over, and the Devons, heavies of heavies, as imperturbable as their own Tors of Dartmoor, tramp after, company by company, over the lurching pontoon, and gain the comparative shelter of the farther bank. They have, as I said, a mission of their own, and a hazardous one it looks. Away to the eastward of Vaal Krantz, under the very shoulder of Doornkloof, lies the small round hill or hillock from behind which the Boers have been firing their pom-pom. Laterally it is quite isolated; 2000 good yards intervene between it and Vaal Krantz. Immediately over it looms Doornkloof, upon which squats a 96-pounder Creusot gun. To its right rise other heights, all certainly held,

otherwise the Creusot and the pom-pom would not be where they are. On its left it would be exposed to flanking fire from Brakfontein, and from Vaal Krantz itself if our troops failed to seize it. But that "if" even now has not found its way into the dictionary of the army. British troops have never failed to seize, and have only failed to hold when the rest of the army has been suffered—nay, commanded—to sit still and watch whilst the whole Boer army summoned Death to loosen their strong grip. So Spion Kop has introduced no "if" into the dictionary, only a "why?" and it is not answered yet. To take and hold this green hill was the mission of the Devons, and they were just setting about it when a breathless horseman, galloping down from the trees across the river, arrived to cancel the order. The horseman was General Hildyard, and right glad he doubtless was to be able to turn a regiment of his own little family from a task from which they would assuredly have returned no regiment at all. So the Devons were now to conform to the movements of the Light Brigade, and go for Vaal Krantz. Lyttelton's men were now at it in fine style, Durhams and Rifles front line, the other two battalions supporting, away through the waist-high mealies and over the sticky plough they were streaming, their left on the river-bank, their right "in the air," shot and shell doing its work amongst them, here and there a stiff form just visible amongst the thick

mealie-stalks, or an agitated waving of their feathery tops as a wounded man rolled and writhed unseen on the ground. There is a steady rattle of rifles from the ridge of Vaal Krantz, and from the green hill and the dongas to the east. Munger's Farm, a small building out on the plain, blazes pluckily for a few moments: it is rushed at the bayonet's point, and the brigade rolls on, incredibly fast, wondrously straight, for the frowning Krantz. The hurrying lines reach its foot, dive into the spruit-bed which runs like a moat around it, and stream cheering up its rocky side, amid a wild pounding from the angry Boer gunners on either flank, who pour shrapnel and monstrous common shell at random over the crowded hillside. There is a brief and breathless "worry" at the top, and the hill is ours. Few Boers have remained to face the bayonets,—only five pale, wild-eyed creatures arose and lifted their hands above their heads as the leaping soldiers drew near. They have stood for hours the awful battering from our guns, but their friends have fled, and small blame to them, from the savage eyes and lowered points sweeping up the hill towards them; so they "hands up," and are conducted towards the rear, with every right to proudly say, "We are the garrison of Vaal Krantz, surrendered with all the honours."

To one who took part in it, that advance will ever be memorable. The line taken by that part of the force to

which the writer belongs lay along the spruit-bed itself for the most part—that is to say, after leaving the bridge—almost straight for Vaal Krantz. A narrow path just above the water-line, overhung with bushes in parts, formed the “going,” and there was little time for observation or reflection in the single file of racing, stumbling figures that poured along it. At every turn which exposed the track to the view of the defenders of the hill in front, a whirl of rifle-bullets beat upon the wet ground and whisked the twigs in the air with a noise like that of hundreds of small whips; at every turn visible to the riflemen along Doornkloof the whirlwind came again, from behind this time. Every now and then the hot breathless *queue* was “brought up” with a bump and a volley of oaths—some one was down in front: never mind, press on, plenty more behind! At one spot a wounded man lay right across the track, and the long line of men leapt over his body like a flock of sheep over a puddle. He was horribly wounded, and as one jumped no power on earth could keep one’s eyes from falling towards his naked hurt. At intervals one came to a little siding or recess, and in this would be huddled as many wounded as it would hold, all silent, half-undressed, filthy, unnerving, the very slums of war. A gun from our right had marked this spruit-bed for its own, and every moment the shells came lobbing over the bank, throwing

up a powdery geyser as they dived into the water, or plunging with a sullen smack into the opposite bank. Never once, luckily, did they attain their object and skim, with a steep descent, the ridge of the bank under which we advanced, or the slaughter would have been terrible. Once, for five minutes, we halted altogether, no one thought of asking why: there was breath to regain, boot-laces to do up, equipment to settle in its place and ease. The whole line sat down as one man. Just below, on a little sandy spit on the river’s verge, lay a dead man of the Durhams, his head half in and half out of the water, which lapped idly against his pale face and matted hair. It seemed incredible that he should not get up and shake the water from him: one expected to see him do it every moment. Then a shell came whistling over, and plunged like a heavy fish into the water a few yards beyond him, a circle of waves springing outwards as it smote the water. They rolled towards the motionless figure, and broke one after the other with a little splash over his head. Then one remembered he was dead, and was glad when with many grunts, at a sharp word of command or two, the silent crouching line of living men heaved themselves up, and the clambering, running, sweating forward rush began again. In parts the path failed, broken down by recent rains, and here it was necessary to claw one’s way to the top, and race across

the open plough until the original course could be resumed. Shouldering one's body over that clayey bank was like putting one's head into a fire: the long grass was alive with bullets, which hissed and rustled through it like a thousand snakes. But not a man hesitated, — over they sprawled or fell, assisted perhaps by a shove from a comrade below, which might have been called a blow at a less exciting time. Then helter-skelter across the furrows, through the spits of dust snapping up in hundreds on every side, no disorder despite the pace, every racing man with his eye on his officer racing ahead of him, transferring his allegiance automatically in a manner that would have made the drill-book blush a deeper red with pleasure, if the figure, with its field-glasses and shoulder stars, fell and gave place to another. And many fell; amongst whom a gallant officer of the Rifle Brigade has supplied the only gleam of fun recorded in connection with this joyless battle. Hit in the leg, the officer in question rolled over, and no doubt, as wounded men will, gave vent to the sort of sentiments which made Kipling's Highland sergeant so greatly dread a battle, "It does make the men sweer awfu'!" Whereupon the colour-sergeant

of his company rushed to his assistance, and commenced feeling for the wound in the neighbourhood of the stomach. On being somewhat sharply put right about this by the sufferer, the non-commissioned officer made the following deathless reply:¹ "Beg parding, sir; from yer langwidge I concluded you was 'it in the hab-domen"!"

Then down one dived into the spruit-bed once more, pressing on to the steep foot of the Krantz, and then, whilst a portion of the force was halted below, away up amongst the boulders and bursting shells swarmed the rest, in the wake of the stormers, amid a babel of reports, cheers, commands, and the crack and hum of innumerable bullets. A moment of real life, indeed, to those who were suffered to live — a hot, mad, and riotous interlude that will whirl and sing hereafter above the monotony of ordinary living to every soul present, however eventful his subsequent lot. No more schoolboy scorn for gentle Oliver's excited old gaffer of Auburn: shall we not some day shoulder our crutch, and tell the youngsters how Vaal Krantz was won by the Light Brigade? Perhaps they too will laugh at us, as we laughed at the old villager, but we shall not see or hear it. We shall only see above us the steep

¹ I say deathless, partly because, amongst a myriad of other good things of the war, this story has already appeared in the pages of 'Maga's' rosy contemporary, the 'Sporting Times.' In extenuation of its reappearance here the writer must ask the genial "Pink 'Un" to remember that such stories, being true, are history and the property of the public, and that there is no doubt a section of it which does not read the "Pink 'Un" who may yet be reached through the pages of this Magazine.

brown forehead of the crag, with the pitted smoking shell-holes, and a racing mob of victorious British soldiers swarming upwards, until the clear-out edge of the hill's crest grew confused and wobbly with the numbers crowding over it. And we shall see—perhaps, if we are very old, our eyes will be foolish enough to grow dimmer and more moist than usual—unhappy twisted forms sprawling behind the rocks or propped up against them, the red flush of exertion and fury slowly changing to something even more terrible to look at. Ye comrades with whom, ye enemies against whom, we fought that day, it was no transitory ephemeral thing ye did, though doubtless history, cold statue of events that have burned with life, will snub your bravery and agonies with the glib phrase, “indecisive action.” But then, and at other times, ye drove into one heart at least of 20,000 some dim knowledge of the intensity and pathos of human life, of which a hundred years of successful pottering in barracks, or office, or mansion, would never have unfolded a shred. The world is full of vast, flame-like emotions, of which one reads and thinks, and imagines that one feels a faint glow. Only rarely can one *see* them: in mighty gatherings such as that which thronged around the track of the gun-carriage, when the Mistress of half the earth and sea made her last progress through her capital, in great accidents, in great crimes, but most of all in battles, when the fires buried in the earth of all

men's souls are cast up by the seismic task they are at, and one sees some of the glory, fury, and possibilities of human nature projected in one compass as plainly before the eyes as the picture on the sheet before a magic-lantern.

Vaal Krantz was discovered to be smaller than expected, so, after the hasty distribution of troops along its crest, a portion of the attacking force was ordered to leave the hill and take cover in the dry spruit-bed at its foot. Night was coming on, but still the shells came tearing through the gloom from Spion Kop, Brakfontein, and Doornkloof, and Swartzkop still bellowed from behind in answer. As the darkness grew our guns ceased their long day's work, as also did the heavier ordnance on the Boer position; but their smaller guns and pom-poms kept it up far into the night, slating the reverse slopes of the Krantz with wonderful accuracy. It is a curious experience being shelled at night, to hear the projectiles stealing through the still night air from afar, their rustle changing to a whistle, the whistle to a shriek, the shriek to a reverberating crash as the shell smashes into a boulder and bursts with a crimson and yellow glare in the blackness, lighting up for an instant the prostrate forms and pale faces of the men lying motionless in their places. The pom-pom was particularly active and accurate, spotting the whole length of the hillside at times with a trail of blinding spots of white fire. So constant was the fire that the general,

fearing a counter-attack, ordered up two companies from the spruit-bed to prolong his right. But no counter-attack came: as the warm still night drew on even the shelling ceased, and towards midnight silence reigned over all.

But there was work to be done. No sooner was it ascertained that the Boer gunners had retired for the night than every weary soldier was on his legs again, piling stone on stone, scraping the adamant ground with bayonet-points and the blades of knives, preparing cover for the inevitable bombardment of the morrow. It is miserable work for officers, this hustling and badgering of men who can hardly stand from fatigue, but it must be done, for the British soldier takes no thought for the morrow, and will anticipate with nonchalance the most tremendous hammering if he be only allowed to sleep *now*. He is, as I have before written, more of a man than a soldier, and there are times when he has to be bullied out of his manly weaknesses and reminded that he is at present engaged in soldier's work. To do him justice, he is grateful afterwards; but he would do the same again, and the officer who would merely order a thing to be done at such times, without actually seeing that it is done, does not deserve to be an officer at all.

At dawn on Tuesday, February 6, the shelling recommenced, and continued without intermission all day. Flat in their sangars lay the gallant men of Lyttelton's brigade,

lashed by shrapnel, pounded and torn by common shell, swept by pom-pom shells, tormented by an interminable stream of Mauser bullets from left, front, and right. Down in the spruit-bed lay the Devons, and watched the stretchers coming slantwise down the hill, the bearers stumbling, sometimes checking, foot in air, when a shell burst near them or a bullet hissed close by their heads. Then down they would come along the spruit-bed, the stretcher sagging in the middle and black with blood, its occupant silent and immobile. Very many wounded came down thus, and some dead, pale, and filthy, arms sticking stiffly outwards, bodies so distorted and rigid that it was impossible to keep a covering over them. So they passed while all men pretended not to see them. It was hailed as a jolly occurrence when one stretcher, containing a wounded officer, came by with its occupant serenely smoking a pipe. One could ask questions of a man like this: "Don't do as I did, and take cover behind a tuft of grass, because it don't stop bullets!" We faithfully promise the brave cheerful gentleman that we will do no such thing. "Hot up there?" "Devilish hot; well, I must be shoving on, so long!" and the perspiring stretcher-bearers bend to their load again, and the officer is borne away, still smoking, though his leg is smashed to flinders and his last taste of food was forty hours ago. An officer of the Rifle Brigade, shot through the shoulder,

the bullet drilling a clean round hole through the bone, sticks to his work all day up on the hill, moralising on the humane nature of "punctured wounds"! What room is there for cynics in a world of men like this? Down in a deep pool floundered a poor wounded mule. Even in that atmosphere of pain it made one's eyes fill to see the brute lift his head from the water and gaze around with his wonderful limpid eyes for help, looking from soldier to soldier, hopeful when one drew near, pitiful as a woman's when the man passed on unseeing. Seeing that the animal was past saving, I ordered a soldier to shoot it. Unnerved by the unaccustomed job, the man fired twice and missed, the mule gazing straight into his eyes with a look impossible to describe. The third shot took effect, and this unimportant little addition to the casualty list sank down dead into his pool. Poor little brute! was it for this they brought you all the way from Peshawar? but you have died as few of your brothers have died, sorrowed for the moment by one of your lords and masters at anyrate.

But this is no time or place for sentimentalising *à la* Sterne. There is a scuffle and a bustle upon the left crest of the hill, and a redoubled energy noticeable in the Dutch guns. Men are rising and rushing forward, others are recoiling; by the gods, the Boers are trying to retake the hill! The Mausers fairly roar, crash after crash of volleys answer them from the

whole length of the crest-line, which is misty, blue, and brown with the haze from the rifle-barrels, and the earth blown up by the bursting shells. The reserve battalion rises and sweeps forward and upward, bearing with it the front line which had recoiled, fairly shot off the crest. The Mauser fire dwindles and dies, the English volleys change into a pealing rat-tat-tat of independent fire; the counter-attack has failed, for which thank the Lord and the reserve battalion. Once more before dusk the enemy attempts it: it is beaten off as before, with less trouble; attack is not the *métier* of the Boer, though for an amateur he does not do it badly. But he has a way of firing too much and advancing too little, which—if the defenders stand—renders it impossible for him to get up that *élan* and enthusiasm inseparable from a successful onslaught, and only possible to men like our own, who can subordinate all thoughts to that of "getting there."

Just as darkness fell again the order came for the 2nd Brigade to relieve the 4th upon the Krantz. The Boer fire had slackened a bit, though an occasional shell and an intermittent flight of bullets still groaned and whistled along the hillside. Silently the battalions moved forward across the spruit-bed and breasted the hill. It was becoming very dark, and the battered battalions of the 4th Brigade stumbled thankfully down the hill after enduring a bombardment of thirty-six long hours, in which they

had borne themselves nobly in sight of the whole army.

The 2nd Brigade disposed themselves as follows: Queen's along the left crest of the hill, which curled back until it faced Brakfontein, now a burnt, black, hideous fortress, very different to the graceful green down which had smiled over the river two days before. On the right of the Queen's the East Surrey, on their right again the West Yorkshire. Formed up on the reverse slope of the hill, the Devons took position as reserve, ready to speed to any threatened spot. This battalion had, as previously related, lain in the spruit-bed all the previous night and day, and had sent some of their companies up the hill with the stormers, and others to prolong the right of the defence on the first night of our occupancy, so they considered themselves the veterans of the hill. A fine brigade the 2nd, all solid good battalions, who had proved their metal. It was soon to be tried, as highly as human stuff can be tried. As before, the night was spent in "sangaring" the position—infinite toil in such rocky ground, where every stone has to be levered from its bed and carried to its appointed place. Until 2 A.M. the men worked like navvies, grumbling, as is the soldier's wont, but doing a vast deal in the time. Full well they knew what the day would bring: they had not lain beneath that kopje a day and a night for nothing. And at the first glint of dawn the first shell came. The enemy had not been idle in the night either:

there were more guns in position than there had been the day before. The 3-inch spitfire on the lower slopes of Spion Kop had called a big 40-lb. brother to his aid. This powerful weapon, perched upon the summit of the mountain, cunningly concealed behind a little knoll, fired almost straight into the backs of the occupants of Vaal Krantz, most of all into the closely formed Devons, whose prone ranks of quarter column must have appeared as a yellow parallelogram—a beautiful mark, and one seldom missed. From the right the big gun on Doornkloof hurled its huge projectiles on to the little kopje so far below it, sometimes shrapnel of vast size, which swept the reverse slope from summit to base; sometimes common shell, which came bellowing on to or over the rocky crest, swinging its shattered fragments with a whirr and a groan down the hillside, all heads lowering before its irresistible rush. Pommoms on right and left, two high velocity French guns in front, and a battery of what appeared to be 7-pounders on Brakfontein close on the left, completed the Boer artillery. A useful list at any time, but an almost overpowering one when directed at one small distinct target such as the Krantz and the brigade upon it. Our own magnificent ordnance might have been absent for all the good they did in stopping the Boer fire. Every Dutch gun was so perfectly concealed, and if "spotted," so quickly and skilfully removed,

that never once did our shells succeed in touching them. The monster on Doornkloof had a close shave. Its epaulement, and even its muzzle, were plainly visible to our gunners, and tons of shell and lyddite plunged around it all day. Suddenly, apparently from inside the very work itself, came a heavy report, and up into the air rushed a vast column of smoke. A shell from the naval guns on Schwartzkop had landed in the epaulement and blown up the reserve of ammunition lying in readiness behind the weapon. Surely that long Frenchman had said his last word, and a cheer arose from those who had witnessed the incident. But no; after a meditative silence of half an hour up came the blunt black snout again, poked inquiringly about like that of some great serpent raising his head from the jungle for a look round, and then, boom! a 94-lb. shell was cleaving its ponderous way towards the 5-inch guns drawn up on the flat by the river. There was a crash and an earthy eruption between the 5-inchers: the Frenchman had got the range to a yard, and intermittently, for the rest of the day, made marvellous, but happily almost innocuous, shooting at our heavy batteries, varying his practice by a shot into the cavalry sheltering amongst the woods below Schwartzkop, or an artistic series of bull's-eyes at his old objective, Vaal Krantz and us. About 2 P.M. the six small guns upon Brakfontein opened a tremendously hot fire, shell

after shell, with but ten seconds or so interval, dropped amongst the sangars, the reports coming with the regularity of a blacksmith's blows upon his anvil. Some one counted 253 of these and other projectiles which fell upon the Krantz in three-quarters of an hour, and then gave it up. Down below, in the bend of the river immediately under the kopje, the Engineers were building a second pontoon-bridge. They must have been invisible to almost every portion of the enemy's position, but their presence was signalled by some accurate and keen-eyed observer, and shells, thrown at random but wonderfully well placed, began to fall around the workers. The bridge was hit twice ere completed, one shell plunging straight through the centre of the planking, boring for itself a clean round hole. But the gallant R.E. worked on unconcernedly, and the Boer gunners, doubtless informed that the task had been successfully accomplished, desisted at length from their efforts in this direction, and again turned their attention to the battered Krantz.

It was a terrible day for the 2nd Brigade—a day of dull silent waiting in the blazing heat, listening to the interminable whistle and roar of the shells falling amongst them, lying flat in the stony sangars wondering where the next would burst, and who would be the next to be lifted, bloody and maimed, by the stretcher-bearers for that journey down the steep hillside. The Queen's, whom

no artillery in the world would move, suffered heavily up on the left crest, keeping their discipline, than which there is none finer in the British army, intact under an absolutely ceaseless visitation of projectiles. The East Surrey and West Yorkshire suffered too, but less heavily; and below on the hillside the Devons bore it stolidly and patiently—a motionless herd of silent enduring men. Many hundreds of shells fell and burst in their midst, doing, however, marvellously little damage either to bodies or nerves—the former pure luck, the latter pure worth and courage. Every incident taking place on the plain below is visible to us on the Krantz. A big shell, bursting close to a man carrying water, shoots him with its tremendous breath bodily ten feet along the ground; and he lies there dead, but actually untouched. A stream of pom-pom shells tears through a group of tethered horses. They struggle madly, burst their bonds, and gallop in all directions for a few moments. But one of them lies disembowelled, legs stiffly hoisted in the air, still tethered to his peg; and the others return one by one and gaze curiously at their dead comrade from a respectful distance, ears cocked forward, fascinated by the unusual sight, and, so standing, are re-caught by the grooms, who make them fast and dash back to their shelter again. Away out over the plain, over the ground traversed yesterday by Wynne's brigade, two mounted men are cautiously advancing, for reasons unknown, towards a small ruined

house standing alone in the vast expanse of grass. They get nearer and nearer, the horses appearing almost on tiptoe with apprehension, and a little dog, which had been gambolling ahead of them, slinking in "to heel," evidently at command. Suddenly from nowhere in particular bursts a crackle of musketry, and about the feet of the horses hundreds of little spurts of dust dance and leap. The troopers swing round as on a pivot and gallop back, the little dog labouring behind them: their purpose, whatever it is, is defeated, or perhaps gained. The plain, which looks so flat and even, is really a series of undulations; and every hollow holds Boers, invisible as lizards, and only discoverable by such means as the above. One is glad to see the two troopers and the little black dot of a dog disappear safely in the direction of Potgieter's. Half-way down the Krantz the shadow of a single tree has been utilised by the officers of one of the regiments as a mess. Yesterday, though they do not know it, a shell landed plump into the middle of a group of officers hastily lunching, killing the mess-mule and setting fire to the helmet on the head of one of the feasters. A wonderful sight, and still more wonderful the arctic coolness of the officer, who, blazing like a cresset, doffed his helmet, and with a jest extinguished the flames. To-day the mess-servants have prepared hot soup; and down from all parts of the shell-stricken hill figures may be seen crawling towards the spot,

running over exposed patches of ground, disappearing under cover when a bevy of shells announce their approach and burst uproariously all around. Mere rifle-bullets were nothing accounted on this day, though all the time there was a steady ping-ping from the marksmen on Brakfontein, who from their position on the left can sweep Vaal Krantz from flank to flank. At length perhaps a dozen officers are under the tree, receiving their basins of soup, some sitting, others standing. Crash! a 94-lb. shrapnel-shell bursts over the hill, an avalanche of bullets pours over the tree, tearing off twigs and leaves with a sound like the wind through the rigging of a ship. The officers, spoon half-way to mouth, crouch under the deadly shower; one is slightly hit in the back, and all, when the storm is past, scatter and scramble up to their shelters again, carrying the basins of soup precariously in their hands, a broad grin on every face at the absurdity of the situation. Another crash, and another shrapnel. Some of the tin basins fall and clatter down amongst the stones, amid a roar of laughter. Gallant men, even absurdity is not absurd under such conditions: may you laugh all the rest of your days in peace and honour, for though you desire only the latter you deserve both. A private soldier supplies the next bit of fun. Sent down from the crest in search of water, he passes on his downward way the serried ranks of the reserve battalion lying prone and motionless,

many of them asleep, in their shelters. Thinking that he has stumbled on a battalion of corpses, he flies back appalled to his commanding officer. "Sir," he cries, "it's awful down there; the dead are lyin' in 'eaps, and the wounded, I don't know 'ow many there isn't!" Honest fellow, he is reassured after inquiry (the report was, nevertheless, worth inquiry), and sets out again on his hazardous journey.

And so on throughout the day, a dismal, dangerous eternity of sun, dust, shells, and bullets: a longer bombardment is probably unknown in the history of battles, a more sturdy and immovable endurance of it certainly unknown. Once during the day Generals Buller and Warren approach the hill to see for themselves if it be not possible to get guns upon its razor-back, and so to answer on equal terms the Dutch guns on the ridges beyond. The conclusion was apparently an unfavourable one, for the generals ride back, and it is soon known that the hill is to be vacated when darkness sets in. So we are to retire for the third time: alack! three hundred years of war have not seen the British army turn its back so often as this last six months. But there is no despondency, only a widely expressed concurrence in the wisdom of the order, and an increased trust in the general for his strength of mind in publicly going back upon his public word. The rest of the day, until 6 P.M., the intermittent storm of shells still

played upon the kopje, now increasing in intensity, now slackening to a mere one per quarter of an hour; never ceasing altogether, never missing their mark altogether, never shaking in the smallest degree the stubborn immobility of the battalions lying exhausted in the sangars. Evening drew on, and as it merged into night the firing gradually died away, until all but one insatiable gun were silent, the report of this one tolling out like the minute-gun at sea; our own guns ceased their roaring as if to listen to it, and at length, as if ashamed of breaking the deathly silence, it, too, fired no more. There was a long pause, during which the stillness was almost painful after the thunderings of the day. Then men arose in the twilight from the shelters in which hundreds of them had lain all day without moving hand or foot, and set themselves to prepare for the retirement. There was little talking, all were so utterly weary, only a smothered word of command or two from the sergeants, and a low murmur from the groups of officers discussing the arrangements for evacuating the hill. Our route was to lie over the pontoon at the foot of the Krantz. At 9 P.M. the first units were to move, the bridge being held on the far bank by the Devons, who would then cover its demolition and removal by the R.E.

The hour appointed came at last; like phantoms the brigade arose and stole down

towards the bridge-head. The Devons lay, a long dark line of men along the bank, and watched the stream of retreating men hurrying across, silent and bent with fatigue, disappearing as they reached the farther side back into the gloom towards Potgeiter's. Suddenly, in the midst of the movement, there was a blinding glare of musketry from the summit of the Krantz. The Boers, creeping up in the darkness for an attack, had heard the rustle and murmur of the retirement, and thinking, as at Spion Kop, that they in turn were being attacked, discharged their rifles with one accord and fled, their flight hastened by hurried volleys from the skeleton line of men left by the rear regiment to hold the crest until the main body was safely away. Then all was silent, and the sections of fours began to flow over the bridge again. At length all were over, and the heavy waggons of the pontoon-train rolled up from somewhere in the background, the sappers went down to the bridge, and the work of demolition began.

It was now midnight, and intensely dark; behind, the army was in full retreat: very lonely felt the four companies lying chilled and watchful along the damp misty river-bank, and many were the objurgations uttered against the slowness of the Engineers. But the Engineers were not slow; to and fro with perfect method and order moved the stream of workers, some towards the waggons, staggering beneath

the ponderous boats, which loomed up from the dark river-bed like some gigantic ichthyosaurus, others pacing smartly along with the "chesses," or roadway planks, others clinging toad-like to the structure itself, struggling with knots and lashings, whilst all the time a constant stream of "empties" flowed the reverse way down to the bridge again to seize upon some other portion of the diminishing pontoon, and then to fall in *queue* again with their load up to the waggons. But though the Engineers worked their best and hardest, and very good and very hard work must be the work that Major Irvine labels "best," it seemed an age to us, lying on tenter-hooks alongside, with the whole Boer

army in front and our comrades leaving us farther and farther every moment behind. But it is a long bridge that has no ending, and about 1 A.M. the last plank came up, the heavy waggons were set in motion, and, with their infantry escort, began the journey towards the rear.

And so we will leave them, disappearing back into the darkness, bearing with them the last link that joined Boer and Briton in combat on the never-to-be-forgotten field of Vaal Krantz. British soldiers will cross that riddled pontoon but once more, on their way to what the world, at anyrate, counts a higher virtue than Faith, or Hope, or Charity—Success.

DOOM CASTLE : A ROMANCE.¹

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXXV.—A DAMNATORY DOCUMENT.

MUNGO took the coat into the castle kitchen, the true arcanum of Doom, where he and Annapla solved the domestic problems that in later years had not been permitted to disturb the mind of the master or his daughter. An enormous fireplace, arched like a bridge, and poorly enough fed nowadays compared with its gluttony in those happier years of his continual bemoaning, when plenty kept the spit perpetually at work, if it were only for the good of the beggars who blackened the road from the Lowlands, had a handful of peat in its centre to make the yawning orifice the more pathetic to eyes that had seen the flames leap there. Everywhere the evidence of the old abundant days—the rusting spit itself, the idle battery of cuisine, long rows of shining covers. Annapla, who was assumed to be true tutelary genius of these things, but in fact was beholden to the martial manikin of Fife for inspiration and aid with the simplest of ragouts, though he would have died sooner than be suspected of the unsoldierly art of cookery,—Annapla was in one of her trances. Her head was swathed mountainously in shawls; her

wild, black, lambent eyes had the look of distant contemplation.

“Lord keep’s!” said Mungo, entering, “what are ye doverin’ on noo? Wauken up, ye auld bitch, and gie this coat a dicht. D’ye ken wha’s ocht it? It belongs to a gentleman that’s no’ like noo to get but this same and the back-o’-my-haun’-to-ye oot o’ Doom Castle.”

She took the coat and brushed it in a lethargy, with odd, unintelligible chanting.

“Nane o’ your warlock canticles!” cried Mungo. “Ye gied the lassie to the man that cam’ withouten boots—sorrow be on the bargain! And if it’s castin’ a spell on the coat ye are, I’ll rather clean’t mysel’.”

With that he seized the garment from her and lustily applied himself.

“A bonny-like hostler-wife ye’ll mak’,” said he. “And few’ll come to Mungo Byde’s hostelry if his wife’s to be eternally in a deevilish dwaam, concocting Hielan’ spells when she should be stirring at the broth. No’ that I can blame ye muckle for a want o’ the uptak’ in what pertains to culinairy airts; for what hae ye seen here since ye cam’ awa’

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frae the rest o' the drove in Arroquhar but lang kail, and oaten brose, and mashlum bannocks? Oh! sirs, sirs!—I've seen the day!"

Annapla emerged from her trance, and ogled him with an amusing admiration.

"And noo it's a' by wi't; it's the end o' the auld ballant," went on the little man. "I've kent auld Doom in times o' rowth and splendour, and noo I'm spared to see't roused, the laird a dyvour and a hameless wanderer ower the face o' the earth. He's gaun abroad, he tells me, and ettles to sit doon aboot Dunkerque in France. It's but fair, maybe, that whaur his forbears squandered he should gang wi' the little that's to the fore. I mind o' his faither gaun awa' at the last hove up, a fair Jeshurun, his een like to loup oot o' his heid wi' fat, and comin' back a pooked craw frae the dicing and the drink, nae doot among the scatter-brained white cockades. Whatna shilpit man's this that Leevie's gotten for her new jo? As if I dinna see through them! The tawpie's taen the gee at the Factor because he played yon ploy wi' his lads frae the Maltland barracks, and this Frenchy's ower the lugs in love wi' her, I can see as plain as Cowal, though it's a shameless thing to say't. He's gotten gey far ben in a mighty short time. Ye're aye saying them that come unsent for should sit unserved; but wha sent for this billy oot o' France? and wha has been sae coothered up as he has since he cam' here? The

Baron doesnae ken the shifts that you and me's been put to for to save his reputation. Mony a lee I tauld doon there i' the clachan to soother them oot o' butter and milk and egg, and a bit hen at times; mony a time I hae gien my ain dinner to thae gangrel bodies frae Glencroe sooner nor hae them think there was nae rowth o' vivers whaur they never were sent awa' empty-haunded afore. I aye keepit my he'rt up wi' the notion that him doon-bye the coat belongs to wad hae made a match o't, and saved us a' frae beggary. But there's an end o' that, sorry am I. And sorry may you be, ye auld runt, to heart, for he's been the guid enough friend to me; and there wad never hae been the Red Sodger Tavern for us if it wasnae for his interest in a man that has aye kep' up the airmy."

Annapla seemed to find the dialect of Fife most pleasing and melodious. She listened to his monologue with approving smiles, and, sitting on a stool, cowered within the arch, warming her hands at the apology for a flame.

"Wha the deevil could hae tauld her it was the lad himsel' was here that nicht wi' his desperate ohiels frae the barracks? It couldna' be you, for I didna' tell ye mysel' for fear ye wad blutter it oot and spoil his chances. She kent onyway, and it was for no ither reason she gied him the route, unless—unless she had a notion o' the Frenchman frae the first glisk o' him. There's no accoont-in' for tastes: clap a bunnet on

a tawtie-bogle, wi' a cock to the ae side that's kin' o' knowin', and ony woman'll jump at his neck, though ye might pap peas through the place whaur his wame should be. The Frenchy's no' my taste onyway; and noo, there's Sim! Just think o' Sim gettin' the dirty gae-bye frae a glaikit lassie hauf his age; and no' his equal in the three parishes, wi' a leg to tak' the ee o' a hale dancin'-school, and auld Knapdale's money comin' till him whenever Knapdale's gane, and I'm hearin' he's in the deid-thraws already. Ill fa' the day fotch the Frenchy! The race o' them never brocht ocht in my generation to puir Scotland worth a bodle, unless it might be a new fricassee to fyle a stamach wi'. I'm fair bate to ken what this Coont wants here. 'Drimdarroch,' says he, but that's fair rideeculous, unless it was the real auld bauld Drimdarroch, and that's nae ither than Doom. I winna wonder if he heard o' Leevie ere ever he left the France."

Annapla began to drowse at the fire. He saw her head nod, and came round with the coat in his hand to confirm his suspicion that she was about to fall asleep. Her eyes were shut.

"Wauken up, Luckie!" he cried, disgusted at this absence of appreciation. "What ails the body? Ye're into your damnable dwaam again. There's them that's gowks enough to think ye're seein' Sichts, when it's neither mair nor less than he'rt-sick laziness, and I was ance ane o' them mysel'. Ye hinnae as muckle o' the Sicht as wad let ye see when Leevie

was makin' a gowk o' ye to gar ye hang oot signals for her auld jo. A bonny-like brewster-wife ye'll mak', I warrant!" He tapped her, not unkindly, on the head with the back of his brush, and brought her to earth again.

"Are ye listenin', ye auld runt?" said he. "I'm goin doon to the toon i' the afternoon wi' this braw coat and money for Monsher's inn accoont, and if ye're no' mair wide-awake by that time, there's deil the cries'll gae in wi' auld MacNair."

The woman laughed, not at all displeased with herself nor with her rough admirer, and set to some trivial office. Mungo was finished with the coat; he held it out at arm's-length, admiring its plenitude of lace, and finally put off his own hodden garment that he might try on the Chamberlain's.

"God!" said he, "it fits me like an empty ale-cask. I thocht the Coont looked gey like a galoshan in't, but I maun be the bonny doo mysel'. And I'm no' that wee neither, for it's ticht about the back."

Annapla thought her diminutive admirer adorable: she stood raptly gazing on him, with her dishclout dripping on the floor.

"I wonder if there's no' a note or twa o' the New Bank i' the pouches," said Mungo, and began to search. Something in one of the pockets rustled to the touch, and with a face of great expectancy he drew forth what proved to be a letter. The seal was broken, there was neither an address nor the superscription of the writer;

the handwriting was a faint Italian, betokening a lady,—there was no delicate scrupulosity about the domestic, and the good Mungo unhesitatingly indulged himself.

"It's no' exactly a note," said he, contracting his brows above the document. Not for the first time Annapla regretted her inability to read, as she craned over his shoulder to see what evidently created much astonishment in her future lord.

"Weel, that bates a'!" he cried when he had finished, and he turned, visibly flushing, even through his apple-red complexion, to see Annapla at his shoulder.

"It's a guid thing the Sicht's nae use for English write," said he, replacing the letter carefully in the pocket whence it had come. "This'll gae back to himsel', and naebody be nane the wiser o't for Mungo Byde."

For half an hour he busied himself with aiding Annapla at the preparation of dinner, suddenly become silent as a consequence of what the letter had revealed to him, and then he went out to prepare his boat for his trip to town.

Annapla did not hesitate a moment: she fished out the letter and hurried with it to her master, less, it must be owned, from a desire to inform him, than from a womanly wish to share a secret that had apparently been of the greatest interest to Mungo.

Doom took it from her hands in an abstraction, for he waswhelmed with the bitter prospect of imminent farewells: he carelessly scanned the sheet with

half-closed eyes, and was well through perusing it before he realised that it had any interest. He began at the beginning again, caught the meaning of a sentence, sat bolt upright in the chair where Annapla had found him lolling, and finished with eagerness and astonishment.

Where had she got this? She hesitated to tell him that it had been pilfered from the owner's pocket, and intimated that she had picked it up outside.

"Good woman," said he in Gaelic, "you have picked up a fortune. It would have saved me much tribulation, and yourself some extra work, if you had happened to pick it up a month ago!"

He hurried to Olivia.

"My dear," he said, "I have come upon the oddest secret."

His daughter reddened to the roots of her hair, and fell to trembling with inexplicable shame. He did not observe it.

"It is that you have got out of the grip of the gled. Yon person was an even blacker villain than I guessed."

"Oh!" she said, apparently much relieved, "and is that your secret? I have no wonder left in me for any new display of wickedness from Simon Mac-Taggart."

"Listen," he said, and read her the damnatory document. She flushed, she trembled, she wellnigh wept with shame; but "Oh!" she cried at the end, "is he not the noble man?"

"The noble man!" cried Doom at such an irrelevant conclusion. "Are you out of your wits, Olivia?"

She stammered an explanation. "I do not mean—I do not mean—this—wretch that is exposed there, but Count Victor. He has known it all along."

"H'm," said Doom. "I fancy he has. That was, like enough, the cause of the duel. But I do not think it was noble at all that he should keep silent upon a matter so closely affecting the happiness of your whole life."

Olivia saw this too, when helped to it, and bit her lip. It was, assuredly, not right that Count Victor, in the possession of such secrets as this letter revealed, should allow her to throw herself away on the villain there portrayed.

"He may have some reason we cannot guess," she said, and thought of one that made her heart beat wildly.

"No reason but a Frenchman's would let me lose my

daughter to a scamp out of a pure punctilio. I can scarcely believe that he knew all that is in this letter. And you, my dear, you never guessed any more than I that these attacks under cover of night were the work of Simon MacTaggart."

"I must tell you the truth, father," said Olivia. "I have known it since the second, and that it was that turned me. I learned from the button that Count Victor picked up on the stair, for I recognised it as his. I knew—I knew—and yet I wished to keep a doubt of it; I felt it so, and still would not confess it to myself that the man I loved—the man I thought I loved—was no better than a robber."

"A robber indeed! I thought the man bad; I never liked his eye, and less his tongue, that was ever too plausible. Praise God, my dear! that he's found out."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—LOVE.

It was hours before Count Victor could trust himself and his tell-tale countenance before Olivia, and as he remained in an unaccustomed seclusion for the remainder of the day, she naturally believed him cold, though a woman with a fuller experience of his sex might have come to a different conclusion. Her misconception, so far from being dispelled when he joined her and her father in the evening, was confirmed, for his natural gaiety was gone, and an emotional constraint, made up of love, dubiety, and hope,

kept him silent even in the precious moments when Doom retired to his reflections and his book, leaving them at the other end of the room alone. Nothing had been said about the letter; the Baron kept his counsel on it for a more fitting occasion, and though Olivia, who had taken its possession, turned it over many times in her pocket, its presentation involved too much boldness on her part to be undertaken in an impulse. The evening passed with inconceivable dullness; the gentleman was taciturn to clownish-

ness; Mungo, who had come in once or twice to replenish fires and snuff candles, could not but look at them with wonder, for he plainly saw two foolish folks in a common misunderstanding.

He went back to the kitchen crying out his contempt for them.

"If yon's coortin'," he said, "it's the drollest I ever clapt een on! The man micht be a carven image, and Leevie no better nor a shilfy in the pook. I hope she disnae rue her change o' mind already, for I'll warrant there was nane o' yon blateness about Sim Mac-Taggart, and it's no' what the puir lassie's been used to."

But these were speculations beyond the sibyl of his odd adoration: Annapla was too intent upon her own elderly love-affairs to be interested in those upstairs.

And upstairs, by now, a topic had at last come on between the silent pair that did not make for love or cheerfulness. The Baron had retired to his own room in the rear of the castle, and they had begun to talk of the departure that was now fixed for a date made imminent through the pressure of Petullo. Where were they bound for but France? Doom had decided upon Dunkerque because he had a half-brother there in a retirement compelled partly for political reasons Count Victor could appreciate.

"France!" he cried, delighted. "This is ravishing news indeed, Mademoiselle Olivia!"

"Yes?" she answered, dubiously, reddening a little, and wondering why he should particularly think it so.

"*Ma foi!* it is," he insisted heartily. "I had the most disturbing visions of your wandering elsewhere. I declare I saw my dear Baron and his daughter immured in some pestilent Lowland burgh town, moping mountain creatures among narrow streets, in dreary tenements, with glimpses of neither sea nor tree to compensate them for pleasures lost. But France!—Mademoiselle has given me an exquisite delight. For, figure you! France is not so vast that friends may not meet there often—if one were so greatly privileged—and every roadway in it leads to Dunkerque—and—I should dearly love to think of you as, so to speak, in my neighbourhood, among the people I esteem. It is not your devoted Highlands, this France, Mademoiselle Olivia, but, believe me, it has its charms. You shall not have the mountains—there I am distressed for you—nor yet the rivulets; and you must dispense with the mists; but there is ever the consolation of an air that is like wine in the head, and a frequent sun. France, indeed! *Je suis ravi!* I little thought when I heard of this end to the old home of you that you were to make the new one in my country: how could I guess, when anticipating my farewell to the Highlands of Scotland, that I should have such good company to the shore of France?"

"Then you are returning now?" asked Olivia, her affectation of indifference just a little overdone.

In very truth he had not, as

yet, so determined; but he boldly lied like a lover.

"'Twas my intention to return at once. I cannot forgive myself for being so long away from my friends there."

Olivia had a bodice of paduasoy that came low upon her shoulders and showed a spray of jasmine in the cleft of her rounded breasts, which heaved with what Count Victor could not but perceive was some emotion. Her eyes were like a stag's, and they evaded him; she trifled with the pocket of her gown.

"Ah," she said, "it is natural that you should weary here in this sorry place and wish to get back to the people you know. There will be many that have missed you."

He laughed at that.

"A few—a few, perhaps," he said. "Clancarty has doubtless often sought me vainly for the trivial coin: some butterflies in the *coulisse* of the playhouse will have missed my pouncet-box; but I swear there are few in Paris who would be inconsolable if Victor de Montaignon never set foot on the *trottoir* again. It is my misfortune, mademoiselle, to have a multitude of friends so busy with content and pleasure—who will blame them?—that an absentee makes little difference; and as for relatives, not a single one except the Baroness de Chenier, who is large enough to count as double."

"And there will be—there will be the lady," said Olivia, with a poor attempt at raillery.

For a moment he failed to grasp her allusion.

"Of course, of course," said he hastily; "I hope, indeed, to see *her* there." He felt an exaltation simply at the prospect. To see her there! To have a host's right to bid welcome to his land this fair wild-flower that had blossomed on rocks of the sea, unspoiled and unsophisticated!

The jasmine stirred more obviously: it was fastened with a topaz brooch that had been her mother's, and had known of old a similar commotion; she became diligent with a book.

It was then there happened the thing that momentarily seemed a blow of fate to both of them. But for Mungo's voice at intervals in the kitchen, the house was wholly still, and through the calm winter night there came the opening bars of a melody, played very softly by Sim Mac-Taggart's flageolet. At first it seemed incredible—a caprice of imagination—and they listened for some moments speechless. Count Victor was naturally the least disturbed: this unlooked-for entertainment meant the pleasant fact that the Duchess had been nowise over-sanguine in her estimate of the Chamberlain's condition. Here was another possible homicide off his mind: the Gaelic frame was capable, obviously, of miraculous recuperation. That was but his first and momentary thought; the next was less pleasing, for it seemed not wholly unlikely now that after all Olivia and this man were still on an unchanged footing, and Mungo's sowing of false

hopes was like to bring a bitter reaping of regretful disillusion. As for Olivia, she was first a flame and then an icicle. Her face scorched ; her whole being seemed to take a sudden wild alarm. Count Victor dared scarcely look at her, fearing to learn his doom or spy on her embarrassment until her first alarm was over, when she drew her lips together tightly and assumed a frigid resolution. She made no other movement.

A most bewitching flageolet ! It languished on the night with an o'ermastering appeal, sweet inexpressibly and melting, the air unknown to one listener at least, but by him enviously confessed a very siren spell. He looked at Olivia, and saw that she intended to ignore it.

"Orpheus has recovered," he ventured with a smile.

She stared in front of her with no response ; but the jasmine rose and fell, and her nostrils were dilated. Her face had turned from the red of her first surprise to the white of suppressed indignation. The situation was inconceivably embarrassing for both : now his bolt was shot, and unless she cared to express herself, he could not venture to allude to it again, though a whole orchestra augmented the efforts of the artist in the bower.

By-and-by there came a pause in the music, and she spoke.

"It is the blackest of affronts this," was her comment, that seemed at once singular and sweet to her hearer.

"*D'accord*," said Count Vic-

tor, but that was to himself. He was quite agreed that the Chamberlain's attentions, though well meant, were not for a good woman to plume herself on.

The flageolet spoke again—that curious unfinished air. Never before had it seemed so haunting and mysterious—a mingling of reproaches and command. It barely reached them where they sat together listening, a fairy thing and fascinating, yet it left the woman cold. And soon the serenade entirely ceased. Olivia recovered herself ; Count Victor was greatly pleased.

"I hope that is the end of it," she said with a sigh of relief.

"Alas, poor Orpheus ! he returns to Thrace, where perhaps Madame Petullo may lead the ladies in tearing him to pieces !"

"Once that hollow reed bewitched me, I fancy," said she with a shy air of confession ; "now I cannot but wonder and think shame at my blindness, for yon Orpheus has little beyond his music that is any way admirable."

"And that the gift of nature, a thing without his own deserving, like his—like his regard for you, which was inevitable, Mademoiselle Olivia."

"And that the hollowest of all," she said, turning the evidence of it in her pocket again. "He will as readily get over that as over his injury from you."

"Perhaps 'tis so. The most sensitive man, they say, does not place all his existence on

love; 'tis woman alone who can live and die in the heart."

"There I daresay you speak from experience," said Olivia, smiling, but impatient that he should find a single plea in favour of a wretch he must know so well.

"Consider me the exception," he hurried to explain. "I never loved but once, and then would die for it." The jasmine trembled in its chaste white nunnery, and her lips were temptingly apart. He bent forward boldly, searching her provoking eyes.

"She is the lucky lady!" said Olivia in a low voice, and then a pause. She trifled with her book. "What I wonder is that you could have a word to say of plea for this that surely is the blackest of his kind."

"Not admirable, by my faith! no, not admirable," he confessed; "but I would be the last to blame him for intemperately loving you. There, I think his honesty was beyond dispute; there he might have found salvation. That he should have done me the honour to desire my removal from your presence was flattering to my vanity, and a savage tribute to your power, Mademoiselle Olivia."

"Oh!" cried Olivia, "you cannot deceive me, Count Victor. It is odd that all your sex must stick up for each other in the greatest villainies."

"Not the greatest, Mademoiselle Olivia," said Count Victor with an inclination; "he might have been indifferent to your charms, and that were the one thing unforgivable. But soberly, I consider his folly scarce bad

enough for the punishment of your eternal condemnation."

"This man thinks lightly indeed of me," thought Olivia. "Drimdarroch has a good advocate," said she shortly, "and the last I would have looked for in his defence was just yourself."

"Drimdarroch?" he repeated, in a puzzled tone.

"Will you be telling me that you do not know?" she said. "For what did Simon MacTaggart harass our household?"

"I have been bold enough to flatter myself; I had dared to think——"

She stopped him quickly, blushing. "You know he was Drimdarroch, Count Victor," said she, with some conviction.

He jumped to his feet and bent to stare at her, his face all wrought with astonishment.

"*Mon Dieu!* Mademoiselle, you do not say the two were one? And yet—and yet—yes, *pardieu!* how blind I have been; there is every possibility."

"I thought you knew it," said Olivia, much relieved, "and felt anything but pleased at your seeming readiness in the circumstances to let me be the victim of my ignorance. I had too much of trust in the wretch."

"Women distrust men too much in the general and too little in particular. And you knew?" asked Count Victor.

"I learned to-day," said Olivia, "and this was my bitter schooling."

She passed him the letter. He took it and read aloud.

"I have learned now," said the writer, "the reason for your

black looks at Monsher the wine merchant that has a Nobleman's Crest upon his belongings. It is because he has come to look for Drimdarroch. And the stupid body cannot find him! We know who Drimdarroch is, do we not, Sim? Monsher may have sharp eyes, but they do not see much further than a woman's face if the same comes in his way. And Simon Mac-Taggart (they're telling me) has been paying late visits to Doom Castle that were not for the love of Miss Milk-and-Water. Sim! Sim! I gave you credit for being less o' a Gomerall. To fetch the Frenchman to my house of all places! You might be sure he would not be long among our Indwellers here without his true business being discovered. Drimdarroch, indeed! Now I will hate the name, though I looked with a difference on it when I wrote it scores of times to your direction in the Rue Dauphine of Paris, and loved to dwell upon a picture of the place there that I had never seen, because my Sim (just fancy it!) was there. You were just a Wee Soon with the title, my dear Traitor, my bonny Spy. It might have been yours indeed, and more if you had patience, yes perhaps and Doom forby, as that is like to be my good-man's very speedily. What if I make trouble, Sim, and open the eyes of Monsher and the mim-mou'ed Madame at the same moment by telling them who is really Drimdarroch? Will it no' gar them Grue, think ye?"

Count Victor stood amazed when he had read this. A

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confusion of feelings were in his breast. He had blundered blindly into his long-studied reprisals whose inadequate execution he was now scarce willing to regret, and Olivia had thought him capable of throwing her to this colossal rogue! The document shook in his hand.

"Well?" said Olivia at last. "Is it a much blacker man that is there than the one you thought? I can tell you I will count it a disgrace to my father's daughter that she ever looked twice the road he was on."

"And yet I can find it in me to forgive him the balance of his punishment," cried the Count.

"And what for might that be?" said she.

"Because, Mademoiselle Olivia, he led me to Scotland and to your father's door."

She saw a rapture in his manner, a kindling in his eye, and drew herself together with some pride.

"You were welcome to my father's door—I am sure of that of it, whatever," said she; "but it was a poor reward for so long a travelling. And now, my grief! We must steep the withies and go ourselves to the start of fortune like any beggars."

"No! no!" said he, and caught her hand that trembled in his like a bird. "Olivia!—oh, God, the name is like a song—*je t'aime! je t'aime!* Olivia, I love you!"

She plucked her hand away and threw her shoulders back, haughty, yet trembling and on the brink of tears.

"It is not kind—it is not kind," she stammered, almost sobbing. "The lady that is in France——"

"*Petite imbecile!*" he cried, "there is no lady in France worthy to hold thy scarf. 'Twas

thysel', *mignonne*, I spoke of all the time; only, the more I love the less I can express."

He drew her to him, crushing the jasmine till it breathed in a fragrant dissolution, bruising her breast with the topaz.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE FUTILE FLAGEOLET.

But Simon MacTaggart did not pipe wholly in vain. If Olivia was unresponsive, there was one at least in Doom who was his, whole-heartedly, and Mungo, when the flageolet made its vain appeal, felt a personal injury that the girl should subject his esteemed impersonation of all the manly graces and virtues—so to call them—to the insult of indifference.

As the melodies succeeded each other without a sign of response from overhead, he groaned, and swore with vexation and anger.

"Ye can be bummin' awa' wi' your chanter," he said as he stood listening in the kitchen. "Her leddyship wadnae hae ye playin' there lang your lane a saison syne, but thae days is done wi'; there's nae lugs for a tirlin' at the winnock whaur there's nae love—at least wi' Mistress Leevie."

Annapla heard the music with a superstitious terror: her eyes threatened to leap out of her head, and she clutched the arm of her adorer.

"Gae 'wa'!" he told her, shaking her off with a contempt for her fears. "Are ye still i' the daft Hielan' notion that it's a ghaist that's playin' there? That was a story he

made up himsel', and the need for 't's done. There's naethin' waur nor Sim MacTaggart oot there i' the gairden, wastin' his wund on a wumman that's owre muckle ta'en up i' the noo wi' the whillywhaes o' a French sneckdrawer that haesnae the smeddum to gi'e her a toozlin' at the 'oor she needs it maist. Ay, ay! caw awa' wi' yer chanter, Sim; ye'll play hooly and fairly ere ever ye play 't i' the lug o' Leevie Lamond, and her heid against your shouther again."

When it seemed at last the player's patience was at an end, the little servitor took a lamp and went to the door. He drew the bolts softly, prepared to make a cautious emergence, with a recollection of his warm reception before. He was to have a great surprise, for there stood Simon MacTaggart leaning against the jamb—a figure of dejection!

"Dod!" cried Mungo, "ye fair started me there, wi' your chafts like clay and yer een luntin'. If I hadnae been tauld when I was doon wi' yer coat the day that ye was oot and aboot again, I wad hae taen 't for your wraith."

The Chamberlain said nothing. There was something inexpress-

sibly solemn in his aspect as he leaned wearily against the side of the door, his face like clay, as Mungo had truly said, and his eyes flaming in the light of the lantern. The flageolet was in his hand: he was shivering with cold. And he was silent. The silence of him was the most staggering fact for the little domestic, who would have been relieved to hear an oath, or even have given his coat-collar to a vigorous shaking, rather than be compelled to look on misery inarticulate. Simon looked past him into the shadows of the hall as a beggar looks into a garden where is no admission for him or his kind. A fancy seized Mungo that perhaps this dumb man had been drinking. "He's gey like a man on the ran-dan," he said to himself, peering curiously, "but he never had a name for the glass though namely for the lass."

"Is she in?" said the Chamberlain suddenly, without changing his attitude, and with scanty interest in his eyes.

"Oh ay! She's in, sure enough," said Mungo. "Whaur else wad she be but in?"

"And she'll have heard me?" continued the Chamberlain.

"I'll warrant ye!" said Mungo.

"What's wrong?"

Mungo pursed out his lips and shook his lantern. "Ye can be askin' that," says he. "Gude kens!"

The Chamberlain still leaned wearily against the door jamb, mentally whelmed by dejection, bodily weak as water. His ride on a horse along the coast had manifestly not been the most

fitting exercise for a man new out of bed and the hands of his physician.

"What about the foreigner?" said he at length, and glowered the more into the interior as if he might espy him.

Mungo was cautious. This was the sort of person who on an impulse would rush the guard and create a commotion in the garrison: he temporised.

"The foreigner?" said he, as if there were so many in his experience that some discrimination was called for. "Oh ay, the Coont. A gey queer birkie yon! He's no' awa' yet. He's sittin' on his dowp yet, waitin' a dispensation o' Providence that'll gie him a heeze somewhere else."

"Is—he—is he with her?" said Simon.

"Oh thereabouts, thereabouts," admitted Mungo, cautiously. "There's nae doot they're gey and chief got sin' he cam' back, and she foun' oot wha created the collieshangie."

"Ay, man, and she kens that?" said the Chamberlain with unnatural calm.

"'Deed does she, brawly! though hoo she kens is mair nor I can guess. Monsher thriepts it wasnae him, and I'll gie my oath it wasnae me."

"Women are kittle cattle, Mungo. There's whiles I think it a peety the old law against witchcraft was not still to the fore. And so she kent, did she? and nobody tell't her. Well, well!" He laughed softly, with great bitterness.

Mungo turned the lantern about in his hand and had nothing to say.

"What's this I'm hearing about the Baron—the Baron and her—and her, leaving?" said the Chamberlain.

"It's the gude's truth that," said the little man; "and for the oots and ins o't ye'll hae to ask Petullo doon-by, for he's at the root o't. Doom's done wi'; it's his decreet, and I'm no' a day ower soon wi' the promise o' the Red Sodger—for the which I'm muckle obleeged to you, Factor. Doom's done; they're gaun awa' in a week or twa, and me and Annapla's to be left ahint to steek the yetts."

"So they tell me, Mungo; so they tell me," said the Chamberlain, neither up nor down at this corroboration. "In a week or twa! ay! ay! It'll be the bower nae langer then," he went on, unconsciously mimicking the lowland Scots of the domestic. "Do ye ken the auld sang?—

'O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lassies!
They bigged a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it o'er wi' rashea.'

He lilted the air with indiscreet indifference to being heard within; and "Wheesh! man, wheesh!" expostulated Mungo. "If himsel' was to ken o' me colloquing wi' ye at the door at this 'oor o' the nicht, there wad be Auld Hornie to pay."

"Oh! there's like to be that the ways it is," said the Chamberlain, never lifting his shoulder from the door-post, beating his leg with the flageolet, and in all with the appearance of a casual gossip reluctant to be going. "Indeed, and by my

troth! there's like to be that!" he repeated. "Do ye think, by the look of me, Mungo, I'm in a pleasant condition of mind."

"Faith and ye look gey gash, sir," said Mungo; "there's no denyin' that of it."

The Chamberlain gave a little crackling laugh, and held the flageolet like a dirk, flat along the inside of his arm and his fingers straining round the thick of it.

"Gash!" said he. "That's the way I feel. By God! Ye fetched down my coat to-day. It was the first hint I had that this damned dancing-master was here, for he broke jyle: who would have guessed he was fool enough to come here, where—if we were in the key for it—we could easily set hands on him? He must have stolen the coat out of my own room; but that's no' all of it, for there was a letter in the pocket of it when it disappeared. What was in the letter I am fair beat to remember, but I know that it was of some importance to myself, and of a solemn secrecy, and it has not come back with the coat."

Mungo was taken aback at this, but to acknowledge he had seen the letter at all would be to blunder.

"A letter!" said he; "there was nae letter that I saw:" and he concluded that he must have let it slip out of the pocket.

The Chamberlain, for the first time relinquished the support of the doorway, and stood upon his legs, but his face was more dejected than ever.

"That settles it," said he,

filling his chest with air. "I had a small hope that maybe it might have come into your hands without the others seeing it, but that was expecting too much of a Frenchman. And the letter's away with it! My God! Away with it!

' . . . Bigged a bower on yon burn-brae,
And thee kit it o'er wi' rashes! '"

"For gudesake!" said Mungo, terrified again at this mad lilt-ing from a man who had anything but song upon his countenance.

"You're sure ye didnae see the letter?" asked the Chamberlain again.

"Amn't I tellin' ye?" said Mungo.

"It's a pity," said the Chamberlain, staring at the lantern, with eyes that saw nothing. "In that case ye need not wonder that her ladyship inby should ken all, for I'm thinking it was a very informing bit letter, though the exact wording of it has slipped my recollection. It would be expecting over much of human nature to think that the foreigner would keep his hands out of the pouch of a coat he stole, and keep any secret he found there to himself. I'm saying, Mungo!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Somebody's got to sweat for this!"

There was so much venom in the utterance and such a frenzy in the eye that Mungo started: before he could find a comment the Chamberlain was gone.

His horse was tethered to a thorn; he climbed wearily into the saddle and swept along the

coast. At the hour of midnight his horse was stabled, and he himself was whistling in the rear of Petullo's house, a signal the woman there had thought never to hear again.

She responded in a joyful whisper from a window, and came down a few minutes later with her head in a capuchin hood.

"Oh, Sim! dear, is it you indeed? I could hardly believe my ears."

He put down the arms she would throw about his neck and held her wrists, squeezing them till she almost screamed with pain. He bent his face down to stare into her hood; even in the darkness she saw a plain fury in his eyes: if there was a doubt about his state of mind, the oath he uttered removed it.

"What do you want with me?" she gasped, struggling to free her hands.

"You sent me a letter on the morning of the ball?" said he, a little relaxing his grasp, yet not altogether releasing her prisoned hands.

"Well, if I did!" said she.

"What was in it?" he asked.

"Was it not delivered to you? I did not address it nor did I sign it, but I was assured you got it."

"That I got it has nothing to do with the matter, woman. What I want to know is what was in it?"

"Surely you read it?" said she.

"I read it a score of times——"

"My dear Sim!"

"——And cursed two score

of times, as far as I remember; but what I am asking now is what was in it?"

Mrs Petullo began to weep softly, partly from the pain of the man's unconsciously cruel grasp, partly from disillusion, partly from a fear that she had to do with a mind deranged.

"Oh, Sim, have you forgotten already? It did not use to be that with a letter of mine!"

He flung away her hands and swore again.

"Oh, Kate Cameron," he cried, "damned black was the day I first clapt eyes on you! Tell me this, did your letter, that was through all my dreams when I was in the fever of my wound, and yet that I cannot recall a sentence of, say you knew I was Drimdarroch? It is in my mind that it did so."

"Black the day you saw me, Sim!" said she. "I'm thinking it is just the other way about, my honest man. Drimdarroch! And spy, it seems, and something worse! And are you feared that I have clyped

it all to Madame Milk-and-Water? No, Simon, I have not done that; I have gone about the thing another way."

"Another way," said he. "I think I mind you threatened it before myself, and Doom is to be roused at last to pleasure a wanton woman."

"A wanton woman! Oh, my excellent tutor! My best respects to my old dominie! I'll see day about with you for this!"

"Day about!" said he. "My good sweet-tempered Kate! You need not fash—your hand is played; your letter trumped the trick, and I am done. If that does not please your ladyship, you are ill to serve. And I would not just be saying that the game is finished altogether even yet, so long as I know where to lay my fingers on the Frenchman."

She plucked her hands free, and ran from him without another word, glad for once of the sanctuary of a husband's door.

(To be concluded.)

OLD TIMES AND NEW ON THE INDIAN
BORDERLAND.

READING Sir Thomas Holdich's surveying reminiscences in his 'Indian Borderland' reminds me that I began my service in the long long ago on that fast-receding frontier. Those were the days of the "close border" system, when the N.W. boundary of our Indian empire extended west of the Indus no farther than the skirt of the wall of mountains known as the Suliman Range. That range and all beyond, right on to the advancing outposts of Russia in Central Asia, was a *terra incognita* for all Englishmen. To put foot thereon, whether in pursuit of hill-robbers returning from a successful foray in British territory or of a wounded *mārkhōr* (mountain goat, literally "snake-eater"), was to incur pains and penalties, which at that time not even the youngest subaltern in one of the Piffer regiments dared risk. As a consequence the Government had to depend for their map-knowledge of the countries on the farther side of the "close border" on the loose statements of unobservant natives. As for political information, the local officers retailed such as percolated through the passes with Powindah caravans, or was sold by spies, a 'fraternity — liars by nature and profession — whose inventive faculties were further sharpened by the practice of paying according to the

importance of the news communicated. The local officers had to fill their political diaries, the spies their bellies, hence the *modus vivendi* adopted. In dull times those diaries resembled Reuter's foreign telegrams. What was asserted one day was contradicted on the next. When by accident the embellished truth was reported, the budding political, instead of stripping off the adornment, discredited the whole story, and sometimes had to pay dearly for his unbelief. The moral of the "wolf, wolf," repetition has often been illustrated on the Punjab border. It may be contended that as our sources of information about men and things in Central Asia were as good as those of Herodotus about Central Africa, our geographical and political knowledge should at least have been on a par with his. In point of fact it was not. He was a trained and leisured expert in picking men's brains and sifting wild tales, whereas our frontier politicals were mostly young men of many occupations. That explains our inferiority.

In the days to which I refer the Government was more interested in forcing progress on English patterns upon the inert peasantry cis-Indus than in solving the problems of trans-Indus administration. South of Peshawar, at the headquarters of each frontier dis-

trict, was a strong garrison of the three arms, all Piffers—i.e., Indians of the Punjab Irregular Frontier Force (hence the name Piffers) officered by Englishmen—and each garrison was supplemented by a ragamuffin militia of horse and foot, who were located in outposts near the mouths of the chief passes leading into our territory.

The Piffers, to the number of 12,000, were under the orders of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. The infantry wore sober *khāki*, but the cavalry preferred brilliance. The play of fancy in some of their uniforms was creditable to the decorative taste of their commandants. One gallant corps, whose first colonel had been a well-known hunting man, was commonly known as "Jorrocks' Horse." To the onlooker the sight of its officers in pink and gold-lace racing over the jumps, headed by their commanding officer, was like the rush for place when Mr Jorrocks was leading the hunt. As the leave rules for the force were liberal, red-tape rarely obtrusive, officers and men young, and opportunities of active service frequent, there was plenty of interesting occupation and good-fellowship in the small English communities scattered up and down that wild borderland. There was, however, the one thing wanting which softens manners and sweetens life—the presence of English ladies. Their absence kept the Piffers "fierce"—possibly accounted for every one dining in mufti, dressed sometimes anyhow—and certainly encouraged "big

nights" at mess, and even "big breakfasts" in the hot weather, followed by afternoon whist intermitted with sleep.

As for the civil administration, it was rough but suitable. The district officer had a pretty free hand—if only he kept the tribes quiet and did not importune for money for any of the purposes on which it was lavishly spent cis-Indus, such as roads, bridges, jails. As a rule, unless ambitious, in which case he blistered rather than poulticed tribal disorders, he was quite content to be left alone,—a little king with no foreign policy. For wellnigh twenty years he was God and Government for the people; but early in the 'seventies, as centralisation with its uniform methods grew stronger, his authority began to wane, until finally, a decade or so later, he subsided into a desk-tied slave under many masters. Then began the second phase in the history of trans-Indus administration—the era of law and progress. The one remarkable achievement of that period was the legal subjugation of the peasantry by the money-lenders, and the consequent disaffection of the people. The third phase, just inaugurated, is a partial return to the first. After prolonged resistance, the Government of India have been constrained to acknowledge that not only for the frontier, but for the interior of the Punjab as well, the forcing-house treatment of the peasantry has been a failure. The old patriarchal system has now been partially reintroduced, despite the croakings of

money-lenders and lawyers. In addition, Peshawar and adjacent tracts have been detached from the Punjab and placed under an agent to the Governor-General, who will be guided, as in the early days of the British dominion, not by the rigid methods prevailing during the reign of law, but by "equity, justice, and good conscience." Opinions differ as to the wisdom of this latter experiment in province-making.

My own connection with the frontier dates from 1868, and, with intermissions for furlough, extended to 1886. I began thus as a petty despot, and ended as a slave of the pen on an office-stool, distracted by the impossibility of satisfying a multitude of masters. My posting to the frontier was due to an accidental misstatement in a newspaper. Soon after joining the Indian Civil Service, and passing my departmental examinations, I happened to win some races on my own ponies. The Lahore weekly of the time—there were no dailies then—referred to me as an accomplished rider, though in reality I was a novice, and handled a horse so badly that I should have been laughed at anywhere but in India. In fact, I was told so by a steward, whilst the glow of triumph was upon me as my victorious pony was being guided to the scales.

"Why?" I asked.

"Why? you led all the way by several lengths, yet from start to finish you rode with a loose rein and kept flogging and spurring your too-willing animal, who won in spite of you. At any good meeting

you would have been hooted off the course."

"I am sorry," I replied, crest-fallen.

Afterwards I plucked up a little when I discovered that it was my severe critic's pony which had come in a bad second. Under the circumstances it was natural, I suppose, for him to be candid, especially as he had lost money on the race.

The undeserved praise from some ignorant newspaper-correspondent sent me trans-Indus, as the Lieutenant-Governor considered that a competition-youngster, who could ride, was just the sort of raw material to make a good frontier officer. In the following week I was transferred to Bannū, a superlatively beautiful and unhealthy station seventy miles west of the Indus. From Jallundar to Rawalpindi I travelled by *dāk-gāri*—a sort of long box on wheels drawn by a pair of horses. On my journey my baggage, which had been elaborately roped on at the back of the *gāri*, was cleverly cut loose and stolen, so I arrived at Rawalpindi in the lightest marching-order. Thence I was bumped along a rough track to Kohat on top of a mail-cart. From that cantonment to Bannū, eighty roadless miles through mountains, I rode militia horses. As the thermometer stood over 100°—it was the middle of June—I drank water at every stage, a foolish proceeding which only increases thirst. At a place called Lāchi a local chief gave me a drink out of an earthenware jar. I handed it back to

his servant, but the man's master took it from him and dropped it on the stones, accompanying the action with some unintelligible expletive. His retainers stood round and grinned approval. I felt they were taking advantage of my youth and ignorance to covertly insult me, so I asked for more water. The first performance was repeated. I then asked again and again for more, until a round dozen of jars lay smashed upon the ground. At last the comedy was played out, with the laugh on my side, I hope. I was a *kāfir*, no doubt, the chieftain a devout Moslem; but he should not have broken those jars in my presence at least, for, after all, though I was a boy I was also a *hākim* (ruler). When I next met that chieftain he was very friendly, and his manners were unexceptional.

Arrived at my destination, I was in a new world. I took the sudden transition from subjection at school to authority over half a million of bigoted Moslems as if to rule Indians were an Englishman's birth-right. But for the heat it was a pleasant, interesting sort of life even in the hot weather. For me work began at dawn with a ride out to make a local inspection, usually to investigate some crime—for each magistrate was his own police officer, and in trials judge, prosecutor, and counsel for the defence as well. About 8 A.M. there was an early breakfast-ordinary in the public gardens. We all met there, and most of us began the meal with some effervescing draught from a well-known frontier recipe:

fruit-salt had not been invented then. It cleared the brain for the sedentary duties of the morning. I have no doubt we ate, drank, and smoked Manila cheroots more than was good for us—had too many “big nights,” in fact—and consequently we sometimes had “cobwebs,” so we blessed the little doctor who had compounded that mixture. After breakfast we separated, and did not meet again until late in the afternoon, when we all played rackets till dark, and then adjourned to the swimming-bath. As the garrison was “unmarried”—the Piffers had in 1868 two “married” regiments, neither at Bannū—the mess was a great institution. There were two messes—one cavalry and artillery combined, the other infantry—and each had a guest-night once a-week. These, with big breakfasts, followed by whist on the Friday holiday, helped to beguile the weariness of existence, until the September nights became less warm, and the cry overhead of the returning crane told us that the cold season was at hand.

When we dispersed after early breakfast, I had to sit in a small malodorous room amidst a sweating crowd until well into the afternoon. The justice dispensed was a little summary, but appeared to satisfy all concerned. Cæsar's capacity for doing three things at once was child's play compared with that of a young civilian in Bannū in 1868, who, to get through his daily duties, had to try six or seven cases simultaneously. The clerks sat cross-legged on

the floor round the room, each recording evidence as rapidly as his pen could travel, and the magistrate passed from one to another, hearing the statements read, asking questions, and dictating orders. We had no proper jail in Bannū, on which account, and perhaps as a kindness to convicts, whipping was preferred as a punishment to imprisonment. The triangles stood just outside the courthouse, and were in constant use. Bannūchis seemed to regard a public whipping as no disgrace. The convict would slip out of his clothes, be tied up, receive his ten to thirty strokes, and then, being released, throw himself down on his face. Thereupon his friends would stand and stamp upon the afflicted part, thus deadening the pain and helping to restore circulation, whilst a kindly water-carrier, told off for the purpose, emptied a goatskin over the sufferer's body. Revived and refreshed, the whipped man would then rise, a little dazed at first perhaps, but quite satisfied, for his punishment was over. He would next slowly get into his smelling garments and start for home, surrounded by his friends. Whipping may appear brutal, but for brutes it is not so, and certainly in Bannū it was almost popular. It was sharp and painful, no doubt, but being quickly over, it brought the victim's revenge all the nearer. Thirty strokes with a rattan, laid on with the swing of a good drive at golf, was the form of expiation for common felonies and even misdemeanours most approved by the

famous John Nicholson when Deputy Commissioner of Bannū. Even in my time it was a daily occurrence for a Bannūchi in court to suddenly appeal to an English magistrate to examine his opponent's back.

"Sahib," he would shout, "take off his clothes and look and you will see 'Nikalsēn's' marks on him. They will prove he is lying."

To help my guess at truth I used often to allow both sides, even in civil disputes, to vilify each other for a few moments, and whenever the *argumentum baculinum* was reached, I would gravely descend from the judgment-seat—a chair on a dais, the height giving protection against sudden assault—and examine the impugned seat of dishonour. Though it was eleven years since John Nicholson had sat in my chair, his branding was indelible, the darker streaks on the dark skin showing where the cane had cut or bruised the flesh. The cane was an admirable *ensor morum* for a vicious people such as the Bannūchis. It was no respecter of persons, but fell on the just and unjust alike, on criminals within the law and outside thereof sometimes. For instance, we had only one baker, and for weeks he persisted in impairing our digestions with sour bread. Warnings having no effect, his bakery was inspected. As all his flour was mouldy, he was haled before the district magistrate, who had him promptly tied up. On his promising amendment, after the seventh or eighth blow, he was released.

The punishment, though illegal, worked a miraculous cure, for the bread was good ever afterwards. If I remember rightly some busybody reported the case to the recently constituted Chief Court of Lahore, and an explanation was called for. The district magistrate, a military man, replied naïvely that, as law was not his strong point, he might be mistaken, but he believed that the court had no jurisdiction, as he had whipped the baker "on the revenue side." The matter was not pressed.

The hot weather was our peaceful time, for the Waziri highlanders, many of whom had settlements in the district, and landless hordes of whom infested the valley in the cold months, were all away in the mountains the other side of the "close border," which began only three miles from the station. As the nights got shorter and cooler the crime season would begin. When there was no moon horses were frequently cut out from stables; and so unsafe were the roads between our bungalows and the two messes—all quite close together—that every one of us used to walk to and from dinner with a loaded revolver in his hand and escorted by an armed orderly. We kept the centre of the road, as on either side there was an avenue of trees and a deep water-channel, which afforded cover for an assassin. There were sentries everywhere, and foot-patrols shuffled noiselessly about all night. Our precautions were not always sufficient. A friend (Captain S. Beckett) was missed

by a fanatic, who, though stalking the Sahib, stuck his knife into the stomach of a Sikh soldier instead. In the absence of the district magistrate I tried the *ghāzi*, who said he thought his dagger might not get home through the Sahib's thick clothes, so he made sure of the thinly-clad Sikh *kāfir* beside him. I hung the *ghāzi* on the Friday market-day, before a great concourse. He was evidently in a hurry to enter Paradise, because he reviled me for being late, and keeping him a few minutes longer in life than was required.

On another occasion in my second hot-weather I was roused from sleep—we all slept outside our houses protected by circumambulant sentries—by a messenger informing me that the doctor-sahib had been stabbed. I went at once to his bungalow and recorded what he supposed to be his dying declaration. He had felt the blow and called out, but only saw what he described as "a shadow." Though his liver had been penetrated he recovered. The curious thing was that at the time his sentry was only a few yards from his bed. The assassin had hidden behind a bush and seized his opportunity as the sentry turned in his beat. After that some of us bore the heat and slept indoors.

Early in my first cold-weather in Bannū our station routine was disturbed by an unwelcome visitor—cholera—which scattered the troops to previously selected camps. Whilst the district officer was visiting

them I was left to my own devices in the station. The disease soon got into the town, a walled and gated "city" like those of the Philistines captured by Joshua. Forthwith the good people, following the example set by their military protectors, forsook their homes and took refuge in the villages round about. These in turn became infected, and so many fresh centres for the spread of the pestilence. However, as cholera seldom continues more than three weeks, and its virulence decreases through diffusion, the disease, though now widespread, was less deadly than at first. When I discovered that one ward of the town had been evacuated, I began its purification by having walls and floors scraped, replastered, and whitewashed. Meanwhile the citizens, finding no safety in the villages, began to return to their homes in the town. This did not suit my views, so I shut the city-gates and refused to allow any one to return until cleansing operations had been completed. I knew what would happen: they would appeal unto Cæsar, the district officer; but as he was thirty-five miles away, I had four clear days before my official superior could upset my arrangements. In due time they were upset, and in the order, which was in vernacular, I was slightly called "the *chota sahib*"—the "little sahib"—my superior being "the big sahib." I at once impounded the offensive document, and informed the district officer why I had done so. He hurried

back. For a day the position was ludicrous—two lone Englishmen in the same house not on speaking terms, whilst death was stalking about taking victims all round us. In the evening the disparaging edict was torn up and a complimentary substitute issued. We then dined together, dispelling depression and disagreement with champagne.

Soon after the return of the troops my superior was called away, and I was left in sole charge of the district. The cholera epidemic had ceased as suddenly and mysteriously as it had set in, but another had come, murders. This outbreak appeared easily traceable to its source. In a general notification, published some time previously, the Government had encouraged agriculturists to settle in new homesteads away from their overcrowded, insanitary villages. In Bannū no such locations had ever been permitted without an order in writing from the district officer. The people somehow discovered that the Government had sanctioned centrifugalism, and that their local God—the district officer—was the subordinate of the far-off Government. A few mud-built hamlets were first tentatively erected here and there, and, as they were allowed to stand, a number were soon built, each called after its founder. As the overlords in the old villages had certain customary rights over housemanure and the services of a menial class called Hindkais, they resented the loss of income and status to which they were

being subjected. In defence of their interests they hired assassins—a class which then abounded trans-Indus—and began the removal of their parvenu rivals, who in turn retaliated by similar methods.

The valley was rapidly reverting to the pandemonium it had been until John Nicholson's stern rule made murder expensive, when the Government, informed of the facts, wisely restored the old local rule. I then proceeded to inspect and demolish the new hamlets, and concomitantly the number of murders began to drop until normal figures were reached. Worked out into statistics, "normal" in Bannū or Peshawar would be something appalling. In India fluctuations in murders can never be satisfactorily explained. I have known seven or eight in the same neighbourhood follow an unfortunate acquittal by the Chief Court. Conversely, after a few hangings murders sometimes cease for months. Usually during and after a cholera visitation there is a curious lull in criminal offences, particularly in murders. Fear makes saints of sinners, no doubt, but I think the true explanation is that women-folk take advantage of the pestilence—for at such a time most deaths after short illness are registered as cholera cases—and poison off obnoxious men, especially husbands. As yet it has not been practicable to restrict the sale of poisons, in Northern India at least, hence in every village druggist's shop arsenic and other poisons are

sold as readily as harmless medicines.

Our nearest hill neighbours were the Mohammadkhel Waziris. They held some fat villages in our territory, which in return for their accepting what was called "collective pass-responsibility" were very lightly assessed. In addition, their headmen had received certain militia nominations, and pocketed the difference between the handsome pay allowed by the State and the pittance actually doled out to the needy nominees. The mounted militia were known as "Catch-'em-alive-ohs" because they never did catch a thief. The system, by attaching the leading men of a clan to the cause of order, worked well enough so long as obligations were not enforced. These were to prevent stolen property, usually cattle or kidnapped Hindus, from being carried off up any pass for which responsibility had been accepted, and in the event of failure to recover and return the plunder or pay compensation. As a rule, no money passed, as the "fine" was realised by a *pro tanto* deduction out of the militia allowances. On the present occasion there was an accumulation of outstandings against the Mohammadkhels, and they had been called upon to settle the account. They disputed some of the items, alleging that the freebooters—probably some of their own young bloods—had retreated by some other pass.

"You admitted that the tracks went through your lands," I objected.

"Well, we cannot pay. This 'tribal responsibility' is intolerable. We greybeards cannot control our *loosewalas*."

No reply was made.

"See," cried the chief spokesman, thrusting his open hand near my face, "the fingers are of different lengths, so are we all different. Punish the bad, not the good."

The deputation then departed. They knew the conventions as to time and decently clean clothes, and having broken them had been received informally, and quickly shown the door. They ought to have come on a Friday morning, and their clothes should not have smelt evilly. I stood, racket-bat in hand, and made them stand also.

A week or more went by, and spies reported that the Moham-madkhels were sending their families to the hills earlier than usual and plotting mischief. "Wolf" had been cried so often that the statements were not believed, though as a matter of routine the outposts were warned. However, the spies were right for once, for early one morning a relief guard was ambushed and eleven sepoy shot down. The tribe was promptly "blockaded"—i.e., all belonging to it, including men, women, and children found in British territory, were seized and imprisoned; all goods we could lay hands upon were also attached. They held out for fifteen months, and then surrendered *en masse* in miserable plight, the men coming in to the station bareheaded, their turbans tied round their necks,

symbolising readiness to be hung. Their ringleaders, six in number, were kept in the Lahore jail for more than a year, when, reduced to four by cholera, the survivors were released.

The "blockade" cost the Government nothing, and was effective. A similar outrage nowadays would have been a nine days' anxiety for the empire, and have led to costly warlike preparations, followed perhaps by a futile expedition. As it was, I doubt if the London press devoted a dozen lines to the outrage and its sequel.

In 1870 communications between Bannū and Lahore were so slow that the Government knew nothing about the disturbance until measures for reducing the offending tribe to submission had been taken. The report describing the affair was first carried eighty-five miles by runners, then one hundred and fifty by mail-cart, and three large rivers had to be crossed by ferry-boats before the nearest railway station was reached. When asked to explain the attack, all I could say was that it was intended as a protest against the enforcement of pass-responsibility. I suspect, however, the deputation's wounded susceptibilities may have been the motive cause: they had wanted a lengthy palaver, ending with some concession and a present of sheep; instead, the whole party had been quickly sent away. Pathan tribes, though touchy to recklessness when their own dignity is concerned, seem impervious to the idea that others too

have feelings. Thus in Kohat, shortly before the disturbance in Bannū, a Bizoti deputation defied the British Government, and kept the frontier there in a ferment for more than two years, because they chose to consider that the district officer had insulted them. They had been warned to bring no proclaimed outlaws with them, but had disobeyed. The district officer—Major Cavagnari, killed ten years afterwards in Kabul—seeing an escaped convict sitting with the deputation, instead of arresting the man on the spot, merely had him removed and sent back across the border again. The tribal greybeards, who were seated in the conventional semicircle about Major Cavagnari, thereupon rose in dudgeon, stalked off to their hills, and declared war against the British empire.

The frontier troubles in Kohat and Bannū awoke the Government to the necessity of improving trans-Indus communications. At first it was thought telegraphic extension would suffice, but all on the spot wanted roads. When, then, during the hot weather the Kurram and Gambila rivers, which flow on either side of Bannū, opportunely rose and remained in flood for more than a week, thus completely isolating an important station, it was decided that frontier cantonments must have not only a telegraph wire but roads and bridges as well. Soon after all our requirements received what is called "administrative sanction," but the want of budget provision deferred energetic

action until the long-continued policy of "stand still"—"masterly inactivity," as some called it—was superseded by the forward or "push-and-damn-expense" policy of Lord Lytton and the Cabinet, who sent him to India "to hold a pistol to the head of the Ameer," and bully him into an alliance with us. With Lord Lytton came the ill-fated Colonel Colley as military adviser. He was at once sent on a tour of observation down the N.W. frontier. Instead of asking questions and collecting information, he gave forth instruction and views with an assurance which perplexed senior officers but delighted young fire-eaters. On one occasion, discoursing on the conduct of frontier expeditions, he maintained that one regiment of Piffer infantry could move anywhere in the hills and overcome any tribal resistance that might be offered.

"But what of supplies and the line of communications?" asked his host, the late Colonel A. A. Munro, a canny Scot.

"The troops could carry the first and do without the second," was the off-hand answer.

Colonel Munro shook his head dissentingly and turned the conversation. Though many of us, who met Colonel Colley, thought that if his responsible advice resembled his irresponsible talk, he would prove a dangerous adviser to our new Viceroy, there was one subject on which we all agreed with him—he condemned the "close border" system root and branch.

"You have all been asleep for more than thirty years on

this side of these ridiculous pillars," he told us, "whilst Russia has been map-making and sapping and mining right up to Kabul. To let off your superfluous energies you risk your necks polo-playing and pig-sticking; how much better it would be to risk being shot at in doing the State a service,—in surveying these hills, for instance, and knowing what is behind them. Russia has a long start of us: we shall have to pay for our sloth and ignorance soon."

He was right, as history has since proved. In Colonel Holidich's reminiscences he shows what millions we have lost in the last twenty years through our long neglect of map-knowledge. Indeed, his book almost persuades the reader that the only solid gain from our wars, expeditions, and boundary demarcations since 1878, has been the accurate mapping of the still unappropriated countries between India and Russia in Central Asia. But for that Chinese wall of a "close border," maintained from the day we annexed the Punjab until the Afghan war of 1878-80, the complications of the Russo-Afghan Boundary Commission and our misunderstandings with the present Ameer, to say nothing of costly blunders on our immediate frontier, due to geographical ignorance of country within a few miles of our own cantonments or outposts, would all have been avoided.

Whilst Colonel Colley was teaching their trade to the veterans of many "little wars," Lord Lytton was carrying out

his instructions. He threatened to put a bullet through the Ameer's head, expecting him to throw up his hands; instead, he threw himself into the arms of Russia. Though the war which followed cost twenty-five millions sterling, it gave the newly appointed Piffer General, now Earl Roberts, his chance. Like Colonel Colley, he had come round the frontier on a rapid tour of inspection and observation. The contrast between the two men was all in favour of the subsequently successful soldier. General Roberts sought information from all men, but reserved his own opinions; Colonel Colley asked nothing of any man, and freely expressed his views. Further, General Roberts was full of kindly feeling for every one. I well remember when he came to Bannū he borrowed a dog-cart and called round the station, not omitting the wife of a recently married subaltern. By that little act of civility he doubtless bound her husband to him for life. He did not hold his new command long, being called away to achieve fame in Afghanistan.

When the war was over the linking-up of our frontier stations with Rawalpindi, Multan, and Lahore was energetically taken in hand, and the purse-strings were opened to push forward strategic railways, make roads, and bridge our rivers with a liberality which fairly staggered frontier humanity. By the time that they were finished the former auto-crats of the border, the district officers, were reduced to me-

chanical dolls pulled by wires from Lahore or Simla.

Probably the last strong act of authority initiated and carried out on his own responsibility by a frontier district officer occurred early in the Afghan war in Dera Ismail Khan, the district immediately south of Bannu. Just as in 1899, so in 1878 we plunged into a serious campaign without adequate preparation. In 1878 India had an army, but it was immobile from want of transport. In the emergency the Government appointed every district officer in the Punjab superintendent of an improvised pressgang for the collection of transport from the civil population. As impressment, though constantly practised by the Government, was illegal, the order to seize carriage was couched in the usual formula that civil officers were required "to use their influence in assisting transport officers to procure the necessary pack-animals," &c. In carrying out their instructions district officers seized animals and attendants wholesale in every village in the province. Ponies and mules were procured without difficulty, and the loafers in the bazaars were enlisted in large numbers as attendants, and were soon drilled into fair drivers. Their supervision was easy, as such pack-animals are stall-fed. With camels the case was different. Some 80,000 camels and 20,000 drivers had to be procured, and owners would neither hire out their animals nor volunteer their own services.

Camels have large stomachs, require bulky food of a particular description, and have to find it by browsing. In feeding they scatter and wander, and whether they starve, poison themselves, or eat and keep condition, depends upon the care and knowledge of those who herd them. The *sarwân*, or camel-man, resembles the poet—he is born, not made. Unlike the muleteer, he can neither be improvised nor supervised. Like his camel, he is a peculiar creature. No pecuniary offers would tempt men of the *sarwân* class to enlist for service in Afghanistan. The stories of their neglect and sufferings in the former war (1838-42) were still traditions in every *sarwân* family. In its dilemma the Government was constrained not only to permit the seizure of every fit he-camel in the country, but of thousands of *sarwâns* as well. As our own people and their beasts of burden were being impressed wholesale, it would have been invidious to wholly exempt foreign *sarwâns*, who voluntarily entered the Punjab for their own gain, from bearing some share of the common duty, if they wished to remain in British territory.

The Dera Ismail Khan district had been for centuries a browsing and breeding ground for tens of thousands of camels belonging to Sulimankhel Powindahs, a hardy race of traders and carriers, who each cold weather fought their way down through the Gumal Pass from Afghan Khorassan to British territory. The district officer,

Colonel Macaulay, offered these immigrant Sulimankhels liberal terms if they would supply him with some thousands of camels and the necessary number of *sarvāns*. When they refused, he pointed out to them their obligation to serve or leave his district. They took no notice, but continued their leisurely advance towards the Indus ferries. Thereupon Colonel Macaulay called in their chiefs of clans—their constitution resembles that of the Scottish Highlanders in the time of their quasi-independence—and told them that on account of the Sarkar's necessity they must either contribute their tithe or return whence they came. They shrugged their shoulders in derision, and replied that no man, not even the Ameer of Kabul, had ever coerced them, nor ever would. They then returned to their *kirries* (camps) and resumed their arrested movement. Colonel Macaulay was now in a difficult position. To yield would be to "eat dirt" before his own people, increase the insolence of the Sulimankhel rebels, and probably bring about a general strike against impressment. He stopped the march of the *kirries* near the ferries and began to collect his tithe. The chieftains of the different clans or camps were astounded, and began to consult together. Some yielded, more withdrew to the low hills near the border to await developments and follow the lead of their champion clan, the Khankhel, respected but disliked by all the other members of their loose confederacy. It was a small clan and boastful, for it had never been beaten in

inter-tribal wars, and the Mahsuds, who levied toll on all Powindah caravans in the Gumal Pass, had never extorted payment from it. The Khankhels, perhaps a hundred men, with women and children besides, withdrew deliberately towards our border, but halted well within it in an excellent grazing centre, and dared the Sahib to come and take his tithe. He at once accepted the challenge, hurried out with a handful of Sikh sepoy and some cavalry, halted a mile from the defiant *kirrie*, and sent word that if they did not withdraw across the border or surrender their quota of camels he would use force. Two hours were allowed for compliance. The Khankhels at once sent their families under cover into a ravine and began to throw up some slight intrenchments round their own position. When the time of grace had expired the sepoy advanced, extended, and opened fire. From the breastworks the matchlocks spluttered noisily but harmlessly for some minutes, then sound and smoke began to diminish until there was silence and stillness. The *kirrie* as a fighting unit had ceased to exist. Their casualties were, I think, eighty-three. It was a butchery, no doubt, but it averted a general rising, and changed defiance into submission. Had the crisis, overcome by Colonel Macaulay on his own responsibility in 1878, occurred twenty years later, we may be certain there would have been discussion, vacillation, and concession, followed probably by an out-

break which would have necessitated an expedition.

As I wish to emphasise the lesson of the executive weakness caused by an excessive division of authority, I shall now bridge over the gap of twenty years and contrast, by illustration, Colonel Macaulay's action in 1878 with that of the system of the present day—graduated centralisation. During that period frontier district officers and commissioners had been reduced to the same level of personal impotence as that in which their cis-Indus brethren existed. A sense of irresponsibility lightens a man's burden in critical times. If things go wrong he knows that he is not answerable—nor any one else.

Before touching on the events of 1897-98 on the Peshawar frontier, I must remind the reader that in November 1893 the Ameer was induced to sign "the Durand agreement" for a bribe of £40,000 a-year—in other words, his annual subsidy was raised from £80,000 to £120,000. That signature was a diplomatic satisfaction for the outgoing Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, but a source of prolonged troubles and humiliations for his successor, Lord Elgin. In the former case only one man had to be bought, in the latter more than 100,000 independent tribesmen had to be induced to allow us to send troops through their mountains, to erect boundary pillars along their hinterlands as a visible sign of their detachment from Kabul and inclusion with British India. They knew

nothing about the distinction between "a sphere of exclusive influence" and "annexation."

An agitation began amongst the tribesmen to resist absorption by the encroaching infidels. It was probably fomented by the Ameer, but certainly so by the Moolahs. The first blow for freedom was struck by the Mahsuds, the next—a treacherous outrage it was—in the Tochi valley near Bannū. Then followed in rapid succession the rush of the Swatis and cognate clans against our new post on the Malakaud Pass overlooking the Swat valley. Not to be behind hand, the Mohmands now became actively hostile. In the arrangement with the Ameer we had divided them between India and Afghanistan. The Ameer resented our action, believing we had duped him. The Mohmands were equally annoyed. They now showed their teeth by impudently pulling the Sarkar's beard. Several thousands of them seized and held for a few hours a post of ours only a few miles from the Peshawar cantonment. For weeks after that insult we made no movement. We collected troops, it is true, but did not use them. Whilst the local civil and military officers were conferring and referring, and the Simla authorities were calling for further reports and suggestions, the Moolahs were preaching a holy war of independence. The Orakzais and Afridis began to grow restless. They possessed between them three or four thousand breech-loaders, and began to talk of using them. Still we made

no move—we did not even strengthen the small garrisons holding our block-houses in the Khyber Pass.

“The Sarkar has filled Peshawar with white troops, and we know they can fight; why, then, does the Sarkar not use them?” Afridis inquired of each other.

“Because the Sarkar is afraid, for Allah is with you, and the weather is hot,” was the confident pronouncement of the Moolahs.

The local politicals now reported to Simla that our own Khyber Rifles were getting shaky: they should be withdrawn or supported. Simla demurred, holding that under the terms of their enlistment they were rather levies under the control of their own chiefs than militia or quasi-sepoys under the British Government. Whilst the legal point was under discussion, difficulties about transport and water-supply were raised, and altogether there was much “great argument about it and about.” Lord Elgin and his Council were seeking inspiration from the local officers, and they in turn sought it from Simla. In a multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom—there is certainly no action. Whatever the advice of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab may have been, it carried no weight. Probably, regarding the question as one of imperial interest, and remembering past slights, he acted rather as a post-office than, as his position entitled him to act, as a strong expert with a decided opinion. Lord

Elgin had plenty of advisers; but as responsibility was divided amongst the officers on the spot, the Lieutenant-General holding the Punjab command, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, the Commander-in-Chief, and the members of the Executive Council of the Government of India, and there was not one resolute clear-headed man amongst them all, each waited on the others, and nothing was done beyond strongly garrisoning Jamrud at the Peshawar end of the Khyber, and causing our soldiers to trail their coats about the mouth of the pass. Seeing our paralysis, the stalwarts amongst the wavering clans rose, attacked and captured our posts in the pass one after the other—one, Fort Maude, within sight of our soldiers—and so committed their tribes. This is how Colonel Holdich in his ‘Indian Borderland’ describes our inaction during the final phase:—

“The Khaibar Rifles did all that could be expected of them. They fought splendidly (one old subahdar covering himself with glory) till they could fight no longer; and then they effected a retreat in good order to Peshawar. But, alas! whilst the Afridi fought for us, we failed to fight for ourselves; 9500 troops about the Peshawar frontier looked on, whilst 500 Afridis maintained British honour in the Khaibar. Over that little episode of the withdrawal of the British officer, who should have headed the Khaibar defence, and the abandonment of the pass to its fate, it is best to draw a veil. There *can* be no excuse for it.”

On the fall of the posts the majority of their defenders escaped to Jamrud, and as they

entered it taunted our men as cowards for having deserted them. When all was over Simla wired orders to Peshawar that the Khyber should be at once retaken and held; but it was now too late, as all the clans were up, and the enterprise would have required a force of 20,000 men. Two months later Tirah was invaded. Our troops, of whom too large a proportion were British, were handicapped against climbing by barrack-life in the sweltering plains. Colonel Holdich says their mobility was like that of Southdowns, whereas the Afridis were as agile as wild goats. No wonder, then, as he puts it, that the Afridis "simply played around the British force, and with the facilities that they possessed of attaining safe cover when too hard pressed, the hunting of them with an army of two divisions was not unlike hunting rabbits with a pack of foxhounds."

After prolonged guerilla fighting the unsatisfactory campaign, with its dubious issue, came to an end. Officially it was successful, and the diplomacy leading up to it "correct": in reality it had only been a triumph of endurance for the troops. As always, "the men were splendid" though unfit, because untrained to guerilla fighting on bad ground.

During the first quarter of 1898 terms were arranged with the Afridis, and the troops collected in Peshawar and Kohat were dispersed throughout India to their several cantonments.

The contrast between Colonel Macaulay's strong action in 1878 and the proceedings of the multitude of counsellors in 1897-98 demonstrates that the excessive diffusion of authority which roundabout centralisation necessitates, paralyses action in a time of public danger, and, when shame and disaster result as a consequence, constrains a Government, composed of otherwise honourable men, to resort to unworthy devices in order to hoodwink the public and suppress the truth. In the Blue-Book just issued (East India, N.W. Frontier, 1901) Lord George Hamilton, in a despatch of 1898 dealing with the causes of the risings in the previous year, writes to the Viceroy, "I entirely agree with your Excellency in Council in regarding fanaticism as the principal motive for an outbreak, which has been unprecedented alike in the suddenness with which it broke out at each point, in the large extent of country affected, and in the simultaneous action of distinct tribes or sections of tribes." Colonel Holdich, safe in his retirement, after describing the Tirah troubles bluntly concludes, "It is perhaps one of the most useful lessons that we learnt from this boundary war—the lesson of respect for the people who fought well for their independence."

The pitiful indecision of Lord Elgin's government in 1897 is perhaps the strongest excuse for the new departure just taken by Lords Curzon and George Hamilton, who have de-

tached Peshawar and surrounding trans-Indus districts from the Punjab, and made of them a new province under the charge of an agent directly responsible to the Viceroy. The clear gain from this change is that, whatever may happen, the credit or blame of the happening will be the Viceroy's and his agent's alone. Provided that future Viceroys be men like Lord Curzon, young, active, discriminating, and conversant with frontier and Afghan politics and the forces which sway the minds of Pathans, no serious evil should result from this experiment in province-making. The proviso is a large one, and cannot always be observed, for in the future, as in the past, there are certain to be Viceroys who do not fulfil the conditions

ing of the new order of things. When some day a weakling Viceroy is drawn into adventures by a strong ambitious agent, there will be lively times for soldiers and hard times for taxpayers. In the new arrangement there is one clear loss, which perhaps more than counterbalances the gain from concentration of authority. Hitherto in the persons of successive lieutenant-governors of the Punjab the Viceroy of the day has usually possessed at his right hand an experienced and disinterested expert as adviser in matters affecting the peace of the Punjab borderland. The ruler of that province has now been deprived of his constitutional right of being consulted in what Lord Curzon calls "problems of foreign policy."

MINDS AND NOSES.

SOME years ago it occurred to me that a nasal survey of the inmates of several large London workhouses might prove of interest. Here circumstances have grouped a large number of persons who, unhappily, have one common trait—inability to hold their own in the struggle for existence. The result, on the whole, was not specially enlightening, since no exact statistics as to the proportion of each variety of nose among outsiders were available for purposes of comparison. Two facts, however, became apparent after a large number of decrepit paupers had been examined. First, that every well-known type of nose — “military,” “artistic,” “cogitative,” and “commercial” — finds its way into the workhouse; and, second, that “plebeian” and “puerile” noses — especially those with small, immobile, and inefficient nostrils — were undoubtedly more abundant than among the outside population.

Shortly afterwards, through the kindness of a parliamentary friend, I was able to continue my collective study of noses in “Another Place,” where were assembled some representatives of the opposite social extreme, and where, as it fortunately happened, some critical stage of the Deceased Wife’s Sister Bill had gathered a fairly full House. A general survey of the faces of those present soon revealed the fact that there is

almost the same nasal catholicity in the Gilded Chamber as in the average workhouse. Indeed, as far as the various types of noses are concerned, no one can truthfully accuse the Lords of being an unrepresentative body.

Naturally enough, however, the aquiline, patrician type was well to the fore; although I have doubts as to whether it would have secured a majority had the tellers counted noses with a single eye to physiological research.

Now a brief account of the natural history of the two diverse types of nose prevalent at the ends of the social scale appears to promise a fairly informing glimpse of certain distinct ways in which minds and noses are coupled together.

Although we shall, I think, find ourselves on more solid and profitable ground when discussing the prosaic psychology of the lower order of noses, it will be both seemly and convenient to deal first with those of high degree.

The patrician nose, with its high bridge, refined, drooping tip, and clearly cut nostrils, is essentially a mark of caste. Although in its advanced stage of development signs of culture are obvious, rendering it to some extent a mark of breeding as well as of breed, its main features are without doubt hereditary.

For the present it will be best to ignore such finishing

touches as it receives during the lifetime of its possessor, and to devote ourselves to the causes responsible for those main characteristics which are passed on from generation to generation.

A discussion of the evolution of this particular type of nose should prove of interest to every one, whether they possess it or not, because the same line of argument by which I shall seek to justify its existence should explain why man has a nose at all.

Yet in endeavouring to show how the patrician nose originated, and why it is to some extent the mark of racial superiority, I fear I shall somewhat tax the attention, and possibly the credulity, of my readers; for in the space permitted by a magazine essay it will only be possible to present the argument in a somewhat crude and desiccated form. In order to discuss the matter adequately, and to adduce concrete evidence sufficient to illustrate and sustain the various speculations here set forth, one would need the elbow-room of a monograph.

Now if one undertakes to account for a nose—or for any detail of animal structure—upon evolutionary grounds, it is necessary to show that the part in question has been of undoubted value in the struggle for existence; so that those possessing it in the past have had a better chance of survival, or of increase, than those who did not possess it.

Putting aside for a moment the question as to the possible advantages of a nose with a

high bridge over one with a comparatively low bridge, let us consider how a fairly developed human nose is a more advantageous possession to members of the genus *Homo* than a mere animal snout.

It is no better for smelling, for in this respect man (happily for his intelligence), instead of being one of the higher animals, is one of the very lowest. Neither is a bone-and-gristle penthouse over the openings of the nostrils of any great advantage in breathing; for we find that this function is perfectly carried on by many creatures without the aid of any projection in front of the face. Although the nose is often, and rightly, spoken of as a natural respirator for purifying and warming the air before it reaches the lungs, one finds that the essential part of the apparatus for obtaining this end is deeply seated, and would be quite as efficient if man had no more nose than a chimpanzee.

The view that the existence and the shape of the human nose can be justified on æsthetic grounds, although, I believe, in the main erroneous, is not so readily disposed of. Nevertheless we may safely say that Nature is in the main utilitarian, and has a very shrewd and frugal eye to the main chance, even when gratifying the sense of beauty. In several instances where we are able to trace what seem to be purely ornamental developments—mainly the result of sexual selection—to their primitive basis, that basis is found to have been one

of practical value in the struggle for life. Probably most such peculiarities were first admired because of their utility, and at a later stage (after admiration had become a habit), for their own sake; just as money is loved by a miser for what it can do before it is loved for itself.

While admitting that the human nose, even if not always intrinsically beautiful, is a necessary adjunct to the ideal human countenance (what would the handsomest among us be without it?), let us see what can be said for its face value as a factor in determining the survival of the fittest.

I believe the key to the whole problem may be found in the statement that a fairly developed nose is absolutely necessary in the production of the distinctive human voice.

To quote the words of Sir Charles Bell (who, however, drew no historical inferences from the facts before him), "the prominence of the nose, and of the lower parts of the forehead, and the development of the cavities in the centre of the face, are all concerned in the VOICE. This is ascertained by the manliness of the voice coming with the full development of these parts."

Hence the nose can legitimately claim no small share of the credit derived from any advantage which man gains from his unique vocal gifts.

It is easy to bring forward other examples of a special development of parts of the breathing apparatus in order to increase the range or resonance

of the voice. Many creatures have air-chambers in the neck, and around the jaws, which communicate with the larynx, and which enable them to utter their specific cries. Perhaps the most remarkable case of the kind is that of the howler monkeys of South America, in whose social economy terrific yells and roarings evidently play some very important part. These beasts have the hyoid bone, which in ourselves and most mammals is a mere slender, osseous bow situated between the root of the tongue and the larynx, developed into a hollow sounding box larger than an egg, and bearing a curious resemblance to certain sea-shells. Perhaps a closer analogy to the human nose may be found in the large, chambered beaks of certain birds possessing very loud and penetrating voices, such as hornbills, toucans, macaws, cockatoos, and parrots. Here, as in ourselves, the enlarged hollow parts *above* the mouth greatly enhance the vocal powers; and it is significant that certain of these birds seem to be the only non-human creatures which are able closely to imitate human speech.

It is easy for any one to convince himself by experiment as to the vital part played by the nose in vocal expression. Let him, while reciting some moving passage from his favourite orator or poet, suddenly stop both nostrils. The most telling or splendid appeal to the emotions is thus instantly degraded to a series of ridiculous animal noises, as different from the ordinary sounds of the human

voice as the squeaks and groans from an ungreased cart-wheel are different from the notes of a Cremona violin.

Now what is the part which has been played by the voice in the story of human progress? Here again one must attempt to discuss in a few paragraphs a question which would require a whole volume for a full and fitting answer.

We must remember that throughout the vast, unrecorded ages during which the human race was slowly rising to its present state of physical and social development, writing was unknown; and, apart from brute force, the voice was almost the sole means which man had for influencing the minds of his fellows. Nowadays among intelligent and gregarious savages, such as the North American Indians, the Maories, the vociferous Papuans, and most of the Bantu peoples in Africa, oratory is of no little importance to the would-be leader of a tribe. In times of peace it tells for much more in giving precedence and power than mere strength or courage; and we find that several races of savages have independently adopted a custom of having a peace chief—who is usually supreme, and almost always an accomplished orator—and a war chief, who merely leads in battle. A little thought will show that many civilised nations are still ruled upon the same general plan; and the inherent parliamentary bias which exists among ourselves and most of our Aryan kinsmen seems to show that, in prehistoric as in

historic times, the possessor of a "silver tongue" shared with the warrior the powers and privileges of chieftainship. Judging from what we often find among modern peoples—both savage and civilised—the members of the permanent ruling caste in ancient times would, as a rule, be able to hold their own both in council and in war (such a duplex faculty being possibly due in the first place to intermarriages between the warrior caste and the orator caste), and this state of affairs was extremely common among the leading Greeks and Romans—to whose noses, by the way, it is needless to do more than allude. Among all warlike nations whose internal affairs are conducted by talk-meetings, we find that the aristocrats, as a rule, can both fight and make speeches better than the bulk of the common people.

What kind of oratory is it that appeals to the uncultured man, and especially to the excitable savage? Not the chilly style of a modern parliamentary debater, but the commanding and fervent oratory which forcibly seizes the attention and appeals directly to the heart. Now it is a truism that the emotions respond more readily to *tone* than to mere words. Often an ill-constructed and illogical speech, uttered in expressive and dramatic tones, will sway even a modern hypercritical audience more completely than the most masterly arguments delivered in dull, mechanical accents. In this class of oratory every inflection of the human voice is called

into play; and any grave vocal shortcoming, especially such as may result from a broken nose, or a severe cold, is absolutely fatal. With savages who live only in the present, a speech which "goes straight home" has the same effect as a gale upon flying leaves; and a man who can thus sway an audience at will, becomes, as a matter of course, a chief and a master over his fellows.

Now it is a noteworthy fact that all savage nations—such as those above specified—where oratory is a power, have large and fairly well-formed noses. Although the Bantus appear to be somewhat of an exception when compared with white men, we find that their noses are much better developed than those of the majority of blacks, while almost without exception the members of the ruling families among the Bantu tribes of South Africa have noses both larger and better shaped than the average Kafir. On the contrary, the Hottentots, Bushmen, and other kindred races, whose speech is imperfect, and largely consists of clicks, have small, flat noses with an extremely low bridge.

These facts are of importance, because there seems a general tendency to regard the patrician nose among ourselves as a mark of Norman descent. This is equivalent to regarding it as purely racial, and as representative of a prominent trait in one of the many tribal units of which the modern British race is compounded. Although there may be some truth in this view—for many marked per-

sonal peculiarities, such as very red hair, seem to be survivals of ancient tribal characteristics—it does not help us towards the origin of large noses in the first place; nor does it explain their prevalence among the chiefs of such widely separated families as the Aryan, American, New Zealand, Bantu, and Papuan.

It must be understood that the present argument as to the social value of a well-developed nose only applies to our own section of the human race, and to peoples among which may be traced certain kindred political habits. Among those unparliamentary nations who have no traditions of talk-government—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, who have not been accustomed to choose their leaders by public-speaking competitions—such as the Chinese, Eskimos, Malaya, and many scattered, low-class savages, nasal standards and ideals seem to be quite different from our own; and a patrician nose is both uncommon and unregarded as a mark of superior breeding.

The voices of these people lack those manly, flexible, commanding tones requisite for effective public speaking; and, as a rule, they sound to European ears curiously flat, trivial, and undignified. Although often distinctly pleasing in ordinary talk, they are as unfitted for the majestic and soul-stirring utterances of a Demosthenes, a Chatham, or a Clay, as a banjo is for rendering some sublime piece of music.

A series of careful measurements which the writer has

made of the skulls in the British Museum revealed the interesting fact that, among these small-nosed and flat-faced nations, the hollow sounding chamber in the upper jawbone, known as the *antrum of Highmore* (which, as Sir C. Bell first pointed out, evidently has something to do with the quality of the voice), is distinctly more capacious than among the larger nosed Caucasians, Maories, Papuans, and aboriginal Americans. A survey of the magnificent ethnological collection in the Hunterian Museum (although as yet incomplete) tends to show that these conditions—i.e., the size of the *antrum* and of the nose—are mutually compensatory; and therefore that the probable use of the enlarged cavity in the prominent upper jawbone among the Malays, Chinese, Eskimos, and kindred flat-faced peoples, is to give that needful resonance to the voice which is denied by their small noses. If this interpretation of the undoubted vocal difference between flat-faced and hatchet-faced peoples be correct, one may say broadly that for oratorical, as distinct from conversational, purposes, a *nose-voice* is better than a *cheekbone-voice*.

Now what is the significance of the above facts and inferences from the standpoint of the rigid evolutionist? How can the possession of that prominent type of nose which ensures volume, *timbre*, and other commanding qualities to the human voice, give a better chance of survival, and of racial

increase (in an environment where public oratory is a factor), than is enjoyed by those who have it not?

We must, I think, again go back to those primeval times when man was, so to speak, still in process of manufacture, if we would answer this question; and we may gain a fairly accurate idea as to the conditions of life among our primitive ancestors by studying the main conditions of life among modern savages who live chiefly by hunting, as did all the men of the earlier stone ages.

It is not, perhaps, sufficiently borne in mind that evolution is a double process, and works upon the principle that "to him that hath shall be given," quite as much as on the principle that "from him that hath not" everything, life included, shall be taken away. In addition to the continual elimination of the hindmost in life's race, the progress of those who have gained the lead is often aided in a marked and cumulative manner.

Supposing our primeval parliamentarian should, by the possession, *inter alia*, of an expressive and commanding voice—and its concomitant well-developed nose—win his way to the chieftainship, what follows?

In the first place, it is found that among all primitive peoples—and among some not so primitive—the official functions of a *pater patriæ* are interpreted in a most literal and liberal manner. Even your exemplary savage potentate mates early and often, and generally man-

ages to secure both the better favoured women of his own tribe and the pick of the female captives; while, as a rule, a royal progress would be rendered memorable by the same class of phenomena which, in due time, marked the wanderings of Anthony the Trumpeter in Knickerbocker's immortal History. Vociferous replicas of his rostrate countenance would thus become plentiful throughout the land; and as soon as a princely caste arose—such as we find among all more settled peoples—this manifold process would augment in something like geometrical progression.

While our ancestors were still mere wandering savages, living precariously by the chase, another potent influence, tending in the same direction, would continually make itself felt at the other end of the scale. All such peoples without exception (and this, I think, is a point of immense importance in all discussions on the development of the human race in the past) are subject to often-recurring famines, during which some are starved to death, while others are permanently stunted or injured by privation.

Now in such circumstances it is obvious that the rich would fare better than the poor, and the strong better than the weak. Hence the thinning-out process would be much more drastic among common and undistinguished members of the tribe than among the ruling caste; and hence, also, the features which distinguished the upper classes—

including the sounding-board nose which raised them in the political and social scale—would more and more preponderate.

So far we have only got the essentials of our high-bred nose in a somewhat rough-hewn state; but it will not be difficult briefly to point out certain refining influences which have shaped its end in an environment of prosperity and civilisation. These are partly hereditary and external, and partly personal; and the discussion of the latter will ease our descent from the somewhat risky and broken path which we are pursuing among high-caste noses, to safer, if more prosaic, ground among those of low degree.

Now for some reason, which we need not discuss (but which is doubtless complementary to the naso-oratorical doctrine already expounded), it is universally agreed that the ideal feminine nose must be of strictly moderate dimensions. Hence our aboriginal *pater patriæ*, who was able to materialise his ideals in this direction more freely and fully than the primeval commoner, would, by so doing, ensure for posterity some mitigation of his own nasal exuberance. If you were to mate a Wellington, or even a Cyrano de Bergerac, with one of the baby-faced shop-window beauties of to-day, you could hardly expect to see noses of startling eminence in the next generation.

The moulding influences already alluded to which render the patrician nose to some extent a product of culture,

seem mainly traceable to a close association which exists between certain muscles attached to the more flexible parts of the nose and those in the immediate neighbourhood. As was pointed out in a previous article on Facial Expression,¹ nowhere is the lasting mark of dominant mental habits more plainly seen than in the muscles about the mouth. They are continually in action when we exercise the will,—either in self-control or in attempts to control other men or things,—and every time they come into play they give a chastening tug at our noses.

Any one can prove this by direct experiment: for it is only needful to tighten the lips firmly in order to render a somewhat celestial nose straight, or a straight nose slightly aquiline.

When this action of the mouth-muscles is habitual, as is the case with those well-bred folk who habitually conceal or control their emotions, or with those in authority, or who are naturally of a masterful temper, such changes in the shape of the nose tend to become permanent. Do we not frequently, on meeting an acquaintance after a long interval, observe that the tip of his nose has got somewhat lower? This is always obvious in extreme old age, especially when, owing to the loss of the teeth, the direction of the pull of the lip-muscles is altered.

Finally, it may be said that,

for the maintenance of a patriotic nose at its best, a well-balanced mind is almost as necessary as carefulness in outward behaviour. As I tried to explain in another paper, published in this Magazine in May 1895,² its chastity of tint and outline is endangered, not only by high living and low thinking, but also by the habitual and unrestrained indulgence of emotions generally deemed innocent, and even laudable. These, through their strange secondary influence upon the nerves which regulate the circulation and nutrition of the skin of the face, are quite capable of inducing a certain coarseness of expression curiously akin to that induced by indulgence in vicious pleasures.

Herein, perhaps, may be found some sort of crude and general *recipe* for an aristocratic nose: which is offered, in all good faith,—but with no absolute warranty,—to every one with good powers of mental assimilation.

There can be no doubt that the ordinary plebeian nose, with its somewhat low bridge, concave profile, and wide nostrils, is, above all others, the nose which is proper to mankind. All other types are developed from it, inclusive of that which we have been discussing. Even now the whole human species, of whatever race, possesses it in early infancy; and it is almost invariably found among savages of a primitive type.

This explains, perhaps, why

¹ "Acquired Facial Expression," 'Maga,' April 1894.

² "Trades and Faces," 'Maga,' May 1895.

its presence is found to be consistent with almost all traits and types of character; and also why, when it is present in an exaggerated form, the mental peculiarities which accompany it are always those characteristic of immaturity, such as thoughtlessness, conceit, instability, &c. In fact, the puerile shape of the nose in such extreme cases is an index of a mind which has never properly developed. Where there has been but little exercise of self-restraint, as among the more careless section of the lower classes, the parts about the nostrils have a peculiar lumpishness of appearance very easy to recognise although difficult to describe, which, with the jaunty, upward turn of the tip, gives the face an expression of foolish self-satisfaction. In such faces the red surface of the upper lip is almost always freely displayed; this being due to the fact that the muscles which are habitually called into action when we exercise the will are relaxed from want of use.

There is one type of puerile nose (already alluded to as being common among the inmates in our workhouses) which I must briefly discuss before concluding this article. In it we have a most instructive example of the way in which a small bodily defect may react disastrously upon the mind, and upon the whole moral nature; insomuch that the unhappy individual possessing it may thereby suffer defeat in the struggle for existence.

In this type of nose the

nostrils are small, immobile, and inefficient; showing that they have not been used for respiration during the period of growth. Nostrils of this type, especially in children, are generally accompanied with certain other well marked facial peculiarities. The root of the nose is broad and sunken, while the eyes often have a crescentic fold of skin covering the inner *canthus*, and usually present a heavy and somewhat stupid expression. In such children the mouth is always more or less open, so as to afford passage for the breath, and not unfrequently the tip of the tongue is visible. This state of affairs is often accompanied by a certain amount of deafness. The child's speech is somewhat thick and indistinct, and, if its mouth be examined, the palate is found to be narrow and high, while the arch of the jaw appears compressed from side to side so that the teeth are crowded together and the front ones thrust forwards and outwards. In the more extreme cases these unfortunates seem so dull of intellect that they are regarded as little better than imbeciles. On inquiry one almost invariably finds that they snore loudly whenever they are asleep, and that they seem especially heavy and stupid when they awake in the morning. From amongst this class are recruited a large number of those who become permanently deaf in early life from destructive abscesses in the ear (owing to partial obliteration of the eustachian tubes), and also of those who suffer from chronic bone disease in

the contiguous parts of the skull.

Now all these extremely common and most disastrous infirmities arise from one cause, which is entirely removable if recognised in early life. This cause is a blockage of the upper pharynx, where are situated the internal openings of the nostrils and of the eustachian tubes, by pulpy wart-like growths called *adenoids*.

It is only too easy here to trace the relationship between nasal defects and mental deficiencies. In the first place, a child which does not breathe through its nose seldom or never obtains a natural and refreshing night's sleep. Everybody is aware of the lamentable results of persistent insomnia upon the mental faculties; but perhaps it is not so well recognised that sleep may be deficient in *quality* as well as in *quantity*. A child who spends the whole night in a hard and vain struggle to breathe through its nose (for during childhood nature is peculiarly insistent on natural—*i.e.*, nasal—breathing) wakes in the morning not only weary

with the struggle, but usually with an aching head, a dry mouth, and a foul tongue. Not only has it to attempt its school work with a brain unrested, and therefore incapable of competing with those of other children, but its dull and unprepossessing appearance, together with its unpleasant breathing habits, subject it to continual reproof and persecution. Children, like savages, are utterly merciless towards those with marked personal defects; and such unfortunates often become the victims of school bullies, and receive humiliating nicknames which stick to them for years.

The loss of courage and self-respect involved by such treatment during childhood tells for much—very much—in after-life; and, combined with the concurrent mental and physical disabilities above-mentioned—*viz.*, dulness of apprehension, deafness, indistinctness of speech, defective teeth, &c., &c.—is quite enough to account for a considerable number of persons handicapped with inefficient noses being found among the losers in life's battle.

LOUIS ROBINSON.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE ON THE PEARL RIVER.

LIFE in Canton with its memories of East Indiamen and "seventy-fours"; its aroma of *cumquots* and matting; its traditions of adventure, from pirate and typhoon; its whole past, in fact, as far as we have taken part in it, mellowed in the perspective of nearly a century, loses much of this romance on workaday acquaintance.

The foreign settlement is undeniably cramped,—the social life proportionately narrow. Discomfort in the shape of exhausting heat and annoying if interesting hosts of *Anopheles* is an ever-present fact; while the intellectual refreshment of pictures, music, and the stimulating contact of crowds is no more than a vision of that future framed in the exile's formula, "When I go home!"

A welcome resource has consequently been found in weekend house-boat outings, whether for sport or mere loafing. The sole object, in reality, has been "to get away from Shameen," the "sandbank" of some fifty-five acres on which foreigners live, almost as cribbed and confined—not to say cabined—as on a mail-steamer.

In spite of reported disturbances up-river these trips have never been abandoned. For while it has been a point for academic discussion whether the term "piracy" did or did not apply to the frequent attacks by river-thieves on native

launches and junks (in insignificant proportion, after all, to the daily volume of Delta traffic), it has been generally agreed that, if "piracies," these episodes were most unprofessionally free from violence where no resistance was offered, and that similar attacks on foreign house-boats well known to carry no cargo but loaded guns might be safely left out of consideration.

It was under such conditions that a party of four jolly bachelors, consisting of the Dutch consul, two Swiss merchants, and a young Englishman, left Shameen on the 26th January, on pleasure bent.

Their house-boat was of the usual type, containing two cabins, a lavatory, cook-house, &c., and propelled by manpower—i.e., by twelve coolies working on the treadmill known as a "stern-wheel." The action of it is that of the mill-wheel reversed; for instead of the stream catching the wheel-blades, it is here the wheel that, worked from within, grips the water.

With youth (released from telegrams and invoices) at the prow—if not exactly with pleasure at the helm—the start is made this Saturday afternoon in fine-weather spirits. As the house-boat, under wheel and sail, works her way through the shipping, and Shameen drops gradually into the dis-

tance, the prospects of a long day after snipe and woodcock commence to occupy the mental foreground; and cares of silk-inspection are relegated to the far-off Monday morning when, burnt by breeze and sun and with vitality wound up for another week's work, the wanderers must return.

The river-banks in the immediate vicinity of Canton are low and uninteresting, though the fleets of strange craft which crowd the reaches—sometimes nearly a mile across—fully make up for other lack of picturesqueness. Nowhere is the contrast of East and West more sharply drawn. In the Shameen anchorage lie foreign warships of a variety of modern types. The leviathan United States monitor, with her four grim 12-inch and 10-inch guns, the razor-keeled German torpedo-boat, "S 91," who could boast of her thirty-five knots over the measured mile—but doesn't; and the tiny French and British river-gunboats, the Argus and Vigilante, the Sandpiper and Robin—represent an acme of combativeness and light draught. Farther out, across the harbour, are the ocean steamers, whose hungry black hulls reduce the native cargo-boats to the dimensions of cockle-shells.

And, slipping past all these, by sheer dexterity applied to most rudimentary means, come the hundreds, nay, the thousands, of old-world craft that make the Pearl river such a living, teeming thoroughfare. Caravel junks, in which Columbus might have sailed; "slipper-

boats" and "snake-boats"; "dug-outs" and "duck-boats"; "flower-boats" and "salt-boats"; "wood-boats" and "silk-boats"; "sampana," "stern-wheelers," and rafts—each kind easily distinguishable by its especial build. And as one notes the scores of peering faces, one cannot help wondering to which world—the Old or New—the *other* appears an object of greater quaintness and curiosity. To the Old, perhaps: to which the New must come as such an unheralded surprise.

To return to the Helvetia. The days are short, and the cabin lamps are soon lighted on a cosy interior of gun-cases, sun-hats, and the fourfold paraphernalia of such an expedition. A discussion as to the morrow's chances, in a district little shot over, and the eternal argument as to whether *many* No. 8 pellets, or *few* of the heavier No. 6's, are more likely to bring down a hard-flying pigeon, span the interval before dinner.

As usual, that repast is an "eye-opener" to any one unacquainted with the powers of the "handy-man" in China. From the smoky little box in the stern, as from a conjuror's hat, appear in succession half-a-dozen dishes, of which the returning Nimrods' appetites would be more worthy than are their present ones.

While the table is being cleared for whist, the defensive armament of the boat is looked to. It consists of a couple of Winchester repeaters, a Mauser pistol, and a revolver—one

weapon each. These are now loaded—a precaution which our four musketeers have always held by, in spite of jeers from lighthearted friends who wax witty over what they are pleased to describe as setting out, armed *cap-à-pie*, to the attack of paddy-birds and water-rats. The reply has always been that though 1000 to 1 may perhaps safely be betted that there will be no need of arms, yet the small amount of trouble involved makes it worth while to take that odd chance into account. So the rifles and revolvers are regularly brought on board, and, with soldier-like routine, always loaded after dinner.

When a rubber or two have been played, and the beds made up, four "night-caps" are passed round; for the golden Scotch appeals to all, Hollander and Schweizer alike! Then for a last look round before turning in.

Not a sound comes from the black depths of the night save the dull, rhythmical blow of the wheel-blades on the water; the whoop of a Scops owl startled from his perch in a lichee-tree by the passing ripple; and, far away, the throb of a guard-boat drum. The villages in the back-country sleep—mystical and silent. The stars are out, but no more than suffice to indicate the black smudge of bank and trees. From his post at the helm, Ah Lung, the head boatman—thirty years in foreign service—answers a hail. All's well, and it's time to turn in. "Good night, Ah Lung!" "Goo-

ni, sah!" comes back through the darkness. And so, to bed!

The destination will be reached by four in the morning, and a long night's rest will conduce to straight shooting to-morrow. "I *will* hold well in front!" is the last reflection as Sleep presses her cool fingers over unresisting eyelids. Then the cabin too becomes silent, with only a flicker from the dim lamp reflected on one up-turned face. And so, pleasant dreams!

The boat continues her way through the darkness till 1.30; our friends sleeping; the shivering coolies relieving each other on the wheel; and the steersman yawning wearily as he peers into the blackness ahead, screwing up his wrinkled eyes in an endeavour to separate bank from shadow.

Suddenly into the sleepers' dreams is woven a deafening volley of reports. Bang! bang! bang! bang! from either side. "Fire-crackers at some village ceremony" is the first half-awakened thought. But they are too loud; and as the brain leaps to full consciousness, the crash of bullets splintering wood-shutters, and the jingle of broken window-panes, force themselves on the attention. Then, with a shock which makes the heart stand still, the bravest realises that this is neither fancy nor false alarm; that *bullets* are tearing through the panels and whistling their message in the ear; that, in fact, "The Thing that Couldn't" has occurred, and a foreign house-boat is, in deadly earnest,

being attacked by pirates. The blood-chilling yells which accompany the shots leave small room for doubt. How many the attackers may be, there is no time to judge. How *near*, can only be guessed from the terrific noise, and that seems close at hand!

Now is the opportunity for that "two-o'clock-in-the-morning" courage of which we have jested. No loud-spoken counterfeits will here avail; for life and death themselves are fighting for the possession of those gleaming rifle barrels.

The first to act is the Dutch consul, who from his mattress on the floor shouts to the Englishman, "H—, get your rifle?" Then these two—the bullets humming and spattering all around—throw themselves flat down in a position to command the entrance. And it is well they do so, for almost immediately the door bursts open, and—a sight they will long remember—the pirate leader appears, framed in the doorway. He hurls in a flaming ball of oil-soaked cotton, but as he does so both Winchesters flash, and, throwing up his arms, he collapses into the darkness.

The so-called "stink-pot" has, however, set fire to some bedding, and the first necessity is to extinguish the flames. Meanwhile one of the Swiss gentlemen has rushed forward in search of his Mauser, receiving as he does so a shot through the thigh and one through the heel of the other leg. But, fearing explosives may be in-

side, he bravely seizes the burning mass and throws it out of a window. It falls, harmlessly spluttering, into the water; and *this* danger is warded off. But at the same time a glow is noticed through the splintered venetians, showing that the house-boat has been set on fire outside.

While these things are being enacted, the fourth member of the party has slipped back his bunk shutter, and is emptying his revolver into a snake-boat close alongside and crowded with pirates. The Chinese declared afterwards that two of the assailants fell to these shots.

Then a lull ensues, broken again by a volley, but apparently not at such close quarters. Then all is still. Crouching in the dark, with fingers on trigger and ears straining for the splash of an approaching paddle or the click of a pistol-hammer, the four white men await a fresh attack. They have fortunately reserved some ammunition, feeling sure another rush will be made.

An eternity of seconds passes before the spell is broken—this time by the thud and clank of the *Helvetia's* wheel. The boat is again moving, and the fearful conclusion bursts upon them that the pirates are in possession and are working her to some lonely spot more convenient for attack and eventual butchery.

This agony of suspense lasts some minutes, no one daring to strike a light, and thereby present an easy target through

the bullet-torn windows—even though it is now known that two of their number are badly hit, and are losing much blood for want of assistance. (For it is only after the firing on both sides has died away that the second Swiss gentleman mentions that he has been shot through the arm.) With set teeth and braced muscles the defenders await eventualities.

After a time, however,—hours to *them*!—the boat stops again, and, reconnoitring cautiously, they happily discover she has been brought by their own coolies alongside a Chinese patrol-boat, which, by the way, has lain within earshot of the whole affair.

The relighting of the lamps reveals a scene of horrible disorder: smashed glass and wood-splinters strew the blood-soaked floor. Blankets, charred and stained, lie thrown here and there; and the ghastly faces of the two wounded Swiss, who struggle manfully to control their groans, call for help more eloquently than words—with the nearest doctor eighteen miles away!

The cabins are riddled with bullet-holes, and, curiously enough, in addition to Mauser shells of latest pattern picked up on deck, old copper cash, broken china, and scrap iron—discharged from blunderbusses—are found embedded in the woodwork.

Next, the boatman is discovered, a huddled heap, shot through the shoulder and bleeding profusely. The “boy” too has been hit by a spent bullet

near the spine, and lies in a state of moral and physical collapse.

The uninjured couple—Dutchman and Britisher—now stand by each other throughout the night, bandaging the wounded and trying to keep their pulses strong with brandy and beaten eggs. This amateur bandaging requires much readjustment, but with the wounded foreigners it is eventually successful, though they remain, of course, extremely weak and in great pain. But the old boatman's case is worse. An artery has been severed and the bleeding is very difficult to check. He complains of cold, and of great aching in his shattered arm. An ulster is given up to him, and frequent attention; but his symptoms are grave. Never was dawn more longed for!

But it comes at last, and the return journey to Canton is at once commenced. With great good luck a launch is met with soon after, and her attention attracted by a handy little pocket-siren. She is soon steaming back full speed, with the house-boat in tow. Had it not been for her the delay in obtaining medical assistance might have had more fatal consequences.

By the full light of day it is now seen that roof and sail have been partly burned, and shutters blackened with gunpowder. The rifle-muzzles must in some cases have been thrust against the very woodwork. The coolies, recovered from their fright, report that the pirates were seen to approach in three

snake-boats — long canoes — lighted by torches, and to attack simultaneously from ahead and on both quarters. They say that Ah Lung called out that foreigners were on board; but the warning was apparently regarded as an old trick practised by native boats, and had no effect except to draw the pirates' fire — Ah Lung being hit by one of the first shots.

About half-past nine the poor old man, who has meanwhile been affectionately tended by his Chinese mates, is evidently sinking, and, almost within sight of home, he dies.

At ten o'clock, in the soft morning light, Shameen is sighted — a tree-crowned islet,

circled with glistening war-ships.

What contrasts there are in the lights and shades of life! how deep and how abrupt! The house-boat, with her load of dead and wounded, crawling towards the landing-steps on this quiet Sunday morning; the terror of the past night stamped in her charred and splintered woodwork, and her trim cabin now smeared with half-dried blood — returning to find the world of yesterday unconscious of last night's tragedy; the German vessels gay with bunting in honour of the Kaiser's birthday; H.M.S. Lizard with white ensign drooping at half-mast in sorrow for her Queen.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

WILLOUGHBY'S career was extraordinarily successful—everybody said so; everything came to him without waiting. Even the end, though tragic, was heroic.

And yet—well, for those who care to read between the lines, I will try to tell Willoughby's life-story as it really was, and as he and one or two others knew it.

He belonged to the right Willoughbys, and was heir to an old baronetcy. His father, Sir Henry, took care that he should have every advantage that could help a man on, and if Dan Willoughby cared for anything more than for his career, it was for his father.

Sir Henry was proud of his son, and expected great things of him, which expectation it was Dan's pleasure to fulfil; so duty and ambition walked hand in hand. In one thing only did he fail to satisfy his father—Sir Henry was a rigid Catholic, whilst Dan, though not openly controverting the faith of his ancestors, never professed any great enthusiasm for dogma, and treated the priests of his Church rather coldly. Not even his father knew how alien all these matters were to his thoughts: success was his god, but often his success irritated him. It wasn't good enough. There was a boy at school who wouldn't work, but he could have done better than Willoughby if he had tried: he never did, yet every one ad-

mired him (all the boys, that is—masters don't count at school). Willoughby would have given worlds to be able to afford to fail. What he did was too obvious; it just hit the mark, satisfied expectation, and achieved the commonplace reward.

In after-life it was the same. His successes were never those he cared most for; they were always the well-earned triumphs of the good worker, never the brilliant flukes of the careless genius. Then fate, too, was at first unkind. He was kept fretting at a distant station when the first war broke out after he had joined, and his regiment was sent out to the country after the fighting was over to settle and pacify it—difficult and tiresome work, in which Willoughby gained great credit but got no promotion, though his work there led to his being employed afterwards on all sorts of missions semi-diplomatic, semi-administrative. Socially he was much sought after, and was made more of by other men's wives than any subaltern of his day. Still, with women he never felt himself quite successful. He admired pretty women, and enjoyed talking to clever ones, reserving always an agreeable sense of superiority; but he was conscious of the fact that, though all women were extremely kind to him, no one woman had ever given herself to him with the intense self-abandonment he had seen

bestowed on the most commonplace of mankind. He would have been extremely embarrassed if any one had ; but still it is pleasant to know oneself the hero of adventure. This did not come in Willoughby's way, and he was inwardly ashamed of his insensibility to passion, whilst pretending to pride himself upon it and trying to feel it was a sign of superiority.

One of his greatest friends in India was his colonel's wife, and when he was quartered for awhile at Aldershot a year or two later he was glad to know that she and her husband had taken a nice place in the neighbourhood of Frimley, and that Lady Harrington was ready to take him again under her wing, and he made a point of going to her first afternoon "At Home" after he joined.

She was receiving her guests in the garden, which was just then a mass of colour : the rhododendron blossoms showed almost dazzlingly bright, like lilac flames against their background of dark firs ; yellow azaleas gave out their honey-scent, whilst here and there a graceful birch-tree flickered its delicate green leaves on silver stems against the pale blue sky, and the lake glittered like steel between the red pine-trunks. Willoughby thought the place perfect, and said so to his hostess, who greeted him warmly. He was surprised to see how white her hair had become, and also how well it suited her.

"All my boys come to Aldershot sooner or later," she said. "I told Sir Arthur when he retired I must be somewhere where I could see something of

my old friends. Life would be too dull without my subalterns."

Willoughby hastened to respond cordially ; but as he spoke his glance strayed to a lady who was coming towards them, stepping softly on the grass, with an attentive man on each side of her. She walked slowly with a languid grace, looking before her somewhat vaguely. Her white dress hung in long straight folds and trailed round her feet ; in one hand she held a bunch of red roses. Her large black hat, with nodding plumes, shaded her face, and as her head was a little bent, one could see how charmingly her hair curled round her ears and towards the nape of her neck.

"Who is she?" he asked abruptly, and Lady Harrington, following the direction of his glance, answered with a change of tone—

"Oh, that is Mrs Kenrick."

"What! the wife of that brute?"

"Hush! Mrs Kenrick, I thought you were playing croquet. Oh, just finished. Where is the other lady? Let me introduce you to Captain Willoughby,—he will take you to have some tea."

As the lady had come nearer, Willoughby could see that her face was somewhat pale and worn, but that its outline was charming, and that her eyes were of a changeful blue, beautifully shaped, and full of expression. Her two attendants had stopped when she did, evidently disinclined to be shaken off, but they were at once absorbed by Lady Harrington.

"Will you come?" said Willoughby, lifting his hat; and she followed obediently, till just as they had mounted the terrace steps—

"I don't want any tea," she said.

"Then come and see how prettily the rhododendrons are reflected in the lake," said he; and they turned and strolled down the slope into the wilder heathy part of the garden.

"I am glad you like the place," she began.

How did she know? he wondered, and forgot that his eyes were bent on hers, and that his expression was one of pure enjoyment. "Do you know you reminded me of Botticelli's 'Spring' just now as you came out of the trees?"

"Spring!" she said somewhat bitterly; "I feel very autumnal: soon it will be the winter of my discontent, and all the roses will be dead."

"Not yet," he answered; "I think you are just putting out new shoots, for we are going to be friends! May I have a rose to show me I have prophesied truly?"

"You prophesy strange things," she said, holding out a wine-coloured rose as she spoke. "We have only known each other five minutes."

"Long enough. Do you ever make friends slowly?"

"Oh yes, I am very slow at everything," she answered; "I take a long time to make up my mind and unmake it easily—climb a little way and slip back again—put out to sea and then the wind fails me." She stopped suddenly, looking far

away, as with short-sighted eyes trying to see into the future.

"This time the breeze shall be fair," he laughed.

"Take care," she said; "beware the vengeance of the gods on too confident men," and she laughed too.

Just then a turn in the path brought them in sight of the group on the lawn. A shadow fell on her face. Major Kenrick was there.

"Let us turn back," she said; "my husband has come to fetch me home. There are the girls; I must go and speak to them," and she hurriedly joined a group of girls standing on the grass and walked with them towards the house.

Willoughby, not used to being thus abandoned, was angry, but concealed it elaborately.

That night at mess Major Kenrick seemed to him more than usually obnoxious. He had a dark face, which grew blacker when another man's would have flushed. He was clever, and had a gift of effective and offensive satire, which it was difficult to parry good-humouredly. He got more ill-conditioned after dinner instead of less; and as Willoughby saw him stride off homewards with a cigar savagely gripped in his teeth, he thought of his wife with indignant pity.

The next time he saw her was in her own house, when, having spied Kenrick starting for town, he took the opportunity of paying her a visit. He was shown into a pretty drawing-room, which looked unusually cool and bare by reason of its deli-

cate colouring, white matting, and the entire absence of nick-nacks and draperies; a flight of steps led down to the garden, and as Willoughby looked out he saw a sudden vision of Mrs Kenrick swirling along with flying skirts and wind-blown hair, pursued by a fairy-like child, who sprang on her mother light as thistle-down, and hung on to her neck, uttering peals of silvery laughter. They caught sight of the visitor, and Mrs Kenrick came quite sedately up the steps, holding the child's hand, and followed by the Scotch terrier and the white cat, who had been taking part in the game, whilst a grey parrot, perched on the railings, made unintelligible remarks, which conveyed an impression of great profanity.

"You have caught Elfie and me enjoying ourselves," she said, shaking hands cordially; "we don't often do it."

"Is she called Elfie because she is a fairy?" asked Willoughby gravely, looking at the weird child with her little white face, large dark eyes, and her web of almost silver hair.

"Partly," said her mother, "but also because her name is Elfrida: she is sometimes a good fairy, sometimes a bad one, but never quite human," she added, as the child, without a word, danced back into the garden, followed by the cat carrying his tail aloft like a plume, which ostentation injudiciously exposed him to the attack of the parrot, who bit it sharply as he passed, causing him to give way to most unparliamentary language, whereat

the parrot laughed immoderately.

"There comes the tea," said Mrs Kenrick; "tell me about the ball—will it be a good one?" And the talk drifted from the ball at the Camp on to books, about which they agreed and differed, his taste being the more orthodox and virile, hers the more subtle and sentimental; and on again to pictures, suggested by the few good photographs on the grey-green walls: here they agreed better, but he had seen more than she had.

"You see I lived in Cornwall till I married, and since that we have been in India, so I have never seen anything—except the barbaric Indian things which I love," she told him.

He had travelled when he could get leave, and talked of Italy, of Touraine, and of out-of-the-way medieval towns in Germany: he found when he came away that he had spent a very pleasant afternoon, and that Mrs Kenrick was younger and prettier than he had thought. A wild-rose colour in her cheeks, the absence of the hunted look in her eyes, revealed her as still a girl, and she said many things he could remember. "Oh yes, I can brighten up sometimes; a ray of sunshine will make a bit of broken glass shine like a diamond;" or, "Lady Harrington is like the sea, big, bitter, and bracing." He smiled to himself as he recollected her sayings. Then, too, she had a pretty knack of coquetry; as he was saying good-bye she almost pressed his hand as she said,

"When you prophesied the other day that we should be friends, I thought you were laughing at me; now I almost feel as if you meant it."

"One person can make a prophecy, but it sometimes takes two to fulfil it," he answered, looking straight into her eyes.

"It is dangerous," she said, "to have one's prophecies fulfilled too literally; one gets into the habit of expecting it. You will be bringing out a prophetic almanac if I encourage you."

"With your phases instead of the moon's, and the ebb and flow of our friendship and its seasons, fasts, and festivals."

A good idea, he thought, and he began that evening designing a cover for 'Friendship's Almanac,' and sent her a charming illuminated copy in a few days.

Everybody in Camp was talking about the ball, and a day or two before it was to come off Lady Harrington held aquatic sports on her lake. There were tub-races, when large men got into small tubs and sank them, and some sailed triumphantly with pocket-handkerchief sails in washing-trays, whilst others paddled their baths with fire-shovels, and a boatload of ladies watching their proceedings served out strawberries to the winners. Pretty silly Mrs Murray had her little girl of four with her in the boat, and Mrs Kenrick had much ado to keep the excited baby quiet whilst her mother carried on a flirtation with one of the tubbites. Just as they were all thinking of

going home, Willoughby came alongside the ladies' boat in a canoe, and as Mrs Kenrick turned to speak to him, the child reached out a plate of strawberries-and-cream in both her chubby hands: he leant over and took hold of it, and as he did so the boats parted, his frail craft capsized, and he and it and the plate and the strawberries disappeared under water, leaving nothing but a few floating streaks of cream on the surface.

"The baby! the baby!" shrieked Mrs Kenrick; but the boatload hardly realised that the child had gone over too until Willoughby came to the surface, holding the dripping mite by her frilled skirts. Mrs Murray was so taken up in condoling with Willoughby and lamenting her plate and spoon, which she wanted him to dive for, that she was hardly persuaded to go ashore and let Mrs Kenrick and Captain Murray run home with the drenched child, whilst she was fortified with cherry-brandy from an admirer's flask and escorted home by such of her friends as were dry enough for the purpose. Only Willoughby, perhaps, realised that it was Mrs Kenrick who had exclaimed about the child, and taken it from him when he rose gasping to the surface. He called that evening to inquire for the little victim, and was told she was no worse for her wetting.

The night of the ball Willoughby had friends from town, and it was some time before he noticed the absence of little Mrs Murray, and was told by

some one that the child was ill; then, too, he observed that Mrs Kenrick was not there, though he saw her husband waltzing with a pretty girl, and doing it, as he did most things, remarkably well.

Lady Harrington found occasion to point out to him that Mrs Kenrick had as usual done something tiresome and eccentric, and was staying away from the ball, fussing about Mrs Murray's child instead of leaving it to its mother. His friends, whom he had not seen for months—a gay married lady and her equally lively sister—occupied his thoughts pretty fully all the evening, and with duty dances took up all his time; and when everybody had left and the supper was finally cleared away, the sun was well up, and Willoughby, not feeling inclined for bed, set out for a walk in the pinewoods before settling down for the hour or two's work which the ball had interfered with.

The morning was exquisite, white mists were clearing off before the keen rays of the heightening sun, the sky was primrose, the firs warm black, the birches grey green, a harsh squawk came now and then from a blue jay hidden in the woods, a magpie hopped on the path before him, and little brown squirrels with hay-coloured tails played bo-peep round the stems of the pine-trees. But Willoughby cared for none of these things,—his mind was full of his work for the day and his unfinished article for a military paper; when at a turn of the road he

looked up and saw coming towards him a tall woman, in a clinging white dress, with a pale blue shawl hooding her head and gathered closely round her shoulders. He recognised Mrs Kenrick at once, and was unconsciously forming all sorts of wild theories to account for her being there at such a time; but as she came nearer he chiefly thought of her resemblance to old pictures of the Madonna: her pale sweet face, her blue and white draperies, the long slim hands which held them close, and above all the way in which she constantly looked down as if she were bearing something against her bosom.

She met him without surprise and with preoccupied eyes.

"The poor little Murray baby," she said; "I have been with it all night; it died in my arms just at dawn," and she looked down again as if her arms still enfolded it.

"Dead!" said Willoughby; "is it dead? and in your arms," he added, with a sudden sense of the contrast between her night of ministry and the ballroom and supper-room scenes from which he had just come, and he found nothing more to say as he walked slowly beside her through the wood, whilst she told him how the child had not been properly looked after, how it had got thoroughly chilled after its wetting, and instead of being put to bed had been allowed to come down and sit in a draught in the drawing-room; how a consequent cold had been neglected till it developed into pneumonia; and how a foolish

mother and an incompetent nurse had even then not been alarmed, until she, asking to see it the evening before, had found it so ill that she had insisted on the frivolous little mother putting away her ball-gown and staying beside it till the poor little soul was released from its gasping suffering body, which now lay at peace on its white bed, whilst the mother had, after violent hysterics, sobbed herself to sleep.

"And you," commented Willoughby, as he drew her hand beneath his arm to steady her swaying tired footsteps—"you must be worn out;" and then, as she protested, "You must go home and have some hot tea at once, and go to bed and sleep for hours."

She laughed drearily. "I can hardly expect such a reception as that; I shall have to pay my reckoning first. Now let me go, I am close home, I am glad I met you;" and with a hand-clasp she left him, drawing her shawl round her and lifting her white dress and walking more briskly. He watched her to her own gate, and then went back to work. It was characteristic of the man that he did his work as well as usual, and put everything else out of his head until, his duties over for the day, he was walking slowly through the woods, when suddenly from amid the red fir-stems Elfie Kenrick sprang out upon him. He and she had become friends, and she now alighted with a bound at his side, and seizing his forefinger as she danced along beside him, she asked, fixing her weird black

eyes on his face, "Do you know my Bampton hen has laid a egg this morning?"

"Did you have it for breakfast?" he asked teasingly.

"No," with dignity. "She is going to sit down on it till it comes to chickens, nurse says;" then more familiarly, "Do you know why she laided it? Well, you see I cried last night oos I was frightened; daddy beated mummy, and she cried out loud and runned into my nursery, and he comed after her, and nursesey wouldn't let him, and turned him out and locked the door and said she'd send for the pleece if he made a row, and mummy crieded on nursesey's bed, and I crieded too, and then nursesey said if I'd be quiet the Bampton hen would lay a egg, and so I was, and so she did!"

Willoughby had been struck dumb by this torrent of information, but now he picked the breathless Elfie up and kissed her into silence, told her she must not tell anybody else, and here was sixpence to go and buy some food for her bantam hen so that she might lay some more eggs. Elfie did not like being picked up, so she kicked him on the chest till he put her down, and then ran off to her nurse with the sixpence, leaving Willoughby horrified at what he had heard. That such a dainty exquisite creature should be at the absolute mercy of such a brute made his blood boil, but what could he do? He pictured her, worn out already by her work of mercy, crouching under the protection of a servant, and

unable to hide her predicament from her child.

Full of rage, he walked off to Lady Harrington's, and finding her alone, he poured out the whole story to her. He was surprised to find her so unsympathetic. She had no patience, she said, with people who did not stay at home and mind their own affairs: of course a man did not like his wife coming home at daybreak from goodness knows where. Yes, she had been to the Murrays', and a pretty to-do Mrs Kenrick had made there, telling them all they had killed the child, and upsetting the poor little mother just when she wanted all her wits about her. Of course they had mismanaged the child—people always did mismanage children (Lady Harrington had none of her own); but she supposed the doctor knew, and he did not think so badly of the baby. Yes, certainly, it *had* died; but children did go off suddenly like that, and it was flying in the face of Providence to say any one could have helped it. A nice sensible aunt, who had arrived this morning, was furious with Mrs Kenrick for making a fuss, and no doubt spreading stories about the poor Murrays. The less Willoughby concerned himself about that seductive lady and her troubles the better; she would give him some tea, and what had he thought about the ball? Feeling somewhat ashamed of his ardour, Willoughby left her less of a knight-errant than he had come; nevertheless he walked back through the village in which the Kenricks lived with

a vague idea of calling on Mrs Kenrick, but seeing her husband in the distance, and feeling that his appearance on the scene might not improve matters, he went on towards the Murrays' house, and there in the sunset he met her. She was all in black, and had a thick veil on, so he could hardly see her face; but the sweet husky tones of her voice sounded more moving even than usual. She was full of indignation.

"Only think," she said, "they would not let me in to see the baby. I had taken some flowers, and a horrid commonplace woman came and took them from me and hoped I would not thrust myself in, as the poor mother could not bear any agitation. I only wanted to see the poor baby at peace. It was so agonised as it lay in my arms, I longed to get that sight out of my eyes; now I shall always see it as I saw it then," and she shuddered as she spoke.

"No, no," Willoughby insisted foolishly; "don't think of it like that, remember only it is gone out of reach of suffering and sorrow," but he stopped. What did he know or believe about these things? what right had he to offer her formulas with no life in them? His Church would have given her plenty of consolation; but how much of it was real to him? what explanation had he for the mystery of innocent suffering, what help for her trouble?

"Go on," she said bitterly; "tell me more of the well-worn and comfortable things that

everybody says; the sound of them is safe and soothing."

For reply Willoughby stopped and took both her hands in his. "I am miserable about you," he said; "can nothing be done? must things go on like this?"

She stiffened at once. "What do you mean?" she asked; "what do you know? Let go my hands. I have borne all kinds of humiliation, but never this, never pity; this is the last straw." He dropped her hands at once and stood gravely silent before her. She turned quickly and hurried away, never looking back.

Certainly this woman troubled him strangely; so proud, so pathetic, and with something enigmatic about her, something which repelled whilst it fascinated. He determined to think no more about her, and as he was dining out that night he succeeded in putting the uncomfortable scene out of his mind till next morning, when a note was brought to him. Opening it, he read—

"Forgive me; you are really kind, and I cannot afford to drive away a friend. Last night I was overwrought. Forget what I said, and be my friend still, and remember there is nothing in the world so helpless as a woman unhappily married. —Yours, ELLA KENRICK."

The note worried him. What was to be done? Why didn't she leave Kenrick? Of course it was most undesirable that she should, but he wondered what kept her. Did she love

him?—women sometimes loved brutal men; or was it the child, or want of money?

He paused here. He recollected once hearing her speak of the degradation of being dependent on some one else for your gloves and boots. "Remember there is nothing so helpless in the world as a woman unhappily married;" he kept saying it to himself over and over. It irritated him; he did not want to be concerned in the matter. Why did she not go to Lady Harrington? But the memory of that lady's unsympathetic attitude recurred to him and checked his musings.

The next time he saw Mrs Kenrick was at the funeral of the Murrays' child. Everybody was there, but he did not see her till just as they were leaving the church, when she glided out from behind a pillar with her hands full of violets and offered them to the poor little mother as she passed. Mrs Murray hurried by, pretending not to see the outstretched hands or the purple flowers dropping from them, and as Mrs Kenrick shrank back to the side of her husband, Willoughby heard him whisper brutally—

"Why are you always pushing yourself where you are not wanted? You only get snubbed. Can't you behave like other people?"

She dropped her violets into the little grave when everybody had left, and Willoughby stayed to walk home with her, Major Kenrick having gone off to lunch at the mess. They talked of indifferent things until they

reached her door; then, standing on the step above him, she held his hand a minute as she said—

"Do you know you are very kind to me? much kinder than any one ever was. No! Don't say anything; I can't bear it."

The scent of the violets was wafted from her as she went into the house, and it seemed to Willoughby like the smell of the newly turned earth of the child's grave. He heard the sound of a sob as she shut the door.

The summer passed quickly, the hot sun brought out deliciously the scent of the pine-forests, the heather was beginning to show a few purple bells. Willoughby worked hard, and only saw Mrs Kenrick occasionally at garden-parties and suchlike; and then came the autumn manœuvres, when Willoughby, Major Kenrick, and others went off to Salisbury Plain.

They had been back some time, summer had merged into autumn, the brilliant crimson bloom was fading from the heather, but the rich dull purple that remained was almost more beautiful. The silver-stemmed birches were beginning to turn their leaves to gold before scattering them broadcast to the waiting winds, which were for the moment all hushed up. The squirrels in the fir-trees pulled scales off the cones and strewed them on the ground.

Willoughby came in late one evening as the white mists were rising from the ground, and found a note lying on his table. It ran thus:—

"Come to me; I am in great trouble and want advice.

"ELLA KENRICK."

He was annoyed: he was tired, he did not want to meddle with Mrs Kenrick's troubles, but he went. He found her very white, very tragic—too tragic to his fastidious fancy.

She told him with exaggerated self-restraint that she had borne everything—cruelty, faithlessness, neglect,—but that now a vulgar intrigue with her own maid in her own house had made life impossible. Her husband had refused to let her discharge the servant, the girl declined to go, so she had made up her mind to go herself. She had a friend in London who would take her in, but she had no money. Her husband was counting upon this; but she had a few ornaments which had been her mother's, would he tell her where she could best dispose of them, she knew so little of London. All this quite calmly without a tear, and then a sudden break-down, before which Willoughby was helpless.

"Had she no friend here, no woman to advise her?" he asked helplessly.

"No," passionately; "the women had all held aloof from her: if he would not help her, nobody could. She had some little bills to pay and Elsie's nurse's wages. The woman must go with them. Thirty pounds would do it; could he get her that?" And she laid out the pathetic pretty things she had spoken of—old-

fashioned amethysts in filigree gold settings, some rings he had seen her wear, and strings of seed-pearls.

He pushed them aside and tried to persuade her to think it over, to come to some arrangement to bear things a little longer; but then came more tears, a storm of sobs; he was ordered to go, to leave her, implored to stay, and at last, swept completely off his balance, Willoughby promised anything, and found himself leaving the house with the trinkets in a box under his arm and perturbation in his spirit.

The next morning he sent her six five-pound notes in an envelope, telling her he had already found means to pledge the things until she wanted them again, and begging her to burn the letter and forget it. It was kindly done, and he added some more words of warning as to the risks she ran and the future of her child.

She chose to accept the transparent subterfuge, and wrote him a formal note of thanks, ending—

“Your letter is burnt: the things shall be reclaimed some day. Meanwhile no advice can be of any use, since no one can know the hell in which I find myself, nor can any one but myself tell the degradation of enduring it. I leave to-day.”

Here was catastrophe,—the end which he had dreaded and yet had helped to bring about.

The next night after mess Major Kenrick stopped him in

the anteroom and asked for a few words with him in his quarters. Willoughby looked him straight in the eyes and led the way without speaking to his quarters, where a cheerful fire was burning. The two men sat down opposite each other, still in silence. Willoughby pushed a cigar-case and matches across the table towards his unwelcome guest. He was relieved when the Major carefully selected and lit one: the action seemed to preclude any unseemly consequences of the interview.

“I believe you know my wife has left me,” said Major Kenrick, with the air of making a casual statement.

“Yes,” said Willoughby in the same even tone.

“May I ask why you were chosen as the recipient of her confidence?”

This question hit Willoughby hard, but he answered directly—

“I do not know why Mrs Kenrick chose me for her friend, but I was honoured by her doing so.”

“Can you tell me where she is now?”

“I do not know.”

“Perhaps you will be so kind”—with a sneer—“as to convey to me her reasons for leaving me. I am sorry to trouble you.”

This question was Willoughby's opportunity: he looked intently at the smoke curling lightly from his cigar as he answered—

“I understand Mrs Kenrick considered she had grounds for a divorce.”

Kenrick paled.

"Does she intend to bring an action?" he asked, without a sneer this time.

"I don't know, but I fancy not if you will leave her and the child unmolested, and make her a decent allowance."

"Oh, you discussed the allowance, did you?" said the bereaved husband, letting his malignancy appear for a moment behind his carefully ironed-out expression.

"No," said Willoughby, momentarily savage, "that is my own addition."

"I am a poor man," said Kenrick; "I cannot afford to maintain an undutiful wife."

He had recovered his cool sneering manner, and Willoughby resumed his mask as he said—

"A divorce might cost you more, besides the inconvenience to a man in your position, and with your prospects of military success."

"Yes, a scandal would be deuced awkward; if you could have furnished me with my wife's address you might have helped me to avert it."

"I assure you I do not know it," insisted Willoughby earnestly.

"You seem to have been badly rewarded for your sympathetic interest," remarked Major Kenrick; "perhaps if you hear it you would let me know."

"Certainly," said Willoughby, telling his first lie that evening.

Major Kenrick finished his cigar in silence and then got up, and wishing his host good night, lounged out of the room.

Willoughby heaved a sigh of relief: things might have been worse. Evidently Kenrick did not want to make an enemy of him yet, and knew his own case to be a bad one. A divorce and exposure, which would compel him to leave the army, would mean ruin and worse to an ambitious man, as he undoubtedly was. How could he be such a fool as to risk all this? Willoughby speculated vaguely, as a coldly selfish man contemptuously wonders at the self-indulgent man of violent passions. He felt æsthetically indignant with the brute who could turn from the delicate woman who had been his, to wallow in a coarse intrigue, without even the decency to hide his coarseness in any sort of wrappings.

Major Kenrick ceased his affectation of indifference as soon as he was outside Willoughby's rooms, and left the Barracks with his head down, thinking hard.

"They think they are safe," he said to himself. "Well, let them think so. Until I get away from this place my hands are tied by this beastly entanglement. Any move would make a row. I must find out where my wife is without their knowledge, get her watched, and if I can catch them out, spring a divorce upon her without giving her time to get up a case. If I could get hold of the child's nurse, she would have no witness on her side, and I can prove that he has sent her money already. If he goes to see her they are lost, and I go to India soon, 'where there

ain't no Ten Commandments'; scandals don't count there, if I can once get out of this damned old - woman - ridden hole - and - corner of a place; but then there's little Bessie. Confound all the women! say I;" and with this comprehensive reflection Major Kenrick settled down to a hard night's work.

After a week or so Willoughby did hear from Mrs Kenrick. She told him she had been ill, —had caught cold on the chill autumn day she left Aldershot, —but was now better: she was staying with a kind artist girl at West Kensington, and was beginning to feel rested. Would he come and see her?

He replied pleading hard work, and telling of his interview with her husband, advising her to communicate with him through her lawyer on the subject of an allowance, and reminding her that she held all the trump-cards at present. He heard no more until the end of the term, and then close to Christmas he found himself in London, and decided one foggy afternoon to go and see Mrs Kenrick. He drove out of the fog as he passed through Earl's Court, and into a wonderful smoky pageant of gold and red sunset with gleaming bronze reflections on the wet pavement and mysterious distances of copper-coloured haze. His cabman was of course completely ignorant of the district; but at last he found himself outside a block of red-brick studios commanding a singular view of the big wheel silhouetted against the vivid sky like some gigantic instrument of

torture. He climbed flights of grimy stone stairs as in a dream, until at last he saw the name-card of Miss Nelly Moore on a green door, and having given a resounding double knock with the brass knocker, he was taken aback by the prompt appearance of a girl with short-out curly grey hair, who proved to be Miss Moore herself. The door opened directly into the studio. He exhibited the Englishman's usual tendency to run away from a social encounter, but was at last persuaded to say he had called to see Mrs Kenrick, and being ushered in, found, on emerging from the folds of a dusty curtain which hung between the door and the room, that lady herself, laughing at his embarrassment, and looking altogether so delightfully unlike the harassed woman of his recollections that he felt at his ease at once.

The kettle was boiling on a brisk fire, the scratch tea-things were on a little table close by, and the room was full of the nice smell of the hot toast which they had been making when he aroused the echoes of the lofty studio. He was given a toasting-fork and set to hold the last slice whilst Miss Moore made the tea,—he was glad it was the last, for his hands and face got scorched and so did the bread; and Elsie by one of her bird-like movements upset the slice into the ashes, and then brushed them off with her pink pinafore, which had several dabs of oil paint on it. But they all laughed very much, and settled down to tea at last, Captain Willoughby sitting on

a three-legged stool, which had figured as a property in a milking scene, one of Nellie's successes, but which was now generally occupied by Elfie's weird Japanese doll.

Mrs Kenrick demanded all sorts of gossip about everybody.

"You can't think how I miss them all, those dear dull people," she said, "and how out of it I feel with all these very young students who talk about Paris, and painters, and exhibitions I have never heard of, and scorn me when I mention the Royal Academy!"

By this time Nellie had gone off with Elfie for some mysterious rite connected with putting a wooden horse to bed under the sofa in the dining-room.

"Tell me," said Mrs Kenrick, "did any one talk?"

"Well," said Willoughby, hesitating a little, "your husband gave out that you had gone away on a visit till the end of the autumn, as you found the place cold and damp. Lady Harrington, as you may imagine, had no sympathy with wives who could not stand the same climates as their husbands, and every one wondered you hadn't called: then something began to leak out, and Lady Harrington knocked at your door to ask for your address, and saw through the window 'The hussy' (her phrase) sitting in the drawing-room in curling-pins and pink ribbons, and came away silenced. She had a talk with your husband, the upshot of which was that he did not again appear in public, took a room in the town, and shut up the house. That is all

I know, except that I fancy he did very well at the manoeuvres."

Mrs Kenrick's face had clouded. "And you wanted me to take that man's money," she said, "and talked about coming to some arrangement, by which I suppose you meant going back to the hell I had left! I nearly never forgave you for that letter."

"I thought for the child's sake," began Willoughby lamely.

"Don't let us talk conventional nonsense," said she. "Can it do anything but harm to a child to be brought up in the atmosphere she was living in, and to see and hear what no one could help her seeing and hearing? Why, she is only just beginning to sleep through the night without waking up and screaming that daddy is coming: she is even getting quite human, and has been known to sit still for ten minutes at a time and nurse a doll. Evidently her poor little nerves were as much overstrained as mine; and I am kinder to her, poor mite, now I am getting rested too."

To this there was nothing to be said, and she went on to tell how some of the journalists who came to the studio had introduced her to an editor, who liked some sketches she had written of soldiering life, "just where we went and what we did and the people we met," and how he paid quite handsomely, so she really could get along and felt proud.

Willoughby presently rose to go.

"You will come again?" she said; and he felt that she looked at him rather wistfully as he said good-bye.

As he went downstairs he was waylaid by the grey-haired girl, who, in a sailor hat and reefer, was waiting for him on the landing: she was going out to buy the dinner, and she would walk with him.

"Look here," she began, "I hope you haven't been talking pernicious nonsense to her about hushing things up and taking an allowance from her husband. You know *nothing*! absolutely *nothing*! She must be got out of that brute's power—*must*, I tell you. A divorce will be perfectly easy if only she can get the money. I will sell my boots rather than see her take a penny from him. Why shouldn't she be free and happy, that exquisite creature?"

"All right," said Willoughby; "but hasn't she got anybody to advise her? I am not the person; hasn't she any belongings?"

"There's her brother," said the girl; "but he quarrelled with her when she married Kenrick, and has never had anything to do with her since: she was devoted to him, and felt it awfully."

"Take my advice," said Willoughby, stopping, "and write to that brother: and now I fear I must take this cab. Good-bye, Miss Moore," and he jumped in, leaving Nellie standing indignant on the wet pavement with hatred in her eyes.

He was annoyed by this encounter. What had he to do

with Mrs Kenrick's divorce? The Catholic in him unconsciously revolted at the idea of divorce, and the natural man hated the idea of a wife exposing her husband's shortcomings. Personally, too, he did not like the notion of readjusting his relation with Mrs Kenrick on a new footing. Confound the girl and her meddling! What had she come to him for? Money too; such bad taste to drag that in: these independent student girls were always a nuisance. Well, he need not go again; anyway, he was glad to know "she" was happier. He did not go again for some weeks, and when he did, he was just starting for Ireland to see his father: he had been offered and accepted the post of military secretary to a new governor going to New Zealand, just the thing he wanted, and he was to be off in about ten days.

He found Mrs Kenrick paler and more anxious than when he had seen her before. She had had one of her colds and felt numbed; her little powers of writing seemed to be failing her, she was anxious about the future. This only after he had poured out his news to her, and explained how everything was exactly as he wished, and how his career was taking just the course he always meant it should take, and how a man's future was always in his own hands to do as he liked with.

She said she wished a woman's was, and then came the explanation of her discouragement—her husband had found her out. One day a well-

dressed man had come to the studio to see Nellie's work: he said he represented a possible customer who had liked some things of hers in an exhibition, and wanted his wife and child painted. The man professed to be particularly taken by a sketch of Ella with Elsie on her lap, and took it away to show his customer: when he returned it two days after, saying his customer had seen something he liked better, they were disappointed, but not suspicious. The next day Major Kenrick had walked into the studio, had made a fearful scene, and tried to bully her into swearing she would not take proceedings against him.

Nellie had stood her ground like a faithful watch-dog, and had at last got rid of him; but he had come back the next evening, and had made such a disturbance when Nellie refused to admit him that the neighbours had complained. Since that they had lived in constant dread of invasion: they knew they were watched, and had seen the picture-man at the corner of the street. She should have to leave,—she could not bring this constant worry on her friend; but why should she bore him with her grievances? Then throwing it all off with a pretty air, and blushing slightly, she suddenly sat down on a stool at his feet, and slipping a hand into his, said—

“Let us be happy together just this once before you go away for ever.”

He raised her thin hands to his lips, and as he did so one of the loosened rings came off

in his fingers. It was a little turquoise forget-me-not. “Keep it,” she said, “in memory of a troublesome friendship;” and then Willoughby tried to tell her something he had never known himself till then, of what her friendship had been to him, a spring of water in a dry land, a patch of blue in a dull sky, a bit of poetry heading a prosy chapter, a breath of April, an upspringing of all sorts of delicate things which he should miss, lacking her. “But we must write,” he concluded; “you are the sort of woman to write delightful letters, and we can say all sorts of things on paper we should never say face to face.” Hers was hidden from him as she broke out passionately, “And what do you suppose you have been to me? the support round which all my little tendrils of hope were twined. Does the wild vine feel nothing if the tree she has clung to is torn away and transplanted,—can she find strength to support herself or to climb anew? but the tree only gains vigour from the loss of the vine which would hinder its growth. Go and flourish and forget everything except that career you would live for.”

“My dear,” he said gently, taking both her hands in his, “I shall never forget you—you have twined yourself too close for that; but it is not well for either of us to say more now, is it? Good-bye, my wild vine with the bitter-sweet fruit; some day perhaps the wine may be ready for pressing, and may be red in the cup,” and without another word he left her.

Next day she got a great bunch of daffodils sent by him, and with them was the little old box of trinkets he had taken from her that night in pawn: amongst them she found a long chain with a gold heart on it set with turquoise forget-me-nots which was not one of her old possessions, but which she wore constantly ever after.

Captain Willoughby wrote to her from Madeira, telling her, after some details about the voyage, that he had been feeling anxious about his little friend Elsie and her future, and that he had told his bankers to pay £300 to her account for the little fairy's education. "If even fairies have to learn such prosaic things as reading and writing. You must not be angry with me," he added;

"what is the use of a friend who may not help? and your own money may be needed in other ways."

It irked him to know how easily she would accept the money, as indeed she did; but he told himself that she was so unpractical that money represented nothing to her beside the real thing indicated, being merely the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of friendship and affection, and this was true. Elsie lived so entirely in and by her emotions that the outside significance of things was greatly lost to her, hence many of the complications and difficulties of her life. A friend once said of her, "Elsie will fall over a precipice looking for shooting-stars." Luckily the grey-haired girl took care of her.

(To be concluded.)

SHAKESPEARE AND THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

II.—MISTRESS FITTON.

SHAKESPEARE missed the valuable poet's pension. Perhaps he would not have relished its duties if he had got it; but he would have dearly loved the ease and comfort, the deliverance from playhouse drudgery, and the improved standing as a gentleman: the four sonnets 109-112 make his discontents and his aspirations very clear. Supposing that he had got the pension, the effect upon him would quite likely have been the same as upon Ben Jonson, who did not write a single play in the next ten years. Having missed it, he had to brace himself to new efforts after "wealth and credit in the scene," before he could retire to his own house and garden at Stratford-on-Avon. Whatever he may have lost, we have gained "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," and "Othello." For the moment his feeling was bitter disappointment. Mr Wyndham finds in the sonnets following those on the rival poet "a single speech of tragic intensity," and those sonnets were the direct sequel of the rivalry episode. The first of the series is S. 87—"Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing," which is filled with sarcastic references to Herbert's broken promise, under the suggestive language of charter, patent, bond, grant, gift, and riches, ending with the bitter *envoi*:—

"Thus have I had thee, as a dream
doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such
matter"

—a king of the Laurel Crown
in his dreams.

But that was not the only ground of estrangement between them. Misfortunes seldom come single, and Shakespeare saw a more serious occasion imminent, which is darkly shadowed as Herbert's renewed interference with his mistress. He invites him not to dissemble his hate, but to come to an understanding, "to set a form upon desired change." The truly grand outburst is in S. 90, which is hardly excelled by anything else of his in its impetuous power over words, rhythms, and rhymes:—

"Then hate me when thou wilt; if
ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds
to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make
me bow,
And do not drop in for an after loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scapt
this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered
woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me
last,
When other petty griefs have done
their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's
might."

This brings us to the real tragedy of the Sonnets.

The identity of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets with Mary Fitton, a Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth from 1596 to 1601, was alleged first by Mr Thomas Tyler in 1884, on the ground that she could be shown, by letters and other documents of the time, to be the person with whom Lord Pembroke was involved in a scandal. In 1897 Lady Newdigate - Newdegate printed with a commentary, under the title of 'Gossip from a Muniment-Room,' a number of letters addressed to Mary Fitton's elder sister Anne, Lady Newdigate, including one from the Maid of Honour herself (which is notable only for a tendency towards dramatic rhythm). This correspondence proved interesting for the present subject chiefly as showing that Mary Fitton had another lover, Sir William Knollys, Comptroller of the Household. Hitherto there has been nothing to connect Shakespeare with this lady, except the internal evidence from his Sonnets, that his mistress and Lord Pembroke's were one and the same. The internal evidence, which will appear in due course, ought to suffice; but it is fortunately possible to supplement it by a new proof of the fact from outside, which shall be given at the outset.

The scandal in which Lord Pembroke's name was joined with Mistress Fitton's became known early in 1601, when the lady's condition could not be concealed longer. It is thus referred to in a letter of 26th January from Sir John Stan-

hope to Sir George Carew, the President of Munster: "Of the persecution which is likely to befall the poor maids' chamber in Court, and of Fitton's afflictions, and lastly her commitment to my Lady Hawkyns, and the discouragement thereby of the rest, though it be now out of your element to think of, yet I doubt not but that some friend doth more particularly advertise you." It is this fluttering of the dove-cote that comes into an unprinted ballad of the year 1601, preserved among the State Papers (Eliz., vol. 278, No. 23), in which the Maids' Chamber, or the Queen's Household in general, represented as a herd of deer, is the subject of the second stanza (the Lord Chamberlain the subject of the first, Sir Robert Cecil of the third, and Raleigh of the seventh and last):—

"Partie beard was afeard
When they rann at the herd;
The Raine dear was imboist,
The white doe shee was lost;
Pembrooke strooke her downe
And tooke her from the clowne.
Lord, for thy pittie!"

"Partie beard" seems to be a nickname of the Comptroller of the Household, Sir William Knollys, the "Raine dear" is the queen (*la raine*), "imboist" or embossed is a hunting term with the secondary meaning of enraged (as in "Antony and Cleopatra," iv. xiii. 3), the "white doe" is Mistress Fitton—and "the clowne" is Shakespeare. The reference in the stanza upon Cecil to the "long proclamation" with which "he swore he saved the town," dates the ballad after the ninth of Feb-

ruary 1601, the proclamation being that which followed the rebellion of the Earl of Essex on 7th and 8th February. The author of the ballad may be guessed to be the old poet Thomas Churchyard, on the following grounds: It is written in the doggerel manner of Skelton, for whom Churchyard professed a great admiration (he is buried near to him at Westminster), having himself begun to write in Edward VI.'s reign, when Skelton's vogue was greatest. Secondly, it has Churchyard's known eccentricities of spelling: for example, in the above stanza, *afeard* is "*aferd*," while *herd* is "*heard*"; and in the stanza upon Raleigh there is a line—

"He pawles the poor to the skinne,"

which means "polls the poor," and is nearly the same as in one of his printed poems, "the poure to powll," and "to powll and shave." Lastly, Churchyard lived at the Court end of the town, a gentleman by birth and associations, subsisting on the bounty of Dr Julius Cæsar (Master of the Requests and legal adviser attendant on the queen's person), and was in all respects a likely person to pick up Court scandal and put it into Skeltonical verse.

Besides the evidence of the Sonnets themselves, there is also internal evidence from "*Love's Labour's Lost*" that Shakespeare was acquainted with the Dark Lady before he knew Herbert, and from "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*" that he used their first quarrel

about her, in 1598, as a motive in that comedy. First as to these plays.

"*Love's Labour's Lost*," with the text as we now have it, was published in 1598, "As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakspere." The Princess of France, with three ladies in waiting, is sent by her ailing father on a mission to the King of Navarre, who is in retirement in the country with three of his lords, having taken vows to study and to avoid the society of women. The king and his three courtiers are in this fix, that they owe hospitality to their fair visitors, but their vows forbid:—

King. Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it, will and nothing else."

On this Mr Grant White comments, that it is quite probable that Shakespeare himself played the king in the performance at Court (it is known that he was often employed there), and that there is a pun upon his name in the above dialogue, just as in Sonnets 135 and 136: the conversation and reply are too forced, he thinks, not to have that object. But the person who is really set to break down the vow by his casuistry, or to provide "some salve for perjury," is not the king, but the Lord Biron (*Berowne*), by his long speech at the end of Act iv. The part of Biron is

made for Shakespeare in several respects, including the important one of age ("an older Noble of Navar, the lover of Rosalin"). He is so much Shakespeare himself all through the play that Brandes, in his recent work, calls him Biron-Shakespeare. Now Rosaline, to whom he played Biron, is the same in features and character as the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. Biron soliloquises, iii. i. 197 :—

"And among three to love the worst of all,
A whitly wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face
for eyes ;
Ay—and, by heaven, one that will do
the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and
her guard.
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her : Go to, it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little wight.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue,
groan :
Some men must love my lady, and
some Joan."

There are indications in the margin of the play (1598) that it had been written for a small private stage. Perhaps one ought to say adapted, for the experts are resolved that it must have existed in an earlier form years before Christmas 1597, because it has so many rhyming verses (a German has counted them)—as if it were not as natural for "Love's Labour's Lost" to have rhyming lines as it is for farce or burlesque at any time. Whether it was written or only adapted for the Court, it is probable that the female parts, unless perhaps that of the country wench, were played by lady amateurs, for the ladies

have masks, not only in the scene which turns upon an exchange of masks, but also on their first appearance (Act ii. sc. i. 124). The ladies of Elizabeth's Court are known to have acted in masques or allegories, which were primarily designed for the splendid dresses and the dances, but were not without declamation or even dialogue; there was a famous one of the kind at the Russell marriage at Blackfriars, in June 1600, in which Mary Fitton took the lead (she was devoted to the stage). The same lady is so like the Rosaline of the Christmas comedy of 1597, that it looks as if the part had been written for her. The chief discrepancy, both in that play and in the Sonnets, from her authentic portraits is that her eyes are painted as dark blue-grey and her hair as dark brown. Mr Tyler, however, has satisfied himself that her hair is black in the painted marble effigy of her tomb; and it is not necessary to take Shakespeare's references to her dark eyes to mean the iris as black as the pupil, which is the true blackness of the eye. The "two pitch balls stuck in her face" is an obvious hyperbole; while in the Sonnets he seems to be reserving something, for he says in one, "her eyes so suited" to her raven brows that "they mourners seem," and in another, that they have "put on black, and loving mourners be." Further, portraits cannot all be depended on for the real colour of the eyes: in those of Mary, Queen of Scots, the colour is not always the same.

In the later of her two portraits, taken probably about 1600, when she was at the height of her favour with the queen, she is in full Court dress—a high-bred, slender figure above medium height, with white hands and long taper fingers, handsome eyes, a small mouth, full lips, a retreating chin, and somewhat demure expression. The striking features, both of her and her sister, are the great sloping forehead, with the mass of dark hair drawn back and surmounted by a tire, and the somewhat long nose in line with the brow, making a bird-like profile. Her brows are Shakespeare's favourite feature: "Who dares look upon the heaven of her brow that is not blinded by her majesty." Again, he seems to have the same brows, perhaps the very person, in mind where Falstaff tells Mrs Ford, playing the part with a plain kerchief over the brows, that he wishes he could make her my lady: "Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance." The "white doe" of the ballad quoted above implies a radiant whiteness of the complexion ("a whitely wanton with a velvet brow"), in which even "dark blue-grey" eyes would look black from the pupil if not from the iris.

Soon after Shakespeare's acquaintance with young Herbert began, in the spring of 1598, the latter had got to know also the lady whom the poet regarded as his mistress: one can imagine a meeting be-

tween my Lord Rose and my Lady Rosaline. The Sonnets do not leave us any choice in conceiving the sense in which the Dark Lady was Shakespeare's mistress: in whatever witty pleasantries the acquaintance may have begun, it became an ordinary amour at length, as appears from S. 138, which was printed surreptitiously as early as 1599. She tried at once to capture Lord Herbert, and may or may not have succeeded. Shakespeare forgave the trespass when Herbert begged pardon, although he accuses himself of being more corrupt as an accessory to the theft than if he had been the principal, and offers to avoid Herbert in public—

"Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame."

The situation is almost exactly that which he has created in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Valentine, "that peasant," being Shakespeare and Proteus Herbert: it looks, indeed, as if the name Proteus were implied in S. 53—

"What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?"

Proteus plays him false with Silvia, and expresses heartfelt sorrow for what he had done; whereupon Valentine forgives him like a Christian, and hands the lady over to him. In five or six of the eight sonnets to Herbert on the theft of the mistress, there are peculiar sentiments or phrases, which can be matched closely in "The Two Gentlemen of

Verona," although it would not be so easy to match them anywhere else.

One set of commentators have been as much surprised at the supine conduct of Valentine in the play, as another set have been surprised at Shakespeare's own conduct in the Sonnets. There seems little doubt that he recalled the situation deliberately in the play in order that he might treat it exactly as he had done in real life. We know from Meres that he had the play in his desk in the autumn of 1598, and there is not another known reference to it, earlier or later, until its appearance in print in the folio of 1623. There is nothing to show that the author ever put it on the stage; on the other hand, it is intelligible that he did not value it as an acting piece (although Launce and his dog are good business), but had thrown it off to work up some of the materials left over from more important plays. Johnson was struck by the number of its gnomic sayings and "eminently beautiful" single lines or passages, while Pope could not understand why a play of such "natural and unaffected style" should have been diagnosed by the experts to be "one of the first he wrote."

This comedy has a bearing upon the Sonnets in another way. Silvia has a third lover, Sir Thurio, "a foolish rival to Valentine," but a personage of some rank at the Court of Milan. Shakespeare's mistress had also three lovers. The alert eyes of Mr William Archer

discovered that there were really three Wills in S. 135 :

"Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy
Will,
And Will to boot, and Will in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee
still,
To thy sweet will making addition
thus."

When the 'Gossip from a Muni-ment-Room' appeared, the suspected third Will was forthcoming at once in the person of Sir William Knollys, Comptroller of the Queen's Household, and a cousin to her Majesty once removed. He is the "partie beard" of the ballad, which means that his beard was his striking feature; he wore spectacles, was about fifty-five years old in 1598, and married to a dowager-countess of great wealth and of more years than his own. His lodging at Court was next door to the Maids' Chamber, the high jinks of which were apt to disturb his peace: L'Estrange relates that he struck terror into his noisy neighbours one night by walking into their room in his shirt through the postern door, and pacing it for an hour so intent upon what he was reading as to seem unconscious of any human presence. When Mary Fitton came to Court in 1595 or 1596, aged seventeen or eighteen, her father had begged Knollys, a connection of the Fittons, to watch over her. Sir William replied, "I will not fail to fulfil your desire in playing the Good Shepherd, and will to my power defend the innocent lamb from the wolfish cruelty and fox-like subtlety of the tame beasts of

this place." His letters to her sister Anne, which begin about 1597-98, exhibit him as Mary's avowed lover and suitor, and as praying (and asking his correspondent to pray) that he might be released from his aged wife so that he might marry her and beget offspring. In a letter early in 1598, when his correspondent was expecting her first confinement, he wishes her "a good delivery of your burden, and your sister in the same case justifiable." Again: "She is now well, and hath not been troubled with the mother [hysteria] of a long time. I would to God I might as lawfully make her a mother as you are." In another letter: "Her greatest fear is, that while the grass groweth the horse may starve, and she thinketh a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand. But both she and I must have patience." After her disgrace in 1601, for which Lord Pembroke was blamed by common report, he wrote: "I must confess the harvest was over long expected. . . . The man of sin [not Pembroke] having in the night sowed tares amongst the good corn, both the true husbandman was beguiled and the good ground abused." In 1603, when she was with her sister in Warwickshire, he sent her a message that he could not "separate his thoughts from the remembrance of former bands," "no earthly creature is mistress of my love, nor is like to be"; if he were not tied to a white staff at Court, he would become a knight adventurer on her behalf. It is

clear, however, that the lady answered these probably insincere overtures either curtly or not at all. His wife died in 1605, and, in two months after, he married Lady Elizabeth Howard, aged nineteen. Sir William was one of Elizabeth's Privy Council: in her speech from the Throne at the prorogation of the Parliament after Essex's rebellion, she gave Mr Comptroller her special thanks for his services. The Queen also gave him a pension in the summer of 1601, paid him a visit at his house, Grays, near Caversham, in the autumn, and promoted him to be Treasurer of the Household at Christmas. James I. made him a baron and a viscount, and Charles I. raised him to the earldom of Banbury. If he had not played a very politic part in the Fitton affair, it may be doubted if the tide of his fortunes would not have ebbed rather than flowed.

It is by the merest accident that we know of his long courtship of Mary Fitton, and of his ardent desire to be free to marry her, which perhaps few knew of at the time. In one of his letters to her sister he wrote, "Burn my letters, if you please"; but they were not burned,—they are actually printed, and in a second edition! Sir William was by no means a libertine, but a studious religious man. It has been surmised that his phrase "the true husbandman," contrasting with "the man of sin," implies an informal contract, and that this was what Shakespeare meant in the phrase of S. 152, "in act thy bed-vow broke." If

that be so, he meant also that she broke her bed-vow with the other party to it, the vow being pre-nuptial. In "Love's Labour's Lost" a certain question and answer are brought in with no apparent object, and probably with some veiled reference which those present at Court in 1597 would understand: the question is asked by Biron, about Rosaline (according to the Cambridge editors), who wore a cap:—

"Biron. Is she wedded or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so."

This looks like the ever-recurring pun upon Will; and it is not impossible that it means that Mr Comptroller was understood to be contracted to the Maid of Honour, pending the demise of the old Lady Chandos, his wife.

"Fitton's afflictions and her commitment to my Lady Hawkins" are heard of first in the letter of 26th January 1601, to Sir G. Carew, in Ireland. On 5th February Sir Robert Cecil wrote also to him: "We have no news, but that there is a misfortune befallen Mistress Fitton, for she is proved with child, and the Earl of Pembroke, being examined, confesseth a fact, but utterly renounceth all marriage. I fear they will both dwell in the Tower a while, for the Queen hath vowed to send them thither." On 25th March Sir Tobie Mathew wrote to Dudley Carleton: "The Earl of Pembroke is committed to the Fleet. His cause is delivered of a boy, who is dead." On 22nd April Sir Edward Fitton wrote to his

daughter Anne: "I am in some hope of your sister's enlargement, but what will be the end with the Earl I cannot tell." On his way down into Cheshire with her, in a stolen flight from London, Sir Edward Fitton wrote to Sir Robert Cecil on 16th May from Stanner, where he was resting owing to his daughter's weakness: "I can say nothing of the Earl, but my daughter is confident in her chance before God, and wisheth my Lord and she might but meet before in different scenes. But for myself I expect no good from him, that in all this time hath not showed any kindness. I count my daughter as good a gentlewoman as my Lord is, though [excepting] the dignity of honour, which hath beguiled her, I fear, except my Lord's honesty be the greater virtuous." It appears from a letter of Pembroke's from Whitehall, 8th May, touching the renewal of a bill, that he was then at large again.

We may now return to the Sonnets. Herbert's first affair with the Dark Lady does not appear to have lasted long, and it is doubtful whether it ever went so far as Shakespeare suspected at the time, for he writes in S. 70—

"Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of
young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being
charged;"

and in S. 144, which was printed surreptitiously in 1599, the lady is referred to as "wooing his purity with her foul pride." But after that date, and soon after the episode of

the rival poet, he writes several sonnets to Herbert on his growing licentiousness (which Clarendon gives as his mature character), making references to a base jewel on a queen's finger and to his own "lame-ness" (the lameness of Vulcan as the cause of the infidelity of Venus, see 'Odys.,' viii. 310, Davison's epigram "On a limping cuckold," and "Titus Andronicus," ii. i. 89), the phrase being the same that was used in S. 37 on the occasion of Herbert's original trespass. This was probably the time, the summer of 1599, to which belongs a piece of gossip printed by Mr Tyler from a paper in the Record Office: it relates to certain clandestine marriages "at the Courte, in that tyme that M^{res} Fytton was in great favour, and one of her Majesties maids of honor; and duringe the time that the Earle of Pembroke favord her, she would put off her head tire and tucke upp her clothes, and take a large white cloake, and marche as though she had bene a man, to meete the said Earle out of the Courte."

We hear a good deal about Lord Herbert at this time in the letters written from London to his uncle, Sir Robert Sidney, at Flushing. On 4th August 1599, "Lord Herbert means to follow the camp," and wants a certain horse of his uncle's from the stables at Penshurst: this was the muster on account of the threatened Spanish invasion, to which the Earl, his father, furnished two hundred mounted men. The muster of

1599 was almost certainly the occasion of S. 91:—

"Some glory in their birth, some in
their skill,"

—and "some in their horse."

In October Herbert went on an embassy to Denmark ("great entertainment"). Shortly after his return he went to his father in Wiltshire and was away from London several months, until March 1600, being ill most of the time with "a tertian ague," and with continual pains in his head. Meanwhile Mrs Fitton had to leave her duties at Court for several weeks. On 12th January 1600, "Mrs Fitton is sick, and gone from Court to her father." But she had not really left London, for, on 21st February, "My lady [Sir R. Sidney's wife] visited Mrs Fitton, that hath long been here sick in London." The "sickness" appears to have been the natural fruit of her amour with Lord Herbert, for it corresponds exactly in time with the incident of the same kind which forms the subject of the 99th Sonnet, written in the early spring of 1600:—

"The forward violet thus did I chide:—
'Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal
thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The
purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion
dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly
dyed.'"

These lines, and the following allegory of roses, become intelligible on the hypothesis of a still-born premature child ("in pride of all his growth a

Let us now apply this rule of interpretation, beginning with S. 115 (leaving 113 and 114 to come after). The ostensible theme of S. 115 is "Love a-growing":—

"Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer."

The ten following lines are turned ingeniously to show how mistaken he had been in setting bounds to the growth of love: the rhetorical insincerity is obvious, for their friendship had waned and was nearly out. The whole sonnet is an artifice to lead up to the barbed *envoi*:—

"Love is a Babe: then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?"

If we recall the fact that Pembroke was about to be, if he was not already, charged with the affair of Mrs Fitton, the Babe becomes the impending real infant, and no metaphor. The two last lines are meant to bring before him, in one momentary swift glance at "that which still doth grow," the poor lady's condition by its outward signs, pathetic always, and calculated to affect every humane man in the way that they affected my uncle Toby.

Let us now go back to the mysterious pair of sonnets, 113 and 114. They are "deep brained" to the last degree. In the former he mentions, as a matter of curious psychological interest, that of late he has been seeing the features of Herbert in the objects of nature,

especially in the Crow or Dove: he had received so many of these impressions from external objects that his mind was "replete with you" and "incapable of more." The next sonnet continues the idea by bringing in "monsters and things indigest," which may have been changed by the alchemy of love into "such cherubins as your sweet self resemble"; but its chief purpose is to put the question, whether this is only "flattery in my seeing," or "mine eye saith true"? Let the answer be noted:—

"Oh, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin,
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin."

The meaning is, that it is flattery to make Herbert the father of the child, but that Shakespeare has a "great mind" to do so: if the cup of flattery be a poisoned cup, there is the less sin in offering it to him, in that he is not taken unawares, but has seen it tasted by the king's taster.

The sonnet following "Love is a Babe" is the famous and noble poem:—

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love
Which alters where it alteration finds."

The form is general or abstract, but the substance is the concrete case of Pembroke "utterly renouncing all marriage" with Mary Fitton. It is a moving

appeal, which may or may not have preceded his lordship's refusal of marriage when he was examined at Court. The love that a woman in her trouble has a right to look for is declared in the next lines:—

"O no! it is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never
shaken:
It is the star to every wandering bark."

The "rosy lips and cheeks" swept away by Time's sickle, and the "brief hours and weeks" that suffice to make Time's changes, point to the special circumstances wherein

"Love is not love
Which alters where it alteration finds."

The uncertainty as to what his lordship would do explains the line said of the star in the heavens—

"Whose worth's unknown although
his height be taken."

The two next sonnets, 117 and 118, are Shakespeare's apology for interfering, and are probably the answer to an angry remonstrance (compare "Lover's Complaint," stanza 15—

"Yet if men moved him, was he such
a storm," &c.)

In S. 118 the figures are all drawn from dietary and medicines—sharp sauces to whet, and purges to ward off sickness. The suggestion is, not only of going out to meet trouble, but of doing so for another's sake; while the "policy in love, to anticipate the ills that were not," is more particularly the policy of coming to an understanding as to the paternity of the child

before it was born. However, his well-meant attempt had merely the effect of "poisoning" himself.

Sonnet 119 points to an interview between Shakespeare and the lady, which may or may not have taken place before the queen knew of her condition and had committed her to the keeping of Lady Hawkyne:—

"What potions have I drunk of Siren
tears
Distill'd from limbeck's foul as hell
within."

With the tears there had been confessions, which opened his eyes and filled him with horror. The close of the sonnet means that the potion of her tears had proved a love philtre, for his ruined love was built anew, fairer, stronger, far greater than at first. We know from S. 147-150 that it became an infatuation, and it is probable that it continued several years after her disgrace. The Siren's tears moved him to some more decided step on her behalf than he had yet taken. In the next sonnet, 120, we learn that he had done some unkindness, trespass, transgression, or tyrannical action against Lord Pembroke, with the result that his lordship had "passed a Hell of time," supposed in the shock to his feelings, but corresponding also with his imprisonment in the Fleet. He sets this unkindness against the unkindness that Herbert had before done to him, and expresses his sorrow that events had moved too fast in their "night of woe" to afford leisure for applying such a salve to his

lordship's wound as the latter had formerly done to his (S. 34). Whether or not he visited Pembroke in prison to fulfil that purpose, some communication must have passed between them before the next sonnet, 121, was written. This is a sonnet of great moment. Mr Armitage Brown (1835), who had the delightful privilege of talking over all these difficulties with Landor, says that it is the one that gave him most trouble, while others have taken it in a terribly matter-of-fact sense. It is only his fun:—

"'Tis better to be vile than vile
esteemed,
When not to be, receives reproach of
being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so
deemed,
Not by our feeling, but by others'
seeing."

Mr Brown paraphrases thus: "A man that is slandered is in a worse state than if his enemies spoke the truth; inasmuch as he does not enjoy those advantages which, according to them, his bad conduct has acquired." But he would have the support of a good conscience, and the qualifying clauses cannot touch that ethical principle. In the first "vile," as well as in the "bad" of the *envoi*, there is something concealed; probably there is an anagram in each, otherwise the first line is a ludicrous paradox, and the fourteenth line pointless and nonsensical. "Vile" is an anagram of "live," meaning lief (as in the contrast "lief or loath"), and that is Shakespeare's spelling of the word in the second quarto of "Hamlet"

—"I had as live the town crier spoke my lines." The subject is the disputed paternity of the child: that, we shall see, is the only possible meaning of the phrase, "Give salutation to my sportive blood," which dominates the whole sonnet. We should therefore paraphrase: "'Tis better to be the father than to be esteemed vile, when not to be so receives yet reproach of being, and the just pleasure of paternity is lost—not as *we* feel it, but as she sees it." That Lord Pembroke was really in that fix follows from the known fact that it was his name which common rumour joined with that of Mistress Fitton. After the first four lines the sonnet passes by an ellipsis, marked only by a "for," to Shakespeare himself as an alternative in the disputed paternity. This idea is scouted:—

"For why should others' false adul-
terate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I
think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that
level
At my abuses reckon up their own."

The meaning of these much misunderstood lines must be sought in the remarkable phrase, "Give salutation to my sportive blood." There is only one other instance of it known in literature, and that is also Shakespeare's. The instance cited by Mr Grant White from Daniel's "Civil Wars" does not apply strictly, although Shakespeare may have got the hint there of joining

"salute" and "blood" in one phrase: it is that of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., entering London amidst the plaudits of the citizens, the captive king, Richard II., following unregarded; as he returned the people's salutations, he "felt his blood within salute his state." The real parallel is in a scene of "Henry VIII.," which Mr James Spedding, in his analysis of the dual authorship, assigns beyond all question to Shakespeare. The words are spoken by Anne Boleyn. She had met the king once, and had danced with him. The Lord Chamberlain is sent to salute her as Marchioness of Pembroke, and on leaving he says, supposed in an aside—

"And who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?"

Anne murmurs, "This is strange to me," and, when she is at length left alone by the duenna, continues to cast it in her mind:—

"Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot!"

It is the same kind of salutation as in Luke i. 13, and again 28, 29, the former of which is explicitly brought in, with heathenish associations, in "Antony and Cleopatra," i. ii. 27. It is the annunciation of parentage to persons of either sex; and in S. 121 it is an annunciation of paternity, which is rejected because the eyes that make it are those of a false person and adulterate, and for other and curious reasons, which could be construed from the profoundly

cryptic phraseology, if the physiological nature of the subject admitted. The *envoi* is humorous:—

"By their rank thoughts my deeds
must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign"

—the absurd alternative that "all" may be father to one child, "all" monarchs upon one throne. This is doubtless the friendly jest of "the onlie begetter" in the dedication of the Sonnets to Mr W. H. eight years after.

In the two next sonnets, 122 and 123, we may discover the real nature of the unkindness, trespass, or tyranny done to Lord Pembroke, which is mentioned first in S. 120. Sonnet 122 is all about a table-book:—

"Thy gift, thy tables, are within my
brain
Full character'd with lasting memory."

Both knew the contents ("thy record") of this private diary so well that neither had any need to retain it:—

"Nor need I tallies thy dear love to
score;
Therefore to give them from me was I
bold."

This pocket-book, filled with memoranda, may have been the same that he had given to Herbert as a blank-book in S. 77; the entries in it when he got it back would have been such data as are referred to in the Rose sonnet, 95, already cited—

"That tongue that tells the story of
thy days"—

which may have been either spoken or written. The poet had parted with this diary to a third party, which was a very serious trespass or unkindness. There was only one person to whom the diary would have been of use just then—namely, Mistress Fitton: in her hands it might be used to strengthen the claim of filiation which she and her relatives made upon Lord Pembroke; and it may have been by that means that the presumption against him, notwithstanding his denial, was raised so high as to warrant his arrest. At all events, Shakespeare connects his lordship's "Hell of time" with his own tyrannical exercise of some power that he held over him.

The sonnet on the table-book is followed by one which is the most enigmatic of the series. Ostensibly it is an apostrophe to Time in respect of his essential sameness amidst changing fashions: the writer professes a philosophic indifference to these new performances of an old play, and in so doing contrives to drag in the words "foist," "dates," and "born to our desire." Moreover, he defies Time's registers, which do lie, being "made more or less by thy continual haste." The irony is a wonderfully ingenious development of the thesis, that a gallant who has had a child laid at his door should not scrutinise the period of his amour too closely: he is the father of the child "more or less"; if he be not the father of that child, he was of its abortive brother. In the next son-

net, 124, the irony rises higher. It is all upon the poor infant, which had perished unfathered soon after it was born:—

"If my dear love were but the child of
State,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfathered;"

—and so on for twelve lines, his dear love being happily not subject to the disabilities and misfortunes of an accidental offspring. The *envoi* is a grammatical curiosity:—

"To this I witness call the foles [foals]
of time,
Which die for goodness, who have
lived for crime;"

—which die for the good of those by whose crime they had life. The editors have been unanimous in taking "foles" to be a corruption of the text, most of them reading "fools"—without being any the wiser themselves.

Sonnet 125 brings us to the final rupture with Lord Pembroke, and the fall of the curtain. It recalls some great funeral at which Shakespeare had borne the canopy, perhaps that of Pembroke's father in Salisbury Cathedral in the January preceding: these obsequies were, like those in "Hamlet," but the trappings and the suits of woe, and the formality of them leads him to speak of the mistaken policy of keeping up the pretence of friendship when the reality of it is gone.

"No, let me be obsequious in thy
heart,"

he cries, and let the surrender of friendship be as between equals and as thorough on the

one side as on the other. He ends upon an indignant note:—

“Hence, thou suborn’d *Informer!* a
true soul,
When most impeacht, stands least in
thy control.”

We may dismiss the idea of these being wild and whirling words; every one of them is deliberate, and pertinent to the cause of quarrel. Lord Pembroke had given information, doubtless in the highest quarter, which Shakespeare believed to have impeached himself in the Fitton affair untruly, and his lordship had been suborned by some one to do so. That he had not done so of his own accord is so far in his favour, the more so that he might have been excused if he had sought to turn the tables for the giving away of his pocket-book. While it is the informer who is underlined for emphasis, it was probably the suborner who incurred the deepest scorn. There is little doubt as to who Shakespeare meant for the suborner, or as to the *cui bono*. Here it may be hazarded that he was the same person who stood soon after for the portrait of Polonius. The name of the Danish counsellor in the first quarto of “Hamlet” (1603) was Corambis, which looks to be *Coram-nobis*, an examining justice, as in the *Coram* of Justice Shallow (“Merry Wives of Windsor,” i. 1). In the enlarged and revised text of 1604 he is re-named Polonius, probably from his white staff or pole of office. In the enlarged text of the second quarto of “Hamlet” there is only one absolutely new addition to the Polonius dialogue, the astonish-

ing application of the doctrine of *generatio equivoca* to a particular case, which Hamlet suddenly interpolates and Polonius does not understand: “For, if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,” &c. It is remarkable with what innuendos and insults Hamlet pursues Polonius all through the play until he kills him like a rat behind the arras: with his death, his revenge appears to be satisfied, for the real Hamlet’s Revenge of the old Norse story (and of the earlier London play), the killing of his uncle, is always secondary in Shakespeare’s Hamlet, and fades gradually out of sight, the killing of the king in the last Act being a quite minor event.

But there is a still more curious thing in Shakespeare’s adaptation of the Counsellor, who comes into the original story of Hamlet only as a listener at the interview with his mother. Polonius appears at the beginning of the second Act in a scene which has nothing to do with the action of the piece, although it serves to mark the lapse of time between Acts i. and ii. He hands his servant some money and papers to carry to Paris to Laertes (who had been long enough absent to need them), and thereupon begins a “lecture and advice” to his emissary, how he is to set about procuring information from Danskers in that city to substantiate the probability of his son’s loose conduct. Although the scene is remarkably real, it cannot have been meant only (as Tieck supposed) to serve the purpose of a humorous

interlude such as a clown's. The chief object of it appears to be to exhibit Polonius in the odious light of a *suborner*. The same appears to be the meaning of "Y'are a fishmonger," which is cognate with the line in the lecture on subornation—

"Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth."

It is not at all likely that the getting up of the case against the Earl of Essex is pointed at: it is true that the examination of many witnesses, and the procuring of the evidence of his accomplices, was going on during the same weeks of February and March 1601 in which the minor affair of Mistress Fitton's child was being investigated; but it is clear from S. 107 that Shakespeare took the failure and arrest of Essex very coolly: 'twas his own affairs that moved him.

Coincidentally with the release of Lord Pembroke from prison, which was probably at the time when the information impeaching Shakespeare was obtained from him, a sudden change came over the attitude of the Fitton family. For some reason which was never divulged they ceased to press the marriage with Lord Pembroke. Before the middle of May Sir Edward Fitton made a "stolen journey" with his daughter into Cheshire, which is thus referred to in a letter from her great-uncle in London to her sister in Warwickshire: "I suppose your father, by his stolen journey into Cheshire, hath acquainted you with something concerning your sister's estate—how true,

I know not, for I find halting with me in their courses for her."

There is a linking sonnet, 127, between the series addressed to Herbert and the shorter series written at various times to the Dark Lady. It is the old idea of dark features in "Love's Labour's Lost" and in S. 132, now adapted to the circumstances of her disgrace—her eyes and brows mourning for herself as "slandered with a bastard shame," as having "no name" (of a husband), "no holy bower" (of marriage), "but is profaned" (by idle tongues), "if not lives in disgrace." There is no mistaking the noble intensity of the feeling, which sufficiently accounts for his loyalty to a woman whose future did not redeem her past. The situation of a woman dragged into ever deeper misfortunes by the mishap of bearing a child out of wedlock does not, and could not, come into any of his plays so openly as it comes into 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian' and 'Adam Bede,' or, in the more recent manner, into Mr Hardy's and Mr George Moore's masterpieces. But nearly all his work after the year 1601 is seen to be more deeply touched by a sense of life's ironies and tragedies; and in the tragedy which was probably his next, we find, under the new device of real or feigned madness, the veiled ironies of the later sonnets re-appearing in the songs, the artless talk, and flower-language of Ophelia, and in the dark speeches and conduct of Hamlet to Ophelia and to Polonius.

AN ERSTWHILE OWNER OF THE LAND.

I.

NEARER and still nearer drew the sound of the dirge as it rose and fell fitfully on the quiet morning air: the people were carrying their dead chief to his last resting-place, and the old piper of the race was playing as he never played before, and would never play again, the Lament for the Dead.

The road, starting from the sea, wound its tortuous, narrow way into the hills—a greystreak twisting brokenly through the glen. Here and there it lost itself in patches of grass and moss, from which it emerged in wheel-eaten ruts and hollows, decaying traces of the forgotten wayfarers of a by-gone day. Rank heather, stretching from its bed in the moorland, closed in upon it on both sides, and the peat-mosses, long since disused, gaped around it like empty graves. It was a still, desolate road, and ghostly as became its purpose, for it was the pathway by which men were borne to their home among the hills.

There was a time—but the old people became weary in trying to remember exactly when—that it was in use for the service of the living as well. But that was only a

memory — the memory of a time when people dwelt in the glens, and the gaping mosses dispensed fuel to cheerful hearth fires. Merely a memory; and even now, as the procession moved its slow length across the deserted country-side, some beautiful hinds came into half view on the skyline, and gazed long and wonderingly down, wishful to know what evil the fitful wail and long black line of slow-moving men could mean. For the mossland solitude was all their own, and a people bitterly sorrowful had been moved into other lands, so that the peace of the red deer in that land of loneliness might the less be disturbed. A desolate and a ghostly road truly, and not so long ago had shrouded figures been told of by belated travellers who chanced to pass as night was falling through the glen; shrouded figures and the sound of phantom pipes—a sound at all times of evil import to the dead man's race: and the day had now come when the shadowy portents were fulfilled; the island grave was ready for its new tenant, and the old piper of an old race was playing his dead chief home.

II.

From no lofty mansion had the one-time owner of the hills

and glens, who was passing in such lowly state to his rest,

been carried in the early morning. A dwelling, in extent little more than a cottage, at one time barely a fitting keeper's lodge for the once powerful heads of a proud family, served instead of the old castle. It lay down in a hollow, and the thick wood of birch and hazel on the adjoining hillside effectually hid from view the grey, weather-beaten turrets of the home of his fathers. Chief and overlord indeed had he been to the dwellers in the glen, and to all who bore his name, but chief and overlord in name only. Years before, hill by hill, strath by strath, and river by river had slipped for ever from his grasp, and the money equivalent went to pay off some old debt.

It was a scene never to be forgotten, that which took place long ago in the darkened library, when, pale from the shock of a first revelation, the young heir learned that the shadow of an old obligation hung over the memory of his dead father's good name.

"All debts—of—of honour have—been discharged," the old family lawyer muttered deprecatingly, as he stood in affright by his young chief's side, and heard the quivering command for an immediate sale.

"Debts of honour!" he had cried, in the bitter humour of his honour. "All debts are debts of honour, and this one will be discharged, even if the old place has to go."

"And it had to go," he was wont to conclude pathetically, when in later years, sadly proud of his feat, he told the story—

"every stick and stone of it, except Eilan Ianan." Eilan Ianan was the island burial-place of his race.

In the days of his youth he had served his king, and a small pension, and some kingly honour for soldiering well done, rewarded the close of his career. It was that desolate home hunger that caused him, on the dismal settling-day when the title-deeds of his family were formally handed over to the new proprietor, to reserve to himself a life lease of the little house lying in the shadow and almost nestling against the walls of the home of his fathers.

"When the day will come that the banner shall wave from the House of Turrets, when it should meet the winds at the cottage door, then shall the end of thy race draw near." Prophetic was the utterance of the aged seer spoken long ago, and the words passed with a laugh of believing disbelief from father to son, groped their dim way through the darkness of centuries, until now they stood out in ghostly clearness and full of meaning. His line would end with his life, and then the little lease, the final bond between him and his land, would return to the granter of it, the last noiseless ripple to mark for a brief moment of time the spot where a stately ship had gone down.

The fashion of an old-world courtesy made him diffident of intruding himself upon the presence of the new owner of the land: not for worlds would he have people know that his heart was full of the old place,

and not for worlds would he have the new proprietor think that it was in his thoughts at all. On occasions more than one he had been met wandering uneasily by the gateways of the park, gazing surreptitiously at the enclosed trees, waving their outstretched branches with noisy murmur, as if garrulously welcoming him back; and he had been seen to stoop down and replace a stone which had fallen from its place in the grey stone wall, and then move away hurriedly as if he had done an evil thing and something in which there was shame.

The people knew him and him only by the name of the land—that title dearest of all to the northern ear. He was a just man, and punctilious at all

times concerning the feelings and rights of others, yet he could not bring himself to abrogate entirely his claim to his old territorial designation; and at some meeting of his class one day, when, in the noise and bustle that characterise a gathering of men, he heard the old land name called, he turned round instinctively in response, and learned that he had made a mistake, that it was the new proprietor that was meant, a kindly Englishman, who turned away with a rare courtesy from the pained confusion of the old chief. It was his last “adsum” in public in answer to the old name; and men noted his apathy to all things from that time, and spoke of him as failing.

III.

In the days when the land belonged to his father, and he was his father's heir, it was the falling night that drove him home to the House of Turrets—so the people had it in their expressive Gaelic speech—from the river, moor, or corry. The river was a grand one, a stream of deep linns whereinto the water fell with a dull roar, a sound which causes the angler to quicken his pace when it distantly falls upon his ears for the first time as he makes his way to fish on unknown waters. Who of mortals has not felt the tingling of the blood calling in answer to that glorious tumult, while the river itself is yet unseen! The still roar of the flood in the glen, with its suggestion

of silvery salmon kings rolling about in dark volumes of deep waters: a fateful sound to the angler, and a noble prelude to the battle royal which will ensue ere the coming of night.

The river passed behind his cottage, hidden by the little hill with its dense covering of birch and hazel, but the dull satisfying roar was ever in his ears. A time came, however, when he seemed to hear the sound differently: not at once, but gradually did the consciousness come to him that there was a change, some suggestion of hardness, a thin scrappiness, almost as if something had given way.

Up the glen, where two hills clasped between them the mountain loch in which the river

had its birth, workmen had been busy for weeks before he was aware of it: their mission was to dam the flow, and add an increase to the natural dimensions of the lake; and as a set-off to the artifices of science, a salmon ladder was being built for the fish, and the grand old river was being spoiled for all time, with much labour, and at great cost. Hence the cry of pain from the waters, and it found an echo in the heart of their old owner. Again and again did he visit the scene of destructive operations, incredulous and in grief; and it goes far to indicate his deep sense of the injury being done, that he made an almost impassioned appeal to the new proprietor, pointing out in nervous language how that the new scheme would destroy for all time the grand natural advantages of the river. But the courteous reply spoke of the opinion of experts in technical terms and with scientific precision, and the old chief dashed the letter to the ground and strode away up the glen, to view with grief and sorrowful dismay the coming destruction which he was powerless to avert.

"Will no one interfere?" he cried to a neighbouring proprietor, who was standing by, thinking his thoughts to himself, and critically examining the operations the while. "Can you not tell him how damnable is the ruin, for the sake—the sake——" but the neighbour, with a shoulder-shrugging movement, raised his eyebrows, and having his hands at his

back, moved away from the trembling vehemence, which was all too indicative of possible tears. For the chief was an old man, and he was at that moment very sorrowful. So the river was spoiled, and the thin, scrappy sound is there until this day, and only very old men can now tell of the salmon that used to be.

The window of his little library—it was a rare combination of gun-room, smoking-room, old curiosity shop, and library—looked out upon the valley, at the farther end of which the river rolled and tumbled its way to the sea; and from that window one autumn night he looked out upon the nearer hills proclaiming their fiery allegiance to the new heir of the new line who was come of age. Far up into the clear night sky shot the bonfire flame, and he sat very still in the dim darkness of the little room, keeping watch until the last live ash served to send a glimmer of light to the valley below. The shouts of the revellers, clamorous inspirations of a rejoicing people, fell upon his ears unheeded; his whole being was centred on the unsteady tongues of flame away on the hill-tops, singing in silence the death-song of his race. Never before had the land which bore his name, the land of his fathers, seemed so dear to him, and never before had his old soldier-servant dared to intrude by speech his sympathy on his master's ear; but the

occasion was too bitter, the reality too vividly and dramatically brought before him, and he was led away, stumbling heavily through the unlit room, and striving to stifle as best he could the pent-up sobs of an old sorrow at last broken from all control. As two little children did those two old men move from the scene, the last of the old family, and the last of the old people. "Eilan Ianan—Eilan Ianan—home, home,"—and as the evening sun was setting on the following autumn day, the people rejoicing in the valley below, sleepily mirthful because of their exertions overnight, stopped abruptly when they heard the news; and a

hand was placed hurriedly upon the mouth of the singer of the song in honour of the new heir of the new line, and the words of the half verse died away in his throat. For the lease of the house on the hill was run out, and in all the bleak majesty of death the last heir of the old line was lying. At last would he have of the land, his own loved land, even as much as his forefathers had, and all debts, debts of any kind, and debts of honour, nobly discharged.

And so the old piper of an old race, moving sadly, played his dead chief home.

A. B. FLETCHER.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE SHADOW ON THE STAGE—MR BENSON'S OPINION—A RETROSPECT—
AUTHOR AND PLAYER—THE TRIUMPH OF THE ACTOR—THE OLD
STOCK COMPANY—THE STAGE-CARPENTER—MODERN REALISM—A
NATIONAL THEATRE—THE EXAMPLE OF FRANCE—M. MAETERLINCK'S
'LIFE OF THE BEE.'

A DARK shadow has fallen across the British Stage, a shadow which even the sunny optimism of actors and managers will find it difficult to dispel. It is cast neither by the ignorance of critics nor by the discontent of playgoers. They are the theatre's own friends who have at last dared to interrupt its effulgence, and ere long the darkness of night may envelop that which, with the aid of advertisement, has appeared the most brilliant of our institutions. In other words, a well-known dramatist and a distinguished actor have proclaimed in the shameful openness of print that our stage is not always the happy haunt of genius, that our plays are sometimes hotch-potches of vulgarity, and (worse still) that many of our gifted mummerys do not know the rudiments of their trade. These charges are neither new nor surprising. They have been brought a hundred times by disinterested persons, and have been cheerfully ascribed to malice or ignorance by the pontiffs of the green-room. He who withholds his admiration from an actor, we have been told, is plainly an enemy of the drama, when indeed he is not a blackmailer. Wherefore our great managers have shrugged their shoulders,

and borne the obloquy (unmerited of course) in a spirit of arrogant martyrdom. But the most recent attacks cannot be so lightly passed over, since they are directed from within the fold by interested colleagues.

Mr Henry Arthur Jones, in fact, and Mr F. R. Benson have confided to the world their ominous discontent. They have boldly explained the shortcomings of the theatre, and the single word "envy" is not a sufficient answer to their candid indictment. For Mr H. A. Jones is almost our only playwright. He it was who some years since discovered that literature and the drama were not necessarily opposed, and if his own practice has not justified his theory, that is not his fault. The "literary drama" may be a vile, as it should be a redundant, phrase, but despite this vain eccentricity Mr H. A. Jones is popular, and to be popular is, we are informed, the one and only object of the theatre. Mr F. R. Benson, on the other hand, is a manager to whom the British drama is profoundly indebted. He, alone of his generation, has provided a practical school of acting; he has neither relied upon long runs nor eclipsed his company by the scintillation of a single star. That which was

achieved by the old stock companies has been achieved in a lesser degree by his management, and a young player who has mastered his parts in Mr Benson's repertory need not complain of enforced idleness. Now, Messrs Jones and Benson, different though their ambitions may be, agree in condemning our modern stage. While trivial plays are rapturously applauded, the art of acting, we are told, dies of disuse, and the single measure of success is the unworthy accumulation of vast fortunes. Remedies are proposed on this side and that: we must have a National Theatre, says one; salvation lies in a Government subsidy, cries another; and all the while musical comedies, imported from New York, clamour for serious recognition, or melodrama wags its hoary head in the sacred name of Art.

Before we discuss the remedy, let us consider the disease. If the theatre is ailing, whence comes the malady? The diagnosis is not difficult, since the symptoms are obvious and universal: the drama dies because it has confused its functions; it has wasted its true strength to enhance a spurious beauty, and it resembles a man who should sacrifice both brain and muscle to increase by an inch or two the growth of his beard. As we have before pointed out in these pages, the drama is made up of three elements—the play, the actors, the scenic ornament; and the presentation is only perfect when the three elements are harmoniously composed. The play, of course, comes first,

being the one and only excuse for the theatre. Actors and the scene are but a means—the best available—of expressing a writer's meaning. If only we could perfect the mechanism of marionettes, the theatre were easily reformed, but the awkwardness of puppets compels us to accept the existing materials. A brief retrospect will show that when the theatre commanded an intelligent admiration, the poet was an omnipotent and unquestioned master. The simple decoration of the Greek stage was ordained by a holy tradition. The actors, whose heads were hidden in conventional masks, and whose feet were propped on clumsy pattens, could neither ogle nor strut. They were neither discussed nor advertised. Nobody knew their names nor cared about their visages. Their business was to speak clearly and simply the lines intrusted to them by the author, whose supremacy was undisputed. So, too, the actors who entertained the Romans, when leisure came to that arduous people, were commonly slaves or persons of no account, nor did the works of Plautus and Terence need any other embellishment than a rigidly prescribed back-scene. And when the drama was revived after centuries of oblivion, the simple fashion still prevailed. The splendour of Shakespeare depended no more upon the mouthing of an actor than upon the ingenuity of a stage-carpenter. The round O was sufficient for his most splendid effects, and the highest attribute of an

actor was "harmonious elocution." No foolish attempt was made to "act" the poet's masterpieces. Even in Cibber's time it was enough to say that Betterton "spoke" Shakespeare with a finer distinction than any of his contemporaries, while the absence of women from the stage suggests that the vanity of realism was not yet invented. Yet soon after Shakespeare's day the actor and scene-shifter began to raise their heads. Inigo Jones adorned the masques of Ben Jonson with cumbrous machines, and the Restoration ensured the ultimate ruin of the stage. The King's Players moved to a house in Vere Street, by Clarendon Street.

"There they continued for a year or two," says the author of the '*Historia Histrionica*,' "and then removed to the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, where they first made use of scenes, which had a little before been introduced upon the public stage by Sir William Davenant at the Duke's Old Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, but afterwards very much improved with the addition of curious machines, by Mr Betterton, at the new theatre in Dorset Garden, to the great expense and continual charge of the players. . . . About the same time that scenes first entered upon the stage at London, women were taught to act their own parts; since when we have seen at both houses several excellent actresses, justly praised as well for beauty as for perfect good action. . . . All this while the play-house music improved yearly, and is now arrived to greater perfection than ever I knew it."

Thus the servant already encroached upon the master's province. The poet, eclipsed by the actor, the carpenter, and the musician, saw his su-

premacy threatened. The less a limb is used, the weaker it becomes; and when once it was discovered that the actor might be a match for the arrogant poet, the poet began to understand that the stage was not for him. He declined the unequal combat, and appealed not to the theatre but to the study.

Now, Mr James Wright, the honest barrister-at-law, to whom we owe the '*Historia Histrionica*,' himself recognised the consequences of innovation. "For all these advantages," says he, "the reputation of the stage, and people's affection to it, are much decay'd." The actor had come into his own, and meant to keep it. Colley Cibber, for instance, fought for profit and admiration like a bravo. He cared not a jot for authors or colleagues. He tinkered Shakespeare, he "choked the singing birds," and when he played Congreve or Vanbrugh he was convinced that Colley—and not the wit of the playwright—took the town. He saw the salaries increase and was content. So the general excellence of a performance presently surrendered to the advancement of the popular actor: in brief, the follies which have ruined the theatre of to-day were already triumphant. Henceforth the story of the stage is a story of vanity. The theatrical memoirs are packed with the details of childish squabbles and waspish depreciation. No sooner did the actors claim a share in management than intrigue

usurped the throne of justice, and art was cheerfully subordinated to interest. Garrick, Quin, Macklin, Foote carried on the tradition of Colley Cibber. They were witty, ingenious, and always selfish. They prospered exceedingly, and thought so little of their trade that they cared not what became of it when they were gone. "Managing actors," says Garrick's biographer, "have often been upbraided with the neglect of encouraging young theatrical merit, and for not raising up geniuses for the stage." Nor have they ever troubled to answer the upbraiding voice. Why should they help others up the narrow path of eminence, where there is never room for two to walk abreast? In their wisdom they preferred to stand alone upon as dizzy a height as they could reach, and to leave to the future its own hazard.

And though the history of the stage thus early became the history of the player, the author of the eighteenth century had not wholly lost his influence. Now and again he was permitted to enjoy a furtive success, when his master the player saw that the popular breeze was set towards him. Moreover, the player could still permit himself a trifling generosity, as he had not yet to face the fierce rivalry of the stage-carpenter. The master, indeed, had bowed the knee to his servant, but the third party in the alliance remained subordinate. Nor did the actor yet aspire to rule the world. He was content with his limited conquest of the playhouse,

where he lived among his kind with whatever amity was suitable to his temperament. So the theatre flourished and declined by turns. Now it shone, illumined by the genius of Siddons or of Kean; now it fell into the shadow of dullness. And then a second disaster fell upon it. Charles Kean "hung it on a clothes' peg," and the property man fought for victory with the carpenter. In the struggle, the real purpose of the stage was forgotten a second time. Thus Shakespeare became a mere excuse for parade, and no new author had a chance of success who did not accommodate his talent to the "genius" of the latest sovereign.

At the outset, then, the actor was paid by the theatre to perform a certain task; now he hires the author to fit him with a part. It is a strange reversal of the rôles, and it explains the dire malady which has long beset our playhouses. What man of letters would accept the new conditions, and see his work cut and slashed to suit the interpreter? What would the painter say if his frame-maker and colourman signed his canvas, and assumed the glory of his work? Would the very *minimus* among the poets permit the printer and paper-maker to "create" his poems, and set their names upon his title-page? Of course neither the painter nor the poet would submit to so monstrous an outrage, and as no playwright can hope for success who does not obey the actor, so the making of plays has fallen out of distinguished hands and is picked

up by the odd cobblers and patchers, who are supposed to entertain us.

And what is the modern actor, whom we have won in exchange for the vanished poet? He is distinguished from the ancient by a gentlemanly incompetence. He has had little chance of learning his profession, for if he has been fortunate he has played but a dozen parts in a dozen years. He is educated as often as not, and his manners off the stage are said to be irreproachable. In fact, he has been told by the tongue of flattery that he has but to stride the stage as a drawing-room and his elegance will be patent to all. He has never worked, and it is not altogether his fault. Long runs and railway-trains have extinguished the old stock companies. The provincial towns wonder at the same cultured mummers who bore the audiences of London, and the aspirant can no longer hope to gain experience in the country. Hart and Mohun, says Colley Cibber, grew up into fine actors because they were apprenticed early, the one to the Blackfriars, the other to the Cockpit. Cibber himself played whatever he was bid for no salary, until Betterton gave him ten shillings a-week that he might fine him a crown. But these apprentices learned their trade: they studied a part in twenty-four hours, and did not kill it by rehearsal. The stock companies still gave the old training in the old fashion, as half-a-dozen living actors who have not usurped the realm of management remain to prove. Mr Benson has admirably con-

trasted the two schools in his article on a "National Theatre." On the one hand is Mr Vezin's aspirant, who spent one half of his time proclaiming his talents and the other half in thanking God that he did not need them. On the other hand you find an "old blue-chin," who says of this same aspirant, "Too good to be an actor! Let him study hard for seven years and then pray hard for another seven that the Lord will make him good enough to be an actor!"

So it was that, until the rough old companies were dissolved, there remained actors and actresses who knew their business despite the vanity of actor-managers. In Mr Benson's phrase, "They resented being called artists; it savoured to them of cant. They were bread-and-butter actors, not crutch-and-toothpick toffs;" and however much their masters might intrigue and prosper, they learned their trade in hard simplicity. And they are gone into the night, leaving behind them nothing but the gentry, who have been mayhap to a university, or cultivated a specious accent in the drawing-rooms of "society." Yet their incompetence only increases their pride. Said one the other day: "You must not blame us for advertising ourselves and our private affairs. The only fame we enjoy comes to us in our lifetime." Was ever such an excuse contrived? Does the actor really confuse fame with notoriety? Indeed we would shield even the actor from the prying eye of the journalist; and he turns upon

his friends, and implores that this last indiscretion be permitted him. It is an amusing commentary upon the stage, and well may we ask if we got the best of the bargain when we exchanged the dramatist for the *cabotin*.

But the pompous actor, who, with his vain desire to be pointed at with the finger, strides the Strand like a conqueror, is not the sole ruin of the stage. When, the author having fallen into disrepute, the actor also began to pall upon the people's palate, he encouraged, in defence of his own enterprise, the scenic artist. Sir William Davenant, in the moment of his extremest fantasy, never dreamed what the stage-carpenter might one day achieve. For the stage-carpenter has proved a worse enemy of the theatre, if it be possible, than the actor. The actor may mouth and strut under the limelight, he may cut down all the other parts until they are inarticulate, he may so bluntly insult the general effect as to surround himself with incompetent supporters; but not even he, with all his whimsical extravagance and superfine egoism, can smother the stage as wofully as the carpenter and upholsterer. For the carpenter and upholsterer destroy the very essence of the theatre, which is illusion. The city of make-believe should not be built of brick and stone. A world that knows no sky, and is bounded abruptly by a backcloth on one side and by the footlights on another, tumbles to pieces at the mere touch of realism. There is but one pos-

sibility of dramatic illusion—the consistent and harmonious suppression of reality. The actor upon the stage is not a real king; he can do no more than suggest some monarch of the past. Why, then, should he sit upon a real throne, or wear upon his head a veritable crown? Canvas should be his only background; the chairs and tables necessary for the performance should be of the simplest; and where they are merely displayed they should be painted on the scene. For if solidity invade the stage, if heavily built sets rumble between the acts, if costumes and upholstery are genuine and of the period, then reality must be carried a step further. Ophelia must be actually drowned, the cup must contain real poison, and Hamlet's blood must flow hot from the actor's veins. But logic is not studied in the theatre, and true realism would bring its professors within the eye of the law.

Yet how many absurdities has the stage revealed during the last decade! We have heard real horses clattering over boards with their real hoofs. We have seen a sham jockey chucked into a sham water-jump from the back of a real winner of the Grand National. We have heard the ripple of a rivulet flowing through the forest of Arden—a rivulet of the Company's water, which traced its source to the nearest tap. We have seen primroses and violets, fresh from Covent Garden, pretending that they had struck their roots into the hard floor of the stage. And the actors

never see the incongruity. They believe they are intensifying the illusion, and all the while they are but exposing the hollowness of their art. It is the business of the theatre to represent, not to present; and the stage-manager who thinks that "a real donkey means real dramatic art" is as foolish as a painter would be who, having painted a portrait, pasted a real silk hat upon the canvas. But realism is not the only sin committed in the name of that absurd business called *mise-en-scène*. Archæology, invented by Charles Kean, is nowadays more pompously extolled than any other artifice. So Shakespeare is tricked out with a pedantry alien to his genius; and the pit, which knows nothing of history or of costume, exclaims upon the accuracy of the trappings. Hamlet, a man of Shakespeare's age, is bidden to masquerade as a Dane. The fauna and flora (so to speak) of Elsinore are thrust upon the English stage; actors wander into the land of the Vikings, and Hamlet, who from his surroundings should wield a battle-axe, cuts the air with a rapier. And then, that Shakespeare may appear more natural, crowds are drilled. Two boys, with their legs painted brown, wrestle on the stage; or lovers interrupt the action with their silent blandishments. Then a pause: the great man enters, the crowd is frozen to immobility, and the text of Shakespeare is not spoken, but interpreted (or created) with nods, winks, and jerks of the elbow. Nothing is

achieved simply. A perpetual commentary of crowd, speech, or gesture converts the best play into a sort of pantomime. And the actor is no longer all-sufficient: as we have seen, he killed the dramatist long since, and it is only because he is his own manager that he has not already surrendered to the stage-carpenter. But when once he lets go his supremacy he will have a short shrift. For the upholsterer is to-day the essential artist of the stage, and he will esteem the actor no more highly than the actor esteemed the dramatist. Thus the balance is overturned, and the three elements which we have named pitifully confused. No longer are action and ornament the handmaidens of poetry. Poetry is a poor excuse for false splendour, and action—in its own belief the foremost of the arts—is made ridiculous by vanity.

That the stage needs reform, then, is obvious. Can the stage be reformed? Perhaps, by the establishment of a National Theatre, and a National Theatre can be established only by one method—the suppression of the actor and the upholsterer. If our theatre is to survive as an intelligent resort, the modern fashions of acting, managing, and decorating must be swept away. So long as art is sacrificed to vulgar display, the quality of the drama is immaterial. But even from an economic point of view, a complete change must precede the establishment of a National Theatre. The enormous salaries paid to the great actors and actresses, who permit no rival

star in their firmament, have made it wellnigh impossible to collect an efficient company, and an efficient company would be a necessity of a National Theatre. Again, the extravagance of the upholsterer has made long runs inevitable. When it costs many thousands of pounds to decorate a play, no manager will withdraw that play until he is compelled by the public taste. Therefore, from a National Theatre, if such an institution be possible, costly decoration must be banished, that the programme may be constantly changed and the actors perfect their talent by a quick succession of rôles.

For many centuries Europe has had before its eyes the perfect type of the subventioned theatre. The Théâtre Français is, in constitution and achievement alike, a veritable palace of its art. It is a school at once of acting and of the drama; its repertory includes the masterpieces of dramatic literature, and a daily change of cast and play preserve both actors and public from weariness. Above all, it holds in trust a sacred tradition. The method of Molière is still revered, and no actor may pass the stately portals unless he has conquered his craft, can speak and walk, and is willing to subordinate his vanity to the common good. Thus the torch is handed down continuously through the ages; the veteran imparts his knowledge to the student at the Conservatoire; and the boards of the Théâtre Français are never trodden by the gentlemanly amateur. But at the Français two qualities

are imposed upon the actor—discipline and contentment. A *sociétaire* of the House of Molière must be content with a salary at which an English actor would look with disdain, and he must obey with a cheerful mind the voice of discipline. He must not think, even when he has reached the top of his profession, that the whole stage is his pitch, where presently, with limelight on his brow, he will execute his own little song and dance. He must bow to the voice of his director; he must esteem the opinion of his *confrères*; above all, he must act within the picture, and speak the same language as those around him. Now, if private munificence established a theatre, composed and managed like the Théâtre Français, what would be the result? Actors would disdain it. So long have they been pampered with wealth and flattery that they have quite forgotten the exigence of their art. Would they be content to play many parts for a salary, say, of £800 a-year? Of course they would not, and we do not see precisely why they should. And would they, who had long been accustomed to rule, listen to the commands of an autocratic manager? No, the British actor forgot discipline two centuries ago, and he would think his profession of no account if he might not order the limelight for himself. Moreover, the British actor would not have the same inducement to join a National Theatre as impels the French actor to enter the Théâtre Français. A newly subventioned theatre could not have the prestige which sets

the House of Molière high above all competitors. To belong to an august foundation may compensate even for poverty; and though a National Theatre, established in London, might in years to come attract the finest talent, it would be forced to depend at the outset on the energies of the young, to encourage the aspirations of the inexperienced.

Yet this compulsion would not be deplorable. The older actors might be left to their cumbrous furniture and their vainglorious advertisement. The National Theatre should be an autocracy, which brooked no interference. The staff of actors and actresses should be the servants of the management, though they might, as in Paris, have a vote in the choice of plays. The theatre should be governed by a man of letters, who had no plays of his own to push. He should enrol an ample company, and compose the best repertory that could be found. The theatre should be a school as well as a stage, and there the young actors, upon whom the manager relied, should be trained and instructed. They should beadequately, though not extravagantly, paid, and the abolition of stars, with the suppression of archæological scenery, would make a large and varied company possible. The repertory might be easily composed. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, Congreve and Vanbrugh, Sheridan and Goldsmith, would make the nucleus. Racine and Molière might be translated. All modern plays, whether English or French, might be loyally considered, and all playwrights

whose eye looked higher than a long run would have their chance of distinction. The scenery, simple, elegant, and conventional, would cost little, and yet be perfectly appropriate. Thus in years to come a standard of acting might be established. No longer would a popular critic be able to declare that great actors in England "were never remarkable forelocutionary eloquence." The men and women who took service in our National Theatre would learn the necessary rudiments; they would speak with precision, and they would walk with grace. But they would recite the lines of Shakespeare, for instance, with a quiet simplicity. They would not be allowed to twist meanings of their own into the masterpieces of the past. And thus England might at last achieve a playhouse that was neither farcical nor fantastic, in which the actor was the servant, not the master, and in which intelligent men and women might sit without disgust.

Will England ever achieve this theatre? We are not optimistic. Destiny and experience are against us, and the people long ago ceased to chafe at the domination of the actor. Doubtless much will be said of a National Theatre, and nothing will be done. But in the meantime an American trust may purchase all our play-houses, and fill them with the particular brand of musical comedy popular in New York. And, after all, it does not matter very much, since the theatre, which might be the home of a beautiful and delicate art, is

generally nothing more than the scene of vulgar "pleasures taken in common." England has had her chance and sacrificed it, and the most interesting problem still unsolved is how long the actor will hold out victorious against the spirited attack of the stage-carpenter.

Where the material of an art has triumphed over its essence, the gossamer web of fancy is rudely shattered, and nothing is more certain than that the shadowy inventions of M. Maeterlinck, for instance, can have no place upon the stage. No one is more conscious of this limitation than M. Maeterlinck himself, and when he declared that he composed some of his dramas for marionettes, he pronounced a sentence of condemnation upon the modern theatre. In truth, his plays, simple experiments as they are in folk-lore, cannot but lose their delicacy in the interpretation of actors, and for this reason whatever success he has captured has been a success of what the French call *snobisme*. And no sooner did he capture this success than he was generously misunderstood. He was covered with labels, symbolist, mystic, and what not. Little circles of intense persons swooned over him and all his works, and while they acknowledged him a prophet, they forgot that he was a man of letters. Now, M. Maeterlinck has never been concerned to astonish the Philistines. He has merely cultivated a curious gift of fancy, with all the skill

which sincerity imparts to talent. He has seen the world through spectacles simple as Hans Andersen's. He has put beyond his contemplation the common sights and sounds of to-day; he has ousted experience by imagination. But he has never earned the opprobrium of foolish names, nor justified the folly of indiscreet worshippers. And his last book, 'The Life of the Bee,'¹ is so far from being curious or fantastic that it is a real classic. It is so seldom that we find a masterpiece in the jumble of modern books, that we welcome the more gladly this amiable treatise. Of course it will be pronounced an experiment in symbolism, and of course it is nothing of the kind. It is merely what it purports to be—an essay on the life of the bee, an essay such as Virgil might have written had he possessed the fulness of modern knowledge.

And M. Maeterlinck has prepared himself for his task by many years of study. He has watched his hives for twenty years, and, aided by an incomparable gift of exposition, he is able to put before his readers the strange tragedy of love and work, of death and change, which is the life of the bee. His book, written with a simple eloquence, and rendered the more mysterious by the constant hiatus of science, recalls no book so closely as Mr Frazer's 'Golden Bough.' The lover of the Queen, who sacrifices himself for the race, and dies in

¹ The Life of the Bee. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by A. Sutro. London: George Allen.

the fulfilment of his destiny, claims a distant kinship to the priest of Nemi; while the Spirit of the Hive, which no observation can surprise, suggests to our mind the Spirit of the Grove. Both the one and the other are lost in uncertainty. M. Maeterlinck, having followed his inquiry after the true method of science, frankly confesses his ignorance; and Mr Frazer, after years of patient research, rather states than solves his problem. And yet, as we read M. Maeterlinck's treatise we could not but think that human folk-lore might be ingeniously paralleled by the experience of the bee, and that, if we appear to know more of the hive than of ourselves, it is because we see the hive in a truer perspective. We are yet so near to ourselves that we judge our own trials and ingenuities piecemeal, but we can watch the bees through a tell-tale glass; we can note their progress from the foundation of the hive to the massacre of the males, and though we cannot understand all that we see, we may mark the order and progress of events. And what strange personages take part in the drama! First of all, there is the Queen, whose work the City is, who is the City. "She is the unique organ of love," says M. Maeterlinck; "she is the mother of the City. She founded it amid uncertainty and poverty. She has peopled it with her own substance; and all who move within its walls — workers, males, larvæ, nymphs, and the young princesses, whose approaching birth will hasten her own departure, one of them

being already designed as her successor by the spirit of the hive—all have issued from her flanks." Such is the Queen, who is wooed and won in the lofty air, under the blue of heaven—won by the lover whose wing soars highest, and who dies miserably in the moment of conquest. But the Queen is herself obedient to the "spirit of the hive"—that spirit which bids the bees desert their kingdom, not in a moment of despair, but in efflorescence. They desert it not because they need, but because they are bidden. Were they poor or unhappy, they would stay to rebuild their fortune. Were they attacked, they would repel the invader with exemplary courage. But the spirit of the hive bids them depart, and they leave their home at the apogee of its prosperity; they leave it "at a time when, after the arduous labours of the spring, the immense palace of wax has its 120,000 well-arranged cells overflowing with new honey, and with the many-coloured flour, known as 'bees' bread,' on which the nymphs and larvæ are fed." In truth, the god of the bees is the future, and they obey their own mysterious laws with a patience and discretion which man cannot understand.

But M. Maeterlinck has studied the hive from every point of view. He tells us how their lateral eyes have six or seven thousand facets; he explains to us their music—"the ode of the Queen, the songs of abundance, the psalms of grief, and lastly the long and mysterious war-cries the adolescent princesses send forth during the

combats and massacres which precede the nuptial flight." He assures us that they have in their midst chemists, capsule-makers, sweepers, and amazons of the guard. They are fearless, we are told, admirable in the art of sculpture, and peerless in the difficult science of finding their way. For their own fatality, they are willing to make the highest sacrifices, and well may M. Maeterlinck ask, "What far-seeing fatality, taking the place of this one, do we obey?" And worthily he answers, "We know not, as we know not the being who watches us as we watch the bees." But who shall unravel the mystery of the drones, of the miserable males "who comport themselves in the hive as did Penelope's suitors in the house of Ulysses"? The account which M. Maeterlinck gives of them is grotesque indeed. "Indelicate and wasteful," says he, "sleek and corpulent, fully content with their idle existence as honorary lovers, they feast and carouse, throng the alleys, obstruct the passages, and hinder the work; jostling and jostled, fatuously pompous, swelled with foolish good-natured contempt; harbouring never a suspicion of the deep and calculating scorn wherewith the workers regard them, of the constantly growing hatred to which they give rise, or the destiny that awaits them." That destiny is grim enough. "Suddenly the workers arise and execute vengeance. They fall upon the drunken lazy drones. They saw off their wings, they amputate their antennæ, and seek the rings

of their cuirass, through which their sword gives the *coup-de-grâce*." Romantic and inexplicable as is this life, M. Maeterlinck has described it in a sort of prose epic, which all who are interested either in natural history or in prose will read with pleasure. We have praised his style, and in justification we will quote a passage, chosen at random.

"I have not forgotten," says M. Maeterlinck, "the first apiary I saw, where I learned to love the bees. It was many years ago in a large village of Dutch Flanders, the sweet and pleasant country, whose love for brilliant colour rivals that of Zealand even; the concave mirror of Holland, a country that gladly spreads out before us, as so many pretty, thoughtful toys, her illuminated gables, and waggons and towers; her cupboards and clocks that gleam at the end of the passage; her little trees marshalled in line along quays and canal-banks, waiting, one almost might think, for some quiet, beneficent ceremony; her boats and her barges with sculptured poops, her flower-like doors and windows, immaculate dams and elaborate, many-coloured drawbridges; and her little varnished houses, bright as new pottery, from which bell-shaped dames come forth, all a-glitter with silver and gold, to milk the cows in the white-hedged fields or spread the linen on flowery lawns, cut into patterns of oval and lozenge, and most astoundingly green."

It will be seen from this that Mr Sutro's translation befits the picturesque original. And with such a book as this we may console ourselves for the decay of the theatre, in whose turgid atmosphere its flowers of speech and leaves of thought would most assuredly shrivel up and die.

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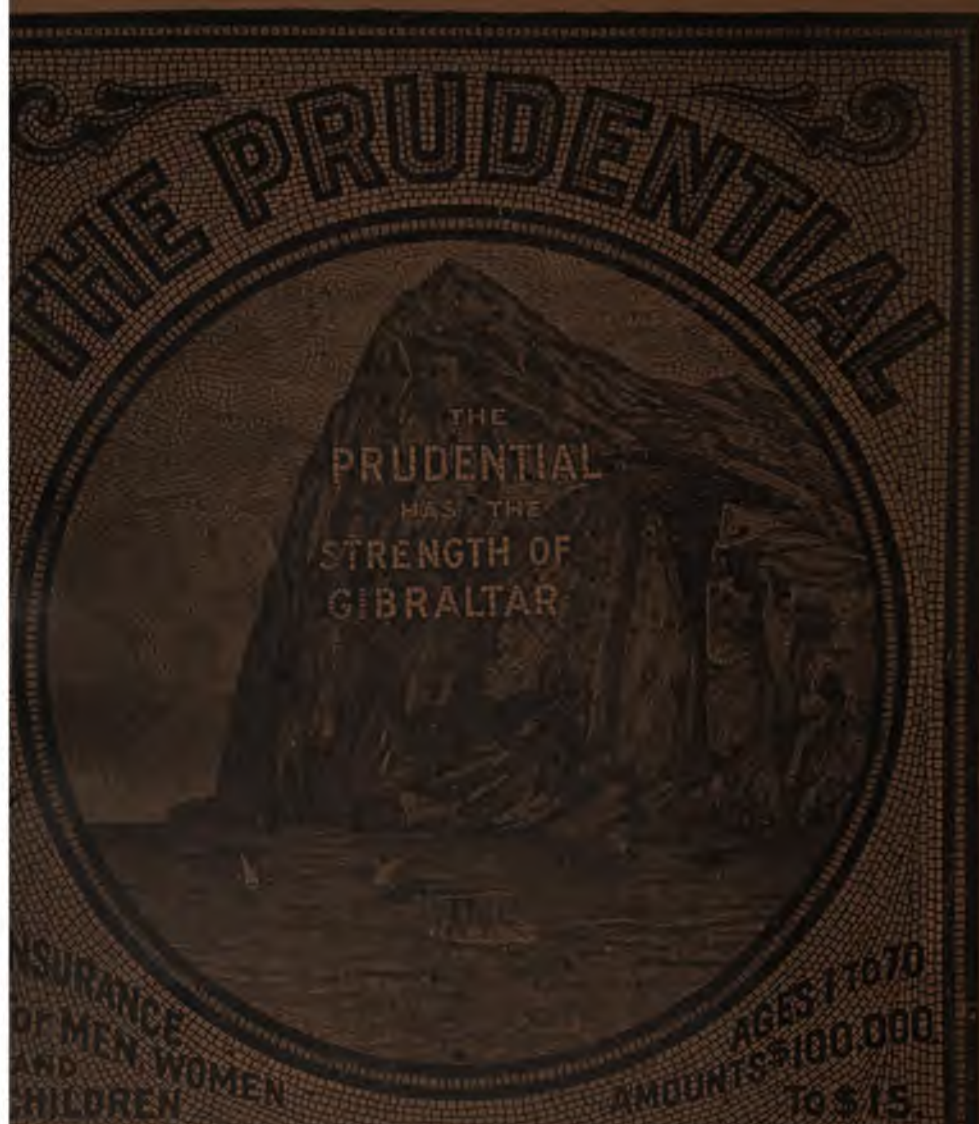
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STATEMENT

of The

Travelers

Insurance Company

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life, Accident and Employers
Liability Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

PAID-UP CAPITAL

\$1,000,000

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JANUARY 1, 1901.

Total Assets, (Accident Premiums in the hands of
Agents NOT INCLUDED.) \$30,861,030.06

Total Liabilities (Including Reserves) . . . 26,317,903.25

Excess Security to Policy-holders, . . . 4,543,126.81

Surplus, . . . 3,543,126.81

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864, . . . 42,643,384.92

Paid to Policy-holders in 1900, . . . 2,908,464.03

Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life) . . . 1,586,652.20

Life Insurance in Force, . . . 109,019,851.00

GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900.

In Assets, . . . \$3,167,819.96

In Insurance in Force (Life Department Only), . . . 8,685,297.06

Increase in Reserves (Both Departments), (3½% basis) . . . 2,484,392.52

Premiums Collected, . . . 6,890,888.55

Sylvester C. Dunham, Vice-President

John E. Morris, Secretary

J. B. Lewis, M. D., Medical Director and Adjuster

Edward V. Preston, Superintendent of Agencies

Hiram J. Messenger, Actuary

Provident Life and Trust Co.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

The best in Life Insurance is likely to be the cheapest. The same fidelity, skill and care which are necessary to guarantee the future security of a company, result in the lowest cost. A good test, therefore, is to determine whether the organization and the surroundings of a Company exclude all doubt as to future security. In determining this, the question of cost is determined also. THE PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY invites inquiry as to its organization and the provisions for safety afforded.

For the full period of its existence, the death rate has been only .614 of the rate indicated by the authoritative tables.



Kiehl's
COCOA AND CHOCOLATE.

SOLD AT OUR STORES
AND BY
GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

Mothers!



Mothers!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. Pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Permission to reprint entire articles from this Review withheld.

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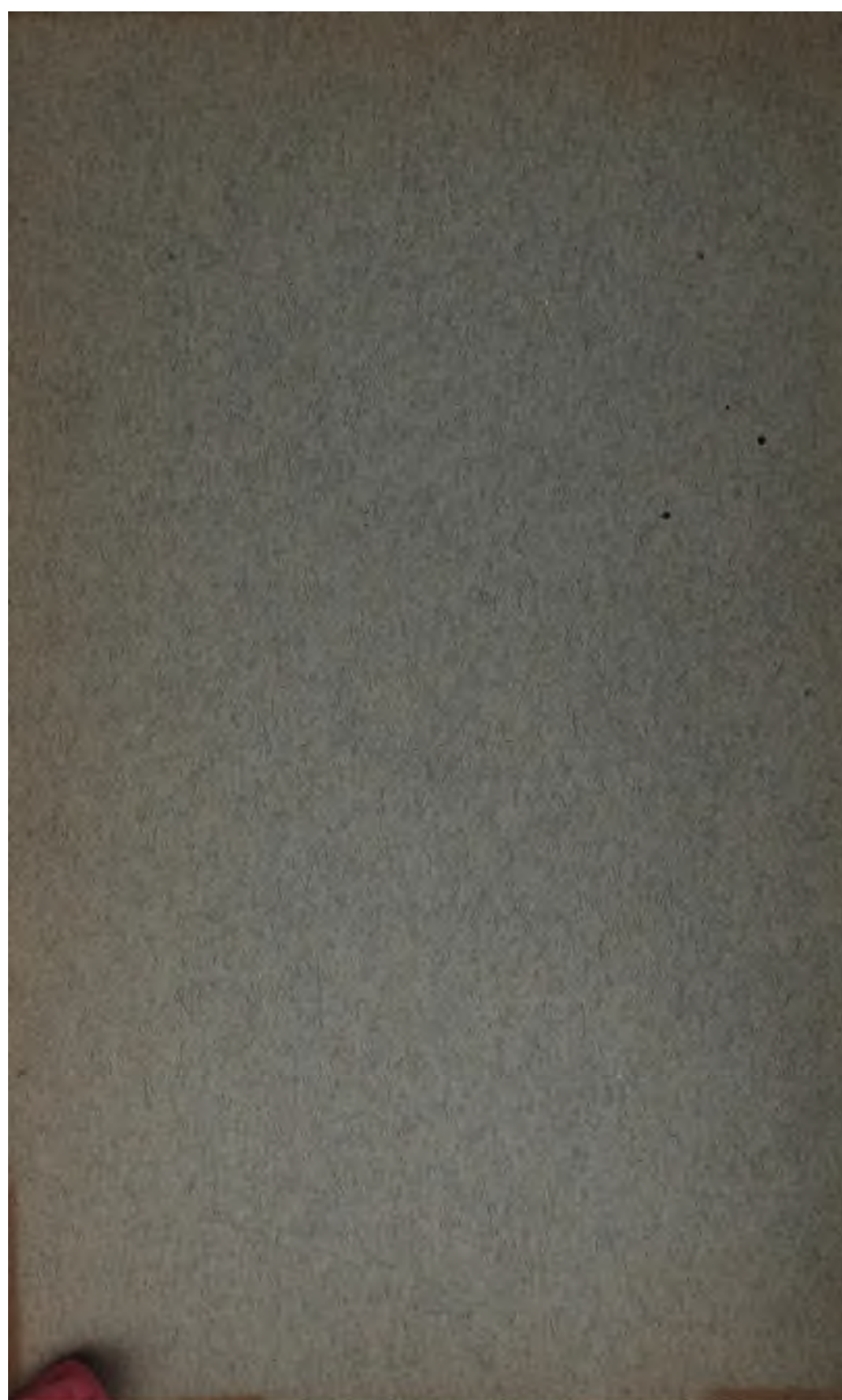
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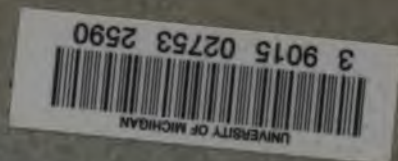
USE IT
EVERY=
= DAY
IN THE
WEEK

&

THEN
REST
ON
SUNDAY.







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1993

**NON - CIRCULATING
PERIODICAL
COLLECTION**

